This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

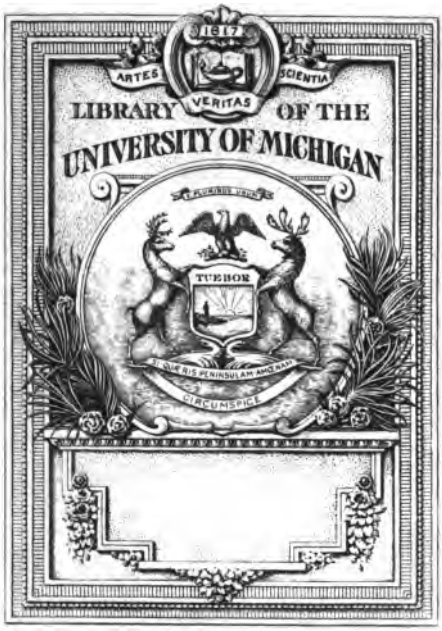
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`


1817
ARTES
VERITAS
SCIENTIA
LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
TUEBOR
SI QUÆRIS PENINSULAM AMŒNAM
CIRCUMSPICE

AP
4
.V75

THE

VISITOR,

OR

MONTHLY INSTRUCTOR,

FOR

1848.

New Series.

THE WORKS OF THE LORD ARE GREAT, SOUGHT OUT OF ALL THEM THAT HAVE PLEASURE THEREIN. HIS WORK IS HONOURABLE AND GLORIOUS: AND HIS RIGHTEOUSNESS ENDURETH FOR EVER. HE HATH MADE HIS WONDERFUL WORKS TO BE REMEMBERED: THE LORD IS GRACIOUS AND FULL OF COMPASSION.—PSALM CXI. 2—4.

WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE TRUE, WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE HONEST, WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE JUST, WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE PURE, WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE LOVELY, WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE OF GOOD REPORT; IF THERE BE ANY VIRTUE, AND IF THERE BE ANY PRAISE, THINK ON THESE THINGS.—PHILIPPIANS IV. 8.

LONDON:

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY;

Instituted 1799.

SOLD BY WILLIAM JONES, AT THE DEPOSITORY, 56, PATERNOSTER ROW, AND 65, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD; AND BY THE BOOKSELLERS.

1848.

Compl. Sets
Wahr
2-1-30
21020

CONTENTS.

ABERGAVENNY to Rhaidr, the route from, 186
Aberystwith and its environs, 289
Abuse, 152
Acceptance, 197
Adoption, 215
Affliction, 147
—— should not be despised, 199
Alan Quintin's inquiries—
Are you looking upwards? 38
How do you mean to act? 239
How does the sun affect you? 278
Is this your firm belief? 295
Analogy of faith, the, 200
Ancient mines, discovery of, 10
—— Egypt, monumental remains of, 213
Animals, on the natural duration of the life of, 33
——, peculiar sounds of, 23
Ants of the West Indies, 236
Apostles of Christ, the, 88
Apples of Sodom, the, 164
Arrawak chief, an, 249
"A short life, and a merry one," 270
Assafœtida plant, the, 350
Association, influence of, 390
Athens, idolatry at, 441
Atmosphere, the, 185

BABYLON, 382
Bangor, 444
Bath, 29
Beauties of creation, the, 112
Be kind, 240
"Be not afraid, only believe," 238
Be not deceived, 300
Beddgelert and its neighbourhood, 368
Betty Archer: a village sketch, 118
Bible, the, 432
——, consolations of the, 438
Bloodhounds, the, 97
Body and mind, the, 244
Boys and the books, the, 60
Bristol, 61
Broad elliptical halo, the, 200
Bungalow, the, 256
Butterfly, changes of the, 293
Burnham beeches, 393

CARCASSONE, a visit to, No. I., 74
——————, No. II., 100
Carrier and the railroad, the, 39
Chain of causes, the, 152
Chepstow and its environs, 113
Chillingham wild cattle, 177
Chiswick gardens, visit to the, 364
Christ, intercession of, 103
——, unbelief in, 227
——'s resurrection from the dead, design of, 120
Christian, a, 429
—— sabbath, the, a delight, 264
——'s appetite for ordinances, the, 307
—— hope, 390
—— resignation, 317
—— student, to the, 157
—— unity, motives to, No. I., 50
——————, No. II., 110
——————, No. III., 182
Convicts of France, 378
Cooper, Sir Astley, No. I., 229
——————, No. II., 274
Corruption of Christianity, on the, 386
Creator's beneficence, the, 194
Credulity: a dialogue, 286

DEATH, 200
Depravity, the course of, 336
Despotism, the spoliation of, 224
Devout man, the, 440
Dinotherium of the British Museum, 135
Divine munificence, 472
Docks of London and the Thames, the, 281
Dying regrets, 99

EARTHQUAKES in the West Indies, 309
Electric telegraph, the, No. I., 7
——————, No. II., with engravings, 66
——————, No. III., ditto, 104
Epicureans, the, 312
Etruscan antiquities, 326
Exeter-hall meetings, 285

FACULTIES of animals, 288
Falcon tribe, audacity of the, 195
Fallow deer, the, 137
Filial fear, 160
Flax and its uses, 35
Fountain tree of Ferro, the, 470
Frost fairs on the Thames, 17

GIFT of tongues, the, 240
Gigantic flowers, 225
Golden-fruited orange-tree, the, 422
God the Fountain, 72
——, superintendency of, 6
Gospel, facts of the, 199
Gratitude, 197
Gravestone, the, 437
Great change, the, 233
Growth of a flower, the, No. I., 107
——————, No. II., 153
Grumbler, the, 344
Gutta percha, No. I., 205
——————, No. II., 264

HALLER, Albert, M.D., No. I., 89
——————, No. II., 127
Happiness, 327
Harden not your hearts, 408
Hare, the, 297
Heart revolutions, 397
Hermit of Niagara, 442
Hindoo astronomy, 373
—— dwelling, the, 14
Holy Spirit, the voice of the, 360
House warmings, the two, No. I., 85
——————, No. II., 145
Howe, John, death of, 448
Human race, the, 360
—— frame, Divine provision against the calamities of the, 16
Hunter, John, 47

INDIA, productions of, 169
Indians of British Guiana, 125
Ingratitude towards God, 280

JACOB, funeral of, 457
Jehovah's riches, 152
Justification, 260

KITOTI; or, scenes in the islands, 93

LA Grande Chartreuse, 41
Laodicea, 201
Lauterbrunnen, 335
Leaf, the, 403
Light of glory, the, 432
Loading a vessel, 312
Locusts, 305
Lord's day, employment of the, 367

MAN in retirement, 96
Martyr's tree, the, 377
Mary's song, 21
Maxim of the wicked, a, 152
Merle D'Aubigne, Dr., early course of, 181
Monmouth and its environs, 131
Moral courage, 44
—— law, the goodness of the, 465

NAME of Jesus, the, 256
Nest of robins, 180

OAK trees, the group of, 24
Old Briggs, the smoker, 174

Old Humphrey on Arthur's seat, 11
—— in the Highlands, 64
—— on his way to the Highlands, 116
—— leaving Edinburgh, 148
—— on the Highlands and the Highlanders, 189
—— at Blair Athol, 210
—— ascent of Ben-y-Gloe, 251
—— at the falls of the Tummel, 302
—— at Glentilt, 355
——'s walk to George's Town, 387
——, a few words by, on fishing, 425
Oyster-dredging, a day at, 333

PALANQUIN bearers, 396
Palestine, spring in, 171
Parents of all living, No. I., 52
——————, No. II., 139
Parliament, opening of, the, 3
Passage of the Red Sea, the, 20
Pedro; or, scenes in the Pampas, 329
Penitent malefactor, the, 204
Penny, origin of the term, 72
Pergamos, 81
Philadelphia, 241
Pious African, a, 40
Plato and the old academy, 361
Plynlimmon and its neighbourhood, 222
Polar regions, 71
Poverty, 216
Practical atheism, 359
Prayer, the efficacy of, 32
——, a preparation for, 400
Pride, 120
Princess Charlotte of Wales, the late, 332
Priory of La Trappe, a recent visit to a, 467
Private devotion, 280
Privileged, the, 430
Providence, misjudgment of, 256
Purposes of God, the, 254

RAMBLE from Machynleth to Pont Aberglaslyn, a, 321
Redeeming the time, 261
Regeneration, 130
Religious Tract Society, state of the world in connexion with the Jubilee efforts of the, 458
Resurrection and the end, the, 375
Returning penitents, encouragement to, 96
Righi mountain, the, in Switzerland, ascent of, 157
Righteousness of God, submission to the, 277
Romantic scenery, 279
Royal German Spa, Brighton, a visit to the, 341
Ruyter; or, scenes in the bush, 454

SALVATION brought nigh, 208
Sanctified affliction, 73
Sardis, 57
Saul of Tarsus, conversion of, 139
Saving power, 395
Saxon Walde, a visit to the, 346
Search the Scriptures, 312, 464
Servants, kindness of, 269
Scientific agriculture, 413
Scripture illustration—Diana, 40
Scriptures, the, 155
——, value of the, 376
Sheep, the, 257
Simple piety, 400
Sin, 16
Smyrna, 121
Social opinions and practice, 78
Soul, the, 28
——, immortality of the, 115
Speculative philosophy, 84
Spiritual manifestation, 176
Spiritual mindedness, 407
Squirrel, the, 217
Steam-vessel, the, No. I., 337
——————, No. II., 417
——————, No. III., 450
Superstitions of Britanny, No. I., 165
——————, No. II., 318
——————, No. III., 353
——————, No. IV., 409
Supremacy of Scripture, the, 208
Swallows, value of, 96

TARANTULA spider, the, 261
Thames, the, 92
The gospel is foolishness to the natural man, 336

The Scriptures have not been corrupted, 354
The word "Us," 72
Thyatira, 161
"Thy days approach that thou must die," 464
Travelling, effects of, 220
Travelling trades of China, 273
Trent, the city of, 401
True and false glory, 400
—— zeal, 216
Truth, 306
—— applied, 240
Two builders, the, 300

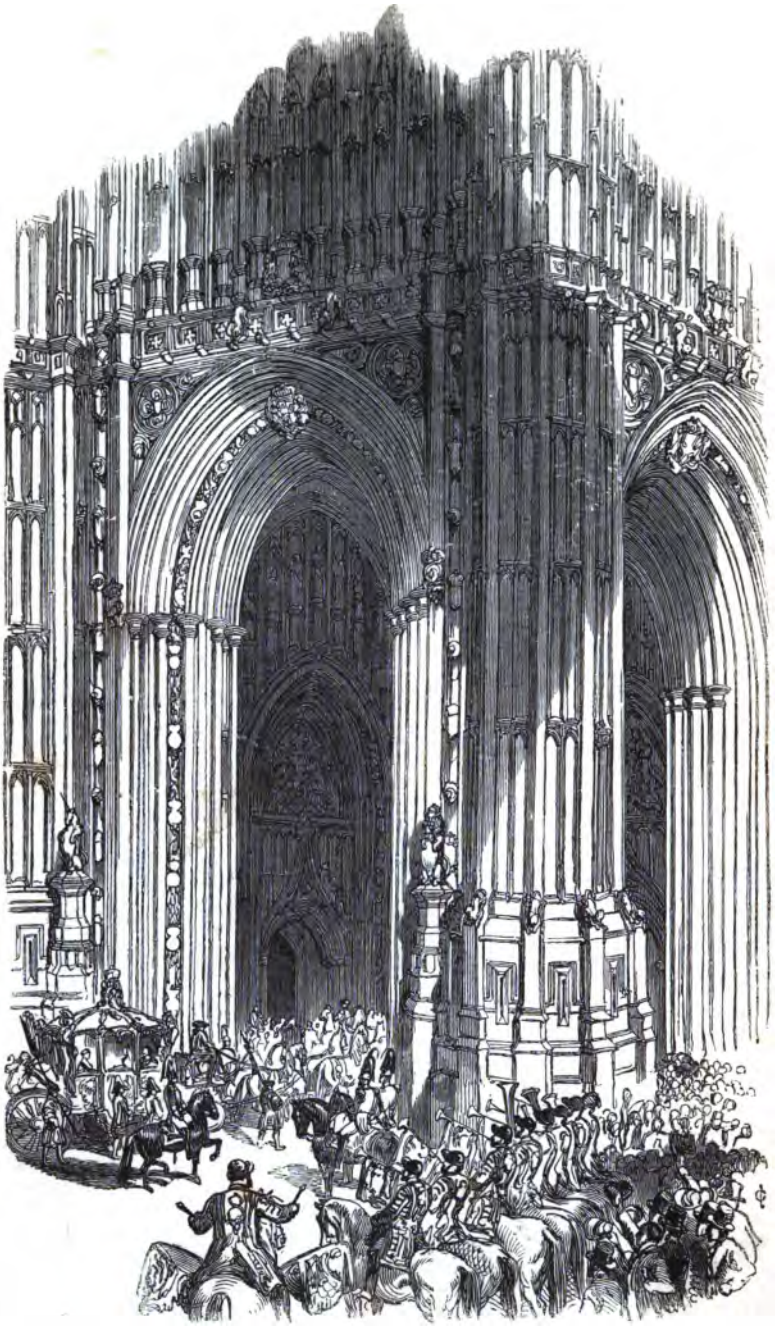
UMBRELLA, the, 405
"Use the world as not abusing it," 15
VICTORY over death, 34

WALES, superstition in, and its antidote, 246
Walker's effluvia-trap, 156
War-horse, the, 79
Welsh peasantry, cabins and weddings of the, 433
Will of God, the, 112
Will-worship condemned, 159
Wise unto salvation, 141
Woodlands, the, 313
Word of God, effect of the, 435
Words in season, 272
Wye, a walk along the course of the, 307

YOUNG philosopher, the, 415

LIST OF ENGRAVINGS.

	Page
Victoria Tower	2
Frost Fair on the Thames	17
The Monk of La Grande Chartreuse	41
The Ruins of Sardis	57
The Electric Telegraph	69, 70
Modern Pergamos	81
The Bloodhound	97
Interior of the Electric Telegraph	105
Modern Smyrna	121
The Dinotherium of the British Museum	135
The Fallow Deer	137
Walker's Effluvia Trap	156
Modern Thyatira	161
Chillingham Wild Bull	177
Modern Laodicea	201
The Squirrel	217
Modern City of Philadelphia	241
The Sheep	257
Limehouse Docks, and the entrance to the Regent's Canal	281
The Hare	297
View near Machynleth	321
American Steam-boat, and smallest Steam-boat ever built	337
The Philosopher and his Disciples	361
The old Elm-tree at Brentwood	377
The City of Trent	401
Section of a Marine Engine	417
Mars Hill, Athens	441
Midship section of the "African" Steam-boat	451
Eastern Vinedressers viewing the Funeral of Jacob	457



VICTORIA TOWER.

THE ENTRANCE TO THE HOUSE OF LORDS, WESTMINSTER.

UNIV. OF

THE

VISITOR,

OR,

MONTHLY INSTRUCTOR,

FOR

1848.

THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

The circumstances connected with the opening of parliament are highly interesting, not only in themselves, but from their connexion with the constitution of our country. The long and arduous struggles between kingly assumption and plebeian resistance, which are so vividly depicted on the page of history, and have led to the balance of power between the royal prerogative and the people at large, are often forgotten in considering the advantages ultimately secured. Yet it is well sometimes to turn back, and survey the anarchy of past times, that we may rightly appreciate our present condition.

The relative authority of the three estates of the realm is a matter of the utmost importance in its government, and this dependence on each other, properly defined, has now arrived at a point that has never been surpassed. According to established law, no parliament can be convened but by royal authority, and hence many obvious difficulties are avoided. Supposing parliament had an inherent right to assemble without being called together by the sovereign, it is unlikely that all the members of the two houses would agree unanimously on the proper time of meeting; and if only half of the members were thus agreed, and half stayed away, who could determine which was really the legislative body—the part assembled, or that which was absent? It is therefore deemed highly advisable that parliament should be assembled at a specified time and place; and, as it is considered more becoming its dignity and independence that it should be so called together, the queen is chosen to issue the summons, as being the first person in the nation, and the only branch of the legislature which has a separate existence, the sovereign being capable of acting at a time when no parliament exists.

The history, however, of past times, presents to us instances in which this law was not observed. The Convention parliament restoring Charles II., for example, assembled more than a month before his return,—the lords meeting by their own authority, and the commons in pursuance of writs issued in the names of the keepers of the liberty of England by the authority of parliament; it sat seven months after the Restoration, and enacted several laws, some of which still remain on the statute-book. This event arose from the peculiar circumstances in which the country was placed. The first measure that was adopted after the king's return, was an enactment declaring this to be a good parliament, notwithstanding the absence of any king's writ; so that, as the royal prerogative was chiefly injured by the extraordinary proceedings that had occurred, and as, notwithstanding, the king was willing to overlook any ob-

jection, this event must not be regarded as one in any way prejudicial to the rights of the crown.

In another instance the rule was infringed, for at the time of the Revolution in 1688, the lords and commons, by their own authority, met in a convention which disposed of the crown and the kingdom to the prince of Orange, afterwards William III. This meeting, however, was assembled without writ, on the consideration that the throne was vacant by the abdication of James II., so that it was essential, if the sceptre was ever to be given to another, that some such measure, though strictly illegal, should be adopted. The first act of the reign of William and Mary declared the convention of lords and commons to be the two houses of parliament, as if they had been summoned according to the usual form, and the succeeding parliament recognised the legality of their acts.

But although the queen of England may determine the period for the assembling of parliaments, her prerogative is restrained within certain limits; as she is bound by statute to issue writs within three years after the termination of any previous parliament, and, as the estimates extend only to the year for which they are specifically voted, it is necessary that a parliament should be convened every year. On Thursday, the 18th of November last, the queen, therefore, exercised her royal prerogative in assembling the new parliament by a royal "commission." On the doors of the House of Lords being opened, a few strangers collected, the interior of which still presents novelty to many, while the general interest is augmented by the addition of two more fresco paintings. The compartment to the right of the throne now contains the "Investiture of the Black Prince with the Order of the Garter," by Cope; the space to the left of the strangers' gallery is occupied by the "Spirit of Chivalry;" the centre compartment above the stranger's gallery exhibits the "Spirit of Religion" nearly completed, but the scaffolding was not removed at the time of the "opening." The archbishop of Canterbury was one of the first who arrived in the house, wearing the robes of a temporal baron as one of the royal commissioners, and he was soon joined by a few others; but altogether there were only eight lords on the ministerial benches, while two represented "her majesty's opposition," as they have been entitled. A group of spectators collected by the side of the throne, one party of ladies sitting within the house near the bar, and a few strangers gathered below it, were all that curiosity had brought together to witness the merely formal proceedings.

Shortly after two o'clock, the archbishop of Canterbury, the lord chancellor, preceded by the mace, and attended by the other lords commissioners, the earl of Auckland, the marquis of Lansdowne, and earl Spencer, entered the house, and took their seats in front of the throne. The lord chancellor then communicated to the assembled peers, that as it was not her majesty's intention to open the parliament herself, she had commanded a royal commission to do so in her stead. The usher of the black rod was then directed to summon the members of the House of Commons, and sir Augustus Clifford proceeded to the lower house, and in the usual manner demanded entrance. The deputy sergeant-at-arms then directed the great folding-doors to be thrown open, and the members stepping aside left a passage for the usher of the black rod, in full dress, and bearing the insignia of his office, to approach the lower end of the table, and say, "Gentlemen, the lords, authorized by her majesty's commission, desire the attendance of this house in the House of Peers, to hear the commission read." Mr. Ley, the clerk at the table of the House of Commons, then rose to obey the summons, and was followed by more than two hundred and fifty members, about one hundred remaining behind.

The royal commission having been read by the clerk at the table, the lord chancellor informed the "lords and gentlemen," that, by the command of her majesty, the parliament had been called together; but it being necessary that a speaker for the house of commons should be chosen before they were informed of the cause of their assembling, he directed that they should return to the place prepared for their meeting, and there be pleased to choose a speaker, and present such person whom they should so choose on the following day, for her majesty's approval. Accordingly a speaker was elected, in due form, and received the royal sanction.

In this instance, the opening of parliament, so important in itself, and meeting unusually early in consequence of the pressure of public business, was deprived of the interest which attaches to the cere-

mony in the eyes of the "sight-seeing" public, forming, as it does, a remarkable contrast to the excitement attending that event when our beloved sovereign proceeds to the House of Lords, with all the accustomed "state and ancientry." The show which distinguished all the public transactions of past centuries is now diminished, and the efficiency of government and law is the greater from the diminished burdens which form would impose on its every movement. To our forefathers, however, this was altogether incomprehensible. The prime minister of Henry VIII. never went to attend his official duties without a numerous retinue of officers and dependants, as ushers, train and mace bearers, in splendid liveries, to denote the wealth of their master. Were Wolsey to appear, and see the change which has now come over this department of political life, a deep sigh would not fail to be heard, as he exclaimed, "*Tempora mutantur!*" (The times are changed.)

On the last occasion of her majesty performing this duty belonging to her high and responsible office, there was considerable excitement. As the royal and splendid pageant passed along the streets and park, the countless numbers of spectators welcomed their sovereign with hearty cheers. Mingled were the emotions, however, which filled the bosoms of the observers. Some thought of little but the novelty of the scene, or the pleasure anticipated, and at length enjoyed, of beholding the queen of Britain's Isles, and her royal consort; but some looked on with different feelings. The truly intelligent called to mind the period when the power of the monarch was great for evil, when the masses of the people were crushed beneath the iron yoke of ambition, ignorance, or cupidity; and as he called up in vivid review many a direful act of royalty, he thanked his ancestors who had limited within just bounds the power of the monarchy, and dwelt with heartfelt delight and gratitude on the extent of that civil and religious freedom which now shed so much of their benign influence on this our greatly loved fatherland. And well was it if the mind looked beyond all human instrumentality to Him who "sitteth on the circle of the earth," who rules over all its affairs, and from whom cometh every good and perfect gift, and offered the grateful tribute which is due to his name.

But let us turn to another scene; for as the royal procession is moving onwards, the interior of the House of Peers is almost filled with their wives and daughters. The benches and galleries are alike occupied by the fair visitors, almost to the exclusion of the ordinary occupants, full half an hour before the arrival of the sovereign, and the time is wiled away in the recognition of familiar faces, or perhaps in animated conversation on any remarkable individual who may appear. In close juxtaposition are the peers and judges, in their robes of scarlet and ermine, while the *corps diplomatique*—the foreign ambassadors—abound in orders, mustaches, and varied uniforms.

Meanwhile her majesty has arrived at the parliament-house, and, attended by prince Albert, has proceeded to a chamber, where she assumes her queenly robes, and then advances, attended by the officers of state, and preceded by her trumpeters, who announce her coming to her assembled peers. As every eye turns upon her, not a voice is heard, and those of the procession assume their appropriate positions; while her majesty, ascending the throne, returns the salute of the house, directs them to be seated, and then desires the gentleman usher of the black rod to summon her "faithful commons." On entering the lower house, he delivers his message in these words: "Gentlemen of the House of Commons, the queen commands this honourable house to attend her majesty immediately in the House of Peers." The speaker immediately precedes the members, who advance in a body to the bar of the House of Lords, where the scene breaks upon their view in its full magnificence. In front of her majesty are seated the judges of the land, dressed in their scarlet robes and huge fur tippets, decorated with their massive gold chains of office. On the right of the house, and near the throne, stand the *corps diplomatique*, the assembled representatives of nearly every civilized state in the world, forming a gorgeously attired company, in which the Austrian, by his heraldic bearings, huzzar-like uniform, and stiff white feather—the Turk, by his neat and delicate features—the Frenchman, by his smart attire and gay address, —the South American, by his light blue draperies and plenteous decorations, as well as others, by similarly striking characteristics, may be readily distinguished. In front of them sit the bishops, dressed in their scarlet robes, as temporal peers, and their hoods of white fur, to denote

their ecclesiastical character. On the left, disposed in a compact mass, are the ladies of the ambassadors, the country of each of the fair visitants being sometimes traceable in her features. Beyond these, arranged on the two sides of the house, appear the peeresses, with waving plumes, glittering with brilliants. At the bar of the house stand "the commons," headed by their speaker, robed in his massive gown of silk and golden work, while above all these, in the gallery, are an admiring host of the people, waiting in breathless anxiety for the first accents of the voice of their beloved queen.

The royal speech is now handed to her majesty by the lord chancellor, on bended knee, and then read, such parts as relate to pecuniary matters being addressed to "the commons" only. Having accomplished this task with perfect intonation and distinctness, the queen and prince Albert retire in the same order in which they entered, and the commons immediately withdraw to their own house. Her majesty, with the prince, proceed to the robing chamber, and then re-entering the carriage of state, the procession returns to the palace, amidst the renewed acclamations of the thousands assembled. The varied scenes presented by it, the military escort, the crowds of spectators, must be seen to be appreciated: in all respects it is a spectacle of great splendour.

On the lords resuming business, the speech is reported to the house by the lord chancellor, and the debate on the address immediately commences. A similar course is adopted in the lower house; but in order to assert a right of refusing precedence to the matters contained in the royal speech, it has always been the custom, for the sake of form, to read some unopposed bill for the first time previous to moving the address in answer to the speech from the throne. May God give to our senators now assembled all the wisdom and grace they need!

F. S.

THE SUPERINTENDENCY OF GOD.

The times of worldly prosperity and adversity are in the hands of God. This is most evidently the case with large bodies and communities of men. Nations have the period fixed for their formation, advancement, and decay. This is proved from the predictions in Scripture of their future appearances, characters, and exploits. Hence the four great empires of ancient times. Thus the period was fixed for the Roman apostasy, to arise, mature itself, and break forth; namely, when the government of the Cæsars, that hindered it, was "taken out of the way." The same may be said of the Mohammedan delusion; and of the wilderness (or depressed) state of the church, for a "time, times, and half a time;" as well as of its flourishing state for "a thousand years" yet to come. Who can read these dates in the scroll of prophecy, without acknowledging that the times of nations and communities of people, however large, however small, good or bad, are in God's hands?

But the whole is made up of parts, and the aggregate condition of a nation is parcelled out, by the Divine hand, to each of the individuals composing it. He fixes the bounds of every one's habitation, and determines his lot. The rapid and arbitrary changes in the scenes of some men's lives may render this more apparent in their case than in others; but the same hand is equally efficient in all. God does not indeed interfere with the natural liberty of man, nor fail to allow, in a general way, for diligence and prudence to work out their own reward, and vice and idleness to bring their own punishment. Yet the final issues of things depend entirely on his will. He weaves the thread of every man's life, so as to constitute it the particular piece that was intended. "He performeth the thing appointed for me: and many such things are with him." The partitioning of Canaan to the Israelites was the work of a human prudence, in the person of Joshua, acting indeed under the Divine command; but the accordance of the lot of each tribe with the predictions of dying Jacob, proved that the whole was superintended by an invisible hand, to fulfil a previous Divine determination. "The lot is cast into the lap; but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord."

To what can we ascribe the good issue of everything one man touches, however unlikely and unpromising; and the bad issue of everything another touches, however favourable and likely to succeed, (facts of daily observation,) but to an invisible and controlling Power, guiding the one and the other of them to his lot? Whence, but from the same cause, those "lucky hits," as they are termed—those

casual events, or sudden thoughts and turns of mind, upon which depend the whole future course of life? It is often, indeed, asserted, that man is the architect of his own fortune, and that his state in this world depends entirely upon himself; but this can be said only while the assertion is confined to second causes and the general laws of Providence. No one who looks further into the subject can fail to admit the doctrine of a providential arrangement. What good or ill can happen to me by any second cause, but I must trace that second cause to its connection with another, and so on, till I arrive at the Great First Cause, without whom not any of them could act? The last link of the complicated chain of second causes is held in his hand. "I will hear the heavens," saith God, "and they shall hear the earth, and the earth shall hear the corn, wine, and oil; and they shall hear Jezreel." This is the doctrine of Scripture, and was constantly recognised by the good men whose lives are there delineated. They saw the hand of God in all the good and ill that chequered life. If they received a benefit, they said, "the Lord gave;" if they sustained a loss, they said, "the Lord hath taken away."

Such a recognition promotes acquiescence, by a conviction of the Divine wisdom and goodness in all providential permissions and allotments. There we must seek repose, and not from a discovery of the design of each event. "Such knowledge is too wonderful for us; it is high, we cannot attain to it." "All these things worketh" God, "after the counsel of his own will," and "giveth not account of any of his matters." We may vex ourselves with the false conclusions we draw, or with our inability to unravel the web; but we only show thereby our own folly, and achieve our own injury. We alter nothing—

> "God's own eternal thought moves on
> His undisturb'd affairs;"

and he contents himself with replying to all our cavils and dictation—"Should it be according to thy mind?"—"Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"—"What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."—*Dr. Leifchild.*

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

No. I.

The importance of rapid and efficient communication between distant places is sufficiently obvious, and has received such general acknowledgment that a detail of its advantages would be superfluous. The term semaphore was commonly applied to some of the machines used for effecting telegraphic correspondence, and, in its most comprehensive sense, may be regarded as including every means of conveying intelligence by visible signs, whether by flags, lanterns, rockets, blue-lights, and beacon-fires; or by the audible signs of signal-guns, the blowing of trumpets, and the beating of drums.

The use of beacon-fires appears to have been early and generally rendered available. The practice is alluded to by the prophet Jeremiah, when he warned the Benjamites to "set up a sign of fire in Beth-haccerem; for evil appeareth out of the north, and great destruction," Jer. vi. 1. This means of spreading intelligence, whether of good or evil, quickly gained favour, from its simplicity and efficiency, and an early instance often alluded to is that of the line of fire-signals employed to communicate the intelligence of the fall of Troy. Reference may also be made to the graphic stanzas of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," descriptive of the rapid communication of the approach of the English forces from the border stations along "height, and hill, and cliff:"—

> "Till high Dunedin the blazes saw,
> From Soltra and Dumpender Law;
> And Lothian heard the regent's order,
> That all should boun them for the border."

In a note illustrative of this description, sir Walter refers to an enactment of the Scottish Parliament, in 1455, which directs, that one bale, or faggot, shall be the notice of the "approach" of the English, in any matter; two bales, that they are "coming indeed;" and four bales blazing beside each other, to say that they are "coming in great force."

In "The Century of Inventions," written by the marquis of Worcester, mention is made of a method he had discovered, by which a man might hold discourse with another at a window as far as the eye can discern black from white, by night as well as by day, 'though as dark as pitch is black."

Though the means intended to be employed are not supplied, it is probable that the holding of a brilliant light in different positions was part of the plan to be adopted.

The celebrated Dr. Hooke proposed to the Royal Society, in 1684, to employ "masts and yards" for telegraphs, and it is the development of this principle which is illustrated in the long-established, and but recently abolished, semaphore. The first, as practically employed, appears to have been the invention of Chappe, and consisted of a beam, which turned on a pivot in the top of an upright post, having a movable arm at each of its extremities. From the year 1795 till 1816, the British admiralty made use of a telegraph on somewhat similar principles, and this plan may be regarded as the best. Alphabetical spelling was invariably preferred to any other method during this period. In making these communications, however, advantage was taken to omit non-essential words and letters, especially vowels. Thus the meaning of the sentence, "Order the Agamemnon out of harbour, and direct her to proceed to Spithead," would be sufficiently expressed by "Agmemn to Spthed."

A pneumatic, or air-telegraph, of an ingenious kind, was invented by Mr. S. Crossley. It consisted of a tube, to be extended from one station to another, provided at each end with a vessel, containing, like the tube itself, and in direct communication, a small quantity of air. These vessels were made so as to admit of enlargement or contraction, like a pair of bellows, or a gas-holder; for in this way any change of bulk in the air of the tube is compressed. Now if any degree of pressure be given to the receiver at one end, the equilibrium will be soon restored, and the same degree of pressure observed at the other extremity, and may be read off by means of a pressure-index. Thus, if ten degrees of compression were produced by ten weights, distinguished from each other numerically, and having a pressure-index at the opposite station, marked by corresponding figures, telegraphic communications might be made of any kind, by the assistance of a code of acknowledged signals, adapted to suit the circumstances of the case. The manipulation required would be the putting a weight of the required figure upon the collapsing vessel at either station, and the same figure would be represented by the index at the opposite one. Trials were made of the plan, and a tube, an inch in diameter, was laid down for nearly two miles, one end returning to very near the place where the other one began, so that the effects could be easily examined. When the compression was applied at one end, equal to a column of seven inches of water, the effect on the index at the other end appeared in fifteen seconds of time.

A plan has been recently proposed, and a model constructed, of a hydraulic telegraph, the invention of Mr. Rowley, of Chorlton-on-Medlock, and he states his belief, that a communication could be made, by these means, to Liverpool, and an answer received in Manchester, in a few minutes. The ingenuity of the proposal, rather than its practicability, is the reason of allusion to it here.

A curious anticipation of what has been actually effected appears in the *Spectator*, No. 241, of December, 1711. "Strada," says Addison, "in one of his prolusions, gives an account of a chimerical correspondence between two friends, by the help of a certain loadstone, which had such virtue in it, that if it touched two several needles, when one of the needles so touched began to move, the other, though at never so great a distance, moved at the same time, and in the same manner. He tells us, that the two friends, being each of them possessed of one of these needles, made a kind of dial-plate, inscribing it with the four-and-twenty letters, in the same manner as the hours of the day are marked upon the ordinary dial-plate. They then fixed one of the needles on each of these plates in such a manner, that it could move round without impediment, so as to touch any of the four-and-twenty letters." The description further states, that, on the friends separating into different countries, they agreed to withdraw themselves punctually to their closets, at a certain fixed time daily, and, by the assistance of the invention, conversation was then to be interchanged. This was accomplished by one friend directing his needle to every letter which formed the words he had occasion for, making a little pause at every word or sentence, to avoid confusion. The friend who was 'listening' to the information thus conveyed, did so by his own 'sympathetic needle' moving of itself to every letter which that of his correspondent pointed at.

Arthur Young, who visited France in 1787-8-9, mentions, in his travels, the

experiments of M. Lomond, who was able, by means of electricity, to convey messages from one room to another; and the Rev. Mr. Gamble, in his description of his original shutter telegraph, alludes to the project of electrical communication. A pamphlet, too, published by Ronalds, in 1823, states, that Cavallo proposed to convey intelligence by passing given numbers of sparks through an insulated wire, and that, in 1816, he had himself tried experiments on this principle, which he deemed more promising than the application of galvanic or voltaic electricity, which had been projected by some Germans and Americans. His transmission of signals through a length of eight miles of insulated wire was perfect, and the contrivance by which the principle was rendered applicable to the telegraphic correspondence was minutely described.

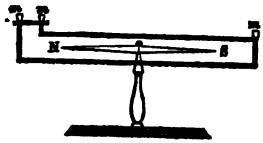
In this mode of telegraphing, the electric current is used to convey intelligence, the signals being given by the different actions of the current that is carried from station to station, along insulated conductors. While the current generated by frictional electricity was the only one known, experiments on this subject performed in the last century were limited to the use of a discharge obtained either from a Leyden jar, or from an electrical battery, and the correspondence was carried on by the luminous phenomena elicited. This mode of telegraphing was especially defective in this, that the signals could not be made to follow in sufficiently rapid succession, and on account of the high tension of frictional electricity, it was extremely difficult to insulate the current. This last obstacle was subsequently surmounted by the use of the voltaic current, the chemical effects of which are rendered available as telegraphic signals.

In 1807, Sömmering, at Munich, proposed the construction of an electric telegraph on the principle of the decomposition of water by the voltaic current, as discovered in 1800, by Nicholson and Carlisle. He employed the divergence and collapse of a pair of pith-balls as the telegraphic indication, and a single wire perfectly insulated by being suspended by silken strings, or buried in glass tubes, was extended between the stations, and from "the end of the wire was suspended in front of the dial of a clock a pair of pith-balls, so that while the wire was charged the balls would remain divergent, but would instantly collapse when the wire, by contact with the earth, or the hand of the operator, was discharged. A person at one end having therefore an electrical machine, by which he could maintain the wire in an electrified state, and the pith-balls at the farther extremity consequently in a state of divergence, had it of course in his power to give an instantaneous indication to an observer at that farther extremity by touching the wire with his hand, which, discharging the electricity, would allow the balls to collapse for an instant." Instead, however, of merely employing the successive movements of the pith-balls to denote the various signals, M. Ronalds added another apparatus for this purpose. Two accurately adjusted clocks, had, instead of the ordinary seconds hand, light discs, on which the letters of the alphabet figures, and other required signals, were engraved. These discs turned, by a regular step-by-step motion, behind a screen of metal, in which a small opening was made, sufficient to permit one letter at a time being seen. As the discs moved round, each letter in its turn would thus be rendered visible through the space; and it is evident, that, if the clocks were started with the same signal visible, the movement of the discs would bring similar signals into view at the same time. One of these instruments was situated at each end of the communicating wire, which extended in M. Ronalds' experiments for several miles, by being carried backward and forward across his ground. When intelligence was to be transmitted, the operator watched his clock till the letter he wanted was visible, and he then discharged the wire, while the momentary collapse of the balls at the distant end would warn the observer to note the letter visible on his instrument, which would form a part of the intelligence he was to receive. In order to avoid the constant necessity of the observation of the attendant, arrangements were made by which a pistol was fired when his attention was required.*

The first person who clearly established the reciprocal action of magnetic bars and the voltaic current was professor Oersted, of Copenhagen, in the year 1819. He noticed, that, on the passage of a galvanic current along a wire, placed parallel, and near to a magnetic needle, free to turn on its centre, the needle is deflected to one side or the other, accord-

* Ronalds' Description of an Electric Telegraph.

ing to the direction in which the current is transmitted. The experiment may be



illustrated thus:—N. S. is a magnetic needle, freely suspended in the magnetic meridian, while connexion is maintained with the poles of a galvanic battery by any two of the mercury cups, (*m*, *m*, *m*,) by means of a wire passing round it, and thus a current may be sent either above, below, or round it. *N* is the north, and *s* the south pole of the needle. When the current passes, the needle will instantly change its position, that end of the needle which is next to the negative side the battery immediately turning to the west. Now the negative side is that towards which the positive electricity flows, and hence, if the current is above, the needle, or magnet *n*, will turn to the east; if below, to the west. "If a wire, along which the current passes, is placed in the same horizontal plane with the needle, no movement to the east or west takes place, but *n* will be elevated when to the west of the current, and depressed when to the east. If the galvanic current passes round the needle in the direction of its axis, the magnet will be deflected at right angles from the current. Upon this principle galvanometers are constructed. The difficulty of remembering which way the needle will be deflected may be overcome by supposing oneself for a moment the conducting wire, and that the positive current, as the eyes are turned towards the wire, passes from the head to the feet; the needle will always turn to the right hand."*

The subject of telegraphic communication now increasingly occupied the public attention, and M. Ampère suggested a plan to professor Ritchie, which was so far carried out, that a model was exhibited by him at the Royal Institution. The complexity of the arrangement, however, formed a great obstacle to its advancement, as t required no less than thirty pairs of wires to render the communication perfect.

In 1832, M. Schilling proposed another form of telegraph on a similar plan; and it was still further elaborated by M. Alexander, in 1837. This instrument required, however, a distinct needle for each letter to be indicated; these needles bearing at one end light screens of paper, which concealed from view a letter or figure, till, by the deflection of the needle, the screen was removed, and the letter brought to sight. He made one considerable improvement on the work of his predecessor, in contriving to render only one return-wire necessary, and he spent much time in endeavouring to perfect the communication by the use of one wire only, but, death occurring, prevented the further development of his plans. The *Penny Cyclopædia* states, that, "in both of these telegraphs, all that was requisite, in addition to the indicating apparatus and conducting wires, was a contrivance by which the connexion of the voltaic batteries could be made with any pair of wires in the former, and with any single wire and the return-conductors in the latter of the two inventions. In M. Alexander's instrument, a set of keys, resembling those of a pianoforte, and corresponding to the number of needles, were arranged on a frame or table. One pole of the battery being connected to the return or common wire, the other pole was joined to a plate of metal, or to a trough of mercury, extending beneath all the keys." On depressing any key, the wire belonging to it was brought into contact with this bar or trough, and the current would then flow along the conducting wire, around the multiplier-coil in the distant instrument, and then return by the common wire to the battery. Thus the operation was maintained with an ease never before experienced in telegraphic communication; for as the keys bore the same letters as the needles to which they were connected, the right key had only to be pressed downwards, and the letter was immediately indicated at the opposite end.

In the next paper, the progress of electrical communication will be further traced, and an account given of Whetstone and Cork's apparatus. F. S.

* Electricity, published by the Religious Tract Society.

DISCOVERY OF ANCIENT MINES.

The valley of Mukatteb takes its name from the inscriptions carved upon the rocks; and Dr. Wilson says: "When we had satisfied ourselves with the view of them, Mr. Smith, Dhanjibhái, and I, proceeded to take a peep through our

telescopes at the high range of red granite mountains lying to the east. We were so much struck with their absolutely naked flanks, and with what appeared to be numerous dark metallic veins, or basaltic dykes, running up to their summits like a series of bars or ribs, that we resolved to visit them. At the risk of exciting the alarm of our friends, who had gone on before us, and were ignorant of our determination, we left the usual track through the valley, ordering our camel-men not to wait for us, but to overtake their companions. The mountains appeared to us, at starting, to be quite near; but they seemed to recede as we advanced upon them; and we spent fully two hours before we could reach them. We had no idea of the extent of the exertion which we should thus be compelled to make; but we felt that we were richly rewarded for our enterprise. On a hill in front of them, which we had to surmount before we could get to their base, we were surprised to see immense quantities of debris and slag, with fragments of stone mortars and furnaces, which, we doubted not, had been used in the remotest antiquity for the pounding and smelting of ore. When we actually reached the mountains, we found that they had been peeled and excavated to a great extent where the veins and dykes had occurred; and that only their coarser contents had in some places been spared. Numerous grooves and channels seemed to be cut in the extraction of the ore, from the very top to the bottom of the mountains, even where they were most perpendicular; and the mountains are completely spoiled and stripped of their treasures. How they were wrought—whether by the aid of scaffoldings reaching from the bottom, or by supports let down from above by ropes or chains—it is impossible to say. Great must have been the exposure and the waste of human life in the working of them. We looked upon them with much interest; and we could account for the fact that they have hitherto escaped the notice of travellers only by the circumstance that they are out of the way, and that the wonderful inscriptions in the Wádí Mukatteb have naturally enough monopolised attention."

Other mines in the neighbourhood have come under the observation of travellers; but these, inasmuch as the excavations have been made, not by digging down into the roots of the mountains, but by cutting away the precious ores which seamed their sides. It can scarcely be doubted that the author of the book of Job had them before him when he penned the following passage:—

"Surely there is a vein for the silver,
And a place for gold where they fine it.
Iron is taken out of the earth,
And copper* is moulten out of the stone,
He (man) setteth an end to darkness,
And searcheth out all perfection:
The stones of darkness, and the shadow of death
The flood breaketh out from the inhabitant;
Even the waters forgotten of the foot:
They are dried up, they are gone away from men.
As for the earth, out of it cometh bread:
And under it is turned up as it were fire.
The stones of it are the place of sapphires:
And it hath dust of gold.
There is a path which no fowl knoweth,
And which the vulture's eye hath not seen:
The lion's whelps have not trodden it,
Nor the fierce lion passed by it.
He (man) putteth forth his hand upon the rock;
He overturneth the mountains by the roots.
He cutteth out rivers (channels) among the rocks;
And his eye seeth every precious thing.
He bindeth the floods from overflowing;
And the thing that is hid bringeth he forth to light.
But where shall wisdom be found?
And where is the place of understanding?"

The extreme antiquity of these workings, says the *North British Review*, seems to be proved by the singular monuments at Surabit el-Khadem in the neighbourhood, where hieroglyphics occur of Osirtasen, who is supposed to have been reigning when Joseph came into Egypt, of Shopho or Cheops, the founder of the great pyramid, and of another Pharaoh, whose name is also found in the same pyramid.

OLD HUMPHREY ON ARTHUR'S SEAT.

When a man on a cloudy day climbs a high hill in an interesting neighbourhood, his sensations are somewhat singular. He is, as it were, starving in the midst of plenty, and suffering thirst when surrounded with running streams. He knows that there is a great deal to be seen, though he cannot see it; and is sensible that there is much to be enjoyed, though he cannot enjoy it. By and by, however, the exercise of his patience is rewarded,—for the cloudy atmosphere clears up, and hill and valley, winding brook and village spire, become visible. He gazes ardently around, as the chaos assumes an appearance of order; and interest and delight, according to circumstances, take possession of his heart.

But though, at the present moment, I am pencilling down these passing

* Not brass, as in our translation.

"It was an oversight! it was an oversight!" and walked away with my heart brimful of kindly feelings towards every Scotchman, both in the Highlands and the Lowlands, from Oban to Berwick-upon-Tweed, and from the Pentland Frith to the Mull of Galway.

After a while I may have something to say more at length about Scotland, but at present I am only an observer. I could not, however, go up to the top of Arthur's Seat, without bearing a hasty testimony to its commanding position, and thankfully acknowledging the gratification it has afforded me.

THE HINDOO DWELLING.

The service of a Hindoo meal is, says the Rev. W. Arthur, as primitive as can be. In Europe, we summon all nature and all art to wait upon us at dinner, and do us honour. The forest yields its rich woods; the mine its steel and silver, copper and tin; the field its fine linen; the hard flint appears in delicate and variegated porcelain; the tusk of the elephant presents our cutlery in smooth and beautiful cases; the sand of the sea comes in crystal goblets to moisten our lips. Then, how turner and joiner, weaver and miner, cutler and silversmith, potter and glass-worker, have shown their skill! But none of this elaboration is known in India. A good man just sits down upon the floor; a few leaves sown together contain his food; and with his own fingers he conveys it to his mouth, as satisfactorily as if all Sheffield had been at his service. When the repast is over, the leaf-plate is thrown away, and another provided as the next meal is preparing.

But the simplicity of a Hindoo meal is not more striking than its loneliness. In all the length and breadth of vast Hindostan, such a thing as a family-board is not known! We look on that simple thing, a family-board, as an indifferent, almost an unavoidable, accident of family life; but go to India, and you see no such thing. Let all the homes of that wide continent open to your eye to-day, and in every one you see a man sitting down alone, eating his food in silence; his wife abjectly waiting upon him till he has done, then taking away the food, and silently eating in a separate apartment. You may then exclaim, "Is it possible that even my family-board, where affections circulate and joys revive, is another of the boons for which I am indebted to the gospel?"

The furniture of a Hindoo home is not more inferior in comfort to that of an English one, than are its domestic relations in joy. There the heart is ruled by another code than that which warms our hearths. Amongst all the unaccountable things said about India in Europe, perhaps, considering the character and opportunities of sir Thomas Munro, the most unaccountable is that which he said before a Committee of the House of Commons, in 1813, respecting the domestic character of the Hindoos: "A treatment of the female sex full of confidence, respect, and delicacy." What that most respectable man could mean by these words, I cannot even conjecture; unless that, having lived in India from boyhood, he, in his laudable attachment to the natives—an attachment to which they gave a merited return—had learned to appreciate the Hindoo treatment of females, not by the just standard of Christianity, which he had seen in practice in Scotland when a boy, but by the detestable oppression of Mohammedanism, which had been under his notice during all his active life. The Hindoo woman is not, like her more unhappy Mohammedan neighbour, doomed to perpetual prison: she has the privilege of other animals, of seeing the sky, and breathing the free air. On this, therefore, may she congratulate herself; but in view of the rights given her of God she has much ground to complain. Her husband is taught in the popular "Punchatuntara," that one essential quality of a great man is severity to women. Wickedness, deceit, impurity, and baseness, are pronounced inseparable from her nature! "Let the wife," says the "Skanda Purâna," quoted by Dr. Wilson, "who wishes to perform sacred ablution, wash the feet of her lord, and drink the water; for a husband is to a wife greater than Shankara or Vishtnu. The husband is her god, and guru, and religion, and its services; wherefore, abandoning everything else, she ought chiefly to worship her husband." From the "Padma Purâna," Dubois cites the following, and similar passages:—"Let him (the husband) be choleric and dissipated, irregular, a drunkard, a gambler, a debauchee; suppose him reckless of domestic affairs, —even agitated like a demon; let him live in the world destitute of honour; let

him be deaf or blind; his crimes and his infirmities may weigh him down; but never shall his wife regard him but as her god. . . In every stage of life a woman is created to obey. At first she yields obedience to her father and mother. When married, she submits to her husband, and her father and mother-in-law. In old age she must be ruled by her children. . . When in the presence of her husband, a woman must not look on one side or the other. She must keep her eyes on her master, to be ready to receive his commands. . . Her husband may sometimes be in a passion; he may threaten her; he may use imperious language; nay, he may unjustly beat her;—but under no circumstances shall she make any return but meek and soothing words." These startling extracts show the principles inculcated upon Hindoo husbands by their most venerable authorities; but one would suppose that, by their revolting nature, they would prove their own antidote. I often questioned men on this subject; and, amongst those who were unaware of the way in which Christians feel, I invariably found a perfect concurrence in the abominable sentiments of the Shasters. A respectable man said, in reply to such interrogations, "The most fatal error one can commit is to treat his wife affectionately. From the day he exhibits tenderness towards her, his independence and his peace are gone. She will dread him no longer; all the vices of her nature will break forth; his home is no more his own; and he must bear her tongue and her temper all his days. If," added he—and I shall never forget the words—"if you bear affection to a parent, a brother, a child, or even a servant, you may display it; but if you love your wife you must never allow her to suspect it; or farewell to peace!"

This calamitous sentiment could never be carried into practice where marriage is a voluntary contract between persons of mature age. But in India the bride is probably not older than five or seven: she may be as young as three. She most likely has never seen her lord before the wedding-day, and possibly may see him no more for years. Affection, on the one part or the other, has no place in originating the union; and that it should arise out of it, at least on the part of the husband, to any tender extent, he is taught to regard as weak and unseemly. No wonder Dubois should say, "During the long period of my observance of them and their habits, I am not sure that I saw two Hindoo marriages that closely united the hearts by a true and inviolable attachment."

A family of cold hearts and chill intercourse is always an unwelcome scene. But how sad is it to review the homes of an entire continent, and see that, as they pass by, not one exhibits a board garnished with its happy circle; to see every man, like an irrational animal, eating silent and lonely; no daughter by his side, no wife before his eye; to see every wife humbly attending, at the beck of her lord, his neglected slave! So it is in India. Perhaps only a week ago that couple became united for life: no matter, this great gulf lies between them. Perhaps they have spent half a century in union: no matter, the ice that parts them may not yield, either before the ardour of youth or the mellowness of age. "What woman would think of eating till her lord has had his fill?" asks the author of the "Padma Purâna;" and the same authority graciously says: "When he (the husband) goes abroad, if he bids her go with him, she shall follow." And follow she does; but accompany, never. The woman who would dare to walk side by side with her lord, would be thought as much out of her place as a fishwoman at a royal drawing-room; and the man who would allow his wife to take his arm, would be universally scouted as a weakling. No, no; she must "follow," and that at a respectful distance. The same vehicle on which the dignified person of her master is borne, is forbidden to her, except in the case of a very long journey, when necessity steps in to humble pride.

"USE THE WORLD AS NOT ABUSING IT."

It is quite right for a believer to use the things of this world, and to rejoice in them. None has such a right as the believer has to rejoice and be happy. He has a right to use the bodily comforts of this world—to eat his meat "with gladness and singleness of heart, praising God." He has a right to all the joys of home, and kindred, and friendship. It is highly proper that he should enjoy these things. He has a right to all the pure pleasures of mind, of intellect, and imagination; for God has given him all things richly to enjoy. Still, he should

"rejoice as though he rejoiced not, and use this world as not abusing it;" for "the time is short." In a little while you will be at your Father's table above, drinking the wine new with Christ. You will meet with all your brothers and sisters in Christ—you will have pure joy in God through ceaseless ages. Do not be much taken with the joys that are here. I have noticed children, when they were going out to a feast, they would eat but sparingly, that they might have a keener appetite for the coming dainties; so, dear friends, you are going to a feast above, do not dull your appetite with earthly joys—sit loosely to them all—look upon them all as fading. As you walk through a flower-garden, you never think of lying down, to make your home among its roses; so pass through the garden of this world's best joys. Smell the flowers in passing, but do not tarry. Jesus calls you to his banqueting-house—there you will feed upon the lilies on the mountains of spices. Oh! it ill becomes a child of God to be fond of an earthly banquet, when you are looking to sitting down so soon with Jesus; it ill becomes you to be much taken up with dress and show, when you are so soon to see the face that was crowned with thorns. Brethren, if you are ever so much taken up with any enjoyment, that it takes away your love for prayer or for your Bible, or that it would frighten you to hear the cry, "The Bridegroom cometh;" and you would say, Is he come already? then you are abusing this world. Oh! sit loose to this world's joy: "The time is short." —*M'Cheyne.*

SIN.

To establish our own experience as the standard by which to judge that of others, is most destructive to the health of our own souls, as well as derogatory and calumnious of the work of grace in our fellow-creatures. We have no right to conclude that they over-state the case, merely because we have not felt the same. It is no objection that they would not use that language at other times. They might not. But it does not, therefore, follow, that their lowest apprehension of themselves was incorrect or exaggerated. So far from this, truth compels us to assert that the strongest expressions of self-abhorrence and debasement which any fallen mortal has ever uttered, are far short of the reality. God's eye discerns, and God's purity abhors, in our sin-tainted nature, far more than any mere man has ever yet discovered. The human intellect can neither scan the height of God-head glory, nor fathom the depth of human emptiness and pollution. The God-man had both before his eye at one glance. In full contrast he beheld them. And if sin, when merely imputed, could bring his holy and unsullied human soul to such a depth of depression and such an extremity of anguish, how much more would inherent sin bring each of us, were we only capable of regarding it with correct, that is, sanctified apprehension? But it is impossible. A full view of sin, as it appears before the perfect God, could not be borne by mortals. And those of our race who have most clearly discerned it in themselves, who have most bitterly bewailed their condition, and who have employed the strongest expressions of self-abhorrence, have only advanced a little beyond their fellows, but have never wholly learned the awful reality, and, consequently, cannot have over-stated it. None but a perfectly holy being can take a full and perfect view of sin. Those who once were pure, as the angels that sinned, know from what a height they have fallen, but it is impossible, with their evil nature, that they can form a just estimate of their present condition. Much less can we of ours.—*Stevenson.*

DIVINE PROVISION AGAINST THE CALAMITIES OF THE HUMAN FRAME.

When, after a fracture, the bone of the limb is set, the ends may overlap, and thus the limb be shortened. What then shall become of the muscles which had been of a length to fit the former size of the bone? Those muscles immediately begin to shorten, much beyond their original natural contraction, and they acquire a power of further contraction, to suit the altered length of the bone. It is as if when any accident happening to one part of a steam-engine, whereby it had changed its dimensions, the neighbouring parts, wholly unaffected by the accident, were of themselves to change their dimensions or their position, so that their action should so be varied, and varied exactly to suit the alteration in the part affected, thus continuing the movement of the machine, but in different adjustment, and all without any interference of the engineer.—*Brougham.*

Frost Fair on the Thames.

FROST FAIRS ON THE THAMES.

One of the earliest instances in which the river Thames was frozen over, was in the reign of William Rufus, about the year 1092, when, Roger of Hovedon states, the streams were so far frozen that two hundred carriages and horsemen passed over. At the thaw, many bridges of wood and stone were borne away, and water-mills severely injured, by the force of the accumulated water. At that time, however, a far less intense cold would be required, as the river was then of greatly increased width, spreading over the country on either side, frequently for considerable distances; and as the strength of the current would by these means be greatly reduced, the water would readily freeze. At the present time, the strength of the stream, as it rolls along, would offer great difficulties to the cohesion of the particles of ice which is essential to the formation of masses. Under these circumstances parts of the river might be frozen over with as little difficulty as if it were merely a pond; and it is very probable that, at every severe frost, large tracts of water were thus solidified. Fitzstephen thus describes the sports of the people, in his account of London, when the Thames was frozen:—"When that vast lake which waters the city from the north, is hard frozen, the youth in great numbers go to divert themselves on the ice. Some take a small run, for an increment of velocity, place their feet at a proper distance, and are carried sliding sideways a great way: others will make a large cake of ice, and seating one of their companions upon it, take hold of each other's hands, and draw him along; when it sometimes happens that, moving so swiftly on so slippery a plane, they all fall headlong. Others there are who are still more expert in these amusements on the ice: they place certain bones, the leg-bones of some animal, under the soles of their feet, by tying them round their ankles, and then taking a staff shod with iron in their hands, they push themselves forward by striking it against the ice, and are carried along with a velocity equal to the flight of a bird, or a bolt discharged from a cross-bow. Sometimes two of them thus furnished agree to start opposite to one another, at a great distance: they meet, elevate their poles, attack and strike each other, when one or both of them fall, and not without some bodily hurt; and even after their fall they will be carried a good distance from each other by the rapidity of the motion. Very often the leg or arm is broken of the party that falls, if he chance to light upon them."

During the winter of 1564-5, a very severe frost occurred; and, according to Holinshed, on New-year's-day people were able to go "alongst the Thames on the ise," from London bridge to Westminster. Some played at football, as if they were on dry ground; and many of the court who were there shot at marks, while the assemblage in the streets of the river generally was greater than in the city. Early in January, however, the thaw commenced, and soon a great deal of the ice was carried away; the suddenness of the thaw producing extensive floods, "that bare downe bridges and houses, and drowned manie people."

Evelyn, in his Diary, states, that, in the year 1683, began "one of the severest frosts in England that had happen'd of many years," during which the Thames was frozen over. Some persons having ventured on the ice, others quickly followed, and soon arrangements were begun for the amusement of all who came to see the sight. The river was then frozen, as Maitland says, "to that degree, that another city, as it were, was erected thereon; where, by the great number of streets and shops, with their rich furniture, it represented a great fair, with a variety of carriages, and diversions of all sorts; and near Whitehall a whole ox was roasted on the ice." On part of the streets were pursued the various sports of the fairs; while, where there was more room, were extensive circles of spectators, surrounding a bull-bait, or the rapid evolution of a whirling car, drawn by several men by a long rope fastened to a stake fixed in the ice. Large boats, covered with tilts, capable of containing a number of passengers, and decorated with sails and streamers, were also used as sledges, some being drawn by watermen in want of their usual employment, and others by horses.

In "a poem," printed on the ice in this frost, is the following passage, relating to the printers who established booths on the ice for "the people and ladies, who took a fancy to have their names printed, and the day and year set down:—"

> "To the print-house go,
> Where men the art of printing soon do know;
> Where, for a 'teaser,' you may have your name
> Printed, hereafter for to show the same;
> And sure, in former ages, ne'er was found
> A press to print, where men so oft were drown'd."

On this occasion Charles II., his queen, and other members of the royal family and court, visited the scenes of diversion, and had their names printed, in accordance with the custom which prevailed among all those who had the required fee. One of the papers on which the royal visitors had their names printed is still extant; and among the collectors of the curious it is appreciated as a valuable rarity.

The principal scene of this "blanket-fair," as it was called, was opposite the Temple-stairs; for few or none of the festivities approached very near the city. Much of the information in reference to the event is transmitted to us by the assistance of rude but sufficiently accurate drawings.

In the December of 1739, another severe frost began, and masses of ice floated in all directions down the river, till, towards the end of January, they became fixed, representing a snowy field, everywhere rising in masses of hills of ice and snow. Several artists made sketches of this scene, which well illustrate the events which occurred: tents and printing-presses were erected, and a complete frost fair was again held on the river, over which multitudes walked, though some lost their lives by their rashness.

Another frost occurred in the year 1789; but having been warned by the inconveniences which had resulted from the stoppage of the navigation on previous occasions, the merchants adopted many important precautions. As soon as serious indications were presented that the river would be frozen over by a continuation of the severe weather, the East India ships were hastily sent down to Gravesend; to which place, and even below it, large shoals of ice had floated, extending almost through the whole reach; the navigation of boats was entirely stopped, and it was supposed that the river would soon be completely impassable from London-bridge to Woolwich. Vast quantities of boiling water were poured every morning upon the bridge waterworks before the wheels could be set in motion; and twenty-five horses were daily employed in removing the ice which surrounded them; whilst at Blackfriars the masses of floating ice were said to be eighteen feet in thickness, and were continually increasing, from the many cart-loads of snow constantly thrown over the balustrades. The various parts of the river presented different appearances, as the newspapers of the time inform us; in some the sur-

face was smooth for a mile or two, then rough and rocky, from the great quantities of snow driven by the wind, and frozen in large bodies. Towards Putney-bridge and upwards, the scene on the ice again became very animated, from the multitudes of people constantly passing and repassing, and the various games constantly going on.

The most stirring scenes took place on the breaking up of the ice; and as soon as the cracking was heard, men, women, and children, beasts, booths, and shews, were all in motion, pouring towards the shore on both sides. Here the confluence was so impetuous, that the watermen, who had formed toll-bars by clearing away the ice, not being able to further their object by staying, pulled up their boards and left; so that those who could not jump sufficiently far, or were pushed onward by the people behind, were in great danger, and many were thrown into the water.

Among many humorous inscriptions, the following was placed on a building erected on the ice:—"This booth to let. The present possessor of the premises is Mr. Frost. His affairs, however, not being on a permanent footing, a dissolution or bankruptcy may soon be expected, and the final settlement of the whole entrusted to Mr. Thaw."

The severest and most remarkable frost of late years commenced in December, 1813, and is generally distinguished as "The Great Frost of 1814." It was preceded by a dense fog, which occasioned the greatest inconvenience to all classes. The prince regent himself, proceeding towards Hatfield, on a visit to the marquis of Salisbury, was obliged to return to Carlton-house, after being absent several hours, during which the carriages had not reached beyond Kentish-town, and one of the outriders had been thrown into a ditch. Mr. Croker, secretary of the Admiralty, on a visit northward, was compelled, unsuccessfully, to wander several hours, in advancing not more than three or four miles, and was then under the necessity of returning. Meanwhile travelling became increasingly perilous, and many serious accidents occurred. On the last day of the year the density of the fog in the metropolis was indeed alarming. Great attention and knowledge of the public streets was indispensable, in order to make any progress for the transaction of business. Torches were used instead of lamps, and the hackney-coachmen were frequently obliged to lead their horses, —while the advance of all was exceedingly slow and dangerous.

After the fogs it snowed almost incessantly, and in immense quantities, during forty-eight hours, and this after the ground was covered with ice, the result of nearly four weeks' continued frost. During this long period, the wind blew almost continually from the north and north-east, rendering the cold intense. A short thaw succeeded, which, by the accumulation of snow and water, rendered the roads all but impassable, and almost entirely stopping all kinds of business. Meanwhile great quantities of ice floated down the Thames; and as they could not pass away as quickly as they collected, the accumulation between London and Blackfriars bridges was immense,—while, on the return of the frost, the whole was speedily united into one great uneven mass.

At the beginning of February the river presented a tolerably solid surface in some parts; and the watermen having placed notices at the end of the streets in the neighbourhood, announcing a safe footway over, great numbers were attracted; and, in a short time, thousands were perambulating the rugged plain, where a variety of amusements were provided. Among the more curious sights was the roasting of a small sheep over a coal fire, placed in a large iron pan. The charge of viewing it was sixpence, and many availed themselves of the opportunity of seeing it; and there were also many willing purchasers of slices of the meat, which was sold, when cooked, under the title of "Lapland Mutton." A great number of booths were also erected, ornamented in various ways with flags and streamers; provisions of all kinds were sold, and sights eagerly witnessed which, under less remarkable circumstances, would have been considered unworthy of notice. The novelty, too, of treading the roughly-formed paths paved with ashes, which led in all directions, was an inducement of which many availed themselves; while the "City-road," as a street of tents was called, was a favoured spot. Towards the evening of the 5th of February, indications began to appear of the breaking up of the ice; rain fell, the ice cracked, and suddenly part of it began to float, to the consternation of the publicans, typographers, shopkeepers, and visitors, with

which it was burdened. Early on the following day the tide commenced flowing with great force at London bridge; and, the thaw assisting the efforts of the ordinary current, a booth which had been recently erected, was hurried along on the ice which served as its support. There were nine men on it, but in their alarm they neglected the fire and candles, for it was not yet light, and these, communicating with the covering, set it in a flame. They succeeded, however, in getting into a lighter which had broken from its moorings, but were dashed in it against Blackfriars bridge; and they were then glad to escape to land, after so perilous a cruise. F.

THE PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

The point of crossing the Red Sea could not, we are persuaded, have been immediately to the south of Suez, simply because there is not there any such depth of water as to answer to the expressions used regarding the overthrow of the Egyptians. "They sank as lead in the mighty waters: the depths covered them: they sank into the abysses as a stone." The shoals below Suez are, as Dr. Robinson informs us, still left bare at an ebb tide. We have no patience for those who would seek some spot for the passage where an east wind would drive back the waters. On what hydrostatical principle do they suppose that any wind could pile up the waters as a wall on both sides of the way left dry for the Israelites? But let us return to the account of the stations. Etham was probably at the extremity of the gulf. From it they were told to turn and encamp before Pi-hahiroth. One day's journey from the neighbourhood of Suez would bring them to the plain at the mouth of the Wady Tawarik, beyond which the mountains approach so near the sea, as to leave no road to the traveller. Here the breadth of the sea, according to the survey published by the East India Company, is only six and a half geographical miles.

Admitting that the column of the Israelites was two miles long, eight miles and a half would be the utmost distance any of them would have to travel, and this distance they could accomplish in five hours. Nor does the Scripture narrative lead us to believe that they completed it before dawn. The chariot-wheels of the Egyptians were taken off during the morning watch, to prevent them from overtaking the Israelites; but it was only when the morning appeared that the sea returned to its place, and overwhelmed the host of Pharaoh. On the general question, some weight ought to be given to the fact, that the officers of the Indian navy, almost with one consent, have fixed upon this spot as the place of the crossing. Nor is tradition altogether silent. The name of Wady el Tih, or "Valley of Wandering," does not rest on the authority of father Sicard, but was given to the track by which Dr. Wilson travelled from the Nile by his Tawarah guides; and although the Israelites do not appear to have passed through this valley, the name may have been derived from their having encamped at its mouth. To this portion of it the name of Badiya was also given by the same guides, an appellation which Shaw also notices. Wady Musa, or the valley of Moses, is the name which occurs on Moresby's chart, and which was received from natives of Suez. Jabel Atakah, too, the name given to the mountains between this valley and Suez, means "Mount of Deliverance," and may have originated in commemoration of the miracle. For a fuller discussion of this subject, we must refer our readers to our author's volumes; and in case they should think that national prejudice has something to do with the rejection of Dr. Robinson's hypothesis, we should follow Dr. Wilson's example in naming two of that author's own countrymen, Doctors Beard and Olin, who oppose the theory of the passage at Suez, and support that which points to the Wady Tawarik.

From the "Wells of Moses," the point to which the Israelites would cross, to Hawarah, is a distance of thirty-three miles, according to Dr. Robinson, a good three days' journey for the Israelites. Here, then, we fix the station of Marah. Dr. Wilson was the first of his party to approach the fountain for a draught; but the Arabs interposed, exclaiming, "Murrah, murrah,"—"Bitter, bitter!" Pursuing our journey, we arrive at Wady Ghurundel, which Dr. Robinson supposes to be Elim, intimating, however, that in this case the next stage of the Israelites must have been a long one. Dr. Wilson, therefore, has fixed upon Wady Waseit, a little farther south, where the fountains and palm trees seem equally well to meet the requirements of Scripture. In the course of the following day's journey, a rocky barrier prevents

further progress in a direct line, and the traveller must turn either to the right hand or to the left. Dr. Robinson had taken the latter route, while Dr. Wilson chose the former, and was thus enabled to furnish us with a most striking confirmation of the Scripture narrative; for the road soon led him to the shore of the Red Sea, and, by and by, to an extensive plain close upon its waters, called Wady el Markhah, or the "Valley of Ease;" and, unquestionably, the station where, after leaving Elim, the Israelites encamped by the Red Sea. "No person," says Dr. Wilson, "but a writer well acquainted with the geography of these parts, would have brought the Israelites again to the Red Sea by a line of march so devious, but so necessary, on account of the mountains and wadies, as that we have this day pursued."—*North British Review.*

MARY'S SONG.

One of the finest specimens of poetry in the Bible — and Bible poetry surpasses in beauty every other kind of poetic composition—is found in the first chapter of St. Luke's Gospel. Mary, the mother of Jesus, breaks forth into rapturous gratitude to the God of Abraham. Regarding the honour which had been put upon her as the mother of the Saviour, she lays the treasures of a sanctified heart at the feet of the God of her fathers, and, thinking of her own worldly circumstances, whilst "her spirit rejoiced in God her Saviour," she says, "He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree. He hath filled the hungry with good things, and the rich he hath sent empty away;" statements which remind us of Paul's declaration to the Corinthian disciples: "Ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called; but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are: that no flesh should glory in his presence."

It may be remarked, in general, that the Divine procedure with regard to men is regulated by established principles; and that though the ways of God are above our ways, yet the more we know of the tendencies of the human heart under certain circumstances, the more light will be shed on those moral phenomena which are constantly taking place in society, and passing before our eyes. Moral readers are apt to be startled by the declaration of Jesus, that "publicans and harlots go into the kingdom of God before" others whose hearts are hostile to spiritual truth, but whose correct deportment has gained the applause of their fellow-men; yet it is well known that mental misery, conscious unhappiness, has a humiliating tendency, and that, therefore, its subject is more likely to be won by the gracious offers of the gospel, than the proud man, who imagines that he carries in his own breast the passport to the approbation of God. It is true, God is a Sovereign, and does as he sees fit in the armies of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth, yet we are persuaded that "the good pleasure of his will" is regulated by unerring wisdom, and manifested according to principles which are always in harmony with the offer of salvation to every creature under heaven. The last-quoted sentiment of Mary's song has suggested the investigation, briefly, of a few of those principles. It brings before us the image of a great multitude of human beings, divisible into two classes, the poor and the rich, standing in the presence of a great and liberal Monarch, who has treasures enough to enable him to show favours to them all, but who treats them very differently, loading the poor with blessings, but dismissing the rich empty-handed. Why is this?

It is not because God makes a distinction between the rich and the poor as such. He does not test moral differences by worldly position. He does not favour the poor, because they are poor; nor withhold salvation from the rich, because they are the recipients of his providential bounty. The rich and the poor are alike his creatures, alike dependent, alike depraved, alike guilty, alike condemned, alike they stand in need of salvation, and, without an interest in Christ, alike they must perish. "The rich and the poor meet together, the Lord is the maker of them all;" and as he judges a man by the state of his heart, the fact under notice does not find its solution in the simple difference effected by wealth.

It is not because of inefficiency in the gospel, or insincerity in its offers. There is—

"Enough for each, enough for all,
Enough for evermore."

"It is the power of God unto salvation, to every one that believeth." It is preached to men without respect to worldly position or distinction of class; and the proof of its adaptation to all, whether high or low, whether clothed with affluence, or struggling with the piercing storms of penury, lies in this fact; for the Author of salvation, who is "not willing that any should perish," hath commanded his servants to preach the gospel to "every creature;" and all who have received and believed it with the heart, have felt its transforming power and rejoiced in its efficiency.

It is not always true that the rich are sent empty away. It is not a uniform rule—far from it; many rich men have laid their treasures at the feet of Jesus; some nobles have had the patent of their nobility honoured by the grace of God; and royalty itself has sometimes been blessed by being made subject to the King of kings. It is, however, a matter of common occurrence and frequent observation, that the rich are sent empty away. David, Paul, and James observed it. The great majority of those who heartily prize the gospel and truly love the Saviour are poor, so far as the gold that perisheth is concerned; this, indeed, of itself proves nothing, where a religion intended to be diffused through the whole earth is concerned, forasmuch as the majority of men are poor; but, taken into connexion with other facts, it points attention to sources of rejoicing, of which no good man should ever lose sight.

There is, for example, the genius of the gospel. "Without money and without price" its ample stores are provided;—not by corruptible things, as silver and gold, are we redeemed, but by the precious blood of Christ. The treasures of earth are insufficient to redeem a soul. The ransom-price is unknown among the currencies of time. It must be such as God values. But the glories of kingdoms are nothing here, they are accounted as vanity; they make no weight in the balance when the objects of redemption are immortal souls. Christ was rich in all the treasures of creation, but he made himself poor, and then "gave himself for us, an offering and a sacrifice to God for a sweet-smelling savour." Now these glorious tidings are "made known to the nations for the obedience of faith;" this "gospel is preached to the poor;" its provisions, ample and durable, are spread before them; its invitations, free and full, are addressed to men, not as the habits of society, or the gifts of Providence have classified them, but to men as at once sinful and perishing, accountable and immortal. In this respect the genius of the gospel differs from that of any other system known to men. It consults men's necessities; other systems consult their possessions. It appeals to their wants; other systems appeal to their means. It calls upon the wretched to behold "a door opened in heaven," through which they may have "an abundant entrance" through the merits of Christ's atonement; but the schools of philosophy and the halls of learning open their gates only to the golden passport. The spiritual treasures of the gospel are provided for the spiritual poverty of man, but the happiness conferred by other systems is dependent upon material wealth.

The condescension of God is also illustrated here. Surrounded by the greatest and purest intelligences of the upper world, he yet looks down from his lofty throne upon the human spirit that "hungers and thirsts after righteousness," and satisfies its spiritual cravings from the fulness which is in Christ, as the Mediator of the New Covenant:—

"He bids his awful chariot roll
Far downward from the skies,
To visit every humble soul
With pleasure in his eyes."

Of all the passions that characterize the fallen mind, there is none more powerfully antagonistic to the purposes of the gospel than moral pride. The self-inflating opinion of superior worth rises in direct hostility to that gracious system which humbles that it may exalt, and brings down the lofty looks of man that it may put him in possession of the elements of true dignity, and make him a "partaker of the Divine nature." Now the conduct of the Most High in passing by the self-glorying, and lifting up the self-condemned, is perfectly analogous to his precepts. He commands the cultivation of humility on the part of the creature, and "he humbles himself to behold" compassionately the humble and the lowly. He describes the mental state most favourable to the reception of his blessing:—"To this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and that trembleth at my word;" and he illustrates by his own example the condescension which is im-

plied in this section of the virgin's song: "Thus saith the high and lofty One, that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy; I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones." This analogy is suggestive of profitable thoughts, but as they come not fairly within the scope of this paper, they must be omitted at present. Let it be said, however, as a clue to them all, that our God and Saviour acts in the moral world as he commands his disciples to act. He commands benevolence; he is love. He enjoins holiness; he is holy. He has rendered mutual forbearance a duty; he is long-suffering. These are specimens of what is meant by the analogy alluded to, and the Christian will find the key to the whole in the injunctions, "Be ye holy, for I am holy;" and "Let the same mind be in you which was in Christ Jesus." "I have given you an example," are the memorable words of Jesus, and the Christian stature is attained, and the Christian character perfected, in exact proportion to the fidelity with which this example is followed. Whilst, then, there is neither moral merit in poverty, nor moral disqualification in wealth, as such, it is unwise to overlook the moral effect which these states are respectively apt to produce. If riches engender pride, that will "send the rich man empty away." If poverty be deemed a meritorious circumstance, that is but pride in another form, and the poor man will remain doubly poor; but whilst God rebukes "the lofty looks of man," by gathering the majority of his Son's subjects from "the poor among men," let it be remembered, that those only are "filled with good things" whose conscious wretchedness, poverty, and nakedness lead them to appreciate the wondrous grace of God in Christ Jesus, and to value highly the provisions of the gospel, as a system of mercy provided for the spiritual wants of ruined men. Faith, vigorous and persevering faith, in the truthfulness of Scripture, in the boundless merits of Christ's atonement, and in the fidelity of God, will lead the suppliant to the "banqueting-house," and Jehovah's "banner" over all his guests will be "love." Then each will go away singing Mary's song: "He hath filled the hungry with good things; and the rich he hath sent empty away."

W. L.

PECULIAR SOUNDS OF ANIMALS.

"We can only perceive the language of beasts by attending to the particular cries they make, and to the influence which these cries have upon the feeling and actions of their associates. Brutes, by uttering certain sounds, are enabled to communicate their feelings to every individual of the same species."—SMELLIE.

THE language, or the peculiar sounds made by beasts, birds, and even insects, expressive of their wants, fears, anger, or desires, says Mr. Jesse, are very distinct from each other, and to those who have paid attention to them, are very interesting. A common cock and the pheasant have notes of exultation or defiance; others, of fear, or warning; and a third, of complacency or gallantry, when the hens are called to partake of food. The swallow utters its note of love in the pairing season, screams at seeing an enemy, and greets its young with a tone of affection extremely pleasing. The goose hisses when angry, cackles when happy, and has a note of alarm. The duck also expresses its different feelings by sounds. These may all be called domestic birds. Others which conceal their nests carefully, feed their young, not only silently, but with considerable stealth, fearful that their retreat should be discovered and invaded. When, however, the young have left their nests, and can fly from danger, the food is brought to them, and received with notes of pleasure and gratification. I have often watched young fly-catchers, soon after they have quitted their nest, perched on the top of a gate, or on the dead branch of a tree, attended by the parent birds, who merrily dart after flies and small moths, and feed their brood with them. These receive it with all the little blandishments of love, quivering their wings, and exhibiting evident marks of satisfaction. The old birds utter "an inward wailing note," as Mr. White calls it, when their young are in danger.

The blackbird screams when alarmed, sings when pleased, and has a peculiar note when suddenly surprised. A gentleman at Grantham has a blackbird which frequents his orchard, and which crows and chuckles as fowls do. It was bred in a nest in a bush close to his hen-house. Starlings, which are restless, sociable birds, have notes which resemble those of song-birds; but they are difficult to hear. They are low and plaintive. At other times they utter a note like a sudden snap; and when they congregate

in the evening they chatter with satisfaction, or sometimes use an elongated note, especially in the breeding season. I have been assured, that so thickly do these birds assemble at their roosting places in some localities, that more than a thousand have been killed by firing shots into the bushes, or low trees, on one night only.

But the most extraordinary bird I ever met with was my favourite magpie. He expressed his anger, wants, pleasure, and gratitude in the most marked and distinct manner. When he saw one or two favourites, he would make a noise resembling a kiss, and shew his delight in a way not to be misunderstood. When angry, he was vociferous, and scolded at the sight of any one he disliked. His laugh was so hearty, joyous, and natural, that no one who heard it could help joining in it, and he talked quite as distinctly as any human being. Poor bird! like most favourites, he came to an untimely end, and we missed him as we should have done one of the inmates of the family.

The call of the partridge when separated from its associates is very peculiar; but when the retreat of its young is invaded, its cries are piercing, or rather a sort of scream. When they have been scattered by a sportsman—

> "The mother's call
> Is heard repeated oft, a plaintive note!
> Mournful she gathers in her brood, dispersed
> By savage sport, and o'er the remnant spreads
> Fondly her wings."

But the language of the dog is, perhaps, the most expressive of any animal, and to this he adds the language of the eyes. Much of this is acquired, no doubt, by associating with man, from whom he learns to obey signals, and certain words of command. He modulates his tones according to circumstances, whether of anger, pleasure, grief, or warning, howls on hearing discordant sounds, whines for admission when shut out of a room or house, and looks with the fondest love and affection at his master. He shows his gratitude in a way not to be mistaken, and nothing can shake his fidelity and attachment. A kennel might have been seen at Brussels, placed in a particular situation for a dog, which could never be induced to quit the spot where his master had been murdered. There are also instances on record of dogs frequenting the doors of prisons, to which their masters had been committed, and waiting patiently from day to day in expectation of their release.

The cat has several different and significant tones, most of them harsh and unpleasing. It shows attachment by purring and gentle mewings, and its fondness for those who have been kind to it is sometimes very great. A cat is said to have descended a chimney in order to get at her imprisoned master.

Elephants, horses, cows, pigs, and indeed almost all quadrupeds have different tones in which they express their several wants and feelings. It would be endless to particularize the whole of them, but I may mention the sheep. It has been asserted, that, in a large flock of these animals, the tones of each are so distinct, that the lambs readily recognise the voice of their respective mothers. When they have been separated, even for a short time only, they evince the greatest joy at meeting again.

THE GROUP OF OAK-TREES.

> "Under an oak
> Whose boughs were moss'd with age,
> And high top bald with hoar antiquity."

> "There, too, should be
> The frequent chequer of a youngling tree,
> That, with a score of light green brethren, shoots
> From the quaint mossiness of aged roots,
> Round which is heard a spring-head of clear waters."

They are but little acquainted with the variety and beauty of nature, who have not made themselves familiar with the different forms of the trees. The tall and goodly trees, how distinct is the character which each presents! The painter who shall not give the form of an individual leaf, in all the mass of foliage which adorns his picture of woodland scenery, may yet, if he be a true delineator of nature, seize upon their general features with such accuracy, as that they who looked on the canvass would at once detect the oak from the beeches or maples, or birchen trees, which thronged about it. Even in winter their outlines are no less characteristic. The old oak, with its giant gnarled arms, flinging themselves into wild array; and the beech, with its gray, smooth rind and beautifully formed boughs; and the elm, with rugged trunk, clad with tufts of delicate branchlets, almost to its base; and the birch, with a light pencilled bark, and long slender innumerable twigs, quivering at every

breeze, and bending and rising most gracefully as the winds rise or fall. All these have distinctness, and great beauty too, in their unclothed forms. Each is a picture in itself. But the lime, with its stiff boughs, and the spiry poplar, and the pear tree with its short thick twigs, and the rugged apple-tree, and the horse chestnut, and the chequered maple, and the hawthorn though distinct, are no less picturesque in winter, and we look for their spring verdure or blossoms ere we see their full beauty. I have sometimes thought that the musical winds, as they swept through the branches of the various trees, might, to a finely tuned ear, present something like a characteristic utterance of sound; and that the breeze which rushed in among the boughs of the lofty oak, might elicit melodies distinct from those which came forth from the wind-swept birch, or waving willow. It is easy to discover this distinctness in the sounds which arise from some other of the objects of nature; for the breeze which wakes into motion the long grass of the midsummer pasture, or the ripened grain of the corn field, is very distinct in its tone from that which is poured forth, as it gently stirs the leaves,—

"Where the gay company of trees look down
On the green fields below."

But whether this be so or not, those who have been accustomed to resort to one wooded spot in summer and in winter, must have remarked how varied were the tones emitted by the same trees, in the various seasons of the year. When I was a child, I was in the habit of going frequently to a group of large oak-trees, which grew near my home, that I might listen to the winds. Even on a soft summer day, when, as I looked up, only the leaves on the topmost boughs seemed in motion, I could, by earnestly listening, discover a rustling among the foliage, as if these leaves struck lightly against each other. Just such a sound as the poet has described—

"The little noiseless noise among the leaves."

It was more like the gentle pattering sound of the rain-drops on their surface, than that of any other voice in nature, and as this was most frequently to be heard on bright sunshiny days, it became associated in my mind with feelings of pleasure, and seemed ever a tone of gladness, which bade my heart leap up with delight, for truly—

"Our souls are lyres, which strangely can retain
The tones that trembled on their stricken chords."

How beautiful, too, was the appearance of these trees on such a day, when the sun gilded their leaves, and all around was so bright—

"And of grasse was plenty dwelling,
Deck't with pyde flowers sweetly smelling."

Often, as I have gazed on this scene, I have thought of the powerful images of Scripture, "then shall all the trees of the field rejoice before the Lord;" and, as I looked and listened, I seemed to enter into the feelings of the psalmist when he wrote that "fruitful trees and all cedars" were praising God, and declared that "all the trees of the field shall clap the hand."

But on other days these old oaks poured forth other strains; and when the winds were somewhat stronger, a low continuous murmuring was plainly heard. I used to say of them, that by day or night their music never ceased. At such times I would stand and listen till a pensiveness stole over me, and tears would fill my eyes, for which I could not account. I could afford then to indulge in pensive reveries. In very early youth, ere real sorrow has been known, and while the eyes which gladden us are yet beaming upon us, a sorrowful strain of thought is a mental luxury; but when real grief has visited the heart, it dares not always luxuriate in such emotions as murmuring winds and twilight can inspire. And, oh! when the rough winds of spring blew among the budding boughs of the trees, and threatened to tear up their strong and woody roots; or when the November gales brought down a shoal of withered leaves, how solemn and sublime were the tones chanted forth by the stormy wind, which made my whole frame tremble with emotion. Now and then, for a moment, it was as if a lyre poured forth its tones; and, again, it sounded like the loud pealing notes of some giant organ. But neither organ, nor harp, nor lyre, nor any of the loveliest instruments which man's skilful hand has framed, can utter tones so lofty or so touching as those which God has bid to thunder or to whisper among the leafy trees:—

"'Twere sweet to bear away,
And keep the precious picture in my heart
Of the sweet woods and waters, summer-drest,
And angel-voiced, until I lay me down
On the low pillow of my last repose."

But, besides that the melodies of nature

have really great variety in their tones, yet the same tones awaken various emotions at different periods :—

> "For as the mind is pitch'd, the ear is pleased
> With melting tones or martial, grave or gay:
> Some chord in unison with what we hear
> Is touch'd within us, and the heart replies."

In our gayer hours, the sights and the tones to be seen and heard in the country bring with them feelings of joy; in our sad ones they come with a healing sympathy. God, who knows how sorrow may wear the frame and bow the spirit, sends not his rough wind in the day of his east wind, but mercifully tempers the storm. He can soothe, by bidding us trust his promises, by the sweet conviction that sorrow itself, if sanctified by the word of God, and to prayer shall be but as the dew of heaven to our hearts, to keep them from becoming hard and withered; and by the promise of eternal rest. But often is the goodness of God manifest, in taking off the mind from its sorrowful strain; in helping it to forget. And just as we prevent the young child from remembering the little sorrows which beset him, by calling his attention to some melodious song or pleasant sight, so the real lover of nature is often sent forth to roam among her solitudes, till his mind becomes soothed, and he drinks in with a subdued pleasure all the beauty and the harmony which this world has to offer, and returns better fitted to meet any trials which he may be destined to bear. An American poet well describes these influences of nature :—

> "When the ills of life
> Had chafed my spirit, when the unsteady pulse
> Beat with strange flutterings, I would wander forth
> And seek the woods. The sunshine on my path
> Was to me as a friend. The swelling hills,
> Or quiet dells retiring far between,
> With gentle invitation to explore
> Their windings, were a calm society
> That talk'd with me, and soothed me. Then the chant
> Of birds, and chime of brooks, and soft caress
> Of the fresh sylvan air, made me forget
> The thoughts that broke my peace."

I have often thought, as I looked on those magnificent oaks, of that passage of Scripture,—"For as the days of a tree are the days of my people, and mine elect shall long enjoy the work of their hands." No written record remained to tell at what period the young acorn sprang up into a sapling; but any one who looked at them knew, in a moment, that they were not of the present generation of mankind. They stood, like the old cathedral pile, as a monument of past days; and like that, had given shelter to the men of by-gone ages, and would probably shelter generations yet to come. In strength and beauty they yet stood, for long indeed, compared with the days of the three score years and ten, are "the days of a tree."

But though no living eye ever saw these trees lower in stature or smaller in girth than they now are, yet we well know how by degrees they rose to be the monarchs of the neighbouring woodland. We know that the acorn lay in the dark damp earth till it burst its compact shell, and a blunt cone descended into the ground, and, piercing an inch or two, gradually elongated into a slender thread, extending itself as the soil would allow. A number of minute points or indentations soon appeared on the surface, from which issued fibres, which, as they increased in length, divided themselves into innumerable ramifications, till they formed a set of underground branches, which corresponded with the growth which each summer added to the gradually green spreading boughs. And so, too, the plant, while taking root downwards, was bearing fruit upwards; and the ascending stem, with the branches, and young buds, and leaves, and catkins, and acorns, all came in their turn, till a giant oak had become the result of the little acorn, and those who beheld it in vigour might exclaim, "The trees of the Lord are full of sap, and the earth is satisfied with the fruit of his works."

This was the ordinary way in which the root progressed; but we know not how, in its progress, it conformed itself to any incidental circumstances. It is wonderful to see how roots will do this. Sometimes they will wind quite round a stone, clinging closely about it, while their forms become moulded by its shape. The roots of trees often present a configuration, on which may be distinctly traced the indentations made by the stones among which they lay embedded. The propensity which roots have to avoid the light, renders them very different in this respect, from the shoots or stems which extend themselves from plants above the surface of the earth. Thus Sir J. E. Smith observes, that if on planting a cucumber a stone be placed in the way of its young shoots, these will describe a circle round the stone without touching it, for these green stems are seeking light, and not shadow. Some roots, too, and those of slender but sturdy

fibres, have been known to shoot themselves through so hard a substance as a potato. In the "Life of Lord Haimes," mention is made of a singular adaptation of the root to its circumstances. A plane tree grew among the ruins of an old monastery in Galway, and fixed its roots on the top of a wall, built of stone and lime, and which was about ten feet high. At the time of this observation its chequered stem had risen to the height of twenty feet, and was adorned with a broad mass of foliage. But how had so poor a soil given nutriment to the roots of so large a tree? for though the leaves imbibe nourishment from air and moisture, yet all but very succulent plants depend mainly for food on the substances extracted from the soil by their fibres. The seed of this plane tree was probably planted on the wall, either by the agency of the winds, or of the fowls of the air; but as the young plant grew up, it demanded more nutriment than was to be found in the small portion of earth which lay among the crevices of the stones. Many years ago, therefore, the tree threw out its roots in the open air, and these, obeying their natural instinct of seeking the earth, extended themselves down the sides of the walls. Several years passed, ere, by their gradual growth, they reached the soil; and during this time they did not nourish the plant, but were nourished by it. At length they reached the soil to which they had been tending, and fixing themselves into it, imparted a new vigour and life to the tree. Between the top of the wall and the surface of the earth, the roots never threw out either branches or leaves, but had coalesced into a thick trunk, ten feet high, which had the peculiarity of being terminated, both at top and bottom, by roots.

How beautiful is the variety of colour exhibited by the foliage of trees! The pale blue green of the larch and Scotch fir, how different is it from the emerald tint of the oak, or the glossy green of the beech! while the sober hues of the elm and the alder, and the deep dark green of the holly or ivy, form a striking contrast to the lighter green of the ash or acacia. The ancients, in planting their trees, had respect to their various odours, and grouped them so as to derive the greatest advantage from such as yielded sweet fragrance; and the modern landscape-gardener usually consults both form and colour in their arrangement. But every individual tree, excepting the evergreens, exhibits difference of hues in various seasons, and in no tree more than in the oak is the beauty of these changes perceptible. Look at a vigorous oak tree when the tints of April are upon it, and when, as you stand beneath its branches, every leaf seems like a living emerald. In June its fulness of colour has increased, yet scarcely its beauty; but in September, when limes and poplars and other trees seem sober tinted, and patched with yellow, the oak is only beginning to mellow into a glow of beauty. Late it is in leafing, but it keeps its varied hues of rich brown and golden, often on to the very winter. The young trees especially are slow to part with their leaves, and when the topmost boughs of the patriarchal oak are quite bare, still the angry winds have spared a goodly mass of foliage, to gleam around the lower boughs of the majestic moss-clad trunk. Bernard Barton has some very poetical lines on this subject:—

"Its leaf, though late in spring, it shares
The zephyr's gentle sigh,
As late, and long in autumn wears
A deeper, richer dye.

"Type of an honest English heart,
It opes not at a breath;
But having open'd, plays its part
Until it sinks in death.

"Not early won, by gleam of sun,
Its beauties to unfold;
One of the last, in skies o'ercast,
To lose its faithful hold."

Nor is it possible to look on the oak tree without thinking of its uses. Its galls are used in dyeing, and the oak apples which we gather with such delight in childhood are often, by dyers, substituted for these galls, while the leaves are used too, in some cases, for the same purpose. When England was green with many forests, the acorns which fell among them fed innumerable herds of swine; and in Hampshire, Northamptonshire, and other oak districts, these animals still find in them a nourishing food. The bark of the oak yields its astringent substance to the tanner, and is then passed over to the gardener, to aid him in procuring heat to his plants by its fermentation. The very saw-dust of the timber of the noble tree is useful, and is the principal indigenous vegetable substance employed in dyeing fustian. But what Englishman ever looked up to the magnificent branches or mossy trunk of the oak, without remembering that the ships which constitute so much of Old England's wealth, owe to them its timbers? The ship which proudly stems

the tide, as she carries out our merchandises; or which sails forth in pursuit of science, or urges her course of benevolence over the deep, as she goes to tell the lost and the benighted of the blessings of the gospel, and seems in Heaven's approving sight,

"A sacred, glorious ark,"

is built of Old England's oak.

Sir John Evelyn might well appeal to his countrymen in the days of Charles, and urge them to plant oaks to replace those which were rapidly thinning, and thus supply the material for our naval and commercial vessels; and his timely counsel has furnished the present generation with some of the timber trees which else might have been scarce in our land.

When we see how often the Scripture writers draw lofty thoughts and useful lessons, not only from specific trees, as the oak, the cedar, and the vine, but from trees in general, we feel that we are not to gaze idly on the works of God, but to draw thence some food of thought, some theme of duty. Mrs. Sigourney, as she looked on the glorious arches of nature, responded to their teaching, when she said—

"Here ye stand—
Your moss-grown roots by hidden moisture fed,
And on your towering head the dews that fall
From God's right hand. I love your sacred lore,
And to the silence you have learn'd of Him,
Bow down my spirit. Not a whispering leaf
Uplifts itself to mar the holy pause
Of meditation.
"Methinks an angel's wing
Floats o'er your arch of verdure, glorious trees!
Luring the soul above. Oh, ere we part—
For soon I leave your blessed company,
And seek the dusty paths of life again—
Give me some gift, some token of your love,
One heavenly thought, in heavenly silence born,
That I may nurse it till we meet again."

How frequently David refers to a tree, "a tree planted by rivers of waters, which brought forth its fruit in its season" in so congenial a soil! Solomon, too, says that "desire when it cometh, is as a tree of life" to the long-expectant spirit; and compares the works of the righteous man to the fruits of such a tree —comparisons which would naturally occur to the mind of one who "spake of trees," and knew them all so well. The patriarch Job gathered many of his comparisons from the trees, and when he poured forth the deep lament of a sorrowing heart, he says, "He hath stripped me of my glory, and taken the crown from my head. He hath destroyed me on every side, and I am gone; and mine hope hath he removed like a tree:" and the riven trunk or bough suggested the comparison, "Wickedness shall be broken as a tree." In the whole list of scripture figures, scarcely any one is more beautiful than that in which Job contrasts the tree with man's mortality: "For there is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease. Though the root thereof wax old in the earth, and the stock thereof die in the ground; yet through the scent of water it will bud, and bring forth boughs like a plant. But man dieth, and wasteth away; yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?" And who shall answer this solemn question? The record of a man's life must determine it. Where is he? He is not the tree—the place that once knew him shall know him no more for ever, but he has not passed from the limits of existence; and the fallen tree shall, if he have brought forth fruits of righteousness, be a plant in the heavenly garden, of God's "right hand planting."

"Be it ours to meditate,
In these calm shades, God's milder majesty,
And to the beautiful order of his works
Learn to conform the order of our lives."

A. P.

THE SOUL.

There is but one thing in the created universe essentially great, or worthy of infinite greatness. Others are things of space and time. They are not the full conception of the Creator, but only preparation for that which is. They are the hidings of his power. It is not light, the first-born of his omnific word. It is not life, teeming in its countless structures and sensibilities. It is not harmony, floating from sphere to sphere. It is not sun and planet, matter in any of its forms and conditions, whatever its immensity, or whatever its beauty: it is not to be found in the furniture of mountains, mines, or seas. It has not sign in height or depth. What is this mightiest production of boundless wisdom, power, and benignity? It is Mind, intelligent, reflective, accountable, immortal mind! The Self-Existent "hath made us this soul!"

Mind is the only medium for the Divine glory. This glory consists of certain manifestations which Jehovah gives of himself. He does skilfully, wonderfully, benevolently. He imprints on every side

his signatures and characteristics. They are inscribed on the firmament, they fill the earth. But all hitherto is unconscious and unreasoning. Until now there is nothing to observe and appreciate. There is no power of intellectual sympathy. Matter does not investigate matter. World does not admire world. Star does not confess the loveliness of star. There is yet wanting a faculty which these do not include. Let this essence be created, and all the marks and proofs of this glory may be recognised. That which is taught, is learned. That which is revealed, is understood. That which is impressed, is received. The Creator is acknowledged and adored. The orbs of heaven, which always declared his glory and showed his handiwork, have now found an ear on which to choir, and an eye on which to gleam. The volumes of instruction, which could not peruse and meditate themselves, are now searched by that which best resembles their Author, by that which can interpret their meaning.

Mind is the only capacity for divine enjoyment. Our Maker loves to communicate of his happiness. He blesses his inferior portion of creatures with no mean measures of good. The insect riots through its blithesome hour. The birds sing among the branches. In the great and wide sea leviathan was made to play. But these cannot share in any high and pure delight—in the love of truth, the complacency of excellence, the pursuit of holiness. Nothing in them can correspond to these qualities. God has, however, made mind in his image. It contains a similar, though most unequal, susceptibility of blessedness. He can enable it to "drink of the river of his pleasures." He can bid it "enter into his joy." He condescends to appropriate it as his own true nature and description: "My soul!" "God is a Spirit:" that which is not, can have no fellowship with Him!

Mind is the only subject of motive in the performance of the Divine will. Those worlds which roll in the concave of heaven, received a first and complex impulse, which gave them their revolutionary sweep and rotatory axis. Certain principles perpetuate that impulse; and those worlds obey it still. Atom cleaves to atom as they originally cohered. But in these larger or smaller works of creation there can be no moral disposition. They yield to neither love nor fear. They can only be passive to mechanical forces. Mind alone knows respect for authority, love of excellence, sense of gratitude, dread of retribution. It alone is moved by considerations of right and wrong, of good and evil. It alone entertains the ideas of duty and of obligation.

Mind has a fearful power. It can sin. The stars of the sky might rush into wild eccentricity, the lion might lash itself into unknown fury, the serpent might spring with unprecedented treachery; but who would charge them with sin? There is, however, nothing incongruous, irreconcilable, in "the sin of the soul!"

Mind has a tremendous susceptibility. It may suffer punishment. It may be made conscious of infinite displeasure and opposition. It may be wrecked in all its highest interests and hopes. All things else fulfil their course. None fail. None are frustrated. But this, in its defeat and perversion, may draw down on itself an insupportable misery. It may be undone by its own undoing!—*Dr. Hamilton.*

BATH.

Bath is said to have been founded, and its first walls built, by the Romans, in the reign of Claudius, who called it Aqua Solis, and retained the place during three or four centuries. It is also stated to have been commenced by one of the earliest British kings, who, being expelled while a prince from his father's court, accidentally cured himself of some loathsome disease, by washing in its waters. It seems likely, however, that, from a very early period, the elements of a town, or at least a village, existed here, and that its inhabitants were not ignorant of the virtues of its springs. It soon became the residence of the Roman governors and emperors, who were most probably attracted by the mildness of the atmosphere, as well as by the rich and picturesque beauty of that amphitheatre of hills which surrounds and beautifies this valley of waters.

The walls and gates, which remained till the eighteenth century, were built during the later Saxon period on the Roman foundation, and partly from the ruins of their temples, arches, and other buildings. Its first charter, making it a free borough, was granted by Richard I. It was made a corporate city by a charter of 32nd of Elizabeth. This and the charters of 9th and 34th of George III.,

extending the limits of its jurisdiction, were the governing ones previously to the late municipal acts. The gross revenue of the corporation in 1832 (according to M'Culloch) amounted to 14,554*l.*, chiefly derived from the rents and renewals of their estates, water rents, market dues, and profits of the baths. The thickness of its walls rendered it a strong fortification in the early part of its history; but since then it has never been a station of military importance. It was held for the king at the outbreak of the civil wars, was taken and retaken, and ultimately ceded to the parliament in 1645.

"The present city," says the same writer, "may almost be called a creation of the past and present centuries, for previously it was comprised in an area of about fifty acres, (on the limited plain amidst which the hot springs rise,) and surrounded by walls, in the form of an irregular pentagon, its suburbs consisting then of a few detached cottages; so that the parishes now forming its most important and populous portions had, at the close of the seventeenth century, scarcely an inhabitant; whilst the three small ones within the walls (judging from the church registers) could not have contained a fourth part of their present numbers."

Its rapid advancement into beauty, extension, and celebrity, are attributable to Beau Nash, who for long years was the leader of fashion in this city. He was born at Swansea, in 1674, and was educated for the law, but preferred the army, the discipline of which, however, so disgusted him, that he subsequently took chambers in the Temple. Here he became the votary of pleasure, giving himself up entirely to all the frivolities of fashionable life, and was chosen master of the pageant, with which it was customary to welcome the monarch when king William visited the inns of court. On being offered the honour of knighthood, he declined it, saying, "Please your majesty, if you intend to make me a knight, I wish it may be one of your poor knights of Windsor, and then I shall have a fortune at least equal to support my title."

In 1704 he was appointed master of the ceremonies in Bath, and immediately laid down rules for the regulation of its society. While enjoying his power and popularity he lived in a style of great splendour. His attire was extraordinary; he wore a large white cocked hat, and his dress was covered with the most costly lace. His travelling equipage was a chariot drawn by six grey horses, and attended by a retinue of servants, some on foot, some mounted; while a band of music, composed of French horns and other instruments, announced his progress through the streets. For more than fifteen years he bore the title of king of Bath; but neither his advancing age nor his health would allow him, after this period, to continue such a career of folly and luxury; for on his brow was gathering the frosts of age, the keepers of the gates began to tremble, his strength declined, and he died at the advanced age of eighty-eight, a comparatively poor, miserable, and almost forsaken man. Thus pleasure always leaves its votaries. How different is it to the man who has grown old in the service of his God, and the promotion of the welfare of his fellow-men! He comes to the grave as a "shock of corn fully ripe," which is safely gathered in in its season.

Bath, like all places which have reached their zenith, is no longer the fashionable resort it was once; others now attract those who once were loudest in its praise; and these, in the course of time, will share the fate of their predecessor. It is thus in all we see, and in all that is. "One generation passeth away, and another cometh." Mutability is stamped upon all created things; the first moment of existence is also that of decay:—

> "Even as rivers to the ocean tend,
> So 'neath the hand of Time all objects bend."

Bath, however, is still highly esteemed as a place of genteel residence. Its increase has become proportionably slow; but it has some advantages, which will doubtless prove attractive for many years. The facilities it possesses for education, and the numerous *agrêmens* which it affords, as well as the moderate prices of provision, cause many families to reside there whose finances would be very inconsiderable in London. It is also favourably situated for trade, the Avon being navigable to Bristol on one side, and the Avon and Kennet canal on the other, —a water communication being thus kept up with the metropolis and the intermediate places. The railroad, moreover, gives it great facilities.

For architectural elegance, and the beauty of its promenades, Bath is more especially celebrated. The arrangements of its streets and terraces, the fineness of

the freestone of which the houses are mostly built, and their richly ornamented character, together with the great beauty of the gardens and villas, form a most interesting and imposing scene. The streets rise one above another, according to the gradual elevation of the hills. Amongst the most prominent places are: the Circus, in which the Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian orders are combined, and from whence three handsome and spacious streets of the same character diverge; the North and South Parade, raised on arches, both commanding extensive views; Kingston-square, and the new streets; and a fine Esplanade formed along the river side, beneath the terraces last named. Queen-square is of the Corinthian order, and has an obelisk in the centre. The Royal Crescent, formed with Ionic columns, rising from a rustic basement, and surmounted with a richly ornamented entablature, has a very fine effect. On the level plain, which extends on the north-east side, are three fine ranges of buildings, and also the structures in the new town, on the river, are very striking, which, winding gracefully through it, adds greatly to the beauty of the city. It is spanned by two stone bridges, one of ancient, and the other of more modern construction. An iron bridge connects Bathwick and Walcot, and affords a direct access from the London-road to the best parts of the city; and another, which connects the North Parade with the Pulteney-road. In addition to these, there are three suspension-bridges.

The Thermal Springs, which originated the celebrity of Bath, rising in the midst of the small plain, bounded on the east and the south by the Avon, have three distinct sources at a very inconsiderable distance from each other. The King's Bath is the principal one, and is supplied by a spring, which rises south-west of the abbey. The Queen's Bath, which is close by, is very much smaller; it is supplied from the same source; and there are several others which are furnished from springs at a greater distance, though in the same direction. The Grand Pump-room is an object of great attraction, and forms, in the season, a fashionable lounge, or promenade. It has an orchestra and a fine statue of Nash, beside which, formerly, were the busts of Newton and Pope. Beau Nash, thus being by far the most conspicuous, excited the wit of Chesterfield, which regaled itself in the following epigram:—

"This statue, placed the busts between,
Adds to my satire strength;
Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
But Folly at full length."

There are also private baths belonging to the corporation, and others belonging to earl Manvers, called the Abbey Baths. The latter are frequented by the more wealthy inhabitants and visitors, and are provided with every luxurious accommodation. The waters of these springs, when fresh drawn, are perfectly transparent, devoid of all colour and odour. The various temperatures are 116°, 112°, 117° Fahrenheit. Their properties have been found to be carbonic acid and nitrogen gases, sulphate and muriate of soda, sulphate and carbonate of lime, and silicious earth, with a very small portion of oxide of iron. The effect of these waters, when received into the stomach, is that of a stimulant; the pulse is considerably quickened, and the nervous system is greatly excited. Their efficacy has been especially experienced in cases of gout, obstructions of the gall ducts, chronic complaints, and disorders of the skin. The reservoirs by which their several springs are supplied with water are regularly discharged through several channels into the Avon.

The public buildings of Bath are many—a few of the most important must now suffice. Those devoted to religious purposes are the Abbey church, the latest specimen of the ecclesiastical Gothic in the kingdom. It has an unusual number of immensely large windows, from which circumstance it acquired the name of the Lantern of England; it was erected on the site of a more ancient church, A.D. 1495, was 111 years in building, has a lofty tower one hundred and sixty-two feet high, and is altogether a most beautiful structure. St. Michael's church is also a fine Gothic building, with a handsome spire of a more recent date, being erected so lately as 1836. There are, beside these, St. James's church, rebuilt in 1768, a very commodious building, which of late years has been much enlarged, with free-sittings for the poor; Christchurch, erected by subscription in 1798, and several other places of worship connected with the establishment, the greater number of which are the growth of the last century. There are likewise places of worship for every other denomination, Catholics, Quakers, Unitarians, Moravians, Methodists, Independents, and Baptists. There are also in this city a

goodly number of institutions devoted to benevolent purposes. The Bath Hospital, which was completed in 1742. The sick poor requiring advice and care, which they have no means of securing, are here received from all parts, the city itself excepted; it is chartered, and is supported by subscriptions and donations. The Bath United Hospital combines the same objects. Bellott's Hospital was endowed in the reign of James II., and for the same purpose, except that this is for men only, and for a limited number—about eighteen or twenty, who are allowed the privilege of lodging and bathing. There is another, called Black Alms, endowed by Edward VI., and intended for the support of ten poor inhabitants of the place. St. John's was endowed in the reign of Henry III., for the support of six poor men and women. Another institution, which speaks loudly for the more refined feelings of the human heart nurtured in this atmosphere of benevolence, is Partis College. This is a large quadrangular range of buildings on the upper road to Bristol, for the support of thirty decayed gentlewomen, ten of whom must be widows of clergymen; each of its inmates is furnished with a liberal annuity, and has a house and garden. There are also several establishments for education and literature. A free Grammar School, endowed by Edward VI., whose mastership is in the gift of the corporation, and carries with it the rectory of Charlcombe. A Blue Coat Charity School, which clothes and educates fifty boys, and instructs as many girls in reading, writing, and arithmetic. There are, beside, two Free Schools for girls only, the Catholic and Methodist Free Schools, the Bath and West of England Society, established in 1777, for the encouragement of agriculture, manufactures, arts, and commerce. The former object has been more especially regarded, and several volumes of transactions have been published. The Bath Literary and Philosophical Institution, which has been established for more than twenty years, is a very handsome Doric building, comprising a library, museum, laboratory, and lecture-room. There is also a public subscription-library, which was opened about forty-seven years since, and contains a large collection of books. Circulating libraries, too, are numerous. The principal public buildings appropriated to business or amusement, are the Guildhall, the seat of the quarter sessions, and the Courts of Record and Request. The prison is a spacious building in Bathwick, chiefly occupied by debtors, and persons waiting the decisions of the courts of law. There are the Commercial Rooms, which are comparatively new buildings. The Market House, and an extensive range of buildings, are behind the Guildhall. The Freemason's Lodge is very conspicuous, as if it sought to vie with its neighbours in importance. The Club Houses and Subscription Rooms are similar to those in London. There are Riding-schools for bad weather; but Lansdowne and Claverton Down are the more favourite resorts for equestrian exercise. Sundry promenades and public gardens occasionally furnish amusement to those of the inhabitants who are fond of display. Ten acres of the Bath common have been laid out in pleasure-grounds, to which has been given the name of the Victoria Park.

Such is Bath at the present moment, standing on the very site of the ancient city, and rising as it were out of its ruins. The Christian reader, as he reflects on the splendid edifices with which it abounds, may well pause to contemplate one by which they are all surpassed. Ere he became the subject of the grace of God, trusted for salvation in the Lord Jesus Christ, and experienced the sanctifying power of the Holy Spirit, his soul was a ruin; but now it is a "habitation of God," from which the praises of Jehovah ascend in strains that reach to heaven—praises which shall resound through the courts of the New Jerusalem, the celestial city, for ever and ever. S. S. S.

THE EFFICACY OF PRAYER.

There is something in the very act of prayer that for a time stills the violence of passion, and elevates and purifies the affections. When affliction presses hard, and the weakness of human nature looks around in vain for support, how natural is the impulse that throws us on our knees before Him who has laid his chastening hand upon us, and how encouraging the hope that accompanies our supplications for his pity. We believe that He who made us cannot be unmoved by the sufferings of his children, and in sincerely asking his compassion we almost feel that we receive it.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

ON THE NATURAL DURATION OF THE LIFE OF ANIMALS.

The present subject offers a wide field for investigation; but it must be confessed that it is attended with many difficulties. Such are the casualties of life among the lower orders of creation, so few ever reach their natural term of existence, that, at the very outset we are presented with a serious obstacle. This arises mainly from the universal law of destruction and renovation, which is perpetually in operation, insomuch that few individuals of any given species, with certain exceptions, escape the dangers around them till their natural death occurs.

But granting that there are some races of animals far less exposed to a premature fate than others, and that of these numerous individuals accomplish their allotted natural term of existence, still the obstacles are not to be overcome. We cannot watch the free denizens of the earth or the waters from their birth to their death. We cannot trace up the growth, the maturity, the decline, and expiring moments of the free forest-born elephant, the rhinoceros of the vast Karroo, or the mighty hippopotamus of the broad river. We cannot wander with the lion from its birth to old age, over the burning desert, nor bear the strong-winged eagle company till its glancing eye becomes dim. We cannot wander through the depths of ocean, and count up the years of the huge whale, or the ferocious shark of giant magnitude: and when we reflect, that every drop of water teems with life—creatures which, minute as they be, have their determinate share of existence—we are almost ready to turn from the subject, and say, these things are "too hard" for me; they are beyond man's power. To know and comprehend the works of God thoroughly is indeed beyond man's power; yet though our minds are finite, and our sphere of observation limited, the Almighty has been pleased to surround us with works from the study of which we may obtain more exalted ideas of his glory and majesty. Nay, he himself urges them on our consideration; — see the five concluding chapters of the book of Job. Therefore, although we cannot know all, let us endeavour to know something.

With respect to the present subject, despite of the many great difficulties which environ it, something at least may be gained, and some general principles eliminated. In many instances, accidental circumstances come to our aid, and something is to be gleaned from the extensive collections of living animals in the menageries of the great towns and cities of Europe, established with a laudable view to the advancement of zoological science. Reverting to the former we may observe, that deductions from single instances are to be received with caution; and to the latter, that confinement, unnatural food, and uncongenial temperature, tend to abridge the average term of life, and often induce early disease and decay.

But at the outset, another point connected with our subject requires a moment's consideration. Animals grow, acquire maturity, decay, and die. Now by maturity, we mean that stage of life in which the organic powers attain their full development, and continue unimpaired, and at their maximum, for a longer or shorter time, according to the species. If we look only at mammalia, birds, and insects, the sense in which we ordinarily take the term maturity, is definite; but how can we apply it to fishes and reptiles? In the first place, the growth of these animals is more or less indefinite—determined by food and temperature, and, consequently, does not stop at a given point, and at a given date.

In the second place, these animals reproduce their species long before attaining even their average size. Salmon, for example, hatched in the spring, return to the rivers for the purpose of breeding in the winter, or early in the next spring, though only of the size to which the term "grilse" is applied. Trout, of the same age, in different rivers, vary from half a pound to six, seven, or eight in weight; and, like the salmon, breed before they are half grown. The same remarks apply to other fish. In such cases, the term maturity is inapplicable. However, with this early power of reproduction, and this indefiniteness of growth, is associated a protracted term of existence. They are cold-blooded animals, scarcely exceeding the temperature of the medium in which they live, and of great vital tenacity.

Here, then, we are led to our first proposition; namely, that the cold-blooded vertebrate animals, as a general rule, are longer lived (*cæteris paribus*) than the warm-blooded vertebrata. Our second proposition, drawn from the laws of destruction and renovation, as that among the warm-blooded vertebrata, those that

are the most prolific are both the shortest lived naturally, and most liable to become the prey of other animals. To begin with fishes:—Among those which inhabit fresh water, the pike is said to be remarkable for length of life. Pennant refers to one, ninety years old; and Gesner relates, that, in the year 1497, a pike was taken at Hailbrun, in Suabia, with a brazen ring attached to it, on which was the following inscription in Greek characters: "I am the fish which was first of all put into this lake by the hands of the governor of the universe, Frederick II., the 5th of October, 1230."—This fish was therefore two hundred and sixty-seven years old; it is said to have weighed three hundred and fifty pounds, and to have measured nineteen feet in length. The skeleton was long preserved at Manheim, as a curiosity. Pike of seventy pounds are occasionally taken in some of the Irish lakes. "Carp," says Mr. Yarrell, "are said to live to a great age, even to one hundred and fifty or two hundred years; but they lose their rich colour, their scales become grey and white with age." A carp, caught in a lake at Weston Hall, Staffordshire, weighed nineteen pounds and a half: a painting of it is preserved.

Daniel, in his "Rural Sports," gives the account of a tench, found in clearing out a half-choked-up pond, in a hole under the roots of a tree, which it had grown so as to fit. It was upwards of thirty-three inches long, twenty-seven inches in circumference, almost to the root of the tail, and eleven pounds nine ounces and a quarter in weight. Its age must have been very great, and for years it certainly had lived in its confined prison. After being liberated, it was put into a pond, and was well twelve months afterwards, when Daniel wrote.

The age to which the trout lives has not been precisely ascertained; but Mr. Oliver says, that "in August, 1809, a trout died, which had been twenty-eight years an inhabitant of the well at Dumbarton Castle. It had never increased in size from the time of its being put in, when it weighed about a pound; and had become so tame that it would receive its food from the hands of the soldiers." "In August, 1826, the *Westmoreland Advertiser* contained a paragraph, stating that a trout had lived fifty-three years in a well, in the orchard of Mr. William Mossop, of Board Hall, near Broughton-in-Furness." (Yarrell.) Trout of fifteen pounds weight are occasionally taken in the upper parts of the Thames.

Eels are of slow growth, scarcely attaining the length of twelve inches the first year; but they attain to large dimensions. Mr. Yarrell tells us, that he saw at Cambridge the preserved skins of two eels, which weighed together fifty pounds; the heaviest, twenty-seven pounds; the second, twenty-three pounds. They were taken on draining a fen-dyke at Wisbeach. It is evident, from this, that the eel lives to a great age, but we are not aware that any definite data are on record.

With respect to sea fishes, we have no positive facts from which to draw any conclusions; nevertheless, we may suppose that many are very long-lived; and more especially those of the cartilaginous section, whose bones never become firm and hard, but continue in a state of little more than mere cartilage. Many of these fishes probably continue to grow, almost to the end of their existence, attaining an enormous magnitude. Such are the voracious sharks, the sturgeons, the rays, etc., which are small when excluded from the egg, but are often found of enormous size. In September, 1802, a sturgeon was taken in a weir below the castle of Shrewsbury, eight feet in length, and one hundred and ninety-two pounds in weight. And Pennant records one caught in the Esk, which weighed four hundred and sixty pounds;—yet, at the commencement of existence, the sturgeon is only a few inches long. The same writer mentions a skate which he saw, and which weighed two hundred pounds. Of the size to which the white shark, the blue shark, and the fox shark attain, nothing need be said.

W. M.

VICTORY OVER DEATH.

It is Jesus Christ who has not only purchased the victory over those foes, but who actually puts us in possession of it. It is he who, as a "Prince and Saviour, gives men repentance and the remission of sins;" it is he who liberates them from the service of sin, and the "bondage of corruption," by the quickening and sanctifying influence of his Spirit; in their contests with sin, it is he who "teaches their hands to war, and their fingers to fight;" it is he who supports them under the afflictions of life, and who, in the

trying hour of death, enables them to rejoice "in hope of the glory of God:" it is he who carries their disembodied spirits to paradise, and who will complete the victory by the resurrection of their bodies at the last day. That you may perceive how decisive is the victory, endeavour to transport yourselves in idea to the transactions that day will disclose. From the sickening ravages of death, and the gloomy horrors of the grave, turn away to the morning of the resurrection; view the Redeemer descending from heaven, arrayed in his Father's glory, and attended by the holy angels; hear him utter his majestic voice, summoning all that are in their graves to come forth; see the myriads of his saints arising from the sleep of ages, clothed in immortal beauty; listen to the song in which, standing over their graves, they celebrate their triumph; see them honourably acquitted in the judgment, and admitted to life eternal in the heavens; and now declare, whether the saying is not brought to pass, "Death is swallowed up in victory?"—*Dr. Balmer.*

FLAX AND ITS USES.

In looking about upon the wild flowers of our rural districts, the eye is sometimes arrested by the blue blossoms of the flax plant. There are two species which are by no means rare flowers of England, and they are very much alike, both in appearance and properties. The kind called the common flax, (*Linum usitatissimum,*) is most generally found in corn-fields, in the month of July; and the perennial flax, (*Linum perenne,*) which is in bloom a month earlier, is a native of the chalky, hilly pasture. This latter plant is sometimes so abundant in the chalky meadowland, that it is scattered all over it among the grass, and might almost lead us to suppose that the spot had been originally a flax-field; but as this occurs in several instances in which no record remains of flax plantations in the neighbourhood, its prevalence, no doubt, is owing to the peculiarly congenial soil of these spots to the plant.

The colour of the flax flower is a purplish blue, and the blossoms grow on a stem about a foot and a half high; a few leaves are scattered on it, but both stem and leaves are small in proportion to the size of the flower. Its petals are exceedingly frail, and it is almost impossible to convey them from the field in which they blossom, as they generally fall from the flower as it is gathered.

There is scarcely a plant (not even one of the corn-plants) which can be regarded as of more service to mankind than the flax. From its strong fibres is made the thread or yarn, from which is manufactured every kind of linen cloth, from the delicate cambric handkerchief to the stout and durable linen of our couches. The seeds produced by the plant yield, on expression, the linseed oil, so extensively used in painting and manufactures; and their emollient nature renders them suitable for medicinal purposes, and valuable as applications in surgery. The refuse of the seeds is used for feeding cattle; and, boiled with chaff, or with a portion of barley, rye, or maize meal, furnishes a valuable and nutritive substance.

It is to the earliest records of mankind that we must look for the first account of the culture of flax; and the land, rendered fertile by the dark waters of the Nile, numbered among its valuable vegetable products the field of flax, even as early as the days of Moses. It seems to have been one of the staple products of Egypt in that period when the Almighty displayed the arm of his power, and proved himself to the haughty Pharaoh to be the God of Israel. In the account of the terrific hailstorm with which the land was visited, we find it stated: "And the flax and the barley were smitten; for the barley was in the ear, and the flax was bolled." The latter expression appears to signify that the plant was then in bloom. In the next verse we read: "And the wheat and the rye were not smitten; for they were not grown up."* This difference in the forwardness of the various crops is accounted for, by the well-known practice, both of the Egyptians and Hindoos, of sowing their seeds, partly in the months of September and October, and partly in the early season of the year. Even at the present day, flax is extensively cultivated in Egypt, and arrives at great perfection, attaining a size which it never reaches on European soil. It is still among the chief products of Fayum and the Delta; and the linen made from its fibres not only supplies clothing to all the inhabitants of the country, but also to the people of all the lands in the north of Africa, as well as in some parts of the interior; while Egyptian linen is worn throughout

* Exod. ix. 31, 32.

the Levant, and it is imported occasionally both by the French and Italians.

It is thought that the preparation of the flaxen thread was long confined to the Egyptians, and that the Jews procured it, and used it very extensively in their fine twine work. The priests of Egypt were clothed in linen vestments; the dead were enwrapped in folds of linen, some of which has been preserved in their tombs to the present day. The linen of Egypt seems also to have been used as sails for ships; for the prophet, when describing the riches of ancient Tyre, says: "Fine linen with broidered work from Egypt was that which thou spreadest forth to be thy sail," Ezek. xxvii. 7. Isaiah mentions the failure of the flax-crop as one of the greatest calamities which should befal Egypt in the day of her sorrow. After enumerating the withering away of many valuable products, the prophet adds: "Moreover, they that work in fine flax, and they that weave networks, shall be confounded," Isa. xix. 9.

That flax, however, at a very early period was cultivated in Palestine, we know from various passages in which it is distinctly mentioned. One of these describes Rabat as preparing the stalks of the flax for use, on the roof of the house; another tells us that the housewife whose industry is praised by Solomon worked with her hands in wool and flax. The linen hangings of the tabernacle are thought by some writers to be made of flax and hemp, or probably of hemp only, as the latter plant was early cultivated in the east.

In the prophet Isaiah we have an allusion made to the smoking flax, and it was probably to the dyeing, almost extinguished flame of the wick of the lamp, that the prophet refers as a simile of the feeble saint, who perhaps could utter little more than "God be merciful to me a sinner," yet whose weak endeavour should be smiled on by a God of mercy. Its use, as an allusion, here, however, proves that in the days of the prophet the flaxen thread was common in the Holy Land.

The fine linen of Egypt is often mentioned by the ancient historians. Herodotus tells that in his days the Greeks received it from Egypt, and the cultivation of flax probably proceeded by the same direction into Europe, and was carried by the Greeks to the Romans. In the early ages of both nations, woollen under garments were exclusively worn, and the emperor Severus is said to be the first Roman monarch who wore a shirt, while the use of linen clothing was not common until long after his days. In the time of Pliny flax was cultivated in several parts of Europe; and we find this naturalist describing some of the flaxen thread as fine, and, if possible, more even than the web of a spider, while its strength was so great, that, if tightened, it would yield a sound like the string of a lute. He also mentions having seen a net from Egypt made of threads so fine, that, although every cord in the mesh was wrought of a hundred and fifty threads, twisted together, yet it could be drawn through the ring of a finger.

It is generally supposed that the culture of flax was introduced into Britain during the first settlement of the Romans; but in the rude state of our forefathers its culture would make slow progress. Some authors question whether linen was ever fabricated in this country before the Conquest, as flax is not found mentioned as a titheable article before the year 1175. In the sixteenth century, a statute was passed in this country enforcing its culture, and requiring that out of every sixty acres of land, one rood should be devoted to flax or hemp grounds. Notwithstanding this, England has never yet grown a sufficient quantity for her own use. At the present day, a considerable extent of land is devoted in some counties to its culture, and in Lancashire, Somersetshire, and Yorkshire, there are extensive flax plantations. In Scotland and Ireland it is very largely cultivated, and the flax grown in the latter country supplies the material for its immense linen manufacture.

Public attention has recently been called to the increased culture of flax, both by the appeals and experiments of some intelligent flax-growers of Norfolk and other parts of England. That flax is a highly profitable crop, all agriculturists admit; and in Flanders, where it is cultivated with greater success than in almost in any other country, the flax crop is so important, that all other cultivated plants are made to yield to it. An old opinion is still the popular one, that the flax exhausts the soil; and this opinion has not only operated to prevent the farmer from sowing it, but has, for many years, induced the landholder to make it a condition in the lease of his farm, that the tenant should not grow flax on his

ground. In the rapid improvements now making in matters of science, and the consequent uprooting of old prejudices, we find this opinion not only controverted, but proved to be erroneous; while it is now stated by some experimental flax-growers, that a crop of flax actually proves a good preparation for wheat and barley. The flax is a hardy plant. An intelligent writer, in a periodical relating to agricultural matters, says of it, "Our climate is unfavourable to the existence and labours of the silkworm. Cotton is a plant of other regions; but for the culture and growth of flax, many large tracts of land in the United Kingdom are pre-eminently favourable. In fact, flax will grow in ordinary seasons, and come to perfection in most soils of Great Britain." This writer adds, that, with very few exceptions, neither agricultural nor manufacturing skill, nor capital, nor industry, has been brought to bear, in our country, on the culture of flax, and the manufacture of linen.

The growth of flax also, on the ground of the employment which it affords to the poor, is now much advocated by the benevolent, as the various processes of preparing the flax for commercial purposes employ a great number of work-people. The full profit of the flax must of course depend much on the skill and judgment with which it is prepared; but men, women, and even children, may, by practice and attention, become expert flax-dressers. As soon as the ripeness of the seed-vessels proves the maturity of the plant, the flax is pulled from the ground by handsful, and the capsules being broken off by an instrument, the stalks are tied up in bundles ready for steeping. The object of steeping is to separate the fibrous from the woody part of the stalk, without injuring the tenacity of the fibre. The bundles are placed in water, and while the maceration is in progress, a degree of fermentation is going on. Here the experience of the workman is of the greatest importance to detect when the plant is sufficiently steeped, as a few hours more or less of this process may serve to injure the material, the fibre being destroyed by too long maceration, while, if not steeped enough, a part of the wood is left, which prevents the flax from dressing well. The stalks are dried by being laid on the grass in dry weather, and turned over to admit the sun and air. The woody portion becoming brittle, some part of the fibre now separates from it, and the plant having been dried and bleached, is collected and put into barns till winter, when the final process of separation is effected by scutching. This scutching, or breaking the flax, is effected either by hand, or by means of a simple machine, though the former process is a very tedious mode. As this part of the preparation of flax is performed under cover, and during the season when other employment is scarce, it forms a valuable resource to many poor persons, especially those who are by age or sex rendered unfit for the rougher labours attendant on agricultural employments.

Hemp is mixed with flax or used exclusively in the manufacture of some of the coarser, stronger linen fabrics, as in the huckaback, used for towels, the Russia duck and other cloths, and there is no doubt that its use, both in linen, cordage, and sails for vessels, is of as old antiquity as that of flax. It is still used very extensively for the latter purposes. It is thought to be a native of India, and has been known to the Arabs from the most remote period by the name of ganeb.

Flax is cultivated in every country of Europe, in Northern Africa, in various parts of Asia, and in America. In India its valuable fibre is rejected as of no value, the Hindoos using the cotton plant so generally in their manufactures. The flax plantation may, however, be occasionally seen in Hindostan, but the plant is sown there entirely for its seeds, from which oil is expressed. The rich alluvial soil of New Zealand is admirably suited to its growth, and the plant thrives exceedingly well there.

The best flax seed is that of Riga and Holland, and more than two-thirds of the flax imported into this country is brought from Russia. Prussia, Holland, and Belgium, as well as some parts of France, however, furnish us with this useful article of manufacture.

In no country does the culture and preparation of flax receive more attention than in Flanders. The naturally sandy soils on which it flourishes there might seem little suitable to its production, but untiring industry and economical management of their land enable the Flemish peasants to enrich the soil, and procure abundant crops. The neighbourhood of Courtray is famed especially for the excellence of its flax, and for the skill of the workmen who prepare it for the manufacture of linen; and Belgians,

from this celebrated district, are now employed by Mr. Warner, of Trimingham, in Norfolk, to instruct the people on his flax grounds, in preparing the fibre for the market. The "Norfolk Flax Society" has been instituted in that county with the view of promoting the culture of flax in England, and the philanthropic and thoughtful are invited by Mr. Warner to examine his flax establishment, and see the success with which its labours are conducted. Every humane person must surely welcome the prospect of an increased cultivation in our own land, of a plant so likely to benefit, not only the cultivator, but thousands of our unemployed poor.

It is not necessary to enlarge on the use of the linen which we procure from the flax fibre. Whether we consider it as forming our garments, or the covering of our tables, or our beds, as furnishing us with tapes and threads, and the lint so useful in dressing wounds, it is of invaluable service in the domestic economy; neither can its value as an article of commerce be estimated. Nor has the linen served its only purpose, when, having been worn threadbare, it becomes the cast-off garment, for then we may bid it—

"Go down
Into the paper mill, and from its jaws
Stainless and smooth emerge. Happy shall be
Its renovation, if on its fair page
Wisdom and truth their hallow'd lineaments
Trace for posterity. So shall its end
Be better than its birth!"

A. P.

ALAN QUINTIN'S INQUIRIES.

ARE YOU LOOKING UPWARDS?

Pause, listen, reflect, and answer! Which way are you looking? not with your body, but with your mind; not with your eyes, but with your heart? Some look to the east or the west, and others to the north or the south,—but which way are you looking? Are your eyes directed to the hills whence cometh your help? Are you looking upwards?

Some people look around them, as though they had no object; anything and everything takes their attention,—a mountain or a milestone, a fan or a feather, as the case may be. Some look before them, as if anxious to overtake a companion, and others behind them, as though suspicious of being overtaken themselves. How many are there who are looking continually downwards to the earth, when they should be looking upwards to the skies! Would you be an owl, when you might be an eagle? Would you sink in dark shadows, when you might soar in bright sunshine? Away with the thought! Let whoever will look downwards, be you determined to look upwards:—

Look up! look up! though paths be trod
Of peril, grief, and pain;
For if thy heart be right with God,
Thou shalt not look in vain.

But many who do look upwards, look upwards with fear. They are afraid of death, afraid of the grave, afraid of judgment, afraid of God—and truly all have reason to fear, till God in mercy takes away fear from their hearts. Pray then for will and power to look up, for God's people have not always been able to do so. David said, "Mine iniquities have taken hold upon me, so that I am not able to look up," Psa. xl. 12. And it was the same with the poor publican in the parable, "he lifted not so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner," Luke xviii. 13. Are you looking up in fear? Of what are you afraid? If you are proud, careless, and wilful, you have enough to fear. Your looking up is a pretence, a delusion, a mockery; but if you are humble, watchful, prayerful, and submissive, cast aside your fears. Let the day smile, or the night frown; let the sky be clear, or the drenching rain descend—fear not!

Look up! look up! through dry and wet,
Whate'er the day may bring;
There never was a winter yet
That did not turn to spring.

Many who look up, look up doubtingly. They see their sins, feel their sins, deplore their sins, weep over their sins, and pray over their sins, and though not hopeless, they much doubt whether such as they can ever enter heaven. The Saviour died, but could he die for them? The Bible is a precious book, but can it be for them? The promises are precious things, but can they be intended for them? O ye of little faith! wherefore should ye doubt? If ye are asking, seeking, and knocking, ye shall receive, find, and have the golden gates open to you. Look on the hopeful side of things. Gather flowers rather than thorns; walk in the shine rather than the shade, and expect good rather than evil. Why should ye magnify your troubles, making much of little, and mountains of molehills? Think of what

the Saviour has done for sinners! Are you halt? he makes the lame to walk. Is your sight weak? he opens the eyes of the blind. Are you slow of speech? he maketh the dumb to speak. And have you a burden on your spirit, because you have no invitation to him? "Come unto me," is his language, "all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," Matt. xi. 28:—

Look up! look up! with hopeful eyes;
Though all things seem forlorn,
The sun that sets to-night will rise
Again to-morrow morn.

There are not a few who are looking upwards hopefully, and that is the way that every follower of the Redeemer should look. To plough in hope, to reap in hope, and to thresh in hope, are all good things; but to look upwards in hope, to rejoice in hope, and to "abound in hope through the power of the Holy Ghost," are still better. "Were it not for hope," says the old adage, "the heart would break." Keep your heart, then, from being broken by looking up hopefully. True it is that the hope of the high-minded and the hypocrite shall perish, but the hope of the humble shall not fail. Are you looking upwards for all things?—for health, for strength, for hope, for peace, and for heaven? Do you look upwards in love? To love God, and to be beloved of God, is the highest enjoyment in this and a future world. Look upwards at all times, but especially in danger and darkness, in trial and in trouble; for "man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward," and God is "a very present help in trouble," Psa. xlvi. 1.

Look up! look up! when danger teems,
And bless his holy name;
The clouds shall pass, and sunny beams
Fling round a flood of flame.

Some are so helped by heavenly aid to look upwards, that they look up with hope, with faith, with thankfulness, with joy, and with praise. Why cannot you? What hinders you? Nothing but the want of heavenly aid! Have you asked for it—prayed for it—watched for it—wept for it—striven for it? It is worth having, cost what it may. When you can look upwards freely, it brightens the eye, lightens the heart, gladdens the spirits, and puts a song in the mouth, even thanksgiving to God.

You may ask me, perhaps, if I am always looking upwards; but if I am not, it is to my shame, to my reproach, to my loss, to my hurt, and to my grief. I ought, and you ought, and we all ought to be looking upwards, with all the faculties of our hearts and souls. When we do not look upwards, we rob ourselves of good, and God of his glory. Our being in trouble, in trial, and in tribulation, is no excuse for not looking upwards, but a strong reason to the contrary; for then we most require comfort from on high. Are you looking upwards in gladness and in gloom, in trouble and in joy? Again, I say—

Look up! look up! though paths be trod
Of peril, grief, and pain;
For if thy heart be right with God,
Thou shalt not look in vain.

THE CARRIER AND THE RAILROAD.

On or about the day when the railroad was opened at Cambridge, we happened to be looking into the Macclesfield "Correspondence," and we found that sir Isaac Newton and the Cambridge men conducted their business with London through the medium of John Stiles, the Cambridge carrier, who is often mentioned. He had to call at the houses of Newton's friends for books which they had been commissioned to buy, to carry them back the money, etc.; in fact, except the reading, he seems to have had as much to do with the books as Newton himself. On the 15th of August, 1674, Michael Dary, an honest gunner in the Tower, who had been a tobacco-cutter, but who was the correspondent of Collins, Newton, J. Gregory, etc., forwarded to Newton the germ of a method of approximating to the solution of equations, which has since been rediscovered by more than one, and which was not unconnected with that which Newton himself afterwards gave, though the connexion was of a sort which no one could then have seen. This Dary was, as Newton says of him, "very solicitous about mathematics;" and the following little note is appended to his paper:—"Sir,—Pray do not count me troublesome," (he had sent three papers the day before,) "for I could not forbear but send this by Stiles the carrier, who is paid for the carriage. Pray remember me about the series of logarithms. Your most humble and obliged servant, Michael Dary." Of course Stiles had a covered cart, and made the journey in three days or more, according to his *aleements*. Any person who does not see

him jogging at a quick walk, along a rough road, with a pipe in his mouth, and a parcel of books for Newton, in the cart, had better not take in our journal: we don't want him for a reader. Now what we have to suggest is this. The railroad directors, who are the full-blown flowers of the plant of which John Stiles was a modest bud, or at least will be so held until something beats steam, ought to honour and commemorate John Stiles, who was shareholder, director, engineer, and stoker, all in one. They ought to call an engine by his name; or, if they like it better, they ought always to give preference for subordinate situations to men named John Stiles, as founder's kin. He ought never to be off the road from this time forward. Let them do as we advise; and then if ever the time should come when something at which they would laugh as heartily as John Stiles would have laughed at the idea of a railroad, should make their rails and sleepers as useless as John's covered cart would be now, why, then we hope posterity will commemorate them. If, a hundred and fifty years hence, some grub of an antiquary should light upon this article, and try to ascertain whether the recommendation was complied with, as a condition of bringing them in like manner to the notice of the managers of something stranger and swifter than a locomotive, it would not be a bit more extraordinary than that Mr. Dary's communication to Newton by the carrier, which was never intended for the press, should now bring the carrier's name before them.—*Athenæum.*

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATION—DIANA.

"WHAT man is there," says the town-clerk of Ephesus, Acts xix. 35, "that knoweth not how that the city of the Ephesians is a worshipper of the great goddess Diana, and of the image which fell from Jupiter?" We must begin by correcting the translation; the difference will not be great, but still important to the antiquary. "What man is there that knoweth not that the city of the Ephesians is temple-keeper of the great Diana, and of that which fell from heaven?"

Here the coins of Ephesus satisfactorily prove that the city took that most curious title of "Temple-keeper to Diana." Other cities styled themselves, "Temple-keepers" of other gods, as one European sovereign calls himself "His most Catholic Majesty;" another, "His most Christian Majesty;" and a third, "Defender of the Faith."

But further, the more ignorant among the pagans confounded in their notions the gods and their statues; and an ancient author tells us, that at Athens there were three Minervas; the Great Minerva, the Minerva of Phidias, and the Minerva that fell from heaven. The last was, of course, so called from its age; it had existed time out of mind; nobody knew when, or by whom it was made; and it was of a rude, bad style of art. Such, also, was the Diana of Ephesus that fell from heaven. The coins give us a representation of this grotesque, but time-honoured figure. It is supported by holding a staff in each hand, and its head is as wide as its shoulders. There is a statue of it in sir John Soane's museum. The Great Diana was a larger statue, of more modern and better workmanship. Here, again, the coins help us; by telling us that the city of Ephesus was "twice temple-keeper of Diana," and that this meant in two temples, not on two occasions, is proved by other coins, which, after the building of two temples to the emperors, style the city "four times temple-keepers," and give representations of their four temples.—*Eclectic Review.*

A PIOUS AFRICAN.

A RECENT Bible-meeting at Keilby was much interested in listening to a short, simple, and affecting speech made by a pious African residing in the village. He had been stolen in childhood from the Mandingo country, and hurried across the ocean to bondage in Brazil. Whilst there, a Moravian missionary taught the slaves most affectionately in the only way permitted, namely, by walking before them whilst they were at work in the furrows, with the Bible in his hand, reading and expounding its quickening contents. The gospel, which is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth, became the same to this poor ill-used African; and since his two-fold emancipation he has been for some time living as a consistent religious man, zealous of good works.

The Monk of La Grande Chartreuse.

LA GRANDE CHARTREUSE.

The monastery of Chartreuse, styled by way of eminence the Great, has given its name to the order of Cartusian, or Carthusian, monks. The place which their founder chose for their first habitation, is indeed as a city set on a hill, in the annals of that superstitious form of faith whose dominant grasp on the minds of men was once so powerfully felt, so unresistingly, yet painfully, endured.

Seldom has superstition chosen a nobler or fitter site for her dwelling-place than the Desert of St. Bruno, although the philosophic mind may find some interest in tracing to its origin the well-known fact, that amid the most solitary greatness of nature, in its wildest and most savage retreats, have ever been her favourite resorts. The convent of La Grande Chartreuse is still a monument, though a fallen one, of what are emphatically denominated—as the period of ignorance and moral gloom—the dark ages.

In the year 1086, this convent was founded by the devotee named St. Bruno; it originated in his hermitage, placed amid the wild and magnificent scenery of Dauphine, which is still called the Desert of St. Bruno. Every spot of the place contains some memorial of his so-called miracles. The simple facts of his history appear to be, that Bruno, a gay and dissipated man, aroused to a sense of the uncertainty and shortness of life, and the reality of eternity, disgusted with the vices of his associates, and alarmed by the sudden death of a familiar friend, ignorant of the true doctrines of Christianity, and misdirected by the religious advice he sought, fell into the common notion of his times, that it was better to fly from the combat of life, than to endeavour to come off more than conqueror through Christ who strengtheneth us.

Superstition has added somewhat of the marvellous to this account, and it is asserted that the dead body of his friend, which he was attending to the grave, arose on the bier, and cried to him—" I

am accused at the judgment of God." But it is easy to see that conscience alone spoke these words to Bruno's soul; that conviction of sin, and ignorance of the full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice of Christ, to take away the sin of the world, drove him to the desert to seek, by the works of the flesh, to become his own saviour, and obtain merit in the sight of God, not only for himself, but, through the strangely erroneous doctrine of his church, even for others. By the advice of the Bishop of Grenoble, Bruno retired, together with six of his friends, from a world whose temptations they found it more easy to fly from than to resist. Their habitations were caves in the rocks, wild beasts alone threatened to be their disputants. An avalanche from the Alpine heights destroyed the first frail dwelling they erected, and the convent was built on its present less elevated position, by one of Bruno's successors, who instituted laws and written rules for the government of the society, which became a powerful monastic order. Continual silence and solitude were prescribed to its members, and with the usual monastic observances, they submitted to be bled five times every year. Eating flesh was altogether forbidden, but an after law relaxed somewhat of the severity of its predecessors; the use of the gift of speech was allowed once a week, and on festivals the monks were permitted to walk together to visit the old chapel of their founder, and to dine in company.

The desert which St. Bruno had chosen became their territory, it was reclaimed from the possession of wild beasts, cultivated, and largely increased by bequests; for where sinners were taught that a gift to the church could procure remission of sins, the wealth of convents frequently became immense. From their mountain abode the monks of Chartreuse ruled many of the neighbouring villages, but ruled, it is said, without oppression; their convent sprung from the rocky hermitage of St. Bruno into something more resembling a palace; the road, cut out of the rocks, leading to it, was guarded by soldiers; men-at-arms kept its gates: but now its vacant gateways, its unfortified arches, ruined and defenceless, speak of other times, and tell a tale which the sorrowful, humiliated looks of the poor remnant of its monks fully confirm; they tell of the changes of the great French revolution—the era when infidelity, as it may probably do again, though by quieter means, threw popery and superstition to the earth, despoiled La Grande Chartreuse, and alienated its wealth, and lands, and power.

Few, perhaps, have visited this spot at the season we did. A pleasant, and by no means formidable, ride it may be in summer, but the impression left on my mind is one of a more uncommon, romantic, and sombre character. We had had snow in the Pyrenees six weeks before, sufficient at times to block up our mountain passes, therefore it is not surprising that in the more northerly region of the High Alps, nature should be clothed in white when we arrived at the village of St. Laurent, for the express purpose of ascending to La Grande Chartreuse.

This little village, which in their prosperous days belonged to the monks, lies in the valley from which ascends the path through the grand Alpine gorge that follows the course of the torrent from the heights above the Desert of St. Bruno. I could imagine this valley a pleasant and even cheerful scene in summer; and the gorge, too, rent between the mountain rocks, divested of much of its gloomy grandeur, when the trees of the continuous forest hung their shadowy verdure over it, and the pastures of the valley were green, and the river clear. But now our mules trod, with sure and measured step, knee-deep over a snowy desert, which altogether has left an impression on my mind such as few other scenes have done. The poet Gray, who visited this place under less dreary circumstances, has said of it that there are certain scenes in nature which would awe an atheist into belief.

Even the entrance into the grand and silent gorge, which usually displays green pasturages and sloping grounds of a pleasant aspect, appeared, at the season of our visit, but as the chilling vestibule of a dreary and savage spot; yet it was not savage—it was romantic and imaginative in the extreme.

After proceeding for nearly a mile, without hearing the slightest sound—for the very air was still, the torrent here was quiet, not the wing of a bird, a sigh of the wind, a rustle from a leaf, broke that stillness—we found ourselves in a narrow pass, cut between the vast walls of rock which rose so perpendicularly that their black sides were unrelieved even by a mass of snow that might rest on a cliff, while their tops, many hundred feet above us, were purely white.

At one side rushed the torrent through

the gorge it had rent, foaming, writhing, chafing, in its tortuous abyss; sometimes seeming to bury itself in its depths, then apparently entering the caverns of its rocky boundary, again rushing into view, and plunging so deeply into the precipice that we shuddered to look for it any longer.

And with all this the desert is one forest, the gorge is thickly wooded, and in a gayer season the black rocks rise above the leafy screen that relieves their gloom. The trees still overarched our path, but they were leafless, and the effect was more magical than I can well describe. The day was bright, clear, and by no means cold; the light feathery sprays of the larch, and similar things, hung down in small sparkling icicles like diamond drops, while the light filmy snow, frozen on the small leafless boughs, brought a fairy-like canopy over our heads, through which shone the radiant sun, giving the whole—without warmth to dissolve — a dazzling brilliancy and sparkling effect, more like what one might read of in some old by-gone tale, of the entrance to a Palace of Crystal, than like anything usually seen in our every day world.

Then we came to the old gateway, where, in its more pompous days, men-at-arms kept the entrance to St. Bruno's domain. A grand and interesting sketch might here be made:—a silent forge, a useless fortification, an untrodden bridge, all were in unison with the snow-covered Desert of St. Bruno, and with recollections of the once great Chartreuse.

The woodman's axe was not heard on the heights we ascended, and the saw-mills on the river were at rest; but we met some of the curiously laden mules coming down to the valley, with the ready-cut wood. The planks are laid in bundles, tied in the middle, and slung to the backs of mules, droves of which descend the narrow path, to the great terror and danger of the traveller; the wood moves like the needle of the compass, so that while on the very narrow path, room appears to be left for another passenger; the traveller's mule no sooner enters it than another turn of the balanced wood fills it up, and a single step from its carrier might cause it to strike the passenger down a precipice, which it is not agreeable even to look into.

After a very steep, but not toilsome ascent, we reached another gateway, placed between the precipice and a large obelisk: here too, in former days, a party of soldiers guarded the monastic property; but the obelisk was meant for another purpose; it served, our guide said, as he looked at it with reverence, to warn off all female intruders from advancing further into St. Bruno's domain.

We came on more open ground; the mountains opened, and in the woody space of the elevation rose up a line of smoke, dim and dark over the white earth, the only evidence of anything like life. It came from a charcoal furnace; the bed where the wood was burning was as silent as all around, and the one poor solitary boy who sat and watched it, was as silent as all else. Poor little boy! alone in that vast silent scene—perhaps for hours left alone in the dread magnificence of nature. If deep thoughts should dwell in a mind that has nothing whereon to exercise itself, no human converse to divert or direct them, were it marvellous that the young charcoal-burner in the Desert of St. Bruno should become a candidate for a cell in its convent? The legendary life of the saint possibly comprises the extent of his learning, and his miracles embrace the range of his religious knowledge.

Our mules made their last upward steps, and led us over the unbroken snow of the court, or platform, on which stands the convent, with its out-offices and infirmary, together with a recent erection adapted to these travelling times—"the house of the women," as it is called—a building purposely appropriated to the reception of lady visitors, who are not allowed to enter the convent itself. Intelligence of our visit, at such an unusual season, had been forwarded, it appeared, from the village; a frugal repast was laid ready in this house; it is expected that visitors will partake of fasting fare, but not that they will pay for it as such. The monks are now miserably poor; their number is reduced to thirty-three of what are styled fathers, and a few, I think eighteen, styled brothers, who are of a lower grade, and may speak and transact the worldly business of the monastery, housekeeping, etc. One of these brothers had the charge of the women's house, and a very curious little brother he was. Poor old man! I think I see him now; he was clothed in a long loose dress of white coarse cloth, down to the feet and up to the throat, girt round the middle with a black leather band, from which hung a long black rosary; his remaining

hair was quite as white as his dress, and his large face was very red; he was very short, and his head hung all on one shoulder;—and he was so polite, so busy, so anxious to get a little money! Poor old man! with what a piteous face he alluded to the changes his fraternity had undergone—to the spoliation of the Revolution. The immense woods covering the mountains, all around, had once been theirs, but were confiscated with their other possessions; and truly these were strangely inconsistent with vows of poverty, abstinence, mortification, renunciation of the world. Now the monks of La Chartreuse only possess the privilege of cutting their wood in the forests, and feeding their cows, of which they keep a great number.

After ascending by so sublime a mountain pass to this remarkable place, the effect produced by a view of the building itself is not at all satisfactory: the house is ugly, uninteresting, and not antique, for having been eight times burned, its renewals have quite destroyed the air of antiquity which alone excites our interest or veneration. The buildings also are so arranged as to exclude all prospect, so that it appears to me the monks of Chartreuse might as well immure themselves in a building in Paris, as in this in the Desert of St. Bruno.

We conversed a little with that poor old monk, and chiefly respecting the manner of life he had chosen; he represented its hardships, but added—"My child, it is for the glory of God; it is so sweet to serve God."

These last words often come back to my mind,—"It is so sweet to serve God!" Yes! it is sweet to serve God! the only sweetness into which life and the world can infuse no bitter, is the sweetness of serving God. But *how* shall we serve God? In a convent?—In silence, apathy, abstinence, perhaps from good as well as from evil? As Christ served God, so let us serve God. He alone who made one atonement for sin, alone left us *one* example of a godly life. We have only ONE Saviour to bring us to heaven, and ONE example to show us how to walk on earth: "Fight the good fight of faith," is the spirit of scriptural teaching; "be strong and quit yourselves like men." Oh! how much more difficult to obey the injunction when bearing our part in the battle of life, than when enduring the silence, and solitude, and mortifications of La Grande Chartreuse!

S. B.

MORAL COURAGE.

MORAL courage consists quite as much in speaking faithfully as in acting steadfastly. Many a man capable of spirit-stirring actions has felt himself daunted in the presence of the high and illustrious, and incapable of faithfully uttering the dictates of his conscience. There is as much cowardice as flattery in the adulation which kings and rulers receive; and to speak the plain unvarnished truth to persons in such a station, is a task few appear equal to. About the end of the last, and the commencement of the present, century, a good man, of humble birth and limited education, a member of the Society of Friends, named Thomas Shillitoe, reflecting upon the vast responsibility which rested upon kings, and the opportunities they possessed for improving the moral condition of their people, felt it a matter of duty to attempt to obtain audience of some of the rulers of the earth. According to human probability, nothing seemed more unlikely than that such an individual, so humble, and in every way so uninfluential, should have opportunities afforded him of unburdening his mind of the responsibility which, in this matter, he felt rested upon it.

Yet the strong desire to do good, the obligation to a faithful discharge of what conscience dictated, and the reflection that words of truth were very seldom spoken to those in the elevated sphere he contemplated, all encouraged him to persevere in his determination. When Thomas Shillitoe mentioned his desire, or, as he termed it, "his concern," to the members of the denomination he belonged to, they heard him with respect and affection,—for such is their wonted manner and feeling; but much encouragement he did not receive, the general impression being, that the attempt, though in itself laudable, was impracticable. However, in the year 1794, Thomas Shillitoe, accompanied by a friend named Stacey, went to Windsor, and having some slight knowledge of a person holding a subordinate situation in the castle, they obtained admittance to the part where the royal stables were. The hour was morning, and, as if Providence smiled on the design of the two friends, king George III. came towards the stables, accompanied by two of his nobles, and passed near where they were standing. The king observed them, and came near,

as if to give them an opportunity of speaking. For an instant the companions were not prepared to crave the attention of the monarch, and he accordingly turned about, and, though still looking towards them, went into the stable. Thomas Shillitoe, feeling compunction that the first opportunity had been lost, proposed to follow the king into the stable. This, however, the attendants would not permit. But the king, hearing their remarks, came out; when Stacey said, "This friend of mine hath something to communicate to the king." On which his majesty raised his hat, and his attendants ranging themselves on his left and right, Thomas Shillitoe advanced in front, saying, "Hear, O king," and, in a discourse of about twenty minutes' duration, pressed upon the monarch the importance of true religion in persons of exalted station, and the influence and responsibility attached to power. It is to be regretted, that in the quaint yet graphic memoirs of Thomas Shillitoe, there is no account kept of the words of this address—a circumstance accounted for by the fact of its being entirely unpremeditated and extemporaneous. Yet we may infer it did not want power by the effect it produced on the royal hearer, who stood with the utmost attention, "the tears trickling down his cheeks."*

It was said, that he did not pursue his diversion of hunting that day, but returned to the queen, and informed her of what had passed.

In the year 1813, the same energetic man drew up an impressive religious address to the prince regent, and going to Brighton, where the prince then was, in defiance of the remonstrances of timid friends, he sought and obtained a personal interview, in a manner seemingly as accidental as that had been with the king, his father, and presented his address. When the inaccessible and ceremonious character of George IV. is remembered, such an event seems particularly striking, and evidences that nothing is too difficult for zeal and perseverance to accomplish.

The Society of Friends justly appreciating the valuable qualities of their indefatigable minister, acquiesced in the wish of the latter to visit the continent of Europe, on a sort of religious mission, in which he was to do good, as he had opportunity, to all men. One circumstance, which deeply and painfully impressed the mind of Thomas Shillitoe, was, the universal desecration of the Lord's-day, which he saw almost in every continental town. It seemed to him an imperative duty to remonstrate with the rulers of the people, in reference to the general laxity of morals and religion. Consequently, when he was in Denmark, he determined to see the king. He had no friend in Copenhagen, either to advise or aid him in his undertaking; yet, having resolved on it as a matter of duty, he determined to use every means to accomplish his object. Accordingly, learning the name of the prime minister, he went to him and requested his influence in obtaining him an audience with the king. This bold request, though urged with all the mild self-possession of native courtesy, startled the prime minister, who, gazing on the attire of the person making such a request, said, "You do not mean to appear before the king in those clothes, do you?" With the utmost simplicity, Thomas Shillitoe says, in his journal, "I told him I had no others with me, as it was uncertain I should want my best until summer. I had left them at Altona, intending to furnish myself with winter clothes when I reached Norway." The nobleman smiled at this frank reply, and promised, on the following morning, to procure the applicant the interview he wished.

Accordingly, the following day, Thomas Shillitoe was introduced to the king of Denmark, with whom he faithfully remonstrated on the desecration of the Lord's-day throughout his dominions, and also took occasion to remark on the sinfulness of that species of gambling known by the name of lotteries, which the government licensed, and by which many poor deluded people were reduced to ruin. It required no small effort of moral courage to enable an obscure stranger thus to speak to a king, in reference to the institutions and abuses existing in the land. His communication was heard with indulgent attention, and from this it is but reasonable to infer that good was done.

In 1823, this same indefatigable man drew up an address on religious subjects, and presented it to George IV., at Windsor, where, waiting in the long-walk of the park, when the king was taking an airing in his pony-chaise, Thomas Shillitoe presented the address, by order of the king, to the marquis of Conyngham. Some

* See Journal of Thomas Shillitoe, vol. i., p. 21.

few words of religious admonition were added, which, when they were concluded, the king politely said, "I thank you," and departed on his drive, most probably impressed with the singular, yet solemn manner and appearance of his humble monitor.

In 1824, Thomas Shillitoe was again on the continent, visiting schools, hospitals, and prisons. When in Prussia, he felt the same desire, as on former occasions, to have an audience with the king, and a most interesting interview was the result of his endeavours. The audience with the king of Prussia took place in the garden of the palace of Berlin. Thomas Shillitoe, in the first place, presented a petition in reference to the persecution of a member of the Society of Friends, in consequence of his refusing to serve as a military man. This the king received graciously, and promised that no man in his dominions should be persecuted for conscience' sake. After this, the faithful Shillitoe added a solemn admonition, in reference to the duty of persons in authority to be "a terror to evil doers and a praise to them that do well," and to rule their people in righteousness. The king not only listened with attention, but promised to profit by the admonition.

Probably the most interesting of all the visits paid by this faithful minister of the gospel to royal personages, was that to Alexander, the late emperor of Russia, and brother to the present emperor Nicholas.

In the year 1825, Thomas Shillitoe visited Russia, and beholding in the city of St. Petersburg the same desecration of the sabbath and general laxity of morals, he was induced to address a circular to all the Protestants inhabiting that city, remonstrating with them, and showing the necessity there was for their being more consistent in life and conduct, so as to be lights in the darkness of an evil world. The opportunity of obtaining an audience of the emperor, to press upon him also the necessity of this improvement, was not so difficult as in other instances. Thomas Shillitoe was now known and honoured; the religious body of which he was a member was highly esteemed by Alexander. There were many of that denomination in Russia. William Allen and Stephen Grellet, eminent members of the Society of Friends, were known to, and esteemed by, the emperor. Moreover, Alexander was a very superior man, and exhibited in his high and difficult position many of those virtues which are most uncommon in the atmosphere of a court. On the evening of the 26th of December, Thomas Shillitoe was received at the back entrance of the palace at Petersburg, and was ushered into the presence of the most absolute monarch in Europe, when we consider his unlimited authority, though its exercise was restricted by moderation and prudence. The venerable messenger of truth, for he was now advanced in years, began boldly to inform the emperor of the abuses and oppressions that existed under his government. The liberty of the press had become so restricted, that the Moravians had been unable to procure the printing of their New-year's hymn; and also that the address, prepared by himself and before alluded to, could not, under existing restrictions, be translated and printed; and, therefore, he added, "I should not be able faithfully to acquit myself in the Divine sight in this matter, but by giving the address in charge to him whom I was to consider the father of his people; desiring, as I most fervently did, the Divine wisdom would be pleased to direct him in the right disposal of it." On which the emperor cordially received the address. After some farther conversation on important religious subjects, the emperor was pleased to give, very pathetically, the following testimony, which, under the circumstances, is an important historical fact, in the personal character of Alexander, which is worthy of being far more widely known than it now is:—*

"Before I became acquainted with your religious society and its principles, I frequently, from my early life, felt something in myself which, at times, gave me clearly to see that I stood in need of further knowledge in Divine things than I was then possessed of." After speaking of the influence of the Holy Spirit in awakening and renewing his soul, he added, "My mind is at times brought under great suffering to know how to move along; I see things necessary for me to do, and things necessary for me to refuse complying with, which are expected from me. You have counselled me to an unreserved and well-timed obedience in all things; I clearly see it to be my duty; and this

* Journal of Thomas Shillitoe, 2nd vol., p. 204.

is what I want to be more brought into the experience of: but, when I try for it, doubts come into my mind, and discouragements prevail; for, although they call me an absolute monarch, it is but little power I have for doing that which I see it to be right for me to do."

Nothing could exceed the condescension of the emperor at this interview: he commanded the humble Friend to sit beside him on the same sofa, and, dismissing his attendants, communed with him as with a friend and equal.

Before Thomas Shillitoe quitted Petersburg, he was favoured with another gracious interview, and experienced similar tokens of his message being accepted with candour and attention. These instances are very instructive, as evidences of the power of truth, when faithfully uttered, to overleap the barriers which human pride and expediency have raised between man and man, and to bring the humblest and the highest human beings together, as creatures equal in the sight of Him, before whose throne "rich and poor meet together," for he "is the Maker of them all." Addresses of congratulation, praises, homage, flattery—these are words that usually meet the ears of kings and rulers. It is thought a great honour when a private individual succeeds in presenting some message of an adulatory character to such elevated individuals; how much greater the dignity, how noble the moral heroism of him who, strong in the strength of the gospel, knowing little, and caring less, for the ceremonies of courts, sees in a king only a responsible human being, and feels that truth is as imperative in an address to him, and caution and counsel as much needed by him, as by any other of God's creatures; and, therefore, frankly and fearlessly, but with all Christian courtesy, ventures to warn and to admonish in the name of the Most High. —*Clara L. Balfour.*

JOHN HUNTER.

This celebrated anatomist and physiologist was the youngest of ten children, of John and Agnes Hunter, of Kilbride, in Lanark. He was born on the 13th of February, 1728. The partiality of his father, who was advanced in years, as well as the subsequent indulgence of his widowed mother to her only remaining boy at home, are said to have had an unfavourable influence upon his education; so that he attained his twentieth year without much mental improvement of any kind. At this time, his elder brother, Dr. William Hunter, was rising into reputation in London, as a lecturer and a practitioner of medicine. Having no occupation, and hearing frequently of his brother's success, John Hunter was induced to write to him, requesting that he would allow him to come up to London upon a visit; he offered to assist him in his anatomical researches, or if that proposal could not be accepted, he was willing to go into the army. In answer to this letter, he received a kind invitation from his brother, set off immediately for London, and arrived there in September, 1748, about a fortnight before the commencement of the winter course of lectures. Dr. Hunter, anxious to put his talents to a test, immediately gave him an arm to dissect for the muscles, with the necessary instructions how it was to be done; the performance greatly exceeded his expectations; he now employed him in a dissection of a more difficult nature; this was an arm, in which all the arteries were to be injected, and these, as well as the muscles, were to be exposed and preserved. The manner in which this was accomplished gave Dr. Hunter so much satisfaction, that he did not scruple to say, that his brother would become a good anatomist, and that he should not want for occupation. As all the dissections at that time carried on in London were confined to the school over which his brother presided, Mr. Hunter had every opportunity for improvement; and being permitted in the following summer, by Cheselden, to attend at Chelsea Hospital, his inquisitive mind had ample leisure to trace the operations of disease and restoration. Here, probably, it was, that he first began to suspect that rude state of surgical pathology, which described the process of ulceration as a solution of solid parts into pus or matter. In the subsequent year he was so far advanced in anatomy as to be able to preside over his brother's pupils in the dissecting-room—a task which in future devolved almost totally upon him. In 1751, he became a pupil at St. Bartholomew's, and not long after, entered as gentleman commoner, at St. Mary's Hall, Oxford. With what particular view he took this latter step does not appear,—probably to qualify himself for ultimately becoming a fellow of the

London College of Physicians. If so, the design was, happily for himself, very soon abandoned, far more fitted as he was for the researches of the dissecting-room, and similar pursuits, than to attain proficiency in the higher branches of classical literature and abstract science. In 1754, we find him a pupil at St. George's Hospital, where, in the course of two years, he obtained the appointment of house-surgeon; and in the year 1775, Dr. Hunter admitted him to a partnership in his lectures.

The management of anatomical preparations was at this time a new art, and comparatively little known; every one, therefore, that was skilfully made, became an object of admiration; many were wanted for the use of the lecturer; and Dr. Hunter, himself an enthusiast in the art, was glad to avail himself of the advantage of his brother's talents. Mr. Hunter now pursued the study of anatomy and physiology with an ardour and perseverance of which few examples can be found, and of which he left a noble monument in his museum. By ten years' close application, he not only made himself master of all that was already known, but acquired, from actual experiment and observation, those original views and opinions, for which his name became afterwards so celebrated. In comparative anatomy, which he cultivated with indefatigable industry, his grand object was, by examining various organizations formed for similar functions, under different circumstances, to trace out the general principles of animal life. This led him into a wide field, and he was eager in the acquisition of every rare animal, that he might trace the peculiarities of each. It was his usual practice to bespeak the dead bodies of all animals who were kept at the royal menagerie at the Tower, and other collections; and he frequently entrusted such as were presented to him to the care of the public exhibitors during life, satisfied with procuring a *post mortem* examination.

In the year 1760, Mr. Hunter's health was so much impaired by excessive attention to these pursuits, that he was threatened with consumptive symptoms, and a residence in a milder climate was thought advisable; and having succeeded in obtaining the appointment of surgeon on the staff, he went with the army to Belleisle. In this service he continued till the close of the war, in 1763, and there acquired his knowledge of the nature and treatment of "gunshot wounds," on which he published some original remarks. Upon his return to London, he commenced his career afresh as a surgeon and public teacher; and that he might be better able to carry on his inquiries in comparative anatomy, he purchased some land at Earl's Court, near Brompton, where he built a house. Here he kept a large number of animals, studied their habits and instincts, and cultivated an intimacy with them, which, with the fiercer kinds, was not always supported without personal risk. Two leopards, which had been confined in an outhouse, one day got loose, attacked some dogs in the yard, and the hooting they made was beginning to alarm the neighbourhood. Mr. Hunter rushed out, and found one of them getting up the wall to escape, the other surrounded by the dogs; he immediately laid hold of them both, and carried them back to their den. But as soon as they were secured, and he had time to reflect on the risk he had run, he was so much agitated, that he was in danger of fainting. "It was here," says sir Everard Home, "that he carried on his experiments on digestion, on exfoliation, on the transplanting of teeth into the combs of cocks, and all his other investigations on the animal economy, as well in health as in disease. The common bee" (to whose economy and habits Mr. Hunter devoted much attention) "was not alone the subject of his observation, but the wasp, the hornet, and the less known kinds of bees were also objects of his attention. It was there he made the series of preparations of the external and internal changes of the silkworm; also a series of the incubation of the egg, with a very valuable set of drawings of the whole. The growth of vegetables was also a favourite subject of inquiry, and one on which he was always engaged in making experiments. In this retreat he had collected many kinds of animals and birds; and it was a favourite amusement to attend to their actions and habits, and to make them familiar with him. The fiercer animals were those to which he was most partial, and he had several of the bull kind, from different parts of the world. Amongst these was a favourite small bull he had received from the queen, with which he used to wrestle in play, and entertain himself with its exertions in its own defence. In one of these com-

bats the bull overpowered him, and got him down; and had not one of the servants accidentally come by, and frightened the animal away, this frolic would probably have cost him his life."

On the 5th of February, 1767, Mr. Hunter was elected a fellow of the Royal Society; and in order to make that situation as productive of knowledge as possible, he prevailed upon Dr. Geo. Fordyce, sir Joseph Banks, Dr. Solander, and some of the first philosophers of the day, to join him in a kind of subsequent meeting at a coffee-house, for the purpose of philosophical discussions and inquiry into discoveries and improvements. In the following year he was elected surgeon of St. George's Hospital. In 1771, he married Miss Home, a sister of his pupil, sir Everard Home. By this lady he had two sons and two daughters.

Having now a settled mode of life, fair prospects, and a daily increasing reputation, Mr. Hunter indulged to the utmost in his favourite pursuits; but the expense of his collection absorbed a very considerable part of his profits. The best rooms in his house were filled with his preparations, and his mornings were constantly employed in anatomical and philosophical pursuits. His inquiries into comparative anatomy soon began to excite attention. All the peculiarities of the torpedo, and of the gymnotus electricus, and other rare animals, were submitted to his examination. A dead elephant, a curious pheasant, the free martin, the gillaroo trout—all found their way to the man who was never weary of investigating—always happy in communicating information. But the knowledge thus obtained he applied most successfully to the improvement of the art of surgery; of which his treatises on "the Teeth," and on "the Blood, Inflammation, etc.," besides other minor works, furnish ample evidence. Many of the conclusions to which he arrived were then quite new, at first ill understood, and, as is frequently the case, met with but an indifferent reception, but they were all founded on the solid ground of observation and experiment. It has been falsely supposed that he was fond of hypothesis. On the contrary, his imagination was defective; but he pursued truth on all occasions with mathematical precision.

Conversation in a mixed company fatigued rather than amused him, particularly in the latter part of his life. He slept little; seldom more than four hours at night, and about an hour after dinner. But his occupations, laborious as they would have been to others, were far from being fatiguing to him, being so perfectly congenial to his mind. He was accustomed to speak freely, and sometimes harshly of his contemporaries: but he considered surgery as in its infancy; and thought meanly of those whose exertions to promote it were inferior to his own. He valued money no otherwise than as it enabled him to pursue his researches; and in his zeal in the prosecution of science, he attended too little to the interests of his family. In the year 1776, however, he had so serious an illness, as to turn his mind to the necessity of making a provision in case of his decease; when, considering that the chief part of his property was vested in his collection, he determined immediately to put it into such a state of arrangement as might make it capable of being disposed of to advantage. To this circumstance is in a great measure to be attributed the admirable classification in which it was subsequently left.

In the year 1783, Mr. Hunter purchased the lease of a large house in Leicester-square, to which a piece of ground was attached, on which he expended above 3000*l.*, in erecting a building for his collection. He was now in the height of his career as a surgeon, and performed some operations with complete success, which were thought by the profession to be beyond the reach of any skill. But it deserves to be mentioned, that he always held this showy part of surgery in the lowest estimation. "To perform an operation," said he, very justly, "is to mutilate a patient whom we are unable to cure; it should therefore be considered as an acknowledgment of the imperfection of the art."

His present house soon began to return all the sum it had cost him. Such was the afflux of morning patients, that although the ground-floor was occupied for professional purposes, in order to find room for them, it was requisite, it is said, to clear the drawing-room; and sometimes so suddenly, that a French grammar and other means of instruction were left behind. He occupied at the same time his country house at Earl's Court, already mentioned, which afforded him a retirement from the fatigues of his profession, although in no respect a retreat from his labours.

It should be mentioned, that Mr.

Hunter was for many years surgeon extraordinary to his majesty. In the year 1786, he obtained the appointment of deputy-surgeon-general to the army; and on the death of Mr. Adair, in 1790, he gained the highest medical rank in the army,—being appointed inspector-general of hospitals and surgeon-general.

The death of Mr. Hunter was very sudden, the consequence of disease in the heart, occasioning spasmodic seizures, to which he had been long subject. It occurred on the 16th of October, 1793. Irritation of mind had been frequently found to bring on the attacks; and on that day he met with some vexatious occurrence at St. George's Hospital. He put a degree of restraint upon himself, to suppress his sentiments, and in that state went into another room, where, on turning round to a physician who was present, he fell, and instantly expired.

By his will, Mr. Hunter directed that his museum should be offered to the purchase of government; and after some negotiation it was bought for the public use, for the sum of 15,000*l.*, and given to the College of Surgeons. His great object in this collection was, to exhibit the gradations of nature, from the most simple state in which life is found to exist, up to the most perfect and complex of the animal creation—to man himself. By his art and care he was able to expose and preserve, in a dried state, or in spirits, the corresponding parts of animal bodies, that the various links in the chain of perfectness may be readily and clearly understood. It also includes a very large series of whole animals in spirits, arranged according to their internal structure; and many of the most rare specimens of preserved animals in this country, as well as a very large and select collection of extraneous fossils. Mr. Clive assured his hearers, in one of the Hunterian orations, that, exclusive of the shells and fossils, the collection contains above fourteen thousand preparations, wet and dry. The whole must be allowed to be a proof of talents, assiduity, and labour, which cannot be contemplated without great surprise and admiration.

D. W.

MOTIVES TO CHRISTIAN UNITY.

No. I.

In the ordinary affairs of life, it is usually enough to exhibit a desirable object, in order to awaken admiration and arouse to pursuit; but in reference to the spiritual interests of men, cogent reasons must be assigned to induce the taking of the first step, and then there must be "line upon line and precept upon precept, to urge to continuance."

One motive for Christian unity may be derived from its peculiar accordance with the Divine character. It is said, that in one of the pagan temples there was a mirror, into which, when any one looked, he saw the image of the god to whom the edifice was devoted. Now, as it would have been deemed a nefarious act to strike the mirror, so that it might be demolished, or so to injure it that it might reflect a distorted or mutilated image, it would have been considered an act peculiarly appropriate and acceptable, to shield it from violence. An analogy to this case now invites consideration. The people of God were intended to exhibit an image of their Lord to the world; the mirror has in this instance, however, been unhappily broken—the reflection it furnishes is divided and marred. It only remains, therefore, that, with profound humiliation for the past, effort be made to repair the injury,—effort which, rightly conducted, will not fail to be regarded with complacency by the great Lord of all. For what is any such exertion, but one to restore a unity to the disciples of Jesus, like that which subsists between Christ and the Father?—a unity for which the Mediator offered fervent supplication, and for which the Holy Ghost is given, as the Spirit of love and peace. We know nothing of the distinctness of the Divine subsistences, and the world ought to have known nothing of the distinctness of the members of the body of Christ. The Godhead appears before us in its unity, and in its unity should the body of Christ have appeared in the world. And in any approximation to a state which has been expressly purposed, the Supreme will take pleasure; while in the perfect reflection of his image, a sacrifice will be presented more sweet in its savour than all that his people have yet offered for his acceptance. An opposite course must necessarily be unspeakably offensive. A violation of unity, for instance, is a sin against the great Agent in the work of redemption. From various declarations of the word of God, it is evident, that to the Divine nature of the Holy Spirit all the irascible and malig-

nant passions are peculiarly repugnant. They are, therefore, explicitly forbidden, when we are charged not to grieve him, Ephes. iv. 30, 31,—a precept, disregarding which, serious guilt arises—the guilt of the basest ingratitude; for to his power is attributable all the light, the strength, the consolation, the purity, the hope, which can be participated in our passage to heaven.

A violation of unity is equally offensive to the Father. When Peter was charged with going in to the uncircumcised, and eating with them, he described his memorable vision, his visit to Cornelius, and the descent of the Holy Ghost, and thus defended his course: "Forasmuch then as God gave them the like gift as he did unto us, who believed in the Lord Jesus Christ, what was I, that I could withstand God?" Acts xi. 17. A refusal to recognise those as Christians who partake of "like precious faith," is, therefore, rebellion against the Most High.

Much dishonour is consequently done to God, where the awful fact is entirely overlooked. Alas! frequently does a man at enmity with his brother, or with no proper sympathy towards him, approach the altar of Jehovah! And what is this but regarding iniquity in the heart, that fostering of sinful dispositions which forms a serious barrier to acceptable supplication! A more subtle evil may also be detected. Numbers of professing Christians join daily in the petitions,—"Thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth, as it is done in heaven;" and yet, a great part of them are absolutely inactive, notwithstanding the sinful and wretched condition of the world. Another considerable portion is only just arising from a state of profound torpor; and all, indeed, except an inconsiderable minority, are doing but little for its relief, and much for the perpetuation of its evils. And yet, in addition to the offering of a few general petitions, there may be a beseeching of God, a seeming earnestness of entreaty, for the exercise of the Divine compassion. Could the inhabitant of another orb hear these prayers, what would be his inference? Assuredly, that the Being thus worshipped was reluctant to interpose in behalf of those for whom supplication was made; and that the suppliants were peculiarly concerned that he should relax from his indifference, and open the resources so much needed and desired.

Thus, alas! have we cast on the Moral Governor of the universe foul dishonour, when we ought to have been deeply humbled before him because of the cherished evils of our hearts. Oh, what an outrage is committed in a thousand ways against him, even by those whom he deigns to regard as his children! Be it ours to guard henceforward against these enormous evils. Solomon, when alluding to six things hated by the Lord, and to seven which are an abomination unto him, closes the catalogue by mentioning him who "soweth discord among brethren,"—an offence which he partakes, who, in any degree, keeps up strife or acts for the continuance of evil.

Nor is a violation of unity less an offence against the Saviour of the world; but on this we must dwell with more particularity. For Christian unity may be enforced from its being expressly made a matter of imperative obligation by the Redeemer of men. Had we stood before the mountain "that might be touched," and observed Moses returning from converse with God, and bearing the two tables of stone, on which were engraven his moral precepts, their authority would have been regarded as decisive and immutable. And shall we be less impressed now? The voice of Christ is heard, saying, "This is my commandment, that ye love one another, as I have loved you." The Son of God issues the charge—a charge substantially a branch of his Father's law, but thenceforward to be regarded peculiarly and affectionately as his own law. Here, then, are claims which must eternally remain transcendent and unparalleled—the claims of Bethlehem, Gethsemane, and Calvary. The seat of absolute and universal authority is assumed by incarnate yet infinite Love, while the requirement is made that all his disciples shall receive his rays and reflect them on the world.

The obligation thus urged, was reiterated by the apostle when he thus addressed the Philippians: "If there be, therefore, any consolation in Christ; if any comfort of love; if any fellowship of the Spirit; if any bowels and mercies; fulfil ye my joy, that ye be like-minded, having the same love, being of one accord, of one mind." And thus, by considerations the most solemn and impressive, he pleads for the unity of the church at Philippi, and of all believers to whom his words shall come. To add to the force of this entreaty, he adduces the ex-

ample of Christ in his "obedience to death, even the death of the cross."

The express precept and the example of Christ must ever stand alone. They appeal to the mind with an accumulated force, to which there can be no possible approximation. The ages of immortality will doubtless cast increasing light on the claims of the Saviour; but eternity itself cannot add one atom to the aggregate. The obligation now comes to every believer in Christ, demanding that personal humiliation and generous affection which alone can remove existing obstacles to unity, and which, fully acted on, would cause that delightful period to return, when all who trusted in his cross were "of one heart and one soul." Where, then, is the heart that is cold and insensible to so powerful an appeal? Surely, it can only be one which has never yet been softened, or one suffering a fearful hardening—a moral ossification—through "the deceitfulness of sin." Surely, every devout disciple, as he hearkens to this precept, as he beholds this example, must stand ready, in the strength of God, to obey and to imitate.

The guilt of violating Christian obligations is increased by all the privileges with which they are associated. What a contrast is there between the worldling and the believer! The worldling has not tasted the sweetness of a pacified conscience, of communion with God, of the hope of heaven; but of these the believer has had some experience. The worldling has not felt the chains of corruption falling, as the iron cable yields when subject to the intensest heat; but the believer is emancipated from the thraldom of sin. The worldling lives as if there were no Saviour; but the believer has sworn fidelity to Christ again and again; he has done so by the most solemn acts, and has challenged the saints, the angels, the Sovereign of heaven, to witness his glowing affection for all who "hold the head." Yet, despite of the blessings of which he has partaken, and of obligations, compared with which all others are as "the dust of the balance" when weighed against the "everlasting hills"—yes, despite of all these, he has felt no proper sympathy with the members of Christ's body. He may even have felt cold and insensible amidst the joys and sorrows of his brethren; have caused them to turn aside and fall by many a stumbling-block; have hurled at them the fierce anathema; and have inflicted on them the most grievous wrongs!

The declaration of the apostle, "He that offends a weak brother sins against Christ," ought to be engraved henceforward on the tablet of every believer's heart. As he penned it he was probably recurring to the past; before his mind appeared Jesus, who met him on his way to Damascus, and to his ear recurred those sounds: "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" The head was injured in the sufferings thus inflicted on the members of the body.

There was guilt—tremendous guilt—when men, in the infatuation of their iniquity, loaded Christ with contempt, cast on him their bitter scorn, lacerated his body with the scourge, placed on his head the crown of thorns, and nailed him to the accursed tree. But his disciples are "members of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones;" and he ranges all that shoot out the lip, cast an opprobrium, or assail in the violence of their rage any believers in his name, as sinning against himself. The day is rapidly advancing when this atrocious guilt shall be beheld in the light of eternity. C. W.

THE PARENTS OF ALL LIVING.

No. I.

Man is the noblest work of God: he is the lord paramount of the globe, though not its sole possessor. Nothing else on earth is so distinguished as to mental qualification, and the poorest of the race, in common with those of every grade of condition, has a patent of nobility above all other living beings. This alone leads to the conviction, that it was chiefly to the habitation, enjoyment, and improvement of mankind that this planet was contrived and preserved. They are connected with every substance upon it, and all its elements enter essentially into their composition. They use whatever they require, or which can in any way administer to their necessity or pleasure. All things become, in a measure, subject to their government, or are at their disposal, wherever they are found. Nothing can long resist their persevering ingenuity; and earth, fire, water, air, in all their properties, have been subdued to be the servants and allies of man. They can penetrate the thick crust of the earth, compel the sea to respect their bulwarks, turn the course of rivers, drain off their

inundations, and even avert or guide the lightning to the spot they wish it to strike. They can adventure into the regions of the sky, above the eagle's flight; by their optical instruments they can pry into the surface of the moon, and cause the most distant planets to appear one thousand times nearer than they really are; and, by means of a few wires, in connexion with a subtle fluid, they can convey thought and intelligence from place to place, some hundred miles apart, with a speed swifter than the sun performs his daily round.

The human race is the only order of being on earth who can perform these achievements, or even understand them. Though outnumbered almost indefinitely by other animated creatures of every form and disposition, co-tenants with him in this lower world, none can compete with man in the probability, that this earth was made on his account, and not on theirs.

That man has, therefore, a superior share of his Divine Creator's condescension, and that he should be distinguished in a peculiar manner, by unity of design in his formation, and by having a gracious revelation, must be evident to every one who thinks at all upon the subject. The supreme Author of our being has done so, in the only authentic history of creation, and which has been handed down to us unimpaired, through many series of ages. The Holy Scriptures, besides possessing in themselves every proof of their Divine origin, are so well sustained by collateral testimony, and are so manifestly the perfect mirror of our nature, held up by the hand of One who "knew what was in man," that to doubt their authenticity, or to call in question their integrity, is a proof of an intellect so obtuse, or a folly so egregious, that it is scarcely worth the trouble of refutation. In these sacred records God has told us the origin of mankind, together with the formation of all the inferior creatures. That the whole race of man sprang from one first pair, is one of the clearest parts of that narrative. It may be compared to the entrance porch of the whole mighty building: like the beautiful gate of the temple, which gave indication of the splendid ornaments which filled the interior of the sanctuary, so the creation of man is the matchless frontispiece of the temple of revelation, and is the indication of what is to be found within.

In this age of reading and investigation, however, few inquiring minds seem to rest contented with the most acknowledged and unexceptionable histories; at least without subjecting them to examinations and criticisms, which oftener unsettle than satisfy. All subjects of interest have been exposed to the most rigid inquiry, and a more than ordinary sensibility prevails, to detect imaginary errors, or to give explanations, which, however beneficial in some cases, in others may tend to obliterate the most solid truths.

Among the themes of human thought, the idea has been cherished that there were various other races of man created, besides those first located in Eden, and that every part of the world had its own portion of inhabitants, which were indigenous to the soil, and adapted to the climate where they are found; and that this view of the subject would account for all the varieties which are observable in different nations, the diversity of form and complexion, and especially of language, known to have existed from the most remote antiquity, and to have distinguished one nation from another in every age. Many have supposed they have found in these facts presumptive proofs that each country separated by mountains, deserts, or seas, from others, was originally provided with its peculiar stock of home-born inhabitants, which, like the endless variety of the lower creatures, have preserved their form, colour, instincts, and endowments unimpaired by any foreign intermixture. This opinion, they suppose, would save us much trouble in accounting for the difference of manners and habits, which characterize particular races. The woolly appearance of the hair of the negro tribes, the flowing and glossy texture of that of the Esquimaux, the singular physiognomy of the broad-faced Kalmuk, the humps and other well known deformities of the Bushmen, the hairy bodies and apish countenances of the Mallicolese, would occasion no further difficulty to the physiologist; and all the diversities, also, of moral and intellectual phenomena would be explained.

Now there is one argument which is conclusive as to the whole question, namely, the record of creation, as given by Moses in the inspired pages. Though writers of various times have attempted to show that the Scriptures comprise only the history of one particular family of men, yet such an idea is utterly without proof; and the writers of the sacred books evidently set them forth, as con-

taining a record of the dispensations of the Almighty Creator to all mankind. Though we hold this as our only safe and certain conclusion, yet inquiry into the subject from other sources should not be considered improper or superfluous; for investigations which may at first be thought likely to impair the authority of the sacred records, when properly conducted, have been found only to confirm and elucidate them. The Scriptures have ever been regarded as admitting and even challenging the most severe scrutiny. Truth can never be in opposition to truth, and the investigation of all subjects comprehensible by human faculties, is the undoubted privilege of a rational understanding.

On the primitive distribution of man over the earth, history is of little avail, as most of the ancient nations are destitute of any vestiges which point to a common origin, so that we cannot obtain any evidence from traditionary testimony, or from arguments founded on general probabilities. Nations who have been discovered, separated from the rest of mankind, have been found to retain no idea when their ancestors arrived: indeed, in many instances, they have imagined themselves to be the only human beings in existence, and have testified great surprise on finding themselves mistaken. Next then to the authority of Scripture, we have to seek an elucidation of the common origin of all mankind in the natural history of organized beings, and by considering the general laws which govern the living species around us. By this we shall find that the various races of men which exhibit so many diversities of colour, form, and disposition, are merely variations of one original type, and that all sprang from one common parentage.

ILLUSTRATION FROM THE DISPERSION OF PLANTS.

Here the inquiry arises, whether the God of nature produced, at first, only one family of plants, in each particular species —or whether he called those of the same specific structure into existence simultaneously over different parts of the earth? It would be vain to look for a reply to this inquiry to supposed probabilities on the nature and fitness of things; or to what philosophers may either deem expedient or inexpedient for the Creator to have performed. The human mind is bewildered in its own imaginations when it attempts to go back to that period which gave birth to the organized world and its inhabitants. It is only by a careful survey of actual facts, and an accurate analysis of their relations, that any light can be thrown on the history of the various species of organized beings, and the circumstances and condition of their first existence.

Linnæus, who is no slight authority in natural philosophy, maintained that in every species of plants, as well as animals, only one pair was originally produced. He defended his position by a very ingenious argument, namely, "That experience proves that every family of human or other living creatures, has a tendency to multiply, and that the progeny naturally becomes more numerous at every successive generation. If we follow the race in imagination, tracing the line perpetually onwards, we find the number greater in each subsequent step than in the preceding, and we perceive the number of individuals in each kind, to be greater to day than it was yesterday. But if we turn our thoughts in the opposite direction, and follow the ascending line, we perceive each species reduced every step to a smaller number, many deriving their existence from few, and these few from fewer still; nor is there any term at which we find reason to stop until we come to a single pair." This argument is not without force, and if we glance at the figure of a pyramid we see it amply exemplified: while its base covers a broad expanse of ground, its form grows less as it rises, till its apex is lost in the clouds, or attains the nonentity of a mathematical point.

Certainly an allwise Providence has furnished plants with a power of reproduction and dispersion, beyond all the other works of God's hand: one poppy seed has been known to produce a plant containing 32,000 seeds, and some others increase 40,000 fold. Besides, the seeds of many of the vegetable tribes possess a diversity of quality and character truly surprising. Some seeds are capable of resisting indefinitely their tendency either to germinate or to decay, and after being hidden for ages in the folds of a mummy, or buried deep in the bowels of the earth, may be exposed to the revivifying rays of the sun, or may be conveyed in a spade full of soil, to the most remote regions, where a favourable climate will be found to act on their dormant powers, and they will put forth all their original

appearance and beauty. Other seeds will float for years on the currents of the ocean, preserving all their vital powers, till cast on some coast far from their native home, will take root, and grow, and bear fruit in abundance. Some seeds are furnished with downy pinions, which support them in the air, while they are wafted by the wind to the most distant regions, where they cover the wastes with their vegetation ; and others still, the birds will convey from land to land, and from continent to island. Though it appears perfectly consistent to suppose that every different species of plant had its own original birthplace in creation, some particular spot (as Eden was the locality of the first human pair) where it fell from its Creator's hand, or first expanded its leaves and flowers to the sun, yet Divine Wisdom evidently provided for their dispersion over the whole earth; and art is now called in, to transplant them to every soil, and, where needful, to supply a climate fitted for the species. Mankind have almost everywhere surrounded their abodes with artificial plantations, and there is scarcely a hamlet in Europe, in which some exotic tree, or some plant of foreign extraction, is not to be found. They may be slightly modified by the climate; they may have changed their hue, or their form, but the embryo remains the same, and if the seed were transferred to its native soil once more, the plant would regain all its primitive qualifications. There was, therefore, no necessity to call simultaneously into existence plants of the same specific structure in various parts of the globe, as it is self-evident that the Great First Cause provided that one original plant might be the parent stock of all of the same species; and that from its original habitation it has been dispersed, according to the capabilities afforded by its structure, and the aid of external agencies.

ILLUSTRATION FROM THE DISPERSION OF ANIMALS.

That every different species of the zoological tribes was produced from one original pair, will appear on examination of the fact connected with this part of the subject, namely, that animals of each kind are to be found in general in those tracts only to which they may have wandered, or whither they have been conveyed by accidental means from some single point: a point which may be considered as the original seat of the tribe.

Insects are more confined in their range than other organized creatures, as their existence is closely connected with that of plants and animals, which afford them sustenance, and which can be supported only under given conditions of nutriment and climate. The noxious insects which man carries with him are said to be the only kinds which are universal.

The presence of birds has scarcely a limit but that of climate, being best fitted by nature for extensive migration. The same osprey, or fishing eagle, it is said, wanders along the shores of Scotland, and on the rocks of New Holland. The Chinese goshawk reaches from the south-eastern tracts of Asia to the western coasts of Europe, and even extends across the broad expanse of the American continent. The lammer-geyer is found in the Swiss Alps, and on the Mangolian steppes; and the stork, the crane, and the swallow abound in Abyssinia, and, in their seasons, in the north of Europe. There are some birds, on the contrary, endowed with but weak powers of flight, inhabiting tropical islands; such as the parrots and the laries; and instances are found where one island of an Archipelago often possesses a peculiar species, which is wanting in other islands of the same group. As the knowledge of ornithology has advanced, it has been found more and more necessary to divide extensive families of birds into different groups, distinguished from each other by some peculiarity of character, or by a leading deviation in their nature and habits, which has proved them to be a different species from others, which were supposed to belong to the same family. Whether making the tour of the world, or stationary in a small island, this distinction of species is kept up, though the individuals are called in natural history by the same names. Thus the vultures of the old world, though of somewhat the same nature and habits, and fulfilling the same offices in the economy of nature, are not of the same species as the vultures of the new world; while New Holland is distinguished from the rest of the earth by having none of the vulture tribe at all.

The fishes, or inhabitants of the ocean in general, are not limited by those barriers which confine the natives of the land, nor are they greatly incommoded by the difference of clime, in the element in which they dwell. It is to be supposed that many wander wherever the vast regions of the ocean afford them an

open path. The natural history of the marine inhabitants is among these imperfect departments of zoology: but individual species inhabit every sea; and some fresh-water fishes of the same species are found in lakes remote from each other, which Gmelin and Lyell account for by the fact, that birds, particularly the anseres, or water fowl, retain occasionally the minute eggs of fishes among their feathers, and transport them from one lake to another.*

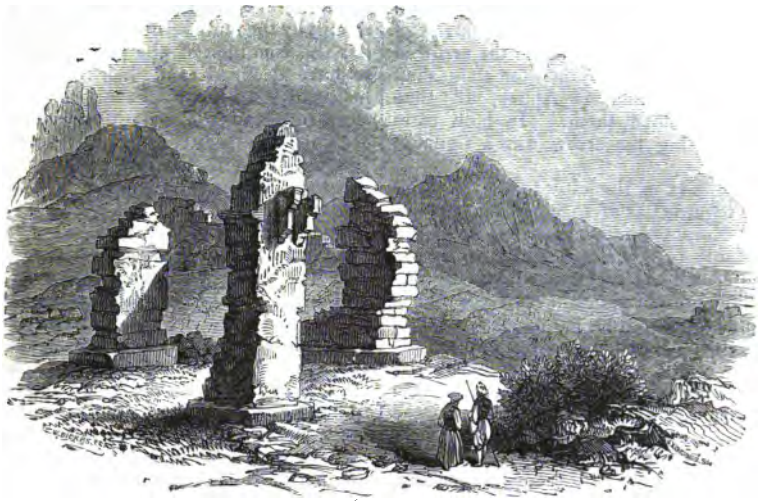
As it respects reptiles of the land, their limited powers of locomotion naturally confine them within the regions which gave them birth. The climates necessary to their existence are only to be found within a certain tract, and they are incapable of passing the limits assigned to them. These limits are often seas, or high mountain chains, which open new temperatures; beyond which, new systems of vegetation, as well as new animated tribes, exist. On inquiry into this interesting subject, we shall find, that where there is no emigration of mammifers and reptiles, such as crocodiles and serpents, the different provinces where they exist, will be found inhabited by a totally different species of this class of zoology, peculiar to their own localities; and there are found also distinct systems of vegetation, and creatures of the lowest departments of nature, on which they feed. Thus, where there are powers of emigration, as in the birds or fishes, the same species will be found in a greater or less degree in every clime; but where the power of locomotion, or of transport, is limited or altogether wanting, the same species of animals will only be found in the region which gave them birth.

The numerous tribes of mammalia, either four-footed or four-handed, are strongly contrasted with mankind as to their dispersion through the earth, or as to the space they inhabit in it: but to enter at large on the discussion of so wide a subject, would not be suitable to our present design. Suffice it to remark, that the bear, the wolf, the fox, the dog, and others well known, are found in every region of the globe, enduring in one extreme of the habitable earth, the rigours of an arctic climate, or, in the other, the rays of an Indian sun. Animals of the ruminating kind, such as the vacca or cow tribe, some species of deer, of sheep, and of swine, are found to be almost universal, inhabiting sometimes the coldest countries, or domesticated in the hottest regions of Asia and America. These creatures may vary greatly in colour, somewhat in form, and remarkably so in disposition, arising from climate or other external circumstances; but every different species is characterized by certain instincts and habits, from which there is no deviation, in whatever circumstances they may be placed. From this we may infer, that they were all placed by their Creator in certain spots of the earth, to which their nature and constitution was primarily adapted, that each individual species, emanating from a single pair, spread themselves through the locality, while their progeny were left to disperse themselves to as great a distance from the original centre of their existence, as their powers of locomotion, their capabilities of enduring changes of temperature, or other physical agencies, would enable them to accomplish.

The bearing of this part of the subject on the family of man, is obvious. With superior powers of transport, and a sagacity utterly beyond the instinct of the brute creation, it is more probable that they should avail themselves of every means within their reach, or invent means where there were none, to wander far and wide through the earth, from some particular spot where they were originally located, in pursuit of objects they thought necessary to their existence, or from the mere love of novelty alone. Mankind are fitted for every climate, they can exist in every region, or wherever food can be found capable of supporting life; and though varied in appearance, complexion, and intellect, arising from the external circumstances in which they are placed, yet they bear clearer marks of a common origin, and that they sprang from one pair, than all the other works of God. The declaration of an inspired apostle, while addressing the philosophic Greeks, or the stoick Athenians, is abundantly borne out:—"God that made the world, and all things therein,—hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation; that they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after him, and find him, though he be not far from every one of us: for in him we live, and move, and have our being." Acts xvii. 24, 28.

G. D. M.

* Gmelin in Amœnital Acad. 75.



Ruins of Sardis.

SARDIS.

Behind the Ionic settlements is a small but delightful district, verging towards the interior of Asia Minor, which anciently constituted the kingdom of Lydia, —a territory celebrated in history and poetry for its power and civilization, and for the opulence of Sardis, its capital. At its most prosperous era, the Lydian empire extended, according to the statement of an eminent classic writer, "from the river Halys on the east, to the Ægean on the west, and from the northern shores of the Mediterranean, to the southern coast of the Euxine; but, in the early periods of its history, it was confined to the slender territory stretching round the roots of Mount Tmolus."

Sardis, or Sardes, is situated in a fine and spacious valley of the Hermus, watered by the river Pactolus, which is a tributary of that river. The south side of the valley is bounded by Mount Tmolus, the highest summits of which are generally covered with snow. The most remarkable feature in the site is the Acropolis, the side of which, towards the mountain, is so steep, that in the time of Crœsus, when the rest of the Acropolis was fortified, this part was considered as sufficiently secure. One of the kings, it is said, an ancestor of Crœsus, believed that by leading a lion about the wall, he should render it impregnable, and therefore adopted no other precaution for its defence. Crœsus, therefore, engaged in battle with Cyrus, who had followed him into Lydia, on the plain before the city, but was defeated, the Lydian horses being unable to endure the sight or smell of the camels. Cyrus then besieged him, and offered a reward to the first of his men who should mount the wall. One of his soldiers, having seen a Lydian descend for his helmet, which had rolled down the back of the citadel, tried to ascend it, and there being no one to oppose him, he succeeded. The place was therefore attacked by Cyrus at this point, and possession obtained of the town.

In the time of Darius, the Milesians sailed to Ephesus, and leaving their vessels at Mount Corissus, they proceeded up by the river Cayster, and surprised Sardis; being unable, however, to take the Acropolis, from the presence of a numerous garrison. A soldier having set fire to the reed thatching of one of the houses, the town was soon in flames, and the Ionians then retreated to their ships. When Darius heard of its destruction, he shot an arrow in the air and protested vengeance. It has been asked whether this does not illustrate the passage in 2 Kings xiii. 15, 16, 17:—"And Elisha said unto him, Take bow and arrows. And he took unto him bow and arrows. And

he said, Open the window eastward. And he opened it. Then Elisha said, Shoot. And he shot. And he said, The arrow of the Lord's deliverance, and the arrow of deliverance from Syria: for thou shalt smite the Syrians in Aphek, till thou have consumed them." In both cases the shooting the arrow was a signal of hostility.

The loss of the city to the Persians was regarded as of so much importance, that Xerxes commanded one of his attendants to cry aloud while he was at dinner, "The Greeks have taken Sardis."

The present appearance of the hill of the Acropolis, from the opposite bank of the Hermus, is that of a triangular insulated height, at the back of which rise successive ridges of mountains. On approaching close to it, the hill, as well as most of the mountains at the back, are perceived to be of a reddish sandstone, and those at the west especially, as well as the Acropolis itself, are of the most extraordinary and fantastic outline, occasioned partly by the crumbling nature of the sandstone, but principally by the terrible earthquakes which have so often changed the face of Asia Minor—raising, according to Tacitus, valleys into mountains, and depressing mountains into valleys. "One of these calamities," says Tacitus, "happened in the night, and was for that reason the more disastrous; no warning given, and, by consequence, no time to escape. Quick flashes of lightning showed all the horrors of the scene." "Certainly no inferior agency," says a visitor, "can account for the jagged and distorted forms of the peaks of Mount Tmolus," extending a considerable distance from Sardis towards Smyrna.

The city and fortress surrendered on the approach of Alexander, after the battle of Granicus, and his army encamped by the Hermus, about two miles and a half distant. Having ascended the citadel, which was then fortified with a triple wall, he resolved to erect in it a temple and altar to Jupiter Olympus, on the site of the royal palace of the Lydians. Under the auspices of this king Sardis became a magnificent and influential city. It was also a great market for slaves, on the commercial route from Asia to Europe, while her thousands of inhabitants and tens of thousands of soldiers covered the plain. It subsequently passed to the Romans, and was denominated by Florus the second Rome. It was great even in the days of Augustus, but, as Strabo informs us, it was destroyed by an earthquake in the time of Tiberius. It was rebuilt by the munificence of the emperor, but the condition of the people appears to have declined, and their voluptuous habits of life brought them into a still worse condition. The position, however, occupied by this city, as one of the Seven Churches of Asia, has given it great and deserved interest in the view of the Christian world.

It was on the eastern side, which has been described as "green and flowery," that the effort was made which gave Antiochus possession of Sardis. An officer had observed that vultures and other birds of prey gathered there about the offals and dead bodies thrown into the hollow by the besieged, and inferred that the wall, standing on the edge of the precipices, was neglected as secure from any attempt. He scaled it, with a resolute party, while Antiochus called off the attention both of his own army and the enemy by a feint, marching as if he intended to attack the Persian gate. Two thousand soldiers rushed in at the gate opened for them, and, taking their post at the theatre, plundered and burned the city.*

The ravages at more recent times of the Saracens and Turks, together with successive earthquakes, have swept away much of the power which still remained of this great and important city. A heap of ruins occupies the site of magnificent structures, and the habitations of the living are now confined to a few wretched cottages, forming what has been emphatically described as the "miserable village called Sart." The present condition of the place offers an illustration of the insufficiency of all merely human undertakings, to ensure true and lasting greatness; for it may well be said of her, that "her foundations are fallen; her walls are thrown down." "She sits silent in darkness, and is no longer called the lady of kingdoms." "How doth the city sit solitary, that was full of people!" There still remain its ruins, comprised principally of the stadium, theatre, and some churches. There are, besides, two columns of the exterior order of one of the temples, and one column of the portico of the pronaos, with their capitals, remain, but the columns are nearly half buried in the accumulated soil. It is probable that the greater part of the temple might be discovered by excavation. The

* Polybius Strabo.

capitals are Ionic, and exceedingly fine specimens of their order; Mr. Cockerell states, that they appeared to surpass any specimens of the kind he had ever seen, in perfection of design and execution. Colonel Leake believes them to be antecedent to the capture of Sardis by Cyrus, and others have supposed them to belong to the temple of Cybele; if so, they may be considered as among the oldest monuments now existing, having been constructed with the remainder of the building, only three hundred years after the temple of Solomon.

Near the road remains a portion of a large edifice, with a heap of ponderous materials before and behind it; the walls remaining of two large, lofty, and very long rooms, with a space, like a passage, between them, supposed to have formed part of the house of Crœsus.

The ascent to the Acropolis being difficult, and not entirely free from danger, many visitors do not obtain the magnificent view that they would otherwise enjoy over the plain of the Hermus, the tumulus of Halyattes, and the Gygæan lake. Arundel states, however, that in one of his visits to the spot, he was accompanied by some naval friends, one of whom, with the fearlessness which so generally attaches to the character of the British sailor, mounted to the top of a high but narrow fragment, considerably out of the perpendicular, and inclining over a tremendous precipice, though the fragment was undermined by many a perforation, and at the top the whole crumbled under the touch like dust.

"Everything," says a modern writer, "seems as if God had cursed the place, and left it to the dominion of Satan." Lydians, Persians, Greeks, Romans, Goths, have all been swept away, and the lines of Hafiz have here been realised: — "The spider has wove his web in the imperial palace, and the owl hath sung her night-song on the towers of Afrasiab."

In the neighbourhood of the ruins of the city are a few mud huts, inhabited by some Turkish herdsmen, and a mill or two; and the only members of the church of Sardis, when Arundel visited it, were two Greek servants to the Turkish miller.

The territory of Sardis was renowned for several valuable productions, among which may be mentioned the precious stone, called sardonyx, said to have derived its name from the city. Pliny says that the tree, which yielded a fragrant incense, grew in great abundance in the environs, where the kings of Asia had made these plantations. The inhabitants were industrious, active, and celebrated for many valuable manufactures. Pliny relates, that the first woollen manufactures were established here; and Athenæus informs us that the inhabitants manufactured a variety of precious perfumes. The imperial medals are very numerous, and it appears by an inscription, reported by M. Spon, that Jupiter was here particularly honoured, and was styled the protector of the city. In the neighbourhood might be seen, at the time of Herodotus, the sepulchre of the father of Crœsus, the foundation of which was of stone, but the superstructure of earth.

Five miles distant from Sardis is the tomb of Halyattes, a stupendous structure, and celebrated by the ancients as a monument that might almost vie with those of Egypt or Babylon. It is full a quarter of a mile in circumference, but the ruins have diminished its original altitude, which was two hundred feet. Doubts have been expressed as to the correctness of Chandler's supposition, that treasure would be found here, if the plan of digging could be adopted.

The exact period of the introduction of Christianity into Sardis is unknown. It is probable that the means of communicating were by the gulf of Smyrna, and by the river Hermus; for situated as it was on the great caravan road between that city and Persia, its opportunities were not limited. Unlike the church at Thyatira, its last works, in the days of the apostle John, were worse than the first: "The gospel was indeed professed, but its vital influence was almost extinguished; and the majority of its members had lapsed into a state of carnal indifference and security. The Sardinians," continues Mr. Milner, "are described by the Divine Inspector, as having a 'name' to live, but being actually 'dead;' their works had not been 'found perfect before God;' their love had cooled; their faith was expiring; and the anger of their Lord had been justly kindled against them. Apostasy from the faith brought with it the curse of God and the oppression of man, and the seat of the church of the Apocalypse may now be said to exist no more." F.

THE BOYS AND THE BOOKS.

THE operations of the missionaries at Bangalore, says the Rev. W. Arthur, are aided by a Tract Society, and a School-book Society. I had the pleasure of being present at the formation of the latter, which has for its object the preparation of valuable school-books in Canarese, as also to keep on sale a stock of Tamul and English school-books, with various articles of stationery; thus affording the natives every facility for the pursuit of education. This Society has proceeded with great vigour and success. They have published many valuable works, and brought others into circulation. This is a field of labour eminently important; for even where no more direct Christian agencies can act upon the people, their own vicious books may be supplanted, and their youth, instead of wading through filthy mythology, receive solid information cast in a Christian mould. This is not so difficult as might be supposed. The native books are written on the leaves of the palmyra tree, which are from nine to eighteen inches long, and from two to three broad. Each leaf is pierced with a round hole, through which runs a cord, serving to bind them all together, but permitting them to be held loosely when the book is used. They can only be multiplied by copying; and the writing is performed by an iron style, like a large skewer, which is held upright in the hand, and scrapes marks on the soft leaf. The writer proceeds rapidly; his letters are well formed; and though both sides of the leaf are deeply indented, there is never a perforation. But however you may admire the scribe, his book-making is slow and expensive; and, when finished, it is a clumsy thing, compared with the compact and beautiful production of the printer. In elegance, portableness, and economy, the European book at once asserts its superiority. The natives are sensible of this: they admire it amazingly. It is as great an advance in literature, as in travelling the locomotive is on the stage-coach. They covet a book; and I have seen them, on receiving one, squat them down then and there, and begin to pore over those pages so mysteriously multiplied, and yet so unaccountably correct. With adequate funds and agencies, it would not be difficult to introduce our school-books into almost every native school in the country. A proper system of colportage would effect it. One day a fine Brahmin boy came into my study at Goobbee, and asked for a book; I denied him; but he repeatedly urged his request. I still declined; saying, my few books must be kept for grown persons, as boys were likely to misuse them. He would not be refused. I said, "If you are so anxious to have our books, why do you not come to our school?" He replied, with vivacity, "I wish to do so, but my father will not let me." "Then, to what school do you go?" He mentioned one, of which the master had always evinced the utmost bigotry, strenuously resisting all our attempts to approach either himself or his scholars. I then asked, "What are you reading at school?" "Just at present we are reading 'Strictures on Hindooism;'" that being a tract by Mr. Rice, of Bangalore, ably exposing the sins and follies of that system, of which this boy was born a priest. On another occasion, I was preaching under shade of a jack-fruit tree, (*artocarpus integrifolia,*) in the market-place of a town called Biddiri. On my left arm was a pile of tracts and portions of Scripture, intended for distribution. At the close of a long discourse, I began to give away the books, when almost every hand and voice in the crowd was raised. Men and boys strained and shouted to gain a book. Low salaams, huge compliments, and right lofty titles were lavished upon me, in hope of catching my attention. "Can you read?" I would ask one. "Yes, I can read;" and, seizing the book I handed, he would begin, in a low recitative, to show his scholarship. "Can you read?" I would ask another. "Yes." But when told to do so,—"No, I cannot read; but my son can." In the crowd I observed a tall country lad plying elbows and shoulders with all imaginable spirit, in the vain hope of forcing a passage. At length, despairing of success, he reached over the shoulders of a man, and cried, at the top of his voice, "Sir, sir, you must keep one for me, sir! yes, you must keep one for me." Amused at his earnestness, I said, "Why one for you, above all others?" "Oh, sir, we want it for our school; we want it for our school." This at once arrested my attention; and he told me that he lived in a village some miles distant, in which a missionary had never been; that some of their people had got books from us during a former visit to Biddiri market;

that these had been introduced to the school instead of those in use before; that they were wonderfully pleased with their *boodhi*—"sense;" but that they wanted some more to complete the set; and the schoolmaster hearing that we had been at Cheyloor, a neighbouring town, the day before, concluded we should be that day at Biddiri, and accordingly had sent him on purpose to obtain them. These instances show how easily the Christian school-book may gain access, even where both master and pupils are heathens. Could such a society as the Bangalore School-book Society only command funds, to send their publications through every village in the country, offering them for sale at very low prices, it is most probable the people would greedily receive them, and that they would go far towards paving the way for the advance of Christianity.

BRISTOL.

Those who visit Bristol, with nothing further in view than making it a starting-place to the varied scenes of beauty and magnificence which lie beyond it, would probably designate it as a bustling, dirty, and uninteresting locality; because, in proportion to the amount of pleasure we are expecting to derive from other scenes and objects, is the estimate we attach to those in the midst of which we stand, and which are not unfrequently far more worthy of our admiration and regard, than is supposed at a first or hurried glance. Let us halt, then, ere we pursue our intended route, and look at this city, not in comparison with others, although this might fairly be done, but in order to ascertain what are its just claims on our attention and remembrance.

Bristol is a sea-port, situated at the confluence of the Avon and Frome, eight miles north-west of the *embouchure* of the former, in the Bristol Channel, and one hundred and eight miles west of London, extending over six or seven hills, and their immediate valleys, while it is surrounded by a most picturesque, fertile, and salubrious district. At a very early period, its healthy and advantageous situation was discovered by the Saxons and the Romans, both of whom had a town here of considerable importance. By the former it was called Bright Stowe, or the "Pleasant City;" and thence, with a slight alteration, its present name. In the older portions forming the nucleus of the modern city, the houses were neatly built of wood and plaster, with their roofs projecting considerably over exceedingly narrow streets, like some of those at Cairo, in Egypt; bringing them in very close contact with their opposite neighbours, and rendering such localities very confined and unhealthy. These, however, are now greatly diminished in number, and open streets, well-built houses, and spacious squares, are far more frequently to be met with. Those of Kingsdown, St. Michael's, and Clifton hills on the north and west, with their fine terraces, and well-arranged gardens, rising one above the other, like an amphitheatre, present a very imposing appearance. Redcliffe, on the south, has narrow streets, densely crowded together, like those of the ancient part of the city; but Bedminster consists of more modern dwellings, small, yet neat, many of which are adapted to the working classes. But whatever may still remain of the objectionable attaching to the ancient city, it will always find a palliative in the breast of Englishmen—since it was here that the commerce of their country first put forth its strength.

Among the many advantages of which the present city can boast, may be reckoned, its well-paved streets, which are also lighted with gas, supplied for the purpose by two public companies; its excellent drainage, which, in such a dense population, is of vast moment to its health and comfort; and also an adequate supply of water, conducted by pipes to many public conduits and pumps. Its institutions, civil and religious, are very numerous. It has twenty-five churches of the established worship, of different orders of architecture, some ancient Gothic, and others handsome modern structures. St. Mary's church, Redcliffe, is perhaps the most beautiful specimen of the former to be found in the kingdom. It was built by Channing, in the reign of Henry VI.; and from the traces of time on its exterior, it excites a feeling of veneration which is better felt than described; and when the eye ranges with delight over its tall, tapering columns, its richly-fretted roofs, and its magnificent window, whose dimensions are such as to admit a flood of rich and yet softened light to stream down its aisles and up to its altar, showing to great advantage a painting of Hogarth's, in his very best style—the effect of the whole is indeed beautiful and imposing. The monuments are also

very fine, particularly that of William Penn.

The cathedral stands at the north-western extremity of the town, which, although in a dilapidated state, presents some fine remains of the pure regal architecture of an earlier age. The old oaken choir is much admired, and equals, if not surpasses, that of Ripon.

An object of great interest is the old Gothic arch, called the West-gate, nearly adjoining the cathedral; the only one remaining of the ancient city;—the scarcely distinguishable statues of kings, which in years gone by constituted its principal ornaments, alone give any idea of its pristine importance or beauty.

Relentless Time, with stern, remorseless hand,
Each lofty edifice pulls limb from limb;
E'en marble temples fall at his command,
And life itself must yield at length to him.

The Dissenters, of various denominations, have at least thirty-six places of worship, and form a very important part of the community of this populous city. There are no fewer than twelve endowed charity schools: the Free Grammar-school, founded in 1532, which has two fellowships of 30*l.* a year, in St. John's, Oxford; Elizabeth's Hospital, founded in 1586, whose endowments are said to produce 4,000*l.* a year, managed by trustees appointed by the lord chancellor; the Redcliffe Free Grammar-school, founded in the 13th of Elizabeth; Colston's, in 1708, for feeding, clothing, and educating one hundred boys; and eight others. In the whole, it has been calculated that above two hundred boys and forty girls are wholly maintained, educated, and apprenticed; ninety boys and eighty-eight girls clothed and educated, and one hundred and forty-eight educated only. Besides these, there are thirty-five other schools, supported either wholly or partially by benefactions and public subscriptions, in which upwards of three thousand children are educated, and upwards of ten thousand receive instruction in the Sunday-schools of the various denominations.

Of endowed charitable institutions the principal are, the Trinity Alms-house, with a chapel annexed; it maintains ten old men and thirty-six women, and its endowments produce, a year, 700*l.* Another of Foster's, the Temple Hospital, the Merchants' Alms-houses, Colston's, Ridley's, Blanchard's, and several others of minor importance, endowed to the amount of about 23,000*l.* a year, which sum is judiciously distributed among the children of necessity and want. To tradesmen alone 6,000*l.* annually are lent, in different amounts, as the cases may require, and for terms long or short, according to circumstances, without interest. Among the indigent poor 9,000*l.* are expended in the year; 1,000*l.* among the endowed hospitals, and 700*l.* among the endowed schools. The Bristol Infirmary is capable of accommodating two hundred patients, and has, it is stated by good authority, at an annual average, one thousand six hundred in, and five thousand out-patients: this institution is supported partly by its own funded property, and partly by subscriptions and donations. Besides these, there are the General Hospital, a smaller establishment, but supported on a similar principle; and the Dispensary, which gives medical relief to above three thousand annually at their own abodes. There are asylums for the blind, for orphans, a Female Penitentiary, and between forty and fifty other charitable societies, which distribute in various ways from 12,000*l.* to 15,000*l.* annually.

The public buildings of Bristol are principally the Guildhall, more useful, perhaps, than ornamental, being an old structure of the fourteenth century, with a modern front. The Council-house, a modern building; the Jail, a large and well-arranged structure, erected about twenty-seven years since; the Bridewell, which at the time of the riots was destroyed, and subsequently rebuilt; the Exchange, a handsome building of the Corinthian order, erected by the corporation in 1743, but never being used by the merchants, the interior was appropriated as a corn-market, and the back forms a spacious quadrangle, in which the principal market is held; and the Commercial Rooms, which are used as an exchange, have a handsome dome, an Ionic portico, a large hall, a good reading-room, and several other apartments adapted to the transactions of business.

The British Institution, another handsome building, has an excellent reading-room, library, theatre, and museum: in the latter are good collections in natural history and the fine arts; here, courses of lectures are given, papers on philosophical subjects read, and occasionally there are exhibitions of pictures. There is also one of those most valuable institutions, the Institution for Mechanics. May it not be hoped that such institu-

tions have tended to raise the tastes of the lower classes of society, and to give a tone to their morals, which, in many instances, by degrees, improves their habits; and, with the blessing of God, without which all efforts are vain, prepares the way for a desire to search after the true wisdom, which not only fits its possessors for the duties and pleasures of life, but for the more exalted and everlasting felicities of heaven?

There is an extensive library, containing thirty thousand volumes on general literature; there are, also, law and medical libraries; a medical school, where are given complete courses of lectures; a proprietary school, called the Bristol College, for classical and scientific education, and an academy for the education of young men of the Baptist ministry, which has in conjunction with it an extensive library and museum.

About two miles from Bristol, overlooking the river Avon, is Clifton, famous for its hot wells—its waters being deemed efficacious in consumptive cases. The temperature of this saline spring, when fresh drawn, is 74° Fahr., and it then evolves free carbonic acid; in each pint of the water, according to Dr. Carrick, there are 3.'5 grs. carbonate of lime, 1.'5 sulphate of soda, 1.'5 ditto of lime, '5 muriate of soda, 1 ditto of magnesia: total 6 grains. The above spring is under the rocks, and there is another higher up the cliff, having however most probably the same source.

The geological features of the place are thus described by M'Culloch:—"If the entire area be divided, north and south, into three unequal portions, that on the east will fall within the limits of a coal formation, which extends north and south of the city, but chiefly to the north, about thirty miles; its beds are thin as compared with those of other coal-fields. The central, or larger portion, is chiefly occupied by the new red sandstone, in which Saurian remains occur; the western part is chiefly mountain lime. Some of the summits in the north and west parts of the city are two hundred and fifty feet above the bed of the Avon. In the rocks of Clifton, and the opposite ones of St. Vincent, quartz crystals of great purity occur, called Bristol Diamonds. There are the remains of three Roman encampments at Clifton, Rownham, and Abbotsleigh."

The rocky scenery of Clifton is very fine; at the base of beetling cliffs, and through overhanging defiles, rushes in, with tides of thirty-five feet, the beauteous Avon, which, in so many other places, flows calmly and gracefully along, reflecting on its surface the lovely and picturesque scenery which so frequently adorns its banks.

This spot is heightened in its interests by our associations with it of Mrs. Hannah More, who passed here the closing years of her very useful life, and left a name which, if not enrolled among the mightiest in intellect, is deservedly ranked with the most distinguished for Christian philanthropy and exalted piety. Her own sex especially must ever revere her memory, as among the first to enter upon a field of labour calculated to improve the female mind, and thus to raise woman in the scale of being designed her by her Creator, combining in her lessons every branch of useful knowledge, while she

"Allured to brighter worlds and led the way."

With such delightful scenery in our imagination, and our minds impressed with remembrance of her who dwelt among it, to whom, when in comparative health, it had often proved stimulating; and when borne down by languor and fast-approaching dissolution, it perhaps afforded a tranquillizing influence, we cannot but call to mind the appropriate sentiments of a favourite writer of the sister country, who, when taking her leave of Clifton, thus gave utterance to her pure and glowing thoughts:—

"Spot where the sick recover, and the well
Delighted roam, I bear thee on my heart,
With all thy portraiture of cliff and shade,
And the wild-footed Avon rushing in,
With ocean's kingly message.
Here we stand,
To take our last farewell of England's shore,
And 'mid the graceful domes that shine serene
Through their embowering shades, recognise one,
Where she who gave to Barley-wood its fame
Breathed her last breath. 'Tis meet that she should be
Remember'd by that sex whom long she strove
In their own shelter'd sphere to elevate,
And rouse to higher aims than fashion gives.

. . . . . .

I give thee thanks, Old England! full of years,
Yet passing fair. Thy castles ivy-crown'd;
Thy vast cathedrals, where old Time doth pause,
Like an o'er-spent destroyer, and lie down,
Feigning to sleep, and let their glory pass;
Thy mist-encircled hills; thy peaceful lakes,
Opening their bosoms 'mid the velvet meads;
Thy verdant hedges, with their tufted bloom;
Thy cottage-children, ruddy as the flowers
That make their thatch-roof'd homes so beautiful:
But more than all, those mighty minds that leave
A lasting foot-print on the sands of time;—
These well repay me to have dared the deep,
That I might look upon them."

S. S. S.

OLD HUMPHREY IN THE HIGHLANDS.

An ancient man with tresses grey,
With calm and thoughtful eye,
Has ta'en in hand his hazel staff—
That ancient man am I.
And many a hoary mountain top,
And goodly tower and town,
And shadowy glen I mean to see,
Ere I shall lay it down.

INTRODUCTION.

Often have I written about the country, revelling in rural localities and retired situations; but now in my remarks I purpose to go further afield, and to dwell on wilder and more solitary scenes.

In my youthful days, frequently was I animated by romantic impulses, under which I would fain have effected impossibilities. To have ascended the summit of Mont Blanc, regardless of its snows—to have forced my way undaunted through the icy barriers of the North Sea—to have crossed the burning desert despite its sultry sands, and to have penetrated to Timbuctoo, reckless of the Lybian lion, and the fear of falling where the blood of "the white man" tinged the running waters, would have been quite in accordance with my inclination. Such impulses, however, were but transitory; succeeding moments of sobriety convinced me that such speculations were not prompted by discretion; the Quixotic achievements of my fancy were abandoned, and I entered with moderated ardour on easier and less questionable undertakings.

With an emotion somewhat akin to the romantic impulses of my earlier days, I some time ago resolved on a tour. Never had I visited the far-famed Highlands of Scotland, though the plaid and kilt of the highlander, and the romantic haunts of the Rob Roys and Macgregors of days gone by, had often excited my fancy, and flitted before my wondering and admiring eyes.

To Scotland I turned my steps, fully intending to give to my fugitive wanderings and passing reflections a "local habitation and a name" in some forthcoming volume of moderate size and pretensions. Since then my tour has been completed, and I am now about to enter on my intended narrative. Difficult would it be to persuade me that I shall not succeed in awakening some interest in the minds of my readers. In my present sanguine mood, I should as soon believe that I could not make a nosegay out of pinks and pansies, fuschias, jasmines, and geraniums, lilies, mignonette, sweet peas, myrtles, and moss roses, as that I could fail in penning a tolerable book while revelling, with a head and heart full of highland scenery, among the heathery hills and dales of "bonnie Scotland." Even now appear spread out before me, awing my spirit, the solitary, wild, grey mountain and gloomy glen! Friths, lochs, cataracts, straths and passes, rocks, rifts, ravines and cairns arrest my wondering gaze with their influential loneliness. The falls of Aberfeldy bewilder me with their wondrous beauty. Loch Lomond stretches its glittering surface to the sun, and mighty Cairn Gorm and still mightier Ben Mac Dhu lift their snow-clad heads in lonely grandeur and awful sublimity.

Though not sanguine enough to believe that I can render my book acceptable to all, I do hope to make it agreeable to some, and if it should not in its attractions glitter like the Athenian serpent—

——— "of dazzling hue,
Vermilion-spotted, golden, green, and blue;
Striped like a zebra, freckled like a pard,
Eyed like a peacock, and all crimson-barr'd,"—

yet doubt I not that some of its pages will be read with interest, and some of its paragraphs pondered with satisfaction.

Scenery of a sterile kind and difficult of access has a strange interest with many, and some of the wildest parts of our country are to be found in the Highlands of Scotland. With his foot on the heather beside the lonely loch, or on the mountain, the crook-billed eagle soaring above his head, and the red deer bounding across the broken ground below, as he flies to the friendly shelter of the pine forest, or the solitary glen, a man feels himself to be far from home, and regards himself as a traveller. The loneliness of far-stretching solitudes, now rising into hills, and now spreading into valleys, mantled with purple and gold, at the same moment awe and delight the mind; and the silent heath-clad strath and the dreary swamp, tenanted by the timid hare, the feathery grouse, the black cock and the wild duck, awaken an unwonted interest of mingled solemnity and pleasure.

It would not be easy to describe the solemnity cast over the spirit by the deep shadows of the gloomy glen, nor to make manifest the admiration and joy that burst upon the spirit when climbing the sunlit mountain. A thousand charms

"Attest the wild luxuriance of the scene
That lengthen'd spreads (with many a strath between,
And moorland purple, haunt of birds and bees)
Around the fern-clad feet and shaggy knees
Of mighty Nevis, monarch of the hills,
The paramount of mountains, gemm'd with rills,
Scantily robed; his Titan shoulders nude,
Lifting his head in royal solitude
Above his peers, and looking grimly down
Over all Britain from his misty crown."

From heights such as those of Ben y Gloe, Ben Lomond, Ben Lawers, Ben Nevis, and Ben Mac Macdhui, we have, indeed, a goodly prospect. Sea and land, loch, river, forest, city, and plain, lie below us, lessening in the distance. A shadowy blot, or a few specks on the horizon, are all that we discern of places that may boast of beautiful buildings and crowded population. A broad river assumes a threadlike breadth, as its winding course glitters in the sunshine; and the grey cloudlike boundary beyond the distant ocean is, perhaps, the coast of another country, whose manners and customs are different to our own. The whole expanse presented to the eye is varied and striking; and rock and ravine, wood and water, light and shade, glare and gloom, canopied by the kindling skies, at once amaze, impress, bewilder, and delight.

The general features of the highlands are on a more extended scale, and of a much sterner character, than English scenes. Well may the Scotch muse exclaim—

"O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood!"

We usually speak of Scotch people as if they were all alike; but that is not the case, though every year does something to lessen the difference that exists between them. The highlanders, who are Celts, or Gauls, speak Gaelic, a dialect of the Erse language; while the lowlanders, whom the highlanders call Saxons, speak Scotch, a mere corruption of the English language. The lowlanders are the proper Scotch, or North Britons, a hardy, diligent, enterprising, and persevering people.

I purpose, in my narrative of the highlands, to treat largely on highlanders, their dress, manners, and superstitions, and to tell such of my readers as are strangers to Scotland, that which I myself was most desirous to know. The most famous clans, the most striking adventures, the highest mountains, the fairest lochs, the gloomiest glens, the narrowest passes, the deepest waterfalls, and the strongest castles, will be among my themes.

Though no Nimrod, I feel constrained to say something of deer forests and deer-stalking. Hardly could I choose but enlarge with my pen on these subjects, for forests embrace too much of the glen, the bog, the moor, and the mountain of highland scenery to be lightly esteemed, and deer-stalking is regarded by many as a princely sport, and by far the highest of all highland recreations. For similar reasons, the sports of the moor and the loch will be noticed by me; but if any sportsman should be beguiled by this announcement into the belief that Old Humphrey is likely to assist him in the management of either his dog or his gun, a perusal of my pages will not fail to convince him to the contrary.

Though no fisherman, I must not pass over a pursuit that is followed in Scotland with such enterprise and ardour as trout and salmon fishing without a passing remark. There is nothing liberal in censuring others for pursuits to which we have no inclination; and if I have no better reason for questioning the lawfulness of fishing than the circumstance of my having no desire to fish, then is my reason a very weak one.

I frankly admit that it would be a difficulty with me to decide how far man is at liberty to tax the lower creatures for his mere amusement, and I admit, as frankly, that very few persons can accuse others of inhumanity without inconsistency. I am afraid that, in one way or other, we are all cruel, and much quicker in this respect to see the mote in the eye of a brother than to discern the beam that is in our own; but while making these admissions, I have no wish to avoid the free expression of my own opinion, that I hold it wrong in principle and practice to "inflict unnecessary pain," and should as soon think, in my own individual case, of running a fishhook through my finger, as of impaling a worm or spearing a salmon.

I believe that many merciful men are fishermen, and that they never so much as question the lawfulness of the enjoyment. The truth is, that while the cruelty of war is hidden by flaunting banners, scarlet apparel, the prancing war-horse, the rattling drum, and spirit-stirring trumpet, the cruelty of fishing is disguised by the pleasurable excitement, the phrases "innocent amusement,"

"harmless recreation," "rural enjoyment," "peaceful pastime," "meditative occupation," and the influential example of the meek-minded Izaac Walton.

Many of the local occurrences and historical events of Scotland are full of interest, and in proper time and place I mean to advert to them. Something shall I say of Cavalier and Covenanter, and of their desperate encounters, when armed hands and burning hearts engaged in the death-grapple on the battle-plain. Bannockburn and Culloden, too, are influential in their very names, strikingly setting forth the uncertainty of power, and the fading nature of earthly glory. At the battle of the one, Scotland was proudly victorious; at the fight of the other she was humbled in the dust.

Dark deeds have been done in castles, and Scotland is so studded with the remains of these strongholds of former greatness, that I cannot but ponder among their ruins, and draw a salutary reflection from their mouldering walls. Some Scottish fortresses are yet in repair, but far the greater part of them are in decay; my pen shall comment on their weakness and their strength. Edinburgh and Stirling, Ardtornish and Doune, Craigmillar, Loch Leven, Duart, and Dumbarton, all shall be remembered.

If I fail not in my endeavour, many a Scottish prospect shall be vividly described. The purple heather shall be seen, the waterfall heard, and the fresh breeze be felt on the brow; the sterile shall appear with the fertile, and the gloom of the shadowy glen be contrasted with the glory of the sunlit mountain.

Wherever we go, and however new and strange the things around us may be in many respects, we are in the same position abroad as when we are at home; we have the same sun to light us by day, and the same moon and stars by night. We have the same hearts in our bosoms, we possess the same necessities, desires, and infirmities, and are dependent on the same almighty and merciful Being. This has been felt by me, and with a grateful heart have I returned from my wanderings. Freely have I rambled, and freely will I describe what I have seen.

But think not that I shall be satisfied with my performance unless I awaken in you some salutary thought, and call up some virtuous affection in your hearts. I am guilty of no insincerity when I say, that I would rather do you good than gain your good opinion by giving you pleasure. My finger will be pointed upwards throughout the whole of my narrative, and if I move not your hearts in the same direction, and excite in them emotions of thankfulness and praise, then shall I feel as one shorn of his strength, and Old Humphrey will have wandered in the highlands in vain.

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

No. II.

In the last *Visitor*, the early history of the application of electricity to the purposes of communication was traced; and we now proceed to consider the further elaboration of this highly important principle under the auspices of several scientific men.

Professor Morse, of America, invented an electric telegraph, but it does not appear that minute particulars have ever been published in this country. Its object was to write down, at a considerable distance, a series of numbers, which were to indicate words and phrases, according to an understood pre-arrangement. These numbers are selected in types, which are placed in an instrument called the portrule, serving the same purpose as the compositor's stick, and they are so connected with the opposite extremity, that the numbers are there registered, and may be read off at leisure. The whole arrangement is connected with a voltaic battery of sixty pairs of plates; by passing the type beneath a lever, the circuit of electricity is closed and broken.

An American journal stated, that the writer had seen the instrument in operation through a distance of two miles, the communication which was transmitted being, "Railway cars just arrived, three hundred and forty-five passengers." These words were put into numbers from a dictionary; the numbers were set up in the telegraphic type in about the time ordinarily occupied in doing so in a printing-office. They were then all passed complete by the portrule in about half a minute, each stroke of the lever of the portrule, at one extremity, marking on the register at the other, a distance of two miles, instantaneously. "We watched the spark at one end," says the observer, "and the mark of the pencil at the other, as if the lever itself had struck the mark." The marks, or numbers, were easily legible, and, by means of the dictionary, were resolved again into words. The

attention of the person at one end, the opposite end of the line, was attracted by a small alarum-bell being rung by the first stroke of the lever.

The telegraphs of professor Morse have, it appears, since received a very extensive patronage, and, in a communication which was read to the Paris Academy of Sciences, it was stated, that telegraphic lines have been established through 1,659 miles in the United States. The furthest extent over which it travels in single lines is from Albany to Buffalo, a distance of three hundred and fifty miles; and from Albany to Rochester, which are two hundred and fifty-two miles. Professor Morse says, in his letter, that the telegraph is now the chief mode of transmitting all the government news, the more important intelligence of merchants, and of the public generally. Its influence has, he says, been already felt by the press. The journals of the large towns, which were taken in the country on account of their giving the most recent news, have lost a great number of their subscribers, whilst there has been a very large increase in the circulation of the journals of the small towns near the extreme points of the electric telegraph.

A Philadelphian journal states, that Morse has added to his telegraph machinery, by which he can print at least one hundred and twenty characters per minute. At the same time, he allows this invention to be due to European electricians.

In 1837, a patent was obtained for the electric telegraph by Mr. Davy, the principles of his invention being, first, the employment of two magnetic needles with each wire, each movable in one direction, and stopped in the other; secondly, the use of a supplementary battery, to effect the registration of the signals, the connexion of this second battery being made by the deflections of the needles; and, thirdly, the method of registering or recording the various communications, by causing the current of the supplementary battery to pass through a ribbon steeped in a solution of iodine of potassium and starch. The salt being decomposed by the current, a blue spot was produced by the combination of the iodine with the starch, and the position of one or more of these spots across the breadth of the ribbon, determined the nature of the signal transmitted. The action of the two needles in each circuit was exactly similar to that of the bars in Dr. Steinheil's telegraph, in respect to their alternate deflections, according to the direction of the current. Instead, however, of carrying a cup for ink, each needle bore a small metallic arm on its axis, which, when the needle was deflected away from the fixed stop, came in contact with a brass pin, or stud, and thus completed the circuit of the supplementary, or registering battery.*

In 1841, an electric printing telegraph was exhibited at the Polytechnic Institution, and in the following year it was patented by the inventor, Mr. Bain. One of these instruments has since been placed experimentally on the South-Western Railway, from Nine Elms to Wimbledon, a distance of six miles, and for that extent an ample sufficiency of electricity was generated from a single pair of plates of zinc and copper, of the surface of but one square foot. The advantages possessed by the printing over the signal telegraph consist in the former printing the communication at both stations at the same instant, thus affording the person communicating the opportunity of seeing whether he has transmitted the symbol correctly; and it prevents any mistake from misapprehension by the party with whom he communicates. It has the superiority, also, of secresy; for the apparatus at the distant station may be locked up, and the information transmitted will be found printed when it is unlocked, without the necessity of any attendant in waiting to watch its movements. The apparatus is worked altogether by the gravitating force of two large weights, electricity being employed merely as the agent for setting the apparatus in motion, and for stopping it at the points required. This is effected by the deflection of a permanent magnet, which, as it turns, releases a revolving straight piece of wire that rests against a small notched cylinder, attached to the magnet. The machinery continues revolving as long as the magnet is deflected; but when the electric circuit is broken, the magnet returns to its former position; the revolving piece of wire can then no longer pass through the notch in the cylinders, and its progress being thus arrested, the machinery is brought to rest. The *Artizan* states, that, when the instrument stops, the arms of a small governor, fixed in an upright revolving shaft, collapse, and release a spring, which, by striking against

* Penny Cyclopædia.

a small wheel, whereon several projecting figures are fixed, one of these figures being forced against a piece of paper, and the letter opposite the paper is printed upon it. For the purpose of stopping the apparatus at the exact time that the figure required is opposite the paper, there is a dial with figures corresponding with those on the type-wheel; and when the hand of the dial, which turns round when the machinery is in motion, points to the figure, a small spring is pressed that completes the electric circuit, and the apparatus stops; on stopping, the figure is printed, a bell is struck, and the paper is struck to leave room for the next impression. Means are also provided for ascertaining that the two telegraphs are printing correctly, by an arrangement in the dial-plate, and by introducing at one part a deviation from other portions of the circle traversed by the hand, which enables the operator at each station to tell when the hands are passing over that part of the dial, and thus to know exactly whether the two correspond.

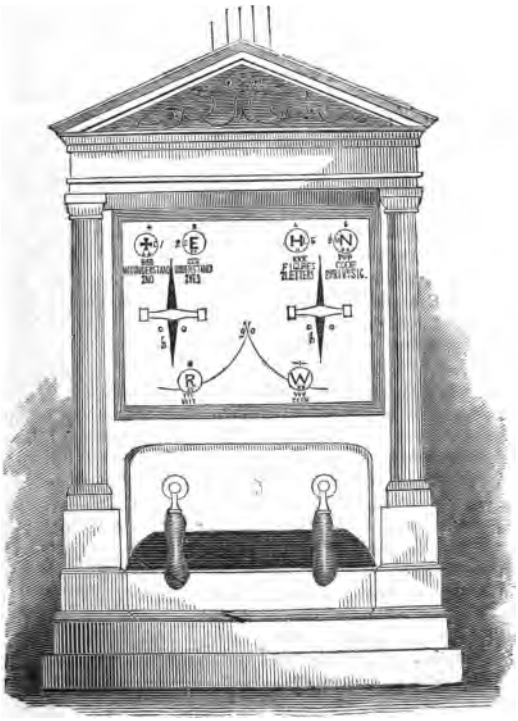
One of the most important benefits to the cause of electrical communication, arises from the attention which has been paid to it by Messrs. Cooke and Wheatstone. When Mr. Cooke was in Germany, he was invited by professor Moencke, of Heidelberg, to witness some experiments with a simple apparatus, intended to illustrate the possibility of giving signals by electricity. The impressions produced on his mind were of such a nature, that from that time he devoted his every hour to the furtherance of his plan; while he was so aided by his native energy and ingenuity of mind, that, within three weeks of his first receiving the idea, he had constructed at Frankfort two galvanometer telegraphs, capable of giving twenty-six signals; added to which was his invention of the detector, by which injuries to the wires are readily traced, and the alarum, to give notice at one end of the telegraph that something is to be communicated at the other. Returning to London about six weeks afterwards, he occupied the following year in constructing a variety of instruments, and exerted himself to introduce his telegraph on the Liverpool and Manchester railway. In 1837, he joined professor Wheatstone in his arrangements, who had been for years employed in endeavouring to transmit signals both by sounds and electricity. From this time their operations were carried forward together, and they entered into partnership as proprietors of the patent under which the telegraph is worked.

The positions relatively occupied by these two distinguished gentlemen, in reference to electric discoveries as connected with the purposes of communication, have been well expressed in the words of sir M. J. Brunel:—"While Mr. Cooke is entitled to stand alone as the gentleman to whom this country is indebted for having practically introduced and carried out the electric telegraph, as an useful undertaking, and professor Wheatstone is acknowledged as the scientific man, whose profound and successful researches had already prepared the public to receive it as a project capable of practical application; it is to the united labours of two gentlemen, so well qualified for mutual assistance, that we must attribute the rapid progress which this important invention has made since they were associated."

In this patent, for which application was made in 1837, the principal points of novelty were the use of a much smaller number of needles to denote all the required signals, the employment of the temporary magnetism excited by the current in soft iron to ring an alarum by means of suitable machinery, and the reciprocal arrangement by which the invention was made practically available for a long line of communication. The instrument shown in the drawings which were annexed to their specification was applied on the Great Western Railway shortly after the date of the patent, contained five needles, arranged with their axes in a horizontal line. The needles were made to hang vertically by the addition to one end of the increased weight, and each coil was connected with a long conducting wire at one end, being united at the other with a common rod of metal, which joined together the similar ends of all the coils. The transmission of the electric current took place from the opposite ends of the wires, through two of them at once; that is to say, one of the wires, of which one key was pressed down, served to convey the current from one pole of the battery to the distant instrument, while it returned, by the rod of metal connecting the coils and the second wire, to the battery again. Two needles were in this manner deflected at once; and it will be obvious that the current would pass in opposite directions

around their coils, and consequently that their deflections must be in contrary directions. "The needles would therefore converge, either above or below their lines of centres, as one or other of the pair of keys belonging to each wire was depressed. Fixed stops were so placed on each side of the needles as to limit their motion, and when resting against them, the needles were parallel to two converging lines, at the point of intersection of which a letter was placed. This was the signal indicated by the movement of the needles. In a similar manner, as lines were drawn diverging from the centre of each axis, mutually crossing one another, a number of points of intersection were formed, at one of which was a letter, or signal." As any of these letters could be indicated by the movements of the needles, any communications could be made with certainty. A plan was also under consideration, for reducing the number of wires, to diminish the complexity of the scheme. In 1839, the telegraph was brought into practical operation, and the severe tests to which it was subjected, reflected increased honour on the inventors.

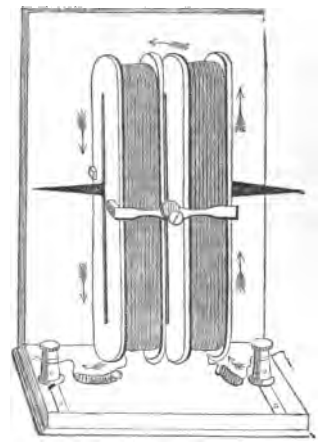
For the sake of simplicity, the telegraphic apparatus may be divided into four parts; the generator of the galvanic or electric fluid, the motive, or electromagnetic arrangement, and the conducting wires, in which order they will now be considered.



The engraving represents the front of the telegraph, exhibiting the index, as it is denominated. The wires, which are suspended through the length of the line, are attached at either end to the telegraphic instruments, a branch wire being fastened to a large metallic surface, imbedded in the earth for completing the electric current. When at rest, the handles are down, and the pointers remain in their vertical position. The signals are given by two magnetic needles, or pointers, each suspended vertically on an axis passing through the dial, and behind, another pointer is fixed on each corresponding axis. A portion of the conducting wire, many yards in length, is coiled round the galvanometer frame, in which the

magnet moves, so as to subject the magnet to the multiplied deflecting force of the electric current.

The battery is the motive power of the machine, occupying the same relative position to it as the boiler does to the locomotive; for though it does not produce any immediate result on the works, yet the part it performs in the undertaking is essential. It is the fountain of that subtle stream, which, under the guidance of man's intellect, is now doing so much of the nation's work, popularly known as "the electric fluid." Under the successive superintendence of Galvani, Volta, Cruikshanks, Davy, Wollaston, Roget, and others—of which an interesting account is recommended to the reader in a work on electricity, published by the Religious Tract Society—the electric generator has reached its present perfection, with which the public are familiar, the whole of which has undergone great improvements in its adaptation to the purposes of electric communication under Mr. Cooke and others. While travelling, this gentleman found great inconvenience to result from the spilling of the acid solution used in Smee's batteries, and from this he was led to consider whether the substitution of fine white Shanklin sand, saturated with the diluted acid, would not avoid this difficulty. Experiments having confirmed the truth of these conjectures, the change was permanently arranged, and it was subsequently found so advantageous, that the same method was tried in the permanent batteries, and in like manner the result has proved satisfactory. At present the generator resembles in its principal features the one known as Wollaston's trough, and it is so arranged that the series of plates of copper and amalgamated zinc, arranged for the evolution of the electric fluid, admit of being placed in a corresponding series of cells, filled with well-washed and dry sand. The *United Service Gazette* states that all that is necessary in order to use the instrument is slightly to moisten the sand with diluted sulphuric acid. These generators are stated to be very constant in their action, having been found to work during periods varying from two to five months, with only occasional small additions of the acid solution to supply the waste occasioned by evaporation and chemical absorption. The sand, too, appears to check injurious rapidity of action, and at the same time to prevent the separation of the sulphate of copper and zinc, formerly held suspended in the fluid.



The conducting wires, which will come in their turn under consideration, are, at their ends, of less diameter, and are so arranged as to form the coiled magnets. Those in the diagram are seen in connexion with the works; the electric current taking the course indicated by the arrows, occasions the deflection of the needle.

The property possessed by the wires of rendering iron magnetic when subject to the galvanic currents may be illustrated in a simple manner, by passing copper wire a few times round a glass tube, so as to form a coil like a bell-spring, taking care that the turns of the wire are nowhere in contact; if the ends of the coil are then connected with the poles of a battery, and a small sewing-needle is placed in the glass tube, it will be immediately drawn to the centre, and, if examined, will be found to be permanently magnetic. "If, on the other hand, a piece of soft iron wire had been introduced into the glass tube in the place of the steel needle, it would be found to be only magnetic so long as it remained under the influence of the exterior coil of wire,—proving that it is to the magnetising property of the electric current, under a certain form of arrangement, that we owe our motive power, and it is to the varied motions or vibrations of the needles on the face of the dial-plate, produced by this agent, that a form of alphabet has been adopted, which shall rapidly explain what is intended to

be communicated by a person operating at a distance of eighty, one hundred, or probably thousands of miles." F. S. W.

POLAR REGIONS.

One morning sir James Ross and his companions found themselves embayed in a deep bight of the pack, in which they counted from the mast-head eighty-four large icebergs, and some hundreds of smaller ones. In this situation, says sir James, we found we were fast closing this chain of bergs, so closely packed together that we could distinguish no opening through which the ships could pass, the waves breaking violently against them, dashing huge masses of pack-ice against the precipitous faces of the bergs; now lifting them nearly to their summit, then forcing them again far beneath their water-line, and sometimes rending them into a multitude of brilliant fragments against their projecting points.

Sublime and magnificent as such a scene must have appeared under different circumstances, to us it was awful, if not appalling. For eight hours we had been gradually drifting towards what to human eyes appeared inevitable destruction; the high waves and deep rolling of our ships rendered towing with the boats impossible, and our situation the more painful and embarrassing, from our inability to make any effort to avoid the dreadful calamity that seemed to await us.

In moments like these, comfort and peace of mind could only be obtained by casting our cares upon that Almighty Power which had already so often interposed to save us, when human skill was wholly unavailing. Convinced that he is under the protection and guidance of a merciful God, the Christian awaits the issue of events firm and undismayed, and with calm resignation prepares for whatever he may order. His serenity of mind surprises and strengthens, but never forsakes him; and thus, possessing his soul in peace, he can, with the greater advantage, watch every change of circumstance that may present itself as a means of escape.

We were now within half a mile of the range of bergs. The roar of the surf, which extended each way as far as we could see, and the crashing of the ice, fell upon the ear with fearful distinctness, whilst the frequently-averted eye as immediately returned to contemplate the awful destruction that threatened, in one short hour, to close the world, and all its hopes, and joys, and sorrows upon us for ever. In this our deep distress, "we called upon the Lord. He heard our voices out of his temple, and our cry came before him."

A gentle air of wind filled our sails; hope again revived, and the greatest activity prevailed to make the best use of the feeble breeze: as it gradually freshened, our heavy ships began to feel its influence, slowly at first, but more rapidly afterwards; and before dark, we found ourselves far removed from every danger.

To the windward of this chain of icebergs, a dangerous collision of the Erebus and Terror took place, on the 13th of March. While the people of the Erebus were close-reefing their topsails for the night, a large iceberg was seen ahead, and quite close to the ships. During the attempt to weather it, the Terror was observed running down upon us under topsails and foresail, and as she could not clear both the Erebus and the iceberg, a collision was inevitable. The people of the Erebus instantly hove all aback, in order to diminish the violence of the shock, but the collision was such as to throw every one off his feet—to carry away their bowsprit, foretopmast, and other smaller spars. Entangled by their rigging, the ships were now hanging together—dashing against each other with fearful violence, and falling down upon the weather-face of the lofty iceberg, against which the waves were breaking and foaming to near the summits of its perpendicular cliffs.

The Terror sometimes rose high above us, almost exposing her keel to view, and again descended, as we in our turn rose to the top of the wave, threatening to bury her beneath us, whilst the crashing of the breaking upper-works and boats increased the horror of the scene. Providentially they gradually forged past each other, and separated before we drifted down amongst the foaming breakers, and we had the gratification of seeing her clear the end of the berg, and of feeling that she was safe. But she left us completely disabled; the wreck of the spars so encumbered the lower yards, that we were unable to make sail, so as to get headway on the ship; nor had we room to wear round, being by this time so close to the berg, that the waves, when they struck against it, threw back their sprays

into the ship. The only way left to us to extricate ourselves from this awful and appalling situation, was by resorting to the hazardous expedient of a stern-board, which nothing could justify during such a gale, and with so high a sea running, but to avert the danger which every moment threatened us of being dashed to pieces. The heavy rolling of the vessel, and the probability of the masts giving way each time the lower yard-arms struck against the cliffs, which were towering high above our mast-heads, rendered it a service of extreme danger to loose the main-sail; but no sooner was the order given, than the daring spirit of the British seaman manifested itself—the men ran up the rigging with as much alacrity as on any ordinary occasion; and although more than once driven off the yard, they, after a short time, succeeded in loosing the sail. Amidst the roar of the wind and sea, it was difficult both to hear and to execute the orders that were given, so that it was three-quarters of an hour before we could get the yards braced by, and the main-tack hauled on board sharp aback—an expedient that perhaps had never before been resorted to by seamen in such weather: but it had the desired effect; the ship gathered stern-way, plunging her stern into the sea, washing away the gig and quarter boats, and with her lower yard-arms scraping the rugged face of the berg, we in a few minutes reached its western termination, the 'under tow,' as it is called, or the reaction of the water from its vertical cliffs alone preventing us being driven to atoms against it. No sooner had we cleared it than another was seen directly astern of us, against which we were running, and the difficulty now was to get the ship's head turned round and pointed fairly through between the two bergs, the breadth of the intervening space not exceeding three times her own breadth. This, however, we happily accomplished, and in a few minutes after getting before the wind, she dashed through the narrow channel, between two perpendicular walls of ice, and the foaming breakers which stretched across it, and the next moment we were in smooth water, under its lee.

The Terror had escaped from this disaster with the loss only of two or three more spars, and was found in safety exhibiting her light round the corner of the chain. A cluster of bergs was now seen to the windward, forming such an unbroken line, that the small opening by which the ships were compelled to escape now seemed to have been their only safe path, and that the collision which forced them backwards, prevented them from being entangled in a labyrinth of heavy bergs from which they might never have escaped.

ORIGIN OF THE TERM PENNY.

In German, *pfennig*. Perhaps belonging to the same class of words as the Latin *pendere*, to pay. I would observe, however, that, in Welsh and Breton, *pennig* means *a little head* (dimin. of *pen*, the head), and this seems a very simple and natural name for a small coin, with the head of the king stamped upon it. This conjecture is confirmed by the name of another small coin, the *tester*, from old French *teste*, the head. That a coin much used in Britain should have a Celtic origin is not improbable, since the Britons coined money even before Cæsar's invasion, bearing the legend of their king Segonax.—*F. H. Talbot.*

THE WORD "US."

An Athenian once said to a Hebrew lad, "Here, my boy, is some money; bring us some figs and grapes." The boy went and purchased the fruit, and giving half of it to the stranger, kept the other half for himself. "Is it customary here, for a messenger to take half of what he fetches?" said the Athenian, rather surprised. "No," answered the boy; "but our custom is to speak what we mean, and to do as we are desired." "But," rejoined the stranger, "I did not desire thee to take half the fruit." "Oh," replied the boy, shrewdly, "what else couldst thou mean by saying, bring *us?* Does not that word include the hearer as well as the speaker?" The Athenian smiled, and was contented. — *Medrash Echoh.*

GOD THE FOUNTAIN.

Were God to withdraw from me, I should be as weak as water. All that I enjoy, though it be miracle on miracle, would not support me without fresh supplies from God. The thing I rejoice in is this, that God is altogether full; and that in the Mediator Christ Jesus is "all the fulness of the Godhead," and it will never run out.—*T. Halyburton.*

SANCTIFIED AFFLICTION.

THE Holy Spirit is the author of all true religion. Without him it has no existence; it can have none. It is never superinduced by natural causes. A Christian is a new creature; he is created in Christ unto good works, which God hath before ordained that he should walk in them. All those principles which essentially belong to spiritual religion are vital, and are of God; and, having produced them, he opens before them an appropriate sphere of action, — giving them the authority and power of law, and then subjecting them to the purposes of practical Christianity. Thought settles down into habits of meditation; contrition, into habits of repentance; love, into habits of obedience; and which habits, as they indicate life, so they adorn it. "Ye were sometimes darkness, but now are ye light in the Lord: walk as children of light: for the fruit of the Spirit is in all goodness and righteousness and truth," Eph. v. 8, 9.

The work of the Holy Spirit in the conversion of men being great, both in its nature and results, the creation of the world, the resurrection of the dead, the miracles of our Lord, and those wrought by the apostles for the confirmation of his truth, are employed to illustrate it; and as the typical representation of a thing is less glorious than the thing represented, the change produced in the heart of the regenerated sinner is more marvellous than any physical miracles the world ever saw. The understanding is enlightened with the light of life; the conscience is aroused from its slumberings to feel and plead for God; the will is renewed, and influenced to choose the narrow way; the affections are weaned from earth and set on things above; the whole man—the body, the soul, and the spirit—is brought into cheerful subjection to the King of Zion; the life of God takes possession of the heart, and the creature, once a rebel and an alien, becomes a child. "That ye put off concerning the former conversation the old man, which is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts; and be renewed in the spirit of your mind; and that ye put on the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness," Eph. iv. 22—24.

This change is frequently effected in the season of affliction. Thousands of Christians bless God for the adversity which led them to reflection, and then to repentance; for they never prayed till they were brought into trouble. "In their affliction they will seek me early," Hos. v. 15. Outward trouble, when it is sanctified, awakens inward anxiety about the sin that has occasioned it; and as the heart is then more tender, more susceptible of impression, such a retrospect is taken of life, as leads to some fearful forebodings of the second death. The season of trial, too, is a period when the heart sometimes sickens with disappointment; when the fair scenes upon which the eye has been wont to rest with delightful anticipation, all vanish like a dream of the night, and give place to shadows, about which not even a ray of light is seen to fall. All now appears desolate, and he is forlorn and sad. The artificial dress of life is laid aside. The world is seen in its true character. The heart is left without any of those fictitious modes of obtaining satisfaction to which it often resorted, and delusive opiates are no longer administered to the conscience. Character is left, and character is all that he can call his own. Property is gone. Health has fled. Comforts have vanished. Friends are dead, or they have withdrawn from their afflicted companion, to whose wounds they can apply no balm, and whose calamities have been increased by their treachery and folly.

Thus desolated—thus undone, where can he go for comfort?—to whom can he apply for solid, permanent relief? Has he no counsellor? Is he friendless? Is no hand stretched out to his rescue? To which of his former associates can he turn for succour? The arrow of conviction is lodged in his conscience, his sins are brought vividly to his remembrance, and he is oppressed with the burden of his guilt. Look in which direction soever he will, he catches the eye of his offended Creator and Judge; and though he moans piteously, as in dust and ashes, and cries loudly for help, refuge fails him. He now begins to reproach himself for having rebelled against God, and for having trampled upon the blood of the everlasting covenant, counting it an unholy thing, and doing despite to the Spirit of grace. Thus convinced of sin, and self-reproached, "the troubles of his heart are enlarged," and he inquires not so much for temporal as for spiritual deliverance. The cares of this life are felt, as they ought to be, but they are secondary in point of importance now. His

great concern is to enter the refuge set before him in the gospel, if, indeed, he may be permitted to do so—for of this he has some doubt. His own delinquency and danger having been pressed upon his attention, he inquires, with an awakened and an alarmed conscience, "What must I do to be saved?" The refuges of lies in which he trusted have been destroyed, and having no longer any confidence in the flesh, he seeks deliverance at the cross of Christ. He confesses his guilt, and implores mercy.

At length a degree of light springs up in his mind, and he as certainly knows that Christ is a Saviour, as that he himself is a sinner. He cannot, indeed, rejoice before God as a pardoned, accepted sinner; for almost the only thing he can do is to feel after God. This, however, he does; and though he does it with a trembling hand, he at length lays hold on the hope of eternal life, embraces the gospel—that efficacious remedy for all the ills of a soul that sin hath stricken, rises into spiritual health, enters into peace, and enjoys, as the result of the Spirit's witness, a calm consciousness that all his sins are forgiven him, through the redemption which is in Christ Jesus.

He is now a happy man—happy in the exercise of faith upon the person and work of Christ, in the possession of a good hope through grace, and in the assurance of being at last received to glory. The prodigal son has returned home, and has received from his father a kind and cordial welcome; a feast is prepared for him; angels in heaven rejoice in his restoration to happiness and honour; Christian friends greet his arrival; the best robe is thrown around him; by kind gratulations and by Zion's cheerful songs he is taught the felicity which he may enjoy, and the delight which his return has occasioned in other minds; while the everlasting God, with infinite satisfaction and complacent love, declares, "This my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found," Luke xv. 24.

But does the restored child, now pardoned and purified, lament the affliction which led him to reflection, to repentance, and to prayer? Lament it! No. He blesses God for sending it, and for making it the means of his conversion; and had it been a thousand times heavier, so great is the misery he has escaped, so pure is the happiness he has obtained, that even then he would look back upon it as one of the most merciful events of his life, and one which would deserve to be celebrated by the loftiest note of a seraph's song. Whatever may be his loss, his gain is infinite. His lost soul is found, and is safe for ever.—*Mannering.*

A VISIT TO CARCASSONE.

No. I.

On a bright sunshiny morning, when the sweet sky of the south of France shone clear above me, I bent my steps from the cheerful and flourishing new town of Carcassone,* towards the lofty eminence where yet stand, in the greatness of feudal strength, the walls and battlements of ancient Carcassone.

To this the modern town was once only a suburb, and a part of its old dark walls are to be seen amid the new white buildings to which our peaceful times, and I believe its trade with the now French town of Algiers, have given rise.

The picturesque and frowning fortress before me—one, I believe, of the most unchanged of the feudal fortresses of France, occupied my eyes and thoughts. Those old dark walls and mighty battlements, which, though not formed for our ordnance times, appear strong enough to secure a town for ever, had for me, though never seen before, all the charms of memory. I visited them as a well-known scene; I gazed upon them as if my friends had lodged within them.

Nor were it any marvel if I so felt; I told the Roman Catholic friend, with whom I afterwards surveyed them, that from a child my heart had thrilled at the name of Carcassone. And now I had just come from Toulouse, the name of which place, anciently called Tolosa, "ought," says a Romish historian, "to be called Tota Dolosa, because it was never totally exempt from the pest of heresy, which fathers had transmitted to their children even from its foundation." And there I had been seeing the statue and picture (the latter rather a gaudy one to be sure) of "La belle Clemence," the queen of the "gay science" of ancient Provence; I had been thinking of the politeness, the awakening learning, the love of music, poetry, and song of the poor Provençals, a people in advance of a barbaric age: and "woe," says a clever writer, "to the man who lives before his age." There uprose before me, the

* Now in the department de l'Aude, anciently in Languedoc.

great, dark, giant walls that had, in the beginning of the thirteenth century, for some time kept at bay the army of the savage De Montfort; the very same walls (the interior ones, at least,) that had been surrounded by the white-cloaked crusaders of Rome.

How different were my sensations as I crossed the small silvery Aude, and, with somewhat of a pilgrim step, ascended the toilsome heights of that ancient stronghold of the gallant young Raymond, to what might be experienced on treading the plains of Waterloo. There, it might be said, a world combined against a man; here a church fought against a people. At Carcassone the hope of the Protestant prowess fell. Certainly, something of pilgrim zeal is required to enable an English person to encounter the filth and misery that must be endured in a visit to this old place; it seems now to be a depôt for the refuse of the population. The narrow streets and passages are almost impassable from their filthy state, and most of these parts covered with grass; and the aspect of the dark, ruinous houses presents an image of desolation which, disagreeable as it is rendered by unnecessarily odious circumstances, is in unison with its history, with its sadly interesting reminiscences.

I sat to rest on an upright stone without its walls, and, while fancy was busy with the era of pope Innocent III., and the spirit of the haughty Templars, I found myself an object of some wonderment to a man who had come from the fine old gate before me, and stood apparently thinking what on the earth had placed me there. The French are undoubtedly not only a most intelligent, but, in general, a well-informed people. It is seldom that you ask a working-man a question relative to a particular history of the place he lives in, if at all one of note, that you do not find he has at least some general, though perhaps a confused idea of it. Chronological order may be omitted, and the events of three or four centuries ago whimsically blended with those of their great hero Napoleon's time; but still you will see, that an information is possessed very different from what you would find in one of our English labourers or artisans.

I have had many amusing examples of this, and one of them in the case of this man at Carcassone. He blended or confused the traditionary stories of Charlemagne's wars with the Saracens, and those of pope Innocent with the Albigenses, of both of which this fortress was the scene; the statue of the Saracenic heroine who so long defended it against that warrior being still in existence, in mutilated majesty, over the portal; though the tower, which miraculously opened in two to admit the besiegers, who had exhausted their strength against it for years in vain, has now, he informed me, been repaired. It is a singular fact, that, though this tower really split in two, the half which fell down remained entire, so strong and solid was its masonry.

This man being a member of the church of Rome, as is customary, only applied the term Christian to those of her community; and, therefore, it would have been a difficult matter fully to inform him that these old walls had witnessed a more direful struggle when Christian fought against Christian, than when the infidel heroine, Carcas, resisted the mighty Charlemagne.

So I made my way through the gate that bears the rude figure of the Amazon, and along the close dark streets of the fortress town to the cathedral; and, when I stood within it, in solitude and silence, solemn was the thought, that here, so many years ago, had arisen the prayer of those who in nature's weakness sought to be strong in the Lord. Helpless infancy, trembling woman, feeble age, these very walls would be to them (as fatal proof had been given) no sanctuary, for they were heretics. Yet here the still faithful child of Rome, and the protester against its tyranny, its arrogance, and idolatries, had together sought the aid of Him who is a present help in trouble. Long did I sit there and muse, while my mind floated back in the ever-flowing stream of time, and retraced a part of the history of Languedoc and Provence.

The charms of these two provinces, which were in former times, as the name of the latter expresses, *par excellence*, "the Province," are, I think, now entirely derivable from imagination. It is the ancient land of romance and song; poets and romancers have decked it in charms that belong not to it. The extreme purity of the atmosphere, the great brilliancy of the sky, render the view of its wide-spread plains still more extensive; but they are too wide, too arid for my taste.

It is well that Languedoc and Provence have changed their names, for they have long changed their early character. It was a pleasant tour I made through

the ancient domain of Don Pedro of Arragon, that good knight and noble defender of his enlightened and oppressed subjects. Yet that pleasant tour was shadowed with the recollections of bygone years. "Languedoc, Provence, Catalonia, and all the surrounding countries which depended on the king of Arragon, were peopled," says Sismondi, "by an industrious and intelligent race of men, addicted to commerce and the arts, and still more to poetry. They had formed the Provençal language, which, separating itself from the Walloon Roman, or French, was distinguished by more harmonious inflections, by a richer vocabulary, by expressions more picturesque, and by greater flexibility. This language, studied by all the genius of the age, consecrated to the innumerable songs of war and love, appeared at the moment destined to become the first and the most elegant of the languages of Europe. Those who used it had renounced the name of Frenchmen for that of Provençals: they had endeavoured, by means of their language, to form themselves into a nation, and to separate themselves absolutely from the French, to whom they were indeed inferior in the art of war, but whom they greatly excelled in all the attainments of civilization.

"The numerous courts of the small princes amongst whom these countries were divided, aspired to be models of taste and politeness. They lived in festivity; their chief occupation was tournaments, courts of love, and of poesy, in which questions of gallantry were gravely decided. The cities were numerous and flourishing. Their forms of government were nearly all republican; they had consuls chosen by the people, and had long possessed the privilege of forming communes, which rendered them nearly equal to the Italian republics with which they traded."

It was most probably this aspiration to nationality, to a separation from the higher control of the French monarch on whom even their lord was dependent, which brought upon this once happy region the weight of the political power, that united with spiritual wrath in crushing and uprooting from the earth, at once the gay, polite Provençals, and the enlightened, pious Albigeois, who had sprung up among them, but were not quite of them. The grey frieze of the latter was seen mingled with the gay armour of the former, and the strictness and severity of the one was as strikingly opposed to the manners of the other. Yet their history and fate were the same. They struggled for liberty, politically and religiously; in the world's history these have been inseparable. The Provençals were in advance of their age; darkness covered the earth, and gross darkness the people; but here, on the borders of France, Spain, and Italy, arose and shone the light of learning, cultivation, and refinement. The darkness became visible to the light, the enormous corruption of the church, the ignorance* and ill lives of its clergy, became, the one ridiculous, the other scandalous. Then came the reading of the Scriptures, the preaching of better things, exhorting to a better life, setting before them more elevating doctrines. Then the spirit of mental freedom begun to work; people were bold enough to examine the doctrines they were taught, by the light that revelation afforded them.

But the genius of pope Innocent III. was in the ascendant, and while it governed the political affairs of the world, directed the arms of the crusaders in overthrowing the Greek empire at Constantinople, and erecting the Latin; controlling or menacing those of Germany, Spain, France, Hungary,—guiding, in short, the helm of universal government; yet inspecting and repressing the first dawnings of mental energy, the efforts of human reason, or the strugglings of that spiritual life which were altogether inimical to the boundless sway of him whom men impiously ventured to style "Our Lord God the pope;" and therefore singled out the happy and polite land of "Provence," as that where the light of reason, knowledge, and truth had dawned the brightest, and must be quenched the soonest. It is not uncharitable thus to speak; it is not the narrow spirit of bigotry that dictates the thought; history records a more "unvarnished tale." The character of the disciples of Rome have changed with the changes of time and men; but if that church is infallible, it must be unchangeable.

* I think it was in Hallam's History of Literature I read the story of a preaching monk, at this period, who delivered from the pulpit a legendary narrative of a malefactor, who, when about to be hung, supplicated the aid of the virgin Mary;—she descended from the heavens, stood (invisibly, it is to be supposed,) upon the scaffold, and held up the culprit's feet, so that the executioner could not hang him. The reprieved criminal, in gratitude, went into a convent until his natural hour of death arrived.

Looking to its character in the past, let us determine whether we shall approximate to it at the present.

Two monks of Citeaux, despatched into Languedoc and Provence as religious inquisitors, prepared the way for preaching brethren of St. Dominic, and that strange symbol of their new religious order, to which the Albigensian heresy gave rise — the inquisition. Two and two these monks, who took their title from the Spaniard whom Innocent placed at their head as St. Dominic, marched through the villages bare-footed, not only preaching their own doctrines, but drawing from the simple people a declaration of theirs, and obtaining exact statements of the names and abodes of the most prominent, enlightened, or zealous of the Provençal heretics. Those who were yet in the communion of the church of Rome were asked why they did not exterminate the heretics.

The answer was, we cannot do so; we live among them, they are our friends and our relations, and we see the goodness of their lives.

The heretics they questioned according to the subtle jesuitries of what are termed "the schools," drawing from persons who were only in the alphabet of learning, the most absurd conclusions from grave and scriptural premises.

Count Raymond of Toulouse, whose history is so connected with the Albigensic crusades, was undoubtedly one of those uncertain, undecided characters who are more calculated to injure than to benefit the cause to which they attach themselves; his was a struggle for political freedom, for the preservation of his own rights; but these were blended with the lives, liberties, and properties of the persecuted, slaughtered people of God. Such was the case of many a Provençal lord, and many a gallant knight of that period; and without wilful perversion of facts, of which an abundance is to be found in the Romish historians, some discrepancy may naturally be expected in accounts of a conflict wherein these two distinct classes were mingled with some of those real heretics and fanatics who are sure to spring up as tares among wheat in every outburst of mental liberty or awakening of religious zeal.

A nobler character than count Raymond of Toulouse was his nephew, young Raymond Roger, viscount of Beziers—the cruelly betrayed and murdered victim of the church, to which he had remained attached even while fighting for the lives and liberties of his Albigensian subjects and friends.

"Pestilential man!" wrote pope Innocent to his uncle Raymond, "what pride has seized your heart, to refuse peace with your neighbours, and brave the Divine laws by protecting the enemies of the faith? Do you not fear eternal flames? Ought you not to dread the temporal chastisements you have provoked by so many crimes?"

Raymond, however, found his interest lay in uniting in the cause of his oppressed subjects; and deprived of the aid of their lord in extinguishing the fast-spreading schism, Innocent thought of preaching a crusade against the Provençals, instead of the Mussulmans.

The terms of the papal grant to Philip Augustus, king of France, in reward of his taking the cross against his people, were, temporally, the possession of their properties; and, spiritually, the plenary indulgence granted to the crusaders against the infidels in the Holy Land.

Frightened into submission at the hostile preparations making against him, the weak, vacillating Raymond engaged to exterminate the heretics from his states; but his heart was not in the work; it went on too slowly to please Peter de Castelnau, the pope's legate, who, coming to visit this sovereign lord, called him a perjurer, a supporter of heretics, a traitor, and finally pronounced once more the sentence of excommunication—that fearful ban of spiritual law, whose effect on the yet believing child of Rome is well typified by the extinguished light in which the ceremony of cursing by bell, book, and candle is made to terminate; leaving him, as it is superstitiously supposed, in darkness of soul and heart, beneath that deadly curse, whose blighting denunciations are intended to follow him, step by step, on his earthly way, breathing its withering breath on all that he loves, all that he has, all that he does; leaving him not even when the grave opens its hiding-place from the hate and scorn of men, but following him to the unseen world, and clinging to his soul as an infected garment, destroying rest and peace and hope for ever and ever. The fate of our Beckett fell upon the legate Castelnau. In a hostelry beside the Rhone he was murdered, or at least killed in a brawl with one of Raymond's followers. This sealed the count's fate; he was anathematized in all churches:

thus ran the papal bull on the occasion:—"And as, following the canonical sanctions of the holy fathers, we must not keep faith with those who keep not faith with God, and who are separated from the communion of the faithful, we discharge, by apostolic authority, all those who believe themselves bound towards this count, by an oath either of alliance or fidelity; we permit every Catholic man to pursue his person, to occupy and retain his territories, especially for the purpose of exterminating heresy."

The preaching of this home crusade was scarcely less ardent than that to the east; and Arnold Amalric, the zealous, but what we should term blood-thirsty, abbot of Citeaux, was nearly as successful in it as Peter the Hermit had been.

War was both a pastime and a passion: the warriors of the recent crusades were glad to fight again, and those who had not assumed the cross for Palestine, were eager to embrace it where the immunities were the same, the trials and difficulties less, the profits perhaps more certain. Thousands and thousands eagerly placed on the front of their white mantles the sacred symbol of the Christian faith, and by wearing it there, instead of on the shoulder, showed that they went forth to destroy those who according to the way that they called heresy worshipped the God of their fathers.

The high-minded, gallant Raymond of Beziers was now twenty-four years of age; he had never separated from the communion of the church of Rome, although educated during a long minority by Albigensian governors, and under the guardianship of the count de Foix, one of their chief supporters. His uncle, terrified at the coming storm, though once a brave soldier, shrunk in timid dismay from a war with the church. To avert this, if possible, Beziers accompanied him to the leader of the crusade and legate of the pope, Arnold Amalric. To him both these counts declared their innocence of the death of Castelnau, their freedom from all taint of heresy, and their anxious desire to be heard by his holiness and propitiate his power.

From the haughty abbot of Citeaux these noblemen found they had nothing to expect; and, leaving his presence, the decided and impetuous Raymond Roger informed his uncle that their only hope now lay in making as good a defence as they could against the crusading host.

Count Raymond, terrified, vacillating, and superstitious, was anxious only to appease by submission, instead of resisting with valour. The uncle and nephew, after much altercation, parted—Beziers to fortify his towns and prepare his followers; the count Raymond of Toulouse to despatch an embassy, headed by an archbishop, to pope Innocent, praying for pardon and peace.

The papal conditions offered to the latter were, that he should join the crusades, and assist in the slaughter of the heretics; and that he should, as a guarantee of his faith, deliver up seven of his strongest castles to the papal forces, in recompense of which he was in due time to obtain absolution. Yet at the same time, concerning this most unhappy and weak-minded man the successor of St. Peter could thus write to Arnold Amalric:—"We counsel you, with the apostle Paul, to employ craft with regard to this count, for in this case it ought to be called prudence. We must attack separately those who are separated from unity. Leave for a time the count of Toulouse, employing towards him a wise dissimulation, that the other heretic may be more easily defeated; and that afterwards we may crush him when he shall be left alone."*

SOCIAL OPINIONS AND PRACTICE.

Opposition is raised to the accountability of man from the circumstances in which he is placed. Their power is alleged to be in so assimilating and forming, that his character must be shaped by them. He is supposed to be always within a sphere of attraction, within the sweep of a vortex, out of which he cannot escape. A process is affirmed to be always going on from without, changing to itself all the determinations of the mind. But this theory passes by unexplained the cause that circumstances exist. They do not exist independent of us. For by them are not intended the scenes and operations of material nature, but our social opinions and practices, in custom, in institution, in amusement, in expectation, in requirement, in law. They are made and moulded by us. The fashion of the world is its own tyrannous demand. Circumstances may be stamped with an evil character, and charged with an injurious influence; but they are shaped on our forge. And withal, circumstances

* Epistles of Innocent III., Histoire de Languedoc.

are generally more on the part of virtue than individual taste would choose. They are often, in many of their forms and distributions, salutary and counteracting. They interpose difficulty and scandal between the tempted and the temptation. They are safeguards of morality, and have grown out of social reflection and experience. They are built upon the general conviction, that "righteousness exalteth a nation." They offer resistance to appetite, and entrenchment against exaction. They are checks producing shame and repressing selfishness. They are nearly always favourable to the general decency and order. Every man addicted to vice feels in them a restraint. Therefore multitudinous life is so incomparably more regulated than insulated life. No community can be great and good without the force of opinion, and that opinion must be on the side of what is great and good. It is written of the wicked, "They will not frame their doings to turn unto their God." Their guilt is not in conforming to others, and in yielding to external arrangements: it is their own circumstances, their own "doings,"—lying altogether in their power—which they will not "frame." "Their heart gathereth iniquity." Circumstances merely reflect ourselves. We are aware that a more fearful aspect of circumstances has been exhibited on every stage of the pagan world. There is often a concentration of the worst vices of our nature. But what is this, save the ascendancy of their depraved taste and temper? It is the "will of the Gentiles." Such a state is pronounced by revealed truth to be the result of unholy inclination. "They did not like to retain God in their knowledge." The consequence was, "God gave them over to a reprobate mind." The stricter sense, the closer reading, of the original is, "that since they did not use their judgment to retain God in their knowledge, he gave them up to a misjudging mind." A moral cause blinded them. Only on this account can it ever be true of man, that "God's judgments are far above, out of his sight." Amidst the abominations of "the worst of the heathen"—whatever the general example might indicate, however wide-flung the flood-gates of licentiousness—the understanding and conscience never inculcated and honoured them, no true tribunal within or without approved and justified; virtue could still appeal to reason and right, fearless that she should be driven from their judgment-seat.—*Dr. Hamilton.*

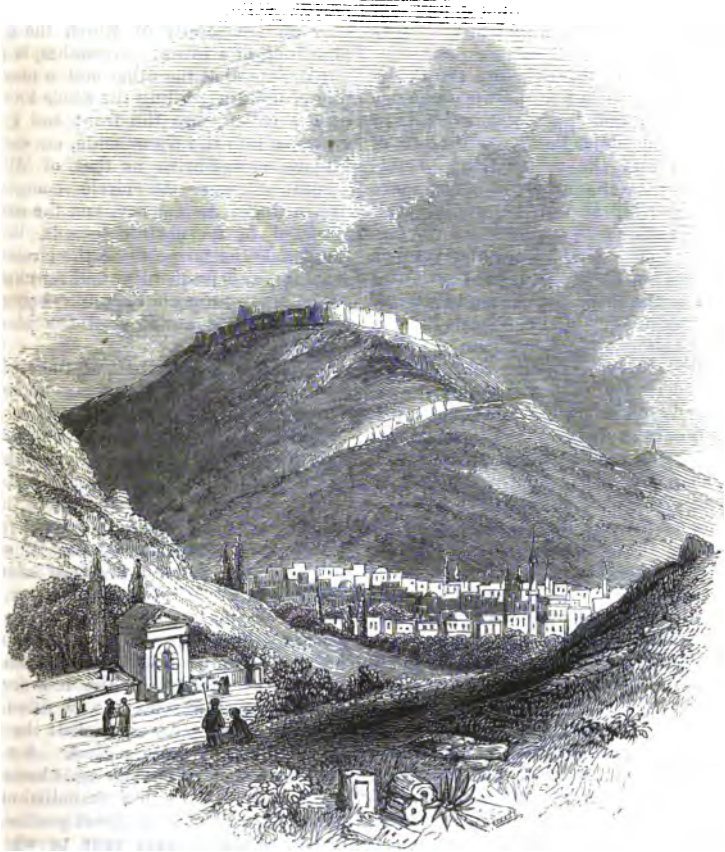
THE WAR-HORSE.

The "military glory of the horse" has been well said to be "as spotless as it is great." The instruments of war are not less terrific now than they were when the graphic and magnificent description was recorded by the pen of inspiration, Job xxxix. 19—25; yet still the "goodly horse" (Zech. x. 3) is found to rush forward with undiminished ardour to the hottest conflicts of the battle-field. Sights and sounds to which he is naturally averse, he there seems to disdain to notice. All the lightning and roaring of artillery seem but to inspire him with new courage; and, although not naturally a pugnacious animal, but the reverse, in the service of his commander he never either falters or turns back, but carries him coolly and fearlessly onward, alike to the bayonet's point and to the mouth of the cannon. If he lose his rider, then only does he begin to be at a loss, and may frequently, it is said, be found careering about the field, as if absolutely in quest of a new rider to bring him into action again. If the trumpet do but sound, the riderless horse, if not absolutely disabled by wounds, will still follow on the sound; but if he find that the uniform of the party is not like his own regiment, he will immediately turn back again. He may be taken prisoner, but desertion is the last thing he ever contemplates. It is said that the Tyrolese, in one of their insurrections, in the early part of this century, captured fifteen horses belonging to the troops sent against them, and mounted them with fifteen of their own men, in order to go out to a fresh *rencontre* with the same troops; but no sooner did those horses hear the well-known sound of their own trumpet, and recognise the uniform of their own squadron, than they dashed onward at full speed, and, in spite of all the efforts of their riders, bore them into the ranks, and delivered them up as prisoners to the squadron. If even an old military horse, altogether shorn of the strength and vigour he was wont to rejoice in, does but once again "smell the battle afar off," and recognise the well-known sounds of the trumpet and the shouting, all the freshness of youth seems to return upon him, and it is no easy matter to prevent him from again rushing

forward to "meet the armed men." A curious instance of this kind happened some years since in the time of war, when volunteers were embodied in the different towns. An extensive line of road was in progress of construction in the north, and the clerk to the trustees used to send one of his assistants occasionally to ride along to superintend the works. On these journeys the assistant rode a very aged horse, which had formerly belonged to a field-officer. One day, as he was passing near a town of considerable size, which lay on the line of road, the volunteers were at drill on the common; but the instant the veteran charger heard the drum, he leaped the fence, and was speedily at that post, in front of the volunteers, which would have been occupied by the commanding officer of a regiment on parade, or at drill; nor could the rider, by any stratagem, get him off the ground until the volunteers retired to the town. As long as they kept the field, the horse took the proper place of a commanding officer in all their manœuvres; and he marched at the head of the corps into the town, prancing in military state, as cleverly as his stiffened legs would allow him, to the great amusement of the spectators, but to the no small annoyance of his rider, who did not feel particularly honoured by being made a colonel against his will.

To the various qualities of this noble animal, the horse, which render him so remarkable an instance of active power and goodness, frequent allusion is made in the Bible,—his beauty, strength, agility, sure-footed and extreme speed, and singular obedience and subserviency to the will of man. But when it is the more particular design of the sacred writers to convey to our feeble conceptions magnificent ideas of power, splendour, conquest, and victory, the image of war-horses and their riders, either singly or in collective numbers, is one very frequently selected. When Elisha was deploring the sudden loss of "his master," the prophet Elijah, with a heart almost too big for utterance, he suddenly exclaims, "My father, my father, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof," 2 Kings, ii. 12. When the terrific power of the enemies of Israel is portrayed, and coming judgments from that source are announced, it is in such language as the following: "Behold, he shall come up as clouds, and his chariots shall be as a whirlwind; his horses are swifter than eagles. Woe unto us! for we are spoiled." "Their horses are swifter than the leopards, and are more fierce than the evening wolves: and their horsemen shall spread themselves, and their horsemen shall come from far; they shall fly as the eagle that hasteth to eat," Jer. iv. 13; Hab. i. 8. When Jehovah proclaims himself as the Saviour of his people, he thus speaks: "I am Jehovah, your Holy One, the creator of Israel, your King. Thus saith the Lord,—which bringeth forth the chariot and horse, the army and the power," Isa. xliii. 15—17. "He stood, and measured the earth," responds another prophet: "he beheld, and drove asunder the nations; and the everlasting mountains were scattered, the perpetual hills did bow: his ways are everlasting. Was the Lord displeased against the rivers? was thine anger against the rivers? was thy wrath against the sea, that thou didst ride upon thine horses and thy chariots of salvation?" Hab iii. 6, 8.

But more especially the final coming of Him upon whose "head are many crowns," to that last conflict after which war shall be known no more for ever, is thus introduced to our notice: "And I saw heaven opened, and behold a white horse; and he that sat upon him was called Faithful and True.—And the armies which were in heaven followed him upon white horses, clothed in fine linen, white and clean.—And I saw the beast, and the kings of the earth, and their armies, gathered together to make war against him that sat on the horse, and against his army.—And the remnant were slain with the sword of him that sat upon the horse," Rev. xix. 11—21. There may be many circumstances connected with this great event which we can but very partially understand; but of this we may be assured, that such glowing and magnificent descriptions were not recorded on the page of inspiration without a special design. To be "waiting for his appearing,"—to be "looking for, and hasting unto the coming of the day of God," is one characteristic of Christians in the present world; and we cannot, therefore, meditate too seriously, or too frequently, upon representations so well calculated, as doubtless they were intended, to strengthen our faith and animate our hope, and to impress our minds with the infinitely momentous results of that "coming of the Son of man."



Modern Pergamos.

PERGAMOS.

In an extensive valley, unsurpassed in natural fertility and beauty by any in the world, stood Pergamos; illustrious in antiquity, as the capital of a powerful independent kingdom; interesting to the scholar, as the seat of oriental learning; and far more so to the Christian, as one of the scenes of the early development of religion. Its situation at the foot of an elevated hill, contiguous to the sea, and commanding an extensive prospect, presented important advantages, which, combined with the inventive genius of the people, made Pergamos renowned throughout the civilized world.

The valley is watered by two rivers; one of which traverses it, while the other runs to the south-west, at a little distance. The town is at the foot of a rock in the form of a cone, upon which was a fortified castle. The inhabitants pretended to be descendants of the Arcadians, who resided in this part of Asia; and it is said, that Æsculapius, king of Pergamos, with a learned colony of Greeks, practised medicine in this place. On the death of Alexander, it was subject to Antigones, and at his decease was transferred to

Lysimachus, one of the successors of Alexander. This person deposited treasures here, entrusting them to Philetærus of Thios; and, seeing the natural advantages of the place, he fortified it, and laid the foundation of the kingdom of Pergamos, which lasted 153 years.

About two centuries before the Christian era, Pergamos became the residence of the celebrated kings of the family of Attalus, and, under them, was the seat of literature and the arts. Being distinguished by the characteristics of prudence and valour, it is not surprising that, beneath their sway, the limits of the empire were extended. Eumenes, being a firm friend of the Romans, was rewarded for his services against Antoniochus and the Macedonians by an accession of territory on this side of Mount Taurus. This king, from a love of the arts and sciences, embellished the city with public buildings, and founded a library, which became second only in importance to that of the Ptolemies at Alexandria, comprising not less than 200,000 volumes. In consequence of the prohibition to export papyrus issued by the Egyptians, who were jealous of the increasing literary fame of Pergamos, and the shrub itself not being then exported from Egypt, sheep and goat skins were prepared for the purpose, and used for manuscripts; and the name of pergama, or parchment, was applied to them, or, as it was denominated by the Romans, "*Charta pergamena.*" The library remained at Pergamos till Anthony removed to Egypt after the independency of the kingdom of Attali had been lost; it was then presented to queen Cleopatra,* to enrich the Alexandrian collection, and was destroyed by the barbarous zeal of the caliphs. Here were also invented the costly hangings, or tapestry, which have been so universally employed in more modern times, and which were then called "aulæa," from *aula*, a hall, because the palace of Attalus was the first so adorned. Galen was born in this city. Attalus III. bequeathed his estates to the Romans; and though Aristonichus, the natural son of Eumenes II., contended for the kingdom of Pergamos with the Romans, he was made prisoner, and the country was surrendered to the hands of the conquerors. Bearing the name of "Proconsular Asia," the government was made democratic, and retained the authority over the cities of Asia which it had previously enjoyed; while of its magnificence at that time many vestiges remain.

With an almost perpendicular descent on the northern and western sides, is a narrow valley, with the rivulet Selinus, over one extremity of which the great aqueduct, of a row of lofty arches, is constructed; and at the other end, a massive pile of building, filling the whole breadth of the valley, was the front and grand entrance into the Naumachia, an amphitheatre as extensive as that of Miletus would be, were the circle completed. When the arena was dry, and the stream confined to its narrow bounds, it was applied to the purposes of the circle and stadium, and frequently used for chariot-races and gymnastic exercises, being the most complete building of the kind in Asia Minor.

The more modern part of the city was constructed by the Romans; while the sewers, built of brick, in the form of a cylinder, at least thirty feet in diameter, show their determination to provide for the health of the people. Those at Rome, constructed by Tarquinius Priscus, lasted eight centuries without repairs; and where these are dilapidated, it seems rather to have been the result of intention than decay.* "At the western extremity of the hill are the remains of a theatre, not so large or perfect as that at Miletus, with a similar aspect. The entrance and arcades on the left are still standing, and the area is now filled with huts and small gardens, against the bank where the seats were placed. A neighbouring cemetery has for ages been supplied with its marble embellishments, which are collected in great profusion to ornament the graves; near to which, if not on that site itself, was once placed the celebrated temple of Æsculapius, which, amongst other privileges, had that of an asylum. The concourse of individuals to this temple was almost without number or cessation. They passed the night there to invoke the deity, who was said to communicate remedies, either in dreams or by the mouths of his priests, who distributed drugs, and performed chirurgical operations." Yet this so-called deity was a living serpent; and on the coins struck by the town, Æsculapius appears with a rod, encircled by a representation of this animal. The degrading and licentious rites which accompanied what were called

* Pliny, Hist. Nat. iii. 2; Plutarch, Anton.

* Dallaway.

their religious services, were revolting to every virtuous mind; and even supposing the inculcation of moral truth to have been intended in some of the mysteries, it is difficult to conceive that anything in the form of purity could be advanced under so disgusting an exterior.

Macfarlane says, that the approach to the city is exceedingly impressive. After crossing the Caicus, three tumuli, or barrows, appear, similar to those of the plains of Troy; beyond which are the tall minarets, and yet taller cypresses, situated on the declivities of the Acropolis, whose bold grey brow is crowned by the rugged walls of a barbarous castle, which has usurped the site of a magnificent Greek temple. The churches which, intermingled with the wooden habitations of the people, seem like "vast fortresses amid vast barracks of wood," have, however, no scriptural interest with which to be associated. The ministry of the apostles had little to do with them,—religion had then lost its pristine purity, and was mingled with earthly pomp and glory. Arundell states, that he accompanied a Greek priest to his church, situated on the ascent of the castle hill; and though the sun was blazing in full splendour on all around, yet within the building the aid of a glimmering lamp but dimly revealed the various objects. The contrast between it and the magnificent temple of John, which lay beneath, strikingly illustrated the degeneracy of the political position of the people. The mountain is ascended by a circuitous road, on which the remains of the castle stand, the wreck of the wars of the later centuries. Strabo says that this cliff was the Acropolis; and, indeed, the whole city of Lysimachus and his immediate successors; and mentions that a library and several literary characters existed there in his time. The half-way space of the hill is defended by an outwork of embattled wall of considerable extent, with numerous towers; and a little above is a platform, intended for a battery, constructed of marble fragments of columns, cornices, and other architectural remains, cemented in beds of mortar. The experiment has been attempted, with what success is not declared, of perforating some of the shafts of the columns, many of which are fixed in a row, and using them for cannon.

The summit of the mountain, which is entirely occupied by the castle, includes about eight acres; a wall of hewn granite, at least a hundred feet deep, is engrafted into the rock, so as to face the south-east, above which once rose a temple, unrivalled in sublimity of situation, being visible from the vast plain and the Ægean sea. The four Corinthian columns at first adopted by the Romans, with capitals, and angles of the cornice and pediment, lie in a lofty heap. The whole length of the cell is reported by Dallaway to be thirty-four feet; of the complete ground-plan, forty-nine; and of the portico, twenty; the pillars of which were four feet in diameter. The temple of Claudius, at Ephesus, bears to it the nearest resemblance, in point of size and style,—but it is worthy of remark, that the tori of the columns are sculptured with wreaths of laurel, and the friezes have similar festoons, with eagles,—a mode of decoration characterising many edifices of the days of Trajan.

Nothing can be positively stated of the site of the royal palace of Attalus; though it was thought in some respects worthy of comparison with that of Byzantium. The earliest instances of tessellated pavements were to be seen on the artificial platforms near the citadel, the works of Scopas, who was in this art pre-eminent. The massive ruins of the church of Agios Theologos are found near the khan; the internal divisions of the aisles having consisted of two rows of granite columns, the spoils of former temples, fragments of which remain. Arundell says "the tribune, or altar, is embowed, and on either side, at ten yards distance, is a cupola, finishing a room of forty feet diameter, and more than a hundred feet high; both which, retaining their domes, exceed the other walls about five yards. It is constructed with brick, and pieces of marble for ornament, and is, excepting St. Sophia, at Constantinople, what conveys the best idea of the Christian churches on the Greek model." According to tradition, on the capture of Constantinople, a minaret was built at its north-east end, and the church was converted into a mosque; and a story is told of its being as quickly disused, in consequence of a so-called miraculous change of position in the door of the minaret, which was found one morning to have turned completely round!

Under the name of Bergamo, the town is still of considerable importance, comprising a population of about fourteen thousand, of whom nearly three thousand are Greeks, three hundred Armenians,

and the remainder Turks. Different visitors furnish various accounts of the present condition of the town. Smith informs us, that there were not more than fifteen Christian families, who were in a very sad condition, chiefly maintaining themselves under their oppression by gardening; but they appear since that time considerably to have increased in importance. Mr. Fellows, who visited it in 1838, says, that "it is as busy and thriving as heavy taxation will allow, and has seven or eight khans."

Though Pergamos is not mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles, and we have no information of the exact time and manner in which the gospel was introduced, yet we find that it became one of "the seven churches which are in Asia," to which the Apocalypse is addressed. The inspired narrative says: "And to the angel of the church in Pergamos write: These things saith he which hath the sharp sword with two edges; I know thy works, and where thou dwellest, even where Satan's seat is: and thou holdest fast my name, and hast not denied my faith, even in those days wherein Antipas was my faithful martyr, who was slain among you, where Satan dwelleth. But I have a few things against thee, because thou hast there them that hold the doctrine of Balaam, who taught Balac to cast a stumbling-block before the children of Israel, to eat things sacrificed unto idols, and to commit fornication. So hast thou also them that hold the doctrine of the Nicolaitanes, which thing I hate. Repent; or else I will come unto thee quickly, and will fight against them with the sword of my mouth."

In this passage, reproof and threatenings are administered; so that while the faith of the Christians was duly estimated, yet they were reminded that Satan had established his abode among them. Though thus imperilled, the church generally held fast, and confessed the truth of the gospel, and Antipas sealed his testimony with his blood. It does not appear at what time this took place, but circumstances favour the belief that it was during the persecution of Domitian, which was then raging. The Christians had been permitted, since the time of Nero, during thirty years, peacefully to propagate their religious views; and Mr. Milner thinks that the martyrdom of Antipas in his reign was improbable, as there is some reason for concluding that the persecution was then confined to the capital, while it is not certain that the church of Pergamos was then formed. "It is not," he says, "unlikely that the 'faithful martyr' was the victim of a local tumult; as the introduction of the gospel into such a place as Pergamos, one of the chief strongholds of Satan, would excite the hostility of the people, and give rise to insult and outrage. But the believers stood firm in the fiery ordeal to which they were subject, and maintained their integrity and virtue, in spite of the efforts of an infuriated populace."

The "Acts of Antipas," which are still extant, relate, that he was one of the first disciples of our Saviour, and put to death by inclosure in a burning brazen bull; but as the Romans never employed such means, the work is considered a forgery. Those, however, who had been seduced into the paths of iniquity, were warned not to put off the evil day, but to return to "the Shepherd and Bishop of souls." F.

SPECULATIVE PHILOSOPHY.

Such arrogant claims as are advanced by some modern systems are injurious, we are persuaded, not alone to those systems themselves, but also to the progress of true philosophy. Philosophy, the moment she claims infallibility, has laid aside her proper character, and forfeited all claim to our confidence. Professing to be "wisdom," she ceases to be "the love of wisdom."

The spirit of the true philosopher resembles that of the true Christian:—"not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect." The attempt to exalt philosophy above religion, and make speculation, instead of faith, the soul's guiding star, as it is utterly unsuited to our present condition and faculties, so it is fatal to a sound and healthy state of mind, intellectual or moral.

There is, indeed, a sense in which it might be correctly said, that religious truth is the cradle of philosophical,—that revelation is but a temporary forestalling of the discoveries of speculation or intuition,—and faith the preceptress, to whose care reason is for a time entrusted, during its infancy or minority. To walk by faith is the characteristic of an immature state, awaiting a higher development.

At first, the largest part of a child's knowledge is matter of faith: we might say nearly the whole of it, if the term "faith" be used in so wide a sense as to include our instinctive confidence in the involuntary experience of sensation and consciousness, and in those primary intuitions, which, whether the offspring of the mind itself, or of inspiration, are certainly not the product of reasoning, but the basis of it. In this sense, knowledge must for ever rest on a basis of faith. If, for example, you doubt the testimony of memory—for the truth of which you cannot by possibility have any evidence but what itself supplies—you must discredit all the processes of reasoning, and be condemned to eternal and universal ignorance and unbelief. But we speak now of that portion of knowledge—a very large portion, even in the mind of the most experienced sage—which is derived from the testimony of others.

This is, in the strictest sense, matter of faith. At every stage of the child's intellectual progress, some portion of his knowledge is removed from the basis of testimony, and placed on that of his own reasoning, or personal experience. Not only are his erroneous beliefs corrected, but the exercise of faith, even with regard to what is true, is gradually superseded by more direct knowledge; just as the approach of sunrise, that scatters the gloom and mists of night, renders useless the lamp that had guided the traveller amid the darkness. We have but to suppose a continuance of this same process, and some of the deepest mysteries of revelation may hereafter present, in the daylight of familiar contemplation, the aspect of almost self-evident truths,—no longer the limit, but the starting-point, of our most exalted reasonings.

All this is readily granted. Now we know in part; and when that which is perfect is come, that which is partial shall be done away. But it is equally true, (and this is just what philosophy, or rather the professed philosopher, is so apt and willing to forget,) that the present *is* a state of mere childhood. Individually, and perhaps as a race, we are still in our infancy. Human reason is not destined to attain its full and mature development within the space of threescore years and ten. Those high discoveries which should supersede revelation by experience, and faith (in a measure) by direct knowledge, are reserved for another stage of our history than the earthly. And the so-called sage who forgets this, is about as wise as the traveller who should fling his lamp into the quagmire, and trust to his logical acumen to "construct" (as the Germans would say) a probable, possible, or demonstrable path through the darkness of night, and amidst real and actual morasses, pitfalls, and precipices.—*Eclectic Review.*

THE TWO HOUSE-WARMINGS.

No. I.

Mr. T—— built a new house for himself; and several days before he took up his regular abode in it, he had what he called "a house-warming."

Mr. M——, some time afterwards, also removed into a new house; and he, not to be behind his neighbour, or for some other reason, opened his residence with "a house-warming."

Very great preparations were needed and made for Mr. T——'s house-warming. For some time before the important day, all was bustle and confusion. Carpenters and upholsterers were busy in fitting up two of the new rooms in grand style. One of these rooms was the dining-room. Carpets were to be laid down, and curtains hung up; tables and chairs to be removed from the old house, and wine-coolers to be placed in readiness. The cook and the butler had ample employment; for the kitchen must be furnished and prepared; and the new pantry and the wine-bins must be looked to; so that, from the dawn of day to the dusk of evening, toiling men with heavy burdens—to say nothing of the spring-van in constant operation—were seen for two or three days passing and repassing, to and from the old and new houses.

Butchers and bakers, poulterers and fishmongers, confectioners and fruiterers, were in great request on the occasion. Oh, how many loads of good things were safely lodged in the capacious larders of Mr. T——'s new house, day after day, even up to the very morning of the house warming! The whole neighbourhood, in short, was in a state of excitement, caused by witnessing the magnificent preparations which were going on.

Mr. T—— himself had his hands full

of work, and his head too, in getting ready for his house-warming. I am not sure that he did not labour more incessantly than any one else. He was to be seen, at all hours of the day, on his horse, riding from one habitation to the other; superintending all the arrangements which were being made; answering all sorts of appeals that were made to him by all sorts of servants and workmen; ordering this, and countermanding that: until he was well nigh worn out. Then he had to decide whom to ask, and who might be asked or not asked, according to circumstances, and who could not, under any circumstances be asked, to his house-warming: and, after that, to invite his chosen guests, and to receive answers to his invitations. Then his mind was harassed, lest he had neglected some whom he ought not to neglect, or with fancying his house-warming would, after all his pains, be a failure. He was annoyed, that some whom he had invited had accepted his invitation; and that others had declined it.

Hard work it was for his groom to gallop round the country; and hard work, too, for the footman to answer the perpetually-ringing bell of the old house, day after day, for a whole week together.

At length the day arrived; and then, to see the chimneys of the new house sending out volumes of smoke; the servants in the kitchen hurrying backwards and forwards; the cook and his assistants sweltering over huge fires; and the butler and his, arranging the tables in the two rooms! Many, who knew that they would by no means be admitted to the business of the evening, thought themselves honoured by being permitted to glance at the display of the morning.

Then the curiosity of some to know who were invited; the disappointment of others at not being invited; and the secret satisfaction of those who had been favoured with an invitation! Surely Mr. T——'s house-warming was a very important affair.

To be sure it was; for Mr. T—— was a great man—a rich man—an influential man—an ostentatious man.

But time neither hurries nor stays for any man, let him be ever so great, rich, influential, or ostentatious; so six o'clock came exactly in the same course and order as though Mr. T—— had never existed, his new house never been built, or his house-warming never thought of. And with six o'clock came a rattling of wheels and a clattering of horses' hoofs to the door of the great hall of Mr. T——'s new house. Grooms and stable-boys had plenty to do then.

Seven o'clock, and the house-warming has commenced. A large assembly of guests is seated at the table in the dining-room. A noble room it is; and the lighted chandeliers and the large blazing fires, (it is wintry weather,) are magnificent to look at, and comfortable to feel. At a sign from the master of the feasts, the guests rise, and three voices in the gallery above, sing a song of thanksgiving for the good things spread out on the table below. The voices rise, swell, intertwine, cease,—not a discordant tone; the guests resume their seats; and now all thought and attention are concentrated on the business of the hour; while servants, head waiters, and under waiters watch for the slightest nod, and move noiselessly yet swiftly from chair to side-table, from table to door. Mr. T—— looks round and breathes freely: so far his house-warming succeeds; his cook and his butler have earned his warm praise; his friends show themselves friendly.

Eight o'clock—still eating! more noise than at first, however, and one course after another has disappeared.

Nine o'clock—ten: the scene has changed. The dining-room is deserted, or occupied only by a few servants, who loungingly remove the remnants of the dinner. But the confused noise of tongues which reach the wearied menials tells plainly that the guests have not departed, but only adjourned to the other room previously prepared for them.

To obtain a peep at that room in the early day was matter of competition and favour; and well satisfied were the sight-seers that the gratification was worth the trouble. Such a superb dessert service! Such costly crystal wares — decanters, claret-jugs, glasses, etc., etc.! But the morning stolen glance was nothing to the evening display, when leaving the dinner-table, Mr. T—— and his guests have arrived at the second stage of the house-warming—the dessert and wine.

Oh, the profusion of fruits, in season and out of season! The luscious grapes, the figs, the almonds, the dates, the oranges—all of foreign growth; the apples and pears, the melons and pines, the filberts and walnuts of home production; these are but a few of the many delicious dainties that load this table. There are

delicate light cakes, too, to tempt the jaded appetite; and olives, to renew a grateful thirst; and ices, to cool the fevered palate.

And the wine! "it moves itself aright; it gives its colour in the cup;" it sparkles in the brilliant decanter, and the noble jug, and the filled glass. The drops of pure unstained glass depending from the costly chandeliers above, are brilliant; but more brilliant, surely, the beams of liquid light reflected from the table below. Now is the time of the butler's glory; he has not laboured in his vocation in vain. How deliciously cooled is the glowing liquor! How rapidly and skilfully is bottle after bottle decanted, just at the time when needed; not a moment before, lest any virtue should be lost!

But we must leave the table to glance at the guests. The musical thanksgiving is not repeated here; but there is music, nevertheless, to enliven the guest-chamber and fix the flagging attention, and stir up the dormant—if dormant—sentiments of patriotism, friendship, and love.

But first rises the master of the feast. He speaks, and conversation is hushed. He thanks his friends for their presence; he congratulates himself upon such a house-warming; he wishes all present to enjoy, to the utmost, the slight tokens of regard before them. And then, filling to the brim a glass before him, in which action he is accompanied by every guest, he names, "The King." (Reader, at the time of Mr. T——'s house-warming, there was a king in the land,)—"The King!" The guests simultaneously rise: "The King! The King!" resounds from the hundred-tongued company; glasses are uplifted filled, and set down empty; while, amid the slight confusion that follows, the voice of melody is heard, rising above the jingling of glass and the hum of conversation. Hark! it is the national anthem—"God save the King!"

Hour follows hour; toast follows toast; sentiment succeeds to sentiment; speech to speech; song to song. Conversation relaxes, rallies, sinks, rises; politics, religion, music, agriculture, architecture, commerce; the ministry of the country; the opposition. All these, the common topics, more or less, of after-dinner conversation are discussed, dismissed, revived, and again forgotten: but meanwhile the bottle passes freely round.

Twelve o'clock: One. The guests are diminished in number, by the defection of some few who have miles homeward to travel; and of others, who, more unused to midnight revelling, have gladly availed themselves of the first proposed movement, to take leave of their entertainer. But many remain to do due honour to the yet freely circulating bottle. And, now, hands move mechanically and tongues pronounce thickly: unmitigated nonsense is stammered out by the oracle of his party; dead silence has sealed the tongue of the loudest talker; and he who was, at the first onset, mute, by reason of conscious emptiness or innate shyness, now finds that he has a tongue, however deficient he may prove himself in brains. In short——but it is time to drop the curtain, and close the scene. Playfully has it been represented; but not without a moral. Such gatherings as at the *house-warming* of Mr. T—— are the resort and boast of many who are capable of nobler enjoyments—of better employment. For to what do such things tend?—what is the good of them?—what real pleasure do they afford?

Let us take them in their most harmless aspect. Let us admit—as we cheerfully and unhesitatingly do—that purer maxims and better manners than marked the midnight revellers of a century—ay, half a century ago, prevail in our happier times. Blasphemous phrases, lewd and disgusting speech, enforced drunkenness; these, and such things as these, are banished, to a great degree, from the "good society" of respectable men. To some, indeed,—

"E'en Bacchanalian madness has its charms,"—

but to most, it presents it own true and repulsive aspect.

And what harm, then, in enjoying friendly intercourse, the bounties of Providence, and the luxuries of wealth? Why should not Mr. T——, or Mr. A——, or Mr. Z—— celebrate the birth of an heir, the triumph of a party, the anniversary of a wedding, or the rearing of a new house, by making merry with his friends?

We will not say that he should not. We will not even insist, as we might and could, that time, wealth, and health are too often sacrificed in scenes such as we have glanced at; and the end —*happiness*—after all, not attained. But let it be remembered that, for all these things, God will bring us into judgment.

Meanwhile, the Christian may surely say—

"Boast not, ye sons of earth,
Nor look with scornful eyes;
Above your highest mirth,
Our saddest hours we prize:
For though our cup seems filled with gall,
There 's something secret sweetens all."

And we may also, we trust, without offence, endeavour to point out a more excellent way. To this end, reader, we will next call your attention to Mr. M——'s *house-warming*. G. E. S.

THE APOSTLES OF CHRIST.

The Lord Jesus Christ sent forth his disciples as apostles. They were chosen from the Jewish nation, that Jews might be willing to hear them, Jer. iv. 22; Acts xiii. 46. They were taken from a private station, which God often makes choice of, that the honour may be due to him alone. Thus the grace and glory of God are shown, in the weakness and lowliness of men. This is most fully explained in the Epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians, where it is said, that the works of God, which are foolishness to the worldly-wise, are received by the base and despised among men.

They enjoyed the most excellent gifts of the Holy Spirit, Ephes. iv. 11. They had also a full preparation for their ministry. Some were first taught by the preaching of John the Baptist, John i. 15—40. Men are led gradually, step by step, to the knowledge of Christ; so hard is it to enter the kingdom of heaven, because the heart, by nature, is backward to the things of God.

Many of the apostles were bound by the ties of brotherhood—Peter and Andrew, James and John—yet there is no respect of persons with the Lord. A great and noble example of holy affection is given, in the manner by which a brother led his brother, and a friend his friend, to the Saviour. There were other brethren also among the twelve, and if family partiality could have been shown by Jesus, it would have been exercised to these, (his kinsmen after the flesh.) There was, however, a sacred and impartial preference, (so to speak,) in the intercourse of Christ with his followers. Peter, James, and John were his companions on some particular occasions, to prove that there was a natural difference in their dispositions, or that his favours to men are given freely, as he will.

They had a double work: the first part was only for a time, the second for a continuance. Such is the wisdom, love, and patience of the Saviour, and such perseverance is required in those who learn of him.

The characteristics of the apostles may be thus summed up. 1. They were sent forth by Christ. 2. They had their calling and their message immediately from Him. 3. They had the special influences of the Spirit. 4. They had a true knowledge of Christian doctrine. 5. They were eye-witnesses that Christ was risen from the dead. 6. They had gifts to qualify them for a mission to the whole world. 7. They had the ability of imparting these gifts to others, by the laying on of hands. 8. They had the power of speaking to the heart. 9. They had some authority in the laws and outward discipline of the church. 10. They had authority to write to the churches such epistles as should deserve to be universally received as rules by the professors of Christianity.

Now, hat was the state of the apostles before they received the gifts of the Holy Ghost? They were not free from many faults and imperfections, which were often reproved by their Master, because they arose from stupidity, ignorance, worldly prejudices, infirmity, and inexperience. Some of their ideas were truly gross and incorrect. But the main point was right with them. Prepared by the instructions of John, or the miracles and preaching of Jesus, they yielded ready obedience, not usual in their time and circumstances; they worshipped Him who was despised and rejected, and suffered various temptations and difficulties, with a constancy and fidelity that was approved by Christ, Luke xxii. 28. For him they left their little all, and the Lord required of them only what they could do. They gave proof of conversion, faith, charity, self-denial, and sincere docility; though these graces were weak, they were not wanting. Thus, by God's grace, they were vessels prepared for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit.

Observe, too, the manner in which Christ trained his apostles. He did not teach them to repeat long forms of words; he did not feed their curiosity

with the hidden mysteries of God, but only gave them the knowledge that they needed for their future course; reserving such things as they could not yet bear, till his Holy Spirit should lead them into all truth. May all the ministers of Christ receive the same teaching, and seek to impart it to others!—*From Weissemann.*

ALBERT HALLER, M.D.

No. I.

Baron Albert Haller was descended from an ancient, though not noble family in Switzerland, many members of which sustained the character of faithful and zealous Reformers in that memorable period, when, after a long night of papal error and superstition, the light of Divine truth burst upon the darkness of Europe. One of his direct ancestors fell in the field of battle, by the side of the great Zuinglius. His father was an eminent advocate in the city of Berne, where Albert, his fourth son, was born, Oct. 16, 1708. During early youth, the feeble state of his bodily health was in striking contrast with the mental powers by which he was distinguished. At nine years of age, it is said, he could not only translate any part of the Greek Testament at sight, but such had been his industry, that he had already compiled lexicons of all the Hebrew and Greek words in the Old and New Testament, with their various meanings and roots,—had written a Chaldee Grammar, and extracted no less than two thousand biographical articles from the works of Moresi and Bayle. At the age of twelve, it was his misfortune to lose his father, and, from that time, he was left very much to his own guidance and resources. About the age of fourteen, his health became still more impaired; so much so, that he was confined almost constantly to his chamber. But his chief amusement then, was the composition of verses in the various languages with which he was familiar. Translations of Ovid, Horace, and Virgil, fugitive pieces on a variety of subjects, and an epic poem of four thousand lines, sufficiently evidenced the vigour and activity of his mind. One night, a fire broke out in the house adjoining his residence. Young Haller awoke in alarm, hastily collected all his poetical pieces, and escaped with them to a neighbouring eminence, leaving everything else to destruction with perfect indifference. Seven years later, the same verses were devoted to the flames by their author, whose standard of literary excellence was raised so high, that he looked with but little satisfaction on the first efforts of his muse.

His ardent attachment to scientific pursuits led him early to choose the profession of medicine. After a short residence at Tubingen, he directed his course to Leyden, in order that he might avail himself of the instructions, and enjoy the acquaintance of the celebrated Boerhaave, at that time in the zenith of his reputation. Nor was this distinguished teacher the only man from whose superior abilities he had now an opportunity of profiting. Ruysh was still alive, and Albinus was rising into fame. In this city, he found everything to meet his wishes. Professors and students were alike animated by a love of knowledge, and a taste for study. And the proficiency which he made was fully commensurate with the opportunities he here enjoyed. In 1727, he took his doctor's degree, and immediately afterwards visited London and Paris. But his zeal as an anatomist was greater than the prejudices even of Paris would at that time admit. During his short stay there, an information was lodged against him to the police, for dissecting a dead body, and he was compelled to make a precipitate retreat to Bâle, where he studied mathematics under the celebrated John Bernouilli. The beautiful scenery in the vicinity of Bâle is said to have awakened in his mind all that poetic sensibility, which, during the course of his severer studies, he had sought to repress. In company with a friend, he explored all the most interesting parts of Switzerland, botanizing, and making experiments in natural philosophy as he went; and when fatigued, it was his custom to lie down in the shade, and resign himself to poetic reveries. The images with which his mind was thus stored he afterwards embodied in a poem entitled "The Alps," which, together with some smaller pieces, went through many editions, were translated into several languages, and established his reputation as a poet throughout Europe.

But Haller's own countrymen were the last to understand his character, or appreciate his merit. After seven years' absence, he returned to Berne, with the hope of establishing himself as a physician in his native town: in this he

completely failed. Disappointment met him at every step. He attempted to obtain a professor's chair, and then to gain the appointment of a physician to a hospital, but he was successively defeated. "He is too much of a literary man," or, "he is too good a poet to understand anything of medicine," said some; while others asserted, "he is a man of too much science to be a good poet." And the humbler office of Librarian to the City of Berne was the only one which remained for his acceptance. It was not till after seventeen years' residence at the University of Göttingen, where he had most efficiently discharged the duties of professor of anatomy, surgery, and botany—had received the most flattering offers from every part of Europe, and had been noticed with distinguished favour by several crowned heads—that his own townsmen began to understand the worth of a man whom they had at first received so coldly, and to unite with the scientific world at large, in conferring on him the honour he so justly deserved. He was then nominated a member of the supreme council of Berne, and was entrusted in succession with the government of L'Hôtel du Serat, the management of the salt-springs at Bex, and the bailiwick of Aigle. He was chosen a member of the Grand Consistory—a tribunal of manners—and likewise of the Board of Finance. He was employed to draw up a number of official documents for the government, amongst which were "regulations of the Board of Health;" "of the means of stopping the epidemic amongst cattle," and "on recovering drowned persons." His aid was sought in nogotiations of peculiar difficulty. He was a member of the Secret Council for state affairs, and laboured diligently in organizing the academy of Lausanne. He likewise took an active part in founding the Orphan Asylum at Berne, and a school for the youths of the higher classes, and successively exerted himself in procuring large grants for the relief of the clergy, who were at that time reduced to extreme distress. With these more active labours, he still, however, pursued the study of science with his accustomed ardour, and found time to write many voluminous works. It was the particular wish of George III., in 1763, that he should be appointed to the office of Chancellor in the University of Göttingen, with a salary of 6,000 livres, an offer which he was for a long time inclined to accept; till at length the Bernese passed a decree, by which he was retained for the service of the State in perpetuity. The remainder of his life was usefully and honourably spent at his native city.

Haller was married three times: first in the year 1731, to Marianne Wyss, whom he tenderly loved, but of whom he was deprived by an accident within five years. He had just reached Göttingen to enter upon the appointments to which we have already referred, when his carriage was overturned in consequence of the ruinous condition of the pavements. Madame Haller was fatally injured, and died within a few days, leaving three children. The intensity of her husband's grief may well be imagined;—a stranger in a strange land, and about to enter upon connexions and employments which were altogether new. He was likewise not unacquainted with that "mal de pays" to which the Swiss are peculiarly subject.* But this affliction, as we shall presently see, was the means of leading his aching heart to higher consolations than the world has to offer: and he continued steadily to pursue his avocations till about eighteen months after, when he lost his eldest son by a pulmonary complaint. His residence in Göttingen now became indeed a burden: he longed yet more to quit the scene of such heavy calamities, and once again to revisit the mountains and valleys of his beloved Switzerland. But the members of the Hanoverian government by whom he had been placed there, were alarmed by the preparations made for his departure; and understanding that M. Huber, between whom and Haller an ardent friendship existed, would not be indisposed to settle at Göttingen, they made him a liberal offer, which he accepted; and thus, by the consolations of friendship, Haller once more regained his composure, and was enabled to retain the offices which he filled with so much honour for many years. Some men, engrossed in literary habits such as those of Haller, have seemed to prefer a solitary life, with scarce a wish for the solace of domestic happiness; but this distinguished man was no stranger to all the delights of a husband, a father, and a friend. In 1749, Haller suspended his usual employments to take a journey into Switzer-

* This ardent attachment to country, according to Dr. Good, has sometimes produced among the Swiss, especially when their manners were simpler, not only a permanent melancholy but hectic fever. — See Good's "Study of Medicine," vol. iii., p. 124.

land, and he returned, accompanied by Elizabeth, a daughter of J. R. Bucher, a member of the council of Berne, whom he had in the interval married. But his prospect of happiness was again to be blighted. This second companion was taken from him after having given birth to a son, who followed her within six months. Thus was he again plunged into deep mourning, although this event did not call forth that overwhelming sorrow which he felt at the loss of his beloved Marianne. He now resumed his labours with redoubled activity; but at last the solitude of his home pressed so heavily upon him, that he entered once more into the married life in 1751, with Sophia Teichmeyer, daughter of a professor of the University of Jena. She became the mother of six children; and, at his death, Haller reckoned twenty grandchildren and two great grandchildren.

In the practical department of his profession, Haller does not appear to have acquired much reputation. There are two points of view more especially in which his character merits notice—as a man of science, and as a Christian.

His leading mental characteristics were an ardent thirst for knowledge upon every subject, amounting almost to a passion,—unwearied industry in its acquisition, and a memory so extraordinarily retentive, that nothing he had ever heard or read seemed to pass away from it. Besides having an accurate acquaintance with the dead languages, he not only knew the principal living languages of Europe, but could write in many of them with readiness, and was thoroughly conversant both with English and continental literature. With the whole circle of the sciences he was more or less familiar. That of physiology he greatly improved by a long course of original experiments. "He was unable to restrain himself," says Vicq. D'Arir, "from writing and reading without any discretion, immediately after a meal, and even late at night. The reading of new books was the only relaxation he allowed himself." The extraordinary facility which this great man possessed of reading, speaking, and hearing, at the same time, is evinced by the two following instances. "One day," says Saussure, "I found him writing in his library. I had a conversation with him on the freedom of the will. While talking with me he went on writing. The English papers were brought in; he read these papers without laying down his pen, or dropping the conversation. I was so astonished, that, when he finished the Gazette, I took it up, and begged his permission to interrogate him on the contents of some of the articles: he recollected everything. During one of the sittings of the Council of Two Hundred, Haller was called to order for reading during the discussion, as it was supposed he could not know the subject on which the Council had been occupied. He closed the book, rose, and gave an exact account of the progress of the discussion, and of the decisions that had been adopted: henceforward he was allowed to follow his own course when present at the Council.

The facility with which he retained all he read, was, at the same time, so remarkable, that he could speak of their respective countries with educated men of all nations, so as to make them believe that he had resided there. When conversing with an officer of Charles XII., who was speaking of Thorn, and who, after having arranged different corps, knew not what to do with a large one, Haller asked him was it not near a morass, which was situated in such a direction? which was actually the fact. And when far advanced in years, he met with a severe fall—afraid lest his memory had been impaired—he set himself to write down the names of all the rivers which flow into the ocean, and was not content till he had ascertained that he had not forgotten one. The possession of mental capabilities such as these, rendered it a comparatively easy task to compose or compile those numerous and voluminous works of which he was the author. Of these, the more remarkable were his celebrated work on "Physiology," not unjustly styled the greatest work on medical science which the eighteenth century produced; his "Bibliothecæ," a "History of the Plants of Switzerland." The "Letters to his Daughter on Revealed Religion," and his "Replies to Voltaire and the Free-thinking Philosophers of his day." The great value of his scientific works was their originality. Although he availed himself of the labours of his predecessors, they were, to a great extent, the results of his own observation and experience. "For myself," he observes in a letter to his friend Bonnet, "my only remedy against error has been to verify an infinite number of times everything that I was satisfied was demonstrable. It is almost impossible that an unprejudiced mind can mistake the same

thing twenty or thirty times. It is, I believe, for want of repeating the same observations, and then wishing to apply them to support a favourite system, that they have observed badly in France, and still do so both there and elsewhere."

If honours could fill up Haller's cup of earthly happiness, they certainly were not wanting. The king of Great Britain, George II., not only showed him every mark of attention he could himself bestow, but procured him also letters of nobility from the emperor of Austria. The title of Baron, however, he did not himself assume. On the death of Dillenius, he had an offer of the professorship of botany at Oxford. The states of Holland invited him to the chair of the younger Albinus, and the king of Prussia was anxious that he should be the successor of Maupertius at Berlin. Marshal Keith wrote to him in the name of his sovereign, offering the chancellorship of the university of Halle, vacant by the death of the celebrated Wolff. Count Orlow invited him to Russia in the name of his mistress, the empress, with the promise of a distinguished place at St. Petersburgh. George III., as we have already seen, wished anxiously to promote him. The king of Sweden bestowed on him an unsolicited distinction, by raising him to the rank of knighthood of the order of the polar star; and Joseph II., the emperor of Germany, honoured him with a personal visit.

But one who lived many years before Haller, his superior in wisdom and knowledge, and to whom he certainly was not superior in honour, exclaimed, upon a review of the whole, "This also is vanity and vexation of spirit,"—"of making many books there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh." Was Haller's experience wholly different? But this brings us to a review of his religious character, which we have purposely reserved for the next *Visitor*.

D. W.

THE THAMES.

The sources of the Thames are generally admitted to be four rivulets, that rise in different parts of the Cotswold hills, in Gloucestershire, namely, the Lech, the Colne, the Churne, and the Isis. The last, which is the most important, retains its name till it flows into the Thames, after receiving the other streams, where it becomes navigable; but for a considerable space the navigation is tedious and difficult, on account of its winding course and its prevailing shallows. The country through which the Isis flows at first is not pleasant or interesting, as it pursues its way almost unseen, in the middle of an unvaried plain, first towards the east, and afterwards inclining to the north. After being augmented by two small streams, it turns suddenly to the south, and the plain now expands into a spacious amphitheatre, bounded by some striking hills, in the centre of which Oxford appears in sight. At this place, the Isis divides into several small channels, leaving this city on the left; the branches, however, soon re-unite, and the river turns round the city towards the north-east. Below Oxford it is joined by the Cherwell, which, passing on the eastern side of that city, together with the Isis, nearly insulates it.

The windings of the river through the great level which it flows through, after passing Oxford, are frequent; but the general direction of its course is to the south, with a small inclination to the east, as it passes the Berkshire hills, and the town of Dorchester, in Oxfordshire. A short distance below this place, it is joined by the Thame. This river takes its rise from several small streams, some of which descend from the central parts of Buckinghamshire, others from the borders of Hertfordshire, and many from the lower parts of Oxfordshire.

After the junction of the Isis and the Thame, this river obtains its proper name, being originally called Thame-Isis, from this circumstance. From Wallingford to Pangbourn the inclination of the stream is almost due south; at the latter place it begins to form a considerable circle by the east to the north, below Reading, till it reaches Henley; after passing this latter place, it inclines by the north-east to the south again, to approach Maidenhead; hence it winds in various directions, but generally south-east, till it passes Mudson and Staines. It there forms a vast circle by the south to the east, till it reaches Brentford; after which, as it approaches London, its direction is, for the most part, to the north-east. In the vicinity of the metropolis it turns with a bold swell to the east; this direction it preserves, though occasionally varied by broad reaches, as they are called, till it falls into the sea.

In its passage, the Thames receives no fewer than six considerable rivers, that are not navigable, and eleven that are. Its course has been computed to be about 160 miles, of which it is navigable above 130 from its mouth. As far as Deptford, it is navigable for vessels of almost any burden; to the pool, for vessels of 400 tons; to London-bridge, for those of 200. The tides flow up to nearly the distance of 80 miles from its mouth. The fall of water from Oxford to Maidenhead is about 25 feet in every ten miles; from Maidenhead to Chertsey, 22 feet in the same distance; from Chertsey bridge to Mortlake, 16 feet; from Mortlake to London, about one foot per mile. Afterwards the fall diminishes more gradually, till the river unites with the sea.

The Thames is one of those rivers which rather derive their character from the country through which they flow, than impress their own character, by their boldness and rapidity on the tract they pursue. It passes through some of the most beautiful as well as the most fertile districts of the kingdom; but even where the country through which it flows is hilly, it never can be called a rapid stream; it is not, however, sluggish: but it is more distinguishable for its majesty, and the purity of its waters, which generally fill its verdant banks, and are seldom discoloured by mud, except after great floods. When these occur, the whole country in the level parts of its tract appears like a lake; but the mischief which is thus occasioned is much less than that produced by smaller and more rapid streams when they overflow their banks. The part of its course most distinguished for romantic scenery, or picturesque beauty, is that which stretches from Wallingford to Reading, Henley, Marlow, and Maidenhead-bridge. About Henley, in particular, it sweeps through a rich and highly beautiful country, to which it adds a majestic and imposing feature: its valleys, in this part of its course, are bounded by hills richly clothed with beachwood, and finely embellished by the seats of many of the principal of the English nobility. Vast plains succeed, in which the Thames constitutes the chief feature. As it approaches London, its character changes; and the richness of Nature gives place to the evidences of the power, the wealth, and the skill of man. Mighty works of art adorn its banks, which abound in populous towns and villages. At London, it is a superb tide-river, "full of vessels of every description, which arrest the eye strongly in the bold sweeps it afterwards makes, through increasing marshes, to the sea; and to the end, it preserves that placid dignity and imposing consequence, which distinguish so eminently this monarch of the British rivers."

KITOTI; OR, SCENES IN THE ISLANDS.

Numerous and varied are the islands of the earth. Nature, abundant, yea, prodigal in her other goodly gifts, has not been a niggard in her offering of island. There are islands in the north—stern, icebound, and barren; islands in the east—arid and abundant in spices and fruit; islands in the west—verdant, well-watered, and rich in their produce of grain. But there are other islands than these—islands of coral, or with coral reefs around them, where the sun is bright, the water clear, vegetation abundant, and where the bread-fruit tree flourishes in perfection. Fair are the isles of the southern seas, and very fair is the island of Tahiti. The mountains ascend nine thousand feet, and form the giant central peaks of the larger division of the island, Orohena, Aorai, and Pirohitee; the land falls off, stretching away in green ridges to the very sea. Broad, and wooded, and well-watered are the varied valleys; and see how the whole island is belted round with redundant vegetation. From the water's edge to the mountain-top, beauty and variety abound. The lofty peaks fling their deep shadows below, and the waterfalls glitter as they issue forth into the sunny glare.

* * * *

Fair is the orchard, or rather, magnificent grove of cocoa-nut palms, that adorn the southern shore of Papeetee Bay. On—on—on! stretches the natural temple of vegetable columns a mile in extent. Through the whole overarching colonnade the Broom-road passes. Silence prevails; and down from the openings above, in the verdurous roof, the rays of the fiery sun come in sparkles. But, see! the ocean breeze is abroad. A thousand trees are gently waving their plumed heads, the branches begin to brush against each other, and the flexible stems to sway. Now they are absolutely rocking to and fro; and the falling cocoa nuts, snapped from their brittle stems, are flying through the air and ringing

against the ground. Kitoti, the descendant of a Tahitian chief, on his return from Taiarboo, or lesser peninsula of the island, is passing through the grove; well known to Kitoti are the densely-wooded glens, the sharp mountain ridges, and the frightful passes and precipices of Tahiti.

* * * *

And here stood the old chapel of Papeetee, the village metropolis of Tahiti. Seven hundred feet was its length, and thirty-six trunks of the bread-fruit tree supported the vast ridge-pole beneath its roof; but the palm-shafts that bore up the wall-plates, the rafters of habiscus, and the pendant palmetto-leaves, which fell gracefully from the covering, are all gone; another chapel has risen in its place, boarded over, painted white, with a rustic thatch. Richly dyed is the fine matting twined around the lofty rafters, and picturesque the alternate clustered tassels and fringes of stained grass hanging from the ridge pole. The gallery, with its facings, here and there coloured with blue paint, is borne up by cocoanut columns, the seats are native settees, and the dark and lustrous pulpit is grotesquely lofty. The place is influentially sombre, and a woody smell prevails. Loud is the clangour of the bell, struck with an iron bar, as it hangs outside the building from a branch of a bread-fruit tree. Where the herald of peace is now calling, the conch of war has often awakened the mountain echoes. Kitoti is slowly approaching the chapel. Not yet are his eyes fully opened; but they are opening to the delusion of idolatry and the truth of the Christian religion.

* * * *

The Tahitian congregation have assembled. Many of the wealthy of the island are there, and still more of the "marenhoar," or common people. Ample calico draperies of strange patterns and colours meet the eye, with scanty garments of faded tappa, and European dresses. Youth, and maturity, and age are met together; and Polynesian animation beams in the faces of both sexes. A female choir occupies the bench on the left of the pulpit; the gallery is occupied by a school. Kitoti is seated among the throng, with majestic-looking chiefs, whose heathen fathers once brandished the battle-axe, wielded the war-club, and acted their part when the reeking sacrifices smoked on the altars of Oro! Wondrous change! Who hath wrought this! The Tahitian Bible has been read; and now the aged missionary gives out the text: "Neither shall they defile themselves any more with their idols, nor with their detestable things, nor with any of their transgressions: but I will save them out of all their dwelling-places, wherein they have sinned, and will cleanse them: so shall they be my people, and I will be their God," Ezek. xxxvii. 23.

* * * *

Brightly green is the island of Motoo-Otoo in the middle of the harbour of Papeetee. It is formed of coral, and presents to the eye a circular grove of waving palms. Clear and shallow is the water round the miniature island, and many are the coral plants of every shape that spread themselves below. The snow-white floor of sand is seen through prickly branches; and tufts of azure and pale green buds, and mosses, and flinty bulbs, are stretching far and wide. Monsters, too, of strange and forbidding shapes are discovered crawling along in their watery home; some bristled with spikes, some clad in glittering coats of mail, and others round in form, and spangled with unnumbered eyes. Kitoti has exchanged a word with the sentinel at Motoo-Otoo across the low parapet of hewn blocks of coral; and now, in his light canoe, he is darting through the crystal waters towards the land. Strong is the arm and skilful the hand of Kitoti. Gracefully he pilots his flying boat, as he chaunts a Tahitian song. Already has he reached the shore.

* * * *

Loud is the roar of the reef of Eimeo; but the light boat of Kitoti has darted through a brake, and rides smoothly on the unruffled waters near the shore. Wide at the sea is the vale of Martair, narrowing as it runs inland; and high is the range of grotesque elevations that, turret-like, and waving with verdure, relieve themselves against the sky. Steep are the rugged cliffs that, gay with flowering shrubs, spring up from the shady hollows; and fresh are the pendulous vines, laden with blossoms that cling around them. Never was a richer wilderness of woodland, and never did brighter streams flash through the opening glades. Kitoti, for a season, has bid farewell to Tahiti, to partake of the sports and festivities of Eimeo. A party of its people are hastening to the beach, to receive their guest, who has just been recognised.

Kitoti is equally ready for the hills and the vallies, the ridges and the plains, the woods and the waters.

* * * *

The Eimeoese catch their fish by spearing them; and many are those who, on the coral reef when the tide is out, and in the smooth and shallow water between the reef and the shore, follow their profitable employment and exciting sport. Too hot is the hour of noon for any deed requiring exposure and toil; but at other seasons the fish-hunters are ever pursuing their sport, hallooing loudly, wildly brandishing their spears, and splashing through the water. But spearing fish by torch-light on the great reef calls forth the wildest joy. A bundle of lighted dry reeds is the torch, while the spear is a slender pole with an iron head, barbed on one side. Kitoti has paddled off to the reef a mile from the land, and the course of the coral barrier is marked by a line of misty foam. How sullenly the ocean waves thunder on the sea-side of the resounding rocks! How brightly the flambeaux flare amid the gloom! and how wildly the excited fish-hunters shout, brandish their spears, and spring from ledge to ledge in pursuit of their affrighted prey! Kitoti is a fearless hunter! He swims like a fish, dares every danger, and is quick, skilful, and unerring in his deadly aim.

* * * *

Kitoti is seated at the feast, with ten or twelve Eimeoese around him. The friendly gathering has taken place beneath a shelter of palm boughs, and the ground is strewn with the odour-yielding nahee, an aromatic fern, which pressed by the foot, spreads its perfumes around. On one side is a row of yellow mats, inwrought with bark fibre of crimson red: these mats are the seats of the guests. With "pooroo" leaves for plates, sea-water for salt, and small bread-fruit, roasted brown, for bread, the entertainment is served up. An immense calabash of small fish, baked in the earth, each finny morsel wrapped up in moist steaming leaves, forms the middle dish, while around it are cakes of Indian turnip, golden-hued "poee," or pudding of the red plantain; bananas in bright buff jackets; red, ripe "avees;" "guaves," with crimson pulps glowing through the transparent rind; oranges, tinged with berry brown; melons, sweet potatoes, and pines, with "lownee," or grated ripe cocoa-nut, saturated with cocoa-nut milk and salt water, served between. With what varied provision and abundant luxuries is man provided by his Almighty Maker! Kitoti is an honoured guest.

* * * *

Right on the romantic beach stands a mighty cocoa-nut tree, towering high. Its ancient roots are partly washed by the ocean waves, and its ancient trunk is bending over the sea. To the head of the old tree a cord of platted bark has been fastened, and as it hangs down, it well nigh sweeps the rising waves. This is a Tahitian swing. Kitoti has seized the end of the cord; he swings himself to and fro, till he gains sufficient power for his purpose, and then suddenly launches himself from the rope, flying through the air fifty or sixty feet from the water, rushing like a rocket, till he falls into the sparkling waves. For a moment he disappears, but soon rising to the surface of the sea, he cleaves his way with sinewy arm through the yielding waters. Now, frolicksome as a dolphin, he gambols about in the billowy deep; and now, diving as a waterfowl beneath the heaving ocean, wins his way towards the shore.

* * * *

At the foot of a high mountain, steep paths run up among rocks and clefts mantled with verdure, and here and there are deep green gulfs; they would make the brain giddy to look down them. An overhanging woody shelf of land crowns the heights. The wind is busy among the foliage; the sea in the distance is blue and serene; while ridge after ridge and peak after peak rises inland, bathed in the sunny haze. The still valleys repose in the deep shadows of the mighty mountains, while the foaming waterfalls lift up their voices aloud in their retired solitudes. Groups of wild bullocks are seen browsing, and wild hogs move from one thicket to another. Kitoti and his band are preparing for the hunt; eagerness flashes in their eyes, and expectation animates their hearts. Familiar are they with the verdant hollow and the rocky pass—the thick covert and the open plain. They are hastening on to the scene of their exciting enterprise.

* * * *

At the head of a valley, a verdant rift reaches far up towards the woody heights. The covert on high is dense and dark. The game is a-field, the hunt is high, and and the hunters, with guns and spears, are on the track. What a crash! Five or six black bullocks, nearly abreast, have

burst through the leafy labyrinth. There they go, seemingly resistless as thunderbolts; vicious in appearance, with short, sharp horns, red nostrils, and eyes like coals of fire; their dark, woolly heads bent towards the ground. Hark! that was the crack of Kitoti's rifle, and a bull lies on the sod, with his black muzzle in a pool of his own blood! A second shot. The bullet has sped its way through the tufted forehead of the agonized brute; he springs into the air, and falls dead, his fore legs doubled up beneath his bulky frame. The hunt has been followed on, but is ended; the sun has set, and a wild and unusual sight to an European may now be seen; for the waving torches flash through the forest, and the laden hunters, Kitoti at their head, bearing along what they can carry of their game, hurry on, raising wild cries, which are flung back by the echoing hills.

* * * *

An open space half-way down a hill emerging from a forest, is covered with ferns and grass, and a few tall, lonely trees are flinging their long shadows in the setting sun. A low, ruinous wall of shapeless stones, incloses an extended square, overrun with weeds and brambles. The footfall there sounds hollow, for the dead lie below in the dry vaults of that old and almost forgotten burial place. Kitoti is standing alone. It may be that he is thinking of coral reefs, and foaming breakers, and wooded hills, and rifles and fish-spears; but it may be, also, that the resting place of the dead may have awakened within him more solemn reflections. Even now, he may remember the words he has heard from the mouth of the missionary:—"It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption: it is sown in dishonour; it is raised in glory. It is sown in weakness; it is raised in power:—it is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body," 1 Cor. xv. 42—44. And the time may be hastening on when, animated with Christian hope, and faith, and joy, he may exclaim—"O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" 1 Cor. xv. 55. G. M.

VALUE OF SWALLOWS.

One instance of their value may here be given. A clergyman, who held the living of Tedstone Delamere, in Herefordshire, was fond of encouraging swallows to build about his residence, at first from a wish to see them unmolested, but afterwards from the advantage they secured. The parish contains many hop-gardens, one of which was attached to the rectory, and rendered peculiarly pleasing by winding walks formed amidst the plantation. These were of great beauty, while the festoons of amber blossoms were adorning them on every side.

To some detached houses in the parish, martins and swallows seemed as partial as they were to the rectory; but the birds were shot at by the farmers, and their nests were destroyed as fast as they were built. The colony at the rectory was therefore considerably increased by the persecuted birds; but one season the hop-garden belonging to it blossomed in the greatest beauty, while there was a general failure of crops in the others throughout the parish. This difference was ascribed to the swallows, who, from morning to night were flying about the poles, devouring myriads of flies, and carrying still greater numbers to their young. The farmers now saw their error in destroying these birds, and ceased to persecute them any longer.—*Jesse.*

ENCOURAGEMENT TO RETURNING PENITENTS.

The perfect readiness, and the sacred pleasure, with which the Father of mercies receives into his favour returning profligates, is finely illustrated by the parable of the prodigal son.—Luke xv. 20—24. "He arose and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him. And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son. But the father said to his servants, Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet; and bring hither the fatted calf and kill it; and let us eat and be merry: for this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found. And they began to be merry."—*Ab. Booth.*

MAN IN RETIREMENT.

What a man is in private duties, that he is in the sight of God, and no more.—*Dr. Owen.*

The Bloodhound.

THE BLOODHOUND.

There are several varieties of dogs, which appear, from their resemblance to each other in form, to have originated in a common stock. This remark is applicable to the varieties of hound which have large, pendulous ears, and a remarkable susceptibility of tuition in particular habits, as especially manifested in hunting. The bloodhound is supposed by many to have been the original breed of hound in this country, from which the stag-hound, the fox-hound, the harrier, and the beagle, have been derived. How far this may be correct it would be difficult to determine; but that the talbot of ancient days was identical with the bloodhound, may be demonstrated.

The bloodhound differs slightly from the Scottish slut-hound—a name derived from the Saxon *slot*, the impression which a deer leaves of his foot in the mire, and *hund*, a dog—as it is longer in shape, and not always of the same colour. It seldom barks, except in the chase, and is very obedient to the voice of its leader. A writer quaintly remarks:—"They have good and hard feet and stately stomachs, and are very properly denominated sanguinary, or blood hounds, on account of their extraordinary scent; for if their game be only wounded, so that it escapes the huntsman's hands, or if it be killed, and never so cleanly carried away, these dogs, by their exquisite smell, will discover it, and not be wanting, either by nimbleness or greediness, to come at it, provided there be stains of blood; nay, though by all the cunning and foresight imaginable, a beast be conveyed away without spot or blood, yet through the roughest and most crooked ways and meanders this dog will find out the deer-stealer, and, even in the thickest throng, will, by his smell, separate and pick him out."

In training a young dog for the

chase, a "staunch old hound," was conducted to the spot whence a deer had been taken for a mile or two, and the two having been laid on the "drag," as it was termed, they were afterwards rewarded for their labour by some venison. The young hound was next taken with the old one to a spot whence a man, whose shoes had been rubbed with the blood of a deer, had gone, and the pursuit was commenced, followed by a similar reward. The lessons were thus gradually taught till proficiency was attained, and the dog was ready for any occupation of this nature. The name of Sagax, which Linnæus applied to this dog, calls to remembrance those scenes of feudal times, in which the strong arm of power set aside right, and held entire command.

The bloodhound is specially esteemed for the acuteness of its scent, and the pertinacity with which it pursues any track which is pointed out. The sagacity it thus manifests occasioned its use in the chase; but it has, at other periods, been employed in the pursuit of men. When Robert Bruce was chased by his English foes, the intelligence and perseverance of the bloodhounds they employed in his track, greatly imperilled his safety; and he at length found it essential to wade a considerable distance up a stream, by which the track was lost, and he eventually escaped.

The poetical historians of Bruce and Wallace frequently relate very curious facts as to the employment of these animals, the services rendered by them, and the escapes they had from those of the enemy. The bloodhound was in great request on the confines of England and Scotland, where the borderers were continually preying on the flocks and herds of their neighbours.

Sir Walter Scott often alludes to these circumstances; and William of Deloraine, who had "baffled Percy's best bloodhounds," is prominently advanced. Vividly, too, does he picture the position of the heir of Branksome:—

——— "Starting oft, he journey'd on,
And deeper in the wood is gone,—
For aye the more he sought his way,
And further still he went astray,
Until he heard the mountains round
Ring in the baying of a hound.
And hark! and hark! the deep-mouth'd bark
Comes nigher still and nigher;
Bursts on the path a dark bloodhound,
His tawny muzzle track'd the ground,
And his red eye shot fire."

Barbour states that Bruce waded a bow-shot down a stream, and climbed a tree which overhung the water. He well describes, too, the wavering of the "sleuth-hund" "ta and fra," and the disappointment of "Jhon of Lorn;" while Henry the minstrel relates the following by the English, of a party under Wallace, with the assistance of a border bloodhound:—

"In Gelderland there was that brachet bred,
Liker* of scent, to follow them that fled;
So was he used in Eske and Liddesdail,
While she gat blood no fleeing might avail."

The true bloodhound of the borders was large, strong, muscular, of great breadth of chest, and of a tan colour, while a black spot above each eye added to the fierceness of its appearance.

Gervase Markham†, speaking of hounds, says:—"The bay-coloured ones have the second place for goodness, and are of great courage, venturing far, and of a quick scent, finding out very well the turns and windings. . . . . They run surely and with great boldness, commonly loving the stag more than any other beast; but they make no account of hares. It is true that they be more headstrong and hard to reclaim than the white, and put men to more pain and travail about the same."

At the present time, the "slave," or "nigger-hunters," as they are termed, of the United States, are continually in requisition, aided by this noble but misused animal. May the time soon come when the world shall recognise the law of universal brotherhood, and those degrading and heart-sickening scenes, which professedly civilized nations thus display, be unknown for ever! Instead of pursuing knights and warriors, the bloodhound was employed in the chase of criminals or deer-stealers; and when, about a century and a quarter ago, the latter crime was common, the park-keepers relied with confidence on their dogs, for the detection of the offender.

One instance will suffice to illustrate the sagacity which distinguishes this animal, combined with its acuteness of scent. About fifty years ago, a person, while getting over a style into a field near the New Forest, observed blood upon it, and he immediately recollected that some sheep had been killed, and several stolen in the neighbourhood. Thinking that this discovery might throw some light on the question, he proceeded to the nearest

* Sure.
† Maison Rustique.

lodge to communicate the information; and, as bloodhounds were kept for the purpose of tracing deer which might be wounded, a keeper brought one and laid it on the scent. After following the track for a considerable distance, they arrived at a heap of furze faggots belonging to a cottager, one of whose family attempted to drive the dog away. On the removal of the heap, however, a hole was discovered, which contained the body of a sheep lately killed, and a considerable quantity of salted meat.

The services of the bloodhound have, however, been generally superseded by the warrant of the justice and the constable, and they are now principally kept as curiosities. About forty years ago, the Thrapston association for the prevention of felonies in Northamptonshire, provided and trained a bloodhound, for the detection of sheep-stealers. To demonstrate the unerring power of the animal, and to deter all evilly-disposed persons, a day was appointed for a public trial,—the man to be hunted starting about ten o'clock, in the presence of a great concourse of people, and the dog being laid on an hour afterwards:

"Foot by foot he marks
His winding way, while all the listening crowd
Applaud his reasonings . . .
O'er beaten paths, with men and beast distrain'd,
Unerring he pursues."

After a chase of an hour and a half, the hound ran up to a tree in which he was secreted, at the distance of fifteen miles from the place at which he started, to the surprise and satisfaction of a large assemblage of persons.

The Cuban bloodhounds, when properly trained, will not kill or hurt the pursued, unless he offers resistance. When they reach the fugitive they bark at him till he stops, and then crouching near him, terrify him with a ferocious growling if he stirs, and give notice to the "chasseurs," who come up and secure the prisoner. This dog is of the size of the largest hound, with erect ears, which are usually cropped at the points, the nose being pointed, and the skin exceedingly hard. Bryan Edwards states, that though the Cuban hound is not larger than the English shepherd dog, it is equal to the mastiff in bulk, to the bulldog in courage, to the bloodhound in scent, and to the greyhound in agility.

K. N. S.

DYING REGRETS.

The late Dr. Joseph Fletcher related the following fact, at one of his evening lectures at Stepney, with a peculiarly solemn effect. The case occurred at Blackburn, during his ministry there. "I was called upon one morning, now many years ago, to visit a gentleman, one of my congregation, who was apparently in a dying state. Not having heard of his illness before, but knowing his previous history, I felt startled, and greatly distressed; for he was one who had trifled with religious convictions, and had so far stifled them as greatly to abandon his religious connexions, satisfying his conscience by attending one service on the sabbath, frequently absenting himself altogether, and seeking, in worldly associations and amusements, to silence the voice within, and bury in oblivion the remembrance of past religious impressions. On entering his dying chamber, with a look of unutterable anguish he exclaimed, 'Oh, sir! I am lost! your very presence condemns me! The sermons you have preached, your faithful warnings from the pulpit, your private expostulations, all condemn me! Oh, sir! what is to become of my soul—my poor neglected soul? I have just been told I cannot live! my hours are numbered! I have no pain now; but that is the precursor of death'—(he was dying of inflammation in the bowels;)—'and I shall soon be in eternity! Oh! stifled convictions—a neglected Bible—misimproved sabbaths—how will ye rise up in judgment to condemn me! Oh, sir! what will become of me?' I endeavoured to calm his mind, and told him he must not add unbelief to the catalogue of his sins; that the gospel was a revelation of mercy; that the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin; that whosoever cometh unto him, he will in nowise cast out; that He is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto him. 'Uttermost!' the dying man exclaimed, 'uttermost! then there is a gleam of hope, even for me, if I had time! but, even now, I feel that stage approaching which will absorb my faculties, and terminate my sad life. Oh! what would I give for one week! one day! oh, precious time! how have I wasted it! Oh! my dear pastor, pity me! pray for me! my thoughts grow confused,—I cannot pray myself.' I then knelt down, and prayed with him, in which he most fer-

vently joined, summoning all his strength to keep awake. I shall never forget the grasp of his hand, when I alluded to the fulness and sufficiency of Divine grace. I left him with feelings which it is impossible to describe, and returned, according to my promise, in a few hours. I found him still sensible, but evidently sinking under the power of the slumber from which he would never awake. In the interval, he had been dwelling on the texts suggested, and when he saw me, he feebly but smilingly said, 'Able to save to the uttermost! there I must rest my hope.' After again commending this dying penitent to the riches of Divine mercy, I left him not without hope, but such a hope as I would not, for ten thousand worlds, risk as my dying solace."—*Life of Dr. J. Fletcher.*

VISIT TO CARCASSONE,

No. II.

In th spring of 1209 the crusading host, which some have magnified to five hundred thousand, and others reduced to fifty thousand men, poured into the region of Provence. The terms of their service were only for forty days; in exchange for which, they had spiritual indulgences in abundance, and the prospect of Albigensic plunder. The preaching monks heralded the army, and were followed by a more ignoble class of warriors, armed with scythes and clubs, who, however fanaticism might be excited, had probably only the latter real motive for engaging in this so-called holy war.

The unfortunate count of Toulouse, seeing their approach towards his states, renewed his supplications and submissions, delivered up his seven castles, and was conducted into the church of St. Gilles with a cord about his neck, and scourged round the altar, in token of his reconciliation with the church and its head; after which discipline, the favour of taking the cross, and fighting against his friends and relatives, was accorded to him. In contrast to this state of degradation were the the conduct and character of his brave young nephew, viscount Beziers, who repaired to Montpelier, where the crusading army, with the abbot of Citeaux, had halted; and to the latter he again pleaded his cause, asserting that he had done the church no wrong, and wished to do no more;—that he was her faithful servant, and so wished to live and die, with more to the same purpose; to all which the legate answered, that he must defend himself by arms, as he best could; for words were of no avail, and he should show him no mercy.

Then Raymond of Beziers sounded the tocsin of war through his petty states, and called his vassals, friends, and allies to a deadly struggle. The crusaders advanced: one castle after another fell or capitulated; men, women, and children, wherever heresy was thought to exist, were exultingly burned. The crusading host was led by the famous Simon de Montford himself, under the guidance of the abbot of Citeaux. Simon de Montfort, earl of Leicester in right of his mother, an English countess, had whetted his sword against the infidels in Palestine, but drew it with greater pleasure against the Provençals, whose lands could reward his religious zeal. Formidable as a warrior, austere and fanatical as the head of a crusading army, the young viscount saw himself menaced with dangers, to which he could only oppose simple bravery and the righteousness of his cause.

His chief dependence was on his two most important cities and strongholds, Beziers and Carcassone, distant from each other about six or seven hours' journey. The first he saw strengthened and provisioned; then, assembling the citizens and garrison, explained their situation, and exhorted them to defend their lives to the last.

Raymond Roger had hardly left Beziers, in order to hasten to Carcassone, the fortress where his latest hopes were centred, before the white-cloaked crusaders were seen advancing towards it in three divisions.

They encamped beneath the walls of that devoted city, in the month of July, 1209; and to their camp treacherously went out the bishop of the city, bringing to the papal legate a list of all the actual or suspected heretics who were to be found therein, and making a stipulation, that if these were delivered to the flames, the lives of the others should be spared. He returned to urge on the citizens this surrender of the most helpless of their number. "Tell the legate," replied these gallant men, "that our city is good and strong; that our Lord will not fail to succour us in our great necessity; and that, rather than commit the baseness demanded of us, we would eat our own children." But when these same heroic

defenders of the right beheld the host that was encamping against them, they began to doubt even the goodness of their city. "So great was the assemblage both of tents and pavilions, it appeared as if the whole world were encamping there; at which those of the city began to be greatly astonished." To avoid the horrors of a siege, when conducted by such a host, these brave men placed all their hopes upon a blow, and while their enemies were yet employed in tracing out their camp, as if for a journey, the garrison of Beziers made a sortie, and attacked them suddenly.

But the trained soldiers of Rome and the warriors of the Holy Land had little to fear from the undrilled, though gallant army of Provence: they were easily driven back; but, on a signal given, the immense troops of the besiegers rising at once, swept on to the attack, and pressing on the scanty band of assailants, bore them back to the gates of the city, entered it with them, and found themselves in possession of it. It was then that, in the haste and surprise of the moment, the victorious leaders demanded of the abbot what should be their conduct towards the citizens, some of whom were pronounced heretics, and others not. The legate of the pope pronounced this memorable answer—"Kill them all; the Lord will know them that are his!"

"The fixed population of Beziers did not," says Sismondi, "exceed fifteen thousand persons; but all the inhabitants of the country had either taken refuge there themselves, or for security sent thither their wives and families." The multitude took refuge in the churches; the clergy and canons surrounded the altar, and incessantly tolled the bells, as a warning to the invaders, who, being bent on indiscriminate massacre, heeded not the sound that was meant to be at once a petition and a notice.

These tolling bells grew fewer and fewer, fainter and fainter; yet they ceased not to toll out at intervals—suddenly, imploringly, or warningly—until, horrible to relate, not a hand was left to toll them—not a living creature left in Beziers! I visited it (but for its history, a most uninteresting town, famous only for *eau de vie*), and I stood within its cathedral, and saw the heights of its castle; and my heart thrilled when I recollected that the abbot of Citeaux reduced, in his own statement, the number of victims butchered there from sixty thousand, according to the saying of others, to fifteen thousand, according to his own.

But I have wandered far and long from Carcassone, the spot on which I stood when I began these rambling recollections. The young viscount, Raymond Roger, burning with grief and indignation, shut himself and the remnant of his followers, friends and vassals, up, and vowed in his heart to defend them, their lives, and liberties, with his own, to his latest breath. To those who have not seen this ancient fortress, it is difficult to give an idea of it. It surmounts an extensive platform of rock, which rises out of the large plains so general in Languedoc; and, standing on its battlements, you overlook a plain beneath, which fancy can readily cover with the gay encampments, the chivalrous aspect, and "pomp and circumstance" of war which characterized the age of the crusaders; and the feudal aspect of the fortress—the apparent strength of its walls and battlements—the solidity of their masonry, and its own frowning castle—convey an impression to the heart different from what is experienced on seeing the den of tyrants—the strongholds of barbaric power and tyranny. Here the liberty of a little, happy region, struggled—heaved—panted—expired. Far almost as my eye could reach, stood the tents of the besiegers; and within them were men of many minds—the gay, chivalrous soldiers, to whom war was a pastime; the zealot, who fought for salvation; the penitent, who fought for pardon; the needy, who fought for plunder.

And within these walls were those who had lived in pleasure—the lovers of gaiety, and song, and learning, and those who had given up their hearts to piety, and wished to serve God according to their own consciences; and those also whose noble hearts, without dissenting from the church of Rome, spurned at tyranny and thraldom, temporal and spiritual, and who had vowed to die as men and soldiers, rather than live as slaves.

Among the last was Raymond Roger, their gallant lord. Twice he repulsed the besiegers, and, full of hope, carried himself the intelligence to the anxious, trembling friends he had within. But at last, the suburb he defended for a week was untenable, and, setting fire to it, he withdrew all his troops within the citadel. For a length of time Simon de Montford and the bloodthirsty abbot were kept at bay; but, finding arms useless, they had

recourse to art. Don Pedro II., king of Arragon, was the uncle of Raymond Roger. This valiant knight, admiring the heroism of his nephew, but forseeing its inutility, came to the camp of the crusaders to negotiate for his deliverance. The abbot and De Montfort, seeing the dissatisfaction of their troops, hailed the visit of the Spanish prince as most auspicious, and engaged him to enter Carcassone and confer with its young lord.

Raymond, rejoiced to see his gallant friend and relative, freely said to him—"If you wish to arrange for me any adjustment, in the form and manner fitting, I will accept and ratify it; for I see clearly we cannot maintain ourselves in this city, on account of the multitude of countrymen, women, and children who are here: I cannot reckon them, and they die every day in numbers. But were only myself and my people here, I swear to you that I would rather die of famine than surrender to the legate!"—(the abbot.) Don Pedro related this speech to the legate, who then sent word to the viscount that the terms offered him were, to quit Carcassone himself, with twelve others, leaving all the rest of the garrison and people to the disposal of the legate and his ministers. "Rather than leave the least of my company at his mercy," said the noble lord, "I will be flayed alive." Don Pedro, who, against his will, had carried this proposal, heard with pleasure its indignant rejection; and turning to the citizens, said—"You now learn what you have to expect: mind and defend yourselves well; for he who defends himself finds good mercy at the last." Hardly had the king of Arragon announced the answer to this mission, than a furious assault was made on the walls of Carcassone. But the defenders, inspired by all that makes men—yes, and even women—brave, gallantly repulsed them; delicate hands aiding in the work, and pouring boiling water and oil down on the assailants.

Disappointed and wearied, the crusaders retired: many of them found little pleasure or honour in their service; their term of forty days was about to expire, and numbers prepared to renounce it. Both Simon de Montfort and the legate became uneasy; and viscount Beziers, unconscious of what was passing in the camp of his foes, was oppressed with fears and anxieties for his people. The horrors of the famine were beginning to be felt; the cisterns were drying up; and wives and mothers looked to him, as well as soldiers and leaders. It was in this extremity that a proposal was made for an amicable interview with the legate. Raymond gladly accepted the proposal, for he felt assured that his rights only required to be openly pleaded to be admitted.

Attended by three hundred of his chosen knights and followers, he went out to the crusading camp. He was received by De Montfort and the legate; but while, after nobly pleading his own cause, he was endeavouring to plead that of his persecuted people, the legate coolly told him he must leave his people to make what terms they could for themselves; as to *him*, he was a prisoner, and must remain so. It was truth: his three hundred followers were already in custody, and he was consigned, first, to the duke of Burgundy, and afterwards, from the duke's leniency, to that of the savage De Montfort.

At sunrise next morning, the crusaders prepared to fall on the devoted Carcassone, now likely to become as easy a prey as Beziers had been.

They advanced against it with shoutings, and in formidable array; but its stillness might cast a chill on many a heart;—no sound—no sight come on its walls; no armour glanced in the sunbeams—no anxious, timid forms appeared, stealing a hurried look over the fearful plain below: the banner still waved from the keep, but the stillness of death was around it.

An artifice to allure them on was readily conjectured, but the conjecture proved erroneous and caution unnecessary; without the aid of crusading zeal, Carcassone was a desert: they entered it; but its streets, its houses were empty! By some means, intelligence of their lord's seizure had been conveyed to the people he had so gallantly defended, with the information of the existence of a secret passage, reaching through a cavern of extraordinary length, to another place of refuge. The walls of Carcassone alone were left; and these are left still—a memorial of the past!

Disappointment awaited the crusaders, but perhaps keener disappointment awaited their fanatic leaders. Of three hundred knights and followers of the viscount de Beziers, together with some of the poor creatures who were taken in the vicinity of Carcassone, an *auto-da-fé* was formed, when four hundred persons were

burned, in lieu of the thousands who might otherwise have been sacrificed. It was shortly afterwards asserted, that the gallant Raymond Roger was dead. His keeper was Simon de Montford; and history has never contradicted the story, that the young lord died by poison. His lands, honours, and titles were conferred on De Montfort.

The gallant don Pedro, after a vain attempt at an alliance with the papal powers, fell at Murêt, fighting against them. To avert the danger which threatened him, a knight assumed his armour; but, twice bending before the strokes of his assailants, they cried out—"This is not the king; he is a better knight!"—"No, truly," called out don Pedro; "but here he is!" At the words, a troop surrounded him, and valour did not avail to save his life.

De Montfort came to the spot where the body of this gallant knight and graceful troubadour lay, stripped by the soldiers; and the fanatic leader shed some tears over it. His own end was not far distant. At the siege of Toulouse, a sortie was made while De Montfort was hearing mass. News was brought to him of the fact; but he was unwilling to quit the church until the termination of the service. At the moment of the elevation of the host, his patience was exhausted, and, crying out—"Let thy servant depart in pease, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation!" he rushed forth to head his soldiers. A stone, said to have been thrown by the hand of a woman from the wall of the city, struck him on the head—and the scourge of the heretics was no more.

The feeble and vacillating count Raymond, of Toulouse—the unhappy tool and slave of a spiritual power, whose temporal tyranny he at times resisted, and at times submitted to—died as he had lived—the victim of superstition. While he revolted from temporal oppression, he trembled at spiritual malediction.

Unable to delight in the persecutions of his unoffending, pious subjects, he was accused by the inquisitorial monks—and even accused himself—of sympathising with heretics. A devout believer in the church that stripped him of his lands and dignity, he endured all the horrors that a state of excommunication can inflict, and remained on his knees outside the churches which he was not allowed to pollute by entering.

As is usually the case with such minds, suffering and misfortune only tended to deepen superstitious feelings and terrors. He had assumed the order of St. John, and, when speechless, before his death he was covered with the mantle of his order, and seen to kiss it with the utmost devotion. Yet, as an early patron of the Provençal heresy, the persecution of the church continued even after his death: his body was not allowed to be buried; nor could his son obtain leave to do so. His skull was long preserved at Toulouse, and there I looked with interest on his bust.

The grave of Simon de Montfort (if such it is,) in the cathedral of old Carcassone, is nameless; it is only a slab of red marble, without name or date. I was looking at it with some of these thoughts in my mind, when a young Frenchman approached, and asked if I could tell him where was the tomb of a great saint, who had fought for the Christians several ages ago. I felt it strange to point down to that red slab, and answer—"There!" Simon de Montford;—a great saint, and fighting for the Christians!

S. B.

INTERCESSION OF CHRIST.

Christ's intercession has powerful attractions to engage sinners to delight in lifting up their hearts heavenwards, to God's throne of grace, in the duties of his worship. If a sinner have a due concern about access to God, it tends to inspire his soul with ineffable cheerfulness, when, in lifting up his guilty face to the throne of God, he fixes the eye of faith on the glorious things that are doing there in the behalf of sinners; and that for this very end—that even they may have boldness to draw near to God.

As these things tend to incline and encourage the heart to immediate worship, so they have a powerful influence on all the good dispositions that are suitable to it, such as humility and reverence, Divine love, hope and joy; Christ's intercession promotes that humility, which results from a true sense of sin, because it is a representation of that costly atonement by which it was expiated. It promotes reverence and veneration of God's greatness, because it is an eminent display of his authority and majesty in the moral government of the world. It tends to heighten that reverential frame of soul, when a sinner considers that he is to offer

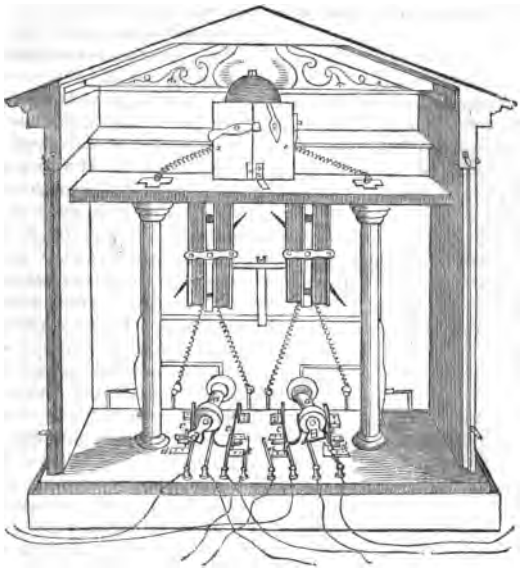
up addresses which he expects will be seconded by so glorious an intercession. But it is needful that veneration of God's majesty be mixed with humble confidence in his mercy. It is also needful that deep self-abasement for sin do not degenerate into servile terror, and that mistrust of God, which alienates the heart from him and dishonours his mercy. It is needful that due self-annihilation be tempered with the hope of mercy and acceptance, founded on the grounds of hope which God has laid before us, and with that Divine love and joy to which hope is so subservient; Christ's intercession has a peculiar fitness to produce so happy a temperament. It qualifies profound reverence and self-abasement with triumphant hope and confidence, and with abundant love and joy. Its influence on so desirable effects, is evident from many passages of Scripture. They show that Christ's intercession, in conjunction with his oblation, on which it is founded, is the ground of humble triumph over the fears of condemnation, the ground of access to God with holy confidence and boldness, the encouragement to draw near to God, and to enter into the holiest of all, with full assurance of faith; that it is the support of the soul against the fears arising from former guilt, or the imperfections of present duties; and that it is the sure hold on which the anchor of hope fixes with steadiness, entering into that within the veil. It tends to replenish the soul that loves God with the most useful elevated affections, and the purest consolations in looking upwards to the throne of God, to look to it as a throne of grace—a mercy-seat where we have so great and so merciful a High Priest, administering for us in the tabernacle not made with hands; with the names of his people on his breastplate, even on his heart; his efficacious blood continually speaking and pleading for the communication of its purchase to sinners.—*Maclaurin.*

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

No. III.

In proceeding to the further consideration of the apparatus of the electric telegraph, the accompanying cut will greatly assist in its comprehension. It represents the interior of the machine, and shows the means by which the magnet is connected with the electric current. The parts lettered *a* are the key-shafts, which, on being turned to the right or left by a handle, pushes one of the springs, *c*, from its point of contact, *d*, and, by changing the course of the electric current, produces a corresponding change in the position of the needle.

In making a communication to the person stationed at the point where he wishes the information to be received, the operator, by turning the handle to the right or left, breaks the electric current; then pressing the wire against pins connected with the battery-poles, the coils of wire receive their full deflective force, and attract the magnetic needles to either side, according to the course of the current. Thus, if the stream of electricity passes into the coil on the right, the upper part of the needle will be attracted towards it; if the stream passes into the coil on the left, then the needle will, in like manner, be attracted to it; thus giving the whole motion necessary to the pointers. The time which elapses between the moving of the handles and the effect on the pointers, is imperceptible, though we must believe that it really follows it. The dial is divided into five circles, each containing a number of letters or signs. The left-hand needle moving to the left twice, gives *a*; three times, *b*; once to the right, and once to the left, *c*; once to the left, and once to the right, *d*; once to the right, *e*; twice, *f*; three times, *g*. The order is then taken up by the right-hand needle moving once to the left for *h*; twice for *i*; three times for *k*; once to the right, and once to the left, for *l*; once to the left, and once to the right, for *m*; once to the right for *n*; twice, for *o*; and three times for *p*. The remaining signs are made by the two needles working conjointly, so that the simultaneous movement of the *two*, once to the left, indicates *r*; twice for *s*; three times for *t*; once to the right, and once to the left, for *u*; once to the right for *w*; twice, for *x*; and three times for *y*. At the end of every word given, the left-hand needle, moving once to the right, to the cross, indicates that the word is completed. If the receiver understands the word, he signifies it by moving the same pointer twice to the left and twice to the right, which means *yes*; if the communication is not understood, then the needle points twice to the right and twice to the left, which indicates *no*. The original word is then repeated; if figures are wanted,



Interior of the Electric Telegraph.

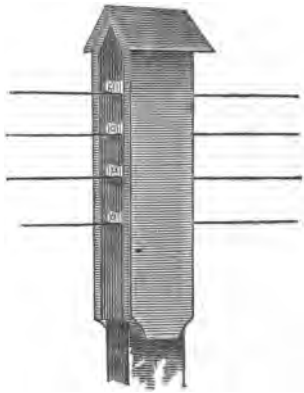
the motions for each letter are doubled. Previously to giving a signal, the attention of the operator is called by the ringing of a bell, which is accomplished by an apparatus as simple as it is ingenious.

It is important to remember, in the structure of the electric telegraph, that the galvanic fluid will always pass most readily through the best conductors, though they may be more circuitous; and when different paths are open to its progress along conductors of equally good quality, the fluid will always take that which is the shortest. It is, therefore, of great consequence that all the parts of the conducting apparatus should possess the same power of transmitting the electric current in the same quantities and in the same rates. The difficulties thus arising are augmented by the varied influences of the seasons—the alternation of day and night—of heat and cold—of wet and drought,—and these must be overcome.

Till the year 1840, the wires were covered with cotton, and insulated by coating them with shell-lac, resin, or pitch; and they were laid down in pipes of wood or iron.

It was the original intention to lay the wires in tubes; but it was subsequently found that, under ordinary circumstances, the advantages would be equal, and the expense greatly diminished, were the wires suspended on poles in the open air. By the adoption of this plan, superior isolation, greater permanency, and increased facility of repair would result; and, while the cost of the original plan was estimated at 300*l.* per mile, it would, on the improved system, be reduced to 150*l.* The ordinary method of proceeding, in the establishment of the telegraph, has been, first, to fix firmly in the ground, at every five or six hundred yards, strong posts of timber, sixteen to eighteen feet high, by eight inches square at bottom, and tapering off to six or seven inches at top, fixed into stout sills. A ring of iron wire is then placed upon a reel, carried on a hand-barrow, and one end being attached to the winder at one draw-post, the wire is extended to the adjoining draw-post, and fixed to a winding apparatus there; and then, by turning the pin of a ratchet-wheel with a proper key, the wire is tightened, so that the greatest accuracy

may be attained in drawing the wires, till they hang perfectly parallel to each other. To insulate the wires so suspended from the point of contact with the posts,



is an object of indispensable importance, as the dampness of the wood during rainy weather would otherwise allow the electric fluid to pass off freely into the earth, and thus the communication would be impaired or destroyed.

At each quarter of a mile, a stouter post was placed, to bear the winding or straining apparatus. This consisted of a simple winding reel, connected with a ratchet-wheel and clink, to prevent its recoil after the wire had been once put up. The intermediate posts or standards merely supported the wires, having no influence on their tension—this being performed by the winding apparatus. When, however, the wires are placed in tubes, as is necessary in passing them through the streets of a city, an instrument called "a detector" is placed at about a quarter of a mile apart, which indicates the state of the wires, and is especially useful in case any accident has impaired them. A short time ago, it was found that the wire of the Admiralty telegraph, between London and Nine Elms, had received an injury, which the detector showed to be in the neighbourhood of the Waterloo-road; and it was at once repaired. Circumstances, however, have greatly modified these arrangements, and the plan has since been adopted of making the wires depend by porcelain eyelets from the posts; and they are protected from corrosion by being covered with zinc. These arrangements are now so practically perfect as to leave little more to be desired. To those most recently proposed on this point, allusion will soon be made.

The attention of men of science has of late been specially directed to the improvements of the electric telegraph by Messrs. Brett and Little.* Their aim is, the increased simplicity and efficiency of the apparatus, in the first place, by generating and economising a more constant and powerful electric current; and, secondly, by a new arrangement of the dial and indicator, insuring that communications may be made more safely and certainly than by the system now in use. The augmented power is attained by a process which frees the copper and zinc plates in the batteries from the sulphate of zinc which ordinarily accumulates on them, and which soon diminishes their force. The apparatus consists of three troughs, placed one above another, the highest containing the exciting power—a diluted sulphuric acid; the middle trough is the galvanic battery, containing two copper and zinc plates, divided by cells or compartments of fine sand; and the lowest trough contains the vitiated liquid, which, having slowly fallen from the reservoir into the battery, has filtered through the sand in the latter, and thence percolates, drop by drop, into the receiving trough below. The diluted sulphuric acid drops from the reservoir into the galvanic trough, by corresponding cones and perforations, into the receiving trough. The sand which surrounds the plates is thus kept constantly saturated, and, as a constant supply of fresh acid is kept up, and the vitiated fluid as constantly escapes below, the formation of crystals of the sulphate of zinc occurs by this self-cleansing process, and the whole surface of the plates is exposed to the action of the acid.†

It is well known that the plan now commonly used is liable to be affected to such a degree by the electric condition of the atmosphere, as, at times, to render

* Tickets admitting parties to view the instruments of Messrs. Brett and Little, may be obtained on personal application, or by letter, at their establishment, No. 3, Furnival's Inn, London.

† For further information on "Brett and Little's Telegraph" see the *Times*, *Daily News*, *Railway Times*, *London Mercury*, and *Mining Journal* for August 1847, whence the above account has been principally gleaned.

the telegraph useless in the hands of the operator. The bells along the line are set ringing, and when the attendants proceed to know what is the cause, they find it is *cœlo fulmen demissum*—the electricity of the atmosphere—that has done the work. It is obviously a matter of importance to know what is the cause; and when the disturbance proceeds from the electric state of the atmosphere, it occasions a clear, isolated sound, very readily distinguished from the ordinary jingle of the bells, by which one person claims the attention of another at a distance.

The dial-plate has also an improved arrangement, which greatly facilitates the communication of intelligence. The telegraph may, in fact, be styled alphabetic; and it is free from those arbitraries which encumber others. It has, in fact, been said—and with much truth—to have reached the *ne plus ultra* of simplicity.

The insulation of the wires forms an important feature of Brett and Little's improvements. It is obvious, that if care be not taken to prevent communication with the post to which the wire is attached—an effect very likely to occur from the deposition of moisture—great difficulties would arise. To obviate this, a thick, strong glass is contrived, not very unlike an inverted tulip, only that the side is straight, instead of having a curled and thin lip. This is placed, mouth downwards, upon an iron bracket nailed to the post; the connexion between the glass and iron being made in the upper and inner part of the bell by a suitable cement, and through the upper and outer crown of the bell the wire is threaded. By this contrivance, however wet the wire may be, it is impossible the moisture can be the medium of communication with the ground: the wet falling on the glass, drips off from its lower edge, and cannot even render the interior damp, much less communicate with the iron supporter. The contrivance is certainly ingenious and valuable, and will probably be substituted for the imperfect bit of stoneware now generally employed.

The wonders which are increasing around us from the application of electricity to economic purposes (to some of which we shall, ere long, take the opportunity of referring, and especially as connected with the electrical telegraph,) surpass the most sanguine expectations which scientific men have ever entertained. The power which is thus furnished is truly astonishing, and we rejoice to see its development, as we believe it to be intimately associated with the increased knowledge and happiness of our fellow men. "Give me," said a profound electrician, "but an unlimited length of wire, with a small battery, and I will girdle the world with a sentence in a few moments!"

In leaving the subject in the hands of our readers—in which a clear, accurate, and popular description has been our aim—it will be well to notice the influence which the application of the principle is calculated to produce on society and the world. Time and space seem to have given way before the mighty advance of the empire of mind, at least as far as the communication of intelligence is concerned. In a few years, the electric telegraph will bring, as it were, the whole family of England under one roof, and into one room. The metropolis will receive from, and transmit intelligence to, every part of the island. For every great need the furthest extremity will state its wants, and in return may receive the desired assistance within twenty-four hours. The island will become possessed of a nervous system, whose rapidity and precision will be compared only to that of the human frame; while London will be the sensorium of the acutely sensible and intelligent whole. The most northern or western district will communicate its sensations as the finger or the eye transmits its noiseless tidings to the brain. Termini, a thousand miles apart, with a hundred intermediate stations, will receive, if necessary, the same announcement at the same moment. "On a few dials," it has been well remarked, "will appear the continual reflux of a nation's history."

F. S. W.

THE GROWTH OF A FLOWER.

No. I.

"Who hung thy beauty on thy slender stalk,
Thou glorious flower?"

It always seems to me, that there is no more convincing evidence of the fallen nature of man, than the way in which most people regard Nature. The fact may seem more striking, indeed, when some tale of human depravity bids us stand aghast with horror; but the philosopher steps in, and tells how the child, brought up without moral restraint,

has any great temptation to be wicked; and finds so many subordinate causes for depravity of conduct, that the real cause, the deep source of all, as it exists in our fallen nature, seems almost forgotten. But the fact that the man who is free from any outward vice, whose mind is cultivated and refined by reading and observation, should yet track the processes of nature without a thought of the Creator, is one which can only be accounted for on the principle that he does not like to have God in his knowledge—that God is not in all his thoughts. Even the very language in which admiration of the beauties of the earth is expressed, seems as if it had been framed for the direct purposes of helping us to forget God. If the flower seed is borne to the lofty summit of the rock, and the blossom comes forth in vigour and lustre, then "Nature has designed to crown the summit of the cliff." If the tree attains excellence and beauty, and lives on though a thousand winters have, with all their changes, told upon it, then "Nature" has given to it the power of resisting the elements. Even the Christian poet is sometimes led away by these common forms of expression; and instead of boldly proclaiming the wonders of earth as the work of God, is satisfied with an admiration of the vague name under which men have shadowed the great Author of good.

But it is not thus that we would trace the gradual development of the flower; we would, as we proceed, mark the thought which contrived it, and the hand which fashioned it, and say with the poet,—

> "These are thy glorious works, Parent of good! Almighty!"

The little seed which falls into the ground, or is carefully placed there, how small a thing it is! The wind scatters it, and we hardly see it; we take it in our hand, and it is perhaps no larger than a grain of sand, yet beneath its firm and glossy covering, lies enshrined the germ of a living flower. Life, with its mysteries, its moving fluids, its power of growth, its faculties of absorption and evaporation, its conditions of birth and death, are surely there: and though the seed may have lain buried for thousands of years in the tomb of the Egyptian, or have been hidden long, so far below the surface of the earth that its vital powers lay for ages unused, yet we have but to place it in circumstances necessary for its germination, and up shall spring the living product. We cannot understand this life, nor in all cases point out its difference from that of the animal; yet we know that it is real, actual life, and that by it the plant differs from the stone or rock.

It matters not how the seed is thrown into the ground; the husbandman or the gardener may scatter it by handfuls, or place it singly in the soil, but it will assuredly find its proper position. If the part which should be upwards has fallen downwards, it will turn round without the help of man. Certain conditions are, however, requisite for its further development. The degree of heat must be above the freezing point 32° of Fahrenheit; the seed must have moisture, and must be hidden from the light. The first process of vegetation, the first sign of life which a seed exhibits, is when it gradually swells, as it absorbs the moisture of the earth, when a chemical change takes place in the nature of its juices, and, bursting from a point in its surface, or rending asunder its coat in many places, a little shoot springs upwards, and one in an opposite direction protrudes into the soil, and becomes the future root. Here we are immediately presented with a fact of nature, inexplicable to the man of science, but founded on an invariable law, evidently necessary for the growth and functions of the plant. That the shoot which forms the root should descend, that it should seek the centre of the earth, is easily accounted for, by the known tendency of all bodies to the centre, guided by the laws of gravity; but on what principle can we account for the fact, that the green stem should rise to the light of day? Yet without light its colour would not be perfected, nor its beauty delight our eye, nor its products serve for the various uses to which they are now applied. One naturalist after another has tried to reverse the position of the ascending and descending shoots. One celebrated botanist endeavoured to send the root upwards, and the stem downwards, by inclosing them in small tubes made for the purpose; but the shoots twisted spirally, and refused to be controlled. Seeds have been placed in every variety of position, but the result of all experiments has been, that the root grew in the direction of the centre of that object on which the seed was placed, whether this were the earth, or, as in the case of the parasitic

flower, the branch of another plant. The seed has neither reason nor instinct; but the Almighty has given to it a principle which directs it as certainly to its well-being, as if it had been endued with the higher faculties of the animal creation.

As the ascending shoot emerges into the light, the first young leaves, called the seed-leaves, are apparent. In the greater number of plants, there are two seed-leaves, but plants of a certain structure have one only; and botanists arrange vegetables into two great divisions, founded on this particular. In some plants the seed-leaves remain under the ground, in a great number they decay at a very early period of progress, so that they are scarcely noticed. They are always differently shaped from the leaves which afterwards come upon the plant, and are always opposite to each other. They perform the same offices to the young shoots which, as we shall see, are afterwards performed by the leaves in general; and are so essential to its nutriment, till it can derive this from the earth, that if they are cut off, the young plant will die. One of the most striking instances of the seed-leaves may be seen in the garden lupin, in which they form two thick lobes, inclosing the beautifully fingered leaf, which afterwards adorns the flower. The seed-leaves of the common radish are also easily seen, for they remain in the form of two thick, roundish, yellowish leaves, till the after leaves of the plant and its deep red root are so developed, as that it is fit for the table.

And now the root is deriving constantly its proper nourishment from the soil, the sap is impelled upwards to the seed-leaves and ascending shoot, and the stem and leaves gradually form and increase in size. The root assumes the shape peculiar to the plant to which it belongs. It may spread into bunches of fibres, like the wheat, or grasses in general; it may form itself into lobes, as in the orchis; it may be bulbous, like the buttercup; or strung into knobs, like a string of beads, as in the wood-sorrel. A streak of green or pink may now and then vary its brown surface, but no colouring matter lies in the cells which form its substance.

Without pausing to consider the various uses of roots at our table, and the service which they render to manufacturers, we will at once inquire of what use the root is to the plant itself. And here we find, that besides its mechanical purpose of fixing the vegetable in the ground, it performs, also, the no less important office of sucking up from the earth the nutriment which, as an organized living body, the plant needs. This food is obtained by means of the fibres which accompany every form of root; the fleshy parts of many roots, as that of the dahlia or orchis, serving to hold the nutriment required by the fibres. The extremity of the fibre, called by botanists the spongiole, is the portion of it which imbibes the nourishment. It is not to be regarded as a distinct organ, but is merely the newly-formed and softer substance of the rootlet, and its cellules are smaller than those of any other part of the vegetable; so that none but the most minute substances, or particles dissolved in water, can be imbibed by the spongiole. Indeed, the various substances, as earths, salts, etc., which the root takes up from the soil, are always accompanied by a large quantity of water, which is afterwards evaporated by the foliage of the herb or tree.

The fact that a root is required to hold down the plant, to render the tree firm, when storms beat against its wide bower of leaves and branches, and to keep the little flower safely fixed, which a breeze would else unsettle, is sufficient to account for the space which it often occupies under ground. Many a large tree, whose boughs might give shadow to a reposing tribe of eastern warriors, has an underground array of branches, spreading as far beneath the flowery earth as the boughs can reach above it. Still there is in nature a great variety in the proportion which the roots of plants bear to their ascending vegetation. In succulent plants, as the houseleek and the stonecrop, they are very small, for these are destined to penetrate into rocks and walls; and the leaves and stems of such plants imbibe so much moisture from the atmosphere, and hold it so long, that the larger root is not required for their sustenance. The sedges and grasses which grow by the sea-shore have fibres, which will spread over a space of twenty-five or even thirty feet, and present a tangling mass, into which the sand collects, and forms a firm soil. The common lucerne, a plant generally about one or two feet in height, has, at all times, a root considerably thicker and longer than its stem; and when it grows in a barren soil, it will so lengthen and thicken, that

it has been known to reach, in a sand-pit, thirty feet in length. This extension of the root is caused by the necessity of its seeking so far for nourishment, of which the barren soil is easily exhausted. And so again, the need which the plant has to produce more and larger roots, enables it to perform another office in the economy of nature; and the small sea-sedge, and the sea-reed, and the mat-grass, plants, the tallest of which is often not more than half a yard high, often protect the town which lies by the sea-coast, not only from masses of dry sand, which the winds would bear into it, but by making, with their roots, so firm a shore, as to resist even the encroachments of the mighty sea-wave. The people who reside in the district of the Landes, near Bourdeaux, know well what good service the straggling fibrous roots have done for them; for the sea having thrown up a quantity of sand, and by returning left a large dry mass of loose soil, ready to float on every wind, the neighbouring country would have been destroyed, and villages and inhabitants overwhelmed in such dire calamities as the sand-storm of the desert sends on the traveller of Arabia, had not some judicious means averted the evil. But the French villagers took a lesson from nature. They planted on their shores the broom, with its long-spreading roots, and placed there, too, the firmer roots of the Bourdeaux pine, which soon gave consistence to the floating soil, and in time graced the shore with the fertile forest and waving flower-shrubs. A. P.

MOTIVES TO CHRISTIAN UNITY.

No. II.

Another motive to Christian unity may be gathered from the relative position of every true disciple. So closely indeed is he connected with others, that a failure of duty on his part will tend to their injury, while a faithful regard to personal obligations will be proportionably conducive to their advantage. Nor is a cold and formal effort sufficient; on the contrary, it is required that exertion should be specific and continuous. "Brethren," says the apostle Paul, "be not children in understanding: howbeit in malice be ye children, but in understanding be men," 1 Cor. xiv. 20. The force of this charge appears to be—"Be not like children, captivated by the showy but less useful gift of tongues, of which some are ostentatious, but, avoiding every evil disposition opposed to true simplicity and amiableness, act as becomes men; cultivate those gifts which are of the highest utility, that you may excel, in solid knowledge and practical holiness, to the edifying of those with whom you are associated."

In like manner was his address to the Ephesians: "I, therefore, the prisoner of the Lord, beseech you that ye walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called, with all lowliness and meekness, with long-suffering, forbearing one another in love; endeavouring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace," Ephes. iv. 1—3. In the cultivation of such dispositions, the sacred writer proceeds to show there will be the most complete entireness enjoined by Christianity. "There is one body, and one Spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling; one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all." And his subsequent statements demonstrate that this unity arises from each one occupying the station assigned him in the providence of God, and employing all the gifts and graces he has received to the proper growth and matured vigour of the whole Christian community. Thus guarding against the crafts of men, and faithfully maintaining the truth, they may "grow into him in all things, which is the Head, even Christ: from whom the whole body, fitly joined together, and compacted by that which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual working in the measure of every part, maketh increase of the body, unto the edifying of itself in love."

It is admitted that the consequence would be serious, were any part of the human frame to refuse co-operation with the other members. The action of each one is necessary to the comfort and usefulness of the whole. As there is no redundancy in the physical structure, so any failure is a loss of entireness and efficiency. If it be possible, the dislocation of the smallest joint ought therefore to be immediately reduced, and the disorder of the minutest nerve to be corrected. Just so is it in "the body of Christ." When any member does not occupy his proper place—when he does not cherish the dispositions he ought to exercise—when he does not faithfully

employ the talents committed to his care, there is a moral derangement—a proportionate loss of comfort and power. The effect of such a failure on the part of the humble in station and gifts, is the same in kind, though not in degree, with that of him, who in these respects, is far superior.

Individual duty is thus presented in a peculiarly impressive aspect. The interests of multitudes are so completely identified with one, that his failure in duty inflicts injury on all. He would shudder at the thought of an open assault on the welfare of any one, and yet he now, perhaps, secretly and subtilly invades the advantage of every one. How powerful, then, is the motive to prosperous piety!

In the words of John Howe,—"Let us be satisfied not to be obliged to do things which we think unlawful ourselves, without entertaining the least surmise but that many good men may judge some things lawful that we do not, and may practice accordingly. That we always keep ourselves in a prepared temper of spirit, to receive further information about doubtful things. That we cherish in our souls a universal, sincere love, to Christians as such, and to men as men. And that our whole design do terminate upon what, so far as we can succeed in it, must be acknowledged by all good men to be a real service to the church of Christ; by gathering into it as many as we can, considering it as made up of persons that with judgment, and in practice, own the very substance of the Christian religion. With such dispositions as these, we shall, in this divided state of the Christian church, be innocent of the sinful evil of its divisions, and keep, as much as in us is; 'the unity of the Spirit, in the bond of peace.'"

Another motive may be obtained from the failure in unity so lamentably conspicuous. To suppose a case: it may be that of a monarch, the distant provinces of whose empire are invaded by a hostile force. It is headed by a tyrant who aims at universal dominion,—in whose bosom malevolence reigns, and the victims of whose power are invariably consigned to unalleviated misery. To a fearful extent his purpose has been accomplished; the territory he has seized was once fair, verdant, and happy, but barrenness and desolation follow his steps; the very soil is stained with blood; it is as if a pestience were stalking over its length and breadth; and the thrilling sounds are borne far and wide, "Multitudes are perishing!"

At an early period, the cries of thraldom and wretchedness reached the parent state, and promptly a noble band appeared, avowedly ready to compassionate, and eager to go forth for the rescue of the perishing. The services of these generous confederates were accepted by the sovereign, who gave them the strictest injunctions to expel the usurper, to remember that union was strength, and its bond mutual affection, and to keep in view a munificent reward, by which every act of loyalty should be generously compensated.

And now the mind hastens at once to the battle-plain; it conceives of heart united with heart, and regiment with regiment, and army with army; of the enemy being borne down on every hand by an overwhelming phalanx; of the blessings of the rescued mingling with the shouts of victory; and of the joys and honours of the conquerors. But the anticipation is premature. Scarcely had these warriors set out, when the emotions which seemed so strong in their bosoms subsided; lukewarmness degenerated into insensibility; if some wept, others shed no tears; if some exulted, others displayed no joy. As benevolence was thus repressed, opposite dispositions arose, increasing in energy and virulence with the lapse of time; and though the cry might have been heard, "Multitudes are perishing!"—the brotherhood, as they were once called, forget the usurper in mutual hatred and trivial disputes.

Alas! for their cause, their standard remained unfurled, and their weapons unsheathed, and the martial spirit was lost in self-indulgence. It seemed, though they were in a land of desolation and death, as if they had no sovereign to obey, and no conquests to achieve. At length a small band went forth to fulfil their trust, amidst the unconcern, and scoffs, and jeers of the rest; who, if they heard of success, disbelieved the tidings, and if they could seize on any rumours of failure, pronounced it the just penalty of a reckless enthusiasm. Their element, meanwhile, was that of contention. The more gifted or plausible became rallying points to others, who were persuaded or deluded by their representatives. Zealously did their partisans espouse their conflicting interests, and appropriate their several names, in which even that of their sovereign was lost. Opinions circumscribed within the limits of these sections of the

original body, furnished constant fuel for strife. The imputation of some that were not adopted, and the wilful perversion of others that were, provoked implacable contention. To supply a stimulus to the malevolent passions, trivial and frivolous objects were made available when those of real importance and magnitude were not at hand.

At length, the once massive phalanx was divided into a thousand fragments. Many were still chiefly intent on the success of their own party, and even when a triumph was obtained for the sovereign, the shouts scarcely rose higher than when the adherents of one division were induced to join the ranks of another. Few, at best, were the victories, while frequent were the seasons of signal repulse; the far larger part of the territory was still under the cruel sway of the tyrant, and the cry was as distinct and thrilling as at first—"Multitudes are perishing!"

The case just supposed falls far short of the reality. A perishing world appeals to all the professed disciples of the Saviour to make vigorous and persevering effort for the unity of the body. Let this be constantly violated, and the world will never know that Christ has been sent by the Father. Are you ready then, it may be asked, to rob Jesus of the joy that was set before him when he endured the cross, despising the shame? To restrict the blessings of the great salvation within the narrowest possible limits? To be accessory to the eternal ruin of multitudes? How can you meet those wretched spirits at the tribunal of God? Can you anticipate beholding them at the left hand of the Judge? Is the thought of their everlasting doom to be endured? What if, as they pass onwards to the fiery gulf, they cast on *you* the look of bitter reproach! What if they should say, "Your divisions are the cause of our unmitigated woe! Your strifes prevented our hearing of Christ, or experiencing his power!"

Well may the heart be chilled at such a thought! It calls for the work of soul-murder to be stayed; it demands an immediate observance of the claims associated with discipleship. C. W.

THE BEAUTIES OF CREATION.

There is a peculiar sweetness in the recollection of those hours which we have spent with friends of a kindred spirit, amidst the beauties of created nature. The Christian can alone find that congeniality in associates, who not only possess a lively and cultivated sense of the high beauty which landscape scenery presents to the eye, but who can also see creation's God in every feature of the prospect. The painter can imitate, the poet describe, and the tourist talk with ecstasy of the sublime and beautiful objects which constitute the scene before him; but he only can be said to enjoy them aright, whose talents, tastes, and affections, are consecrated to the glory of Him by whom all things were made, and without whom "was not anything made that was made." When the pencil that traces the rich and animated landscape of mountains, lakes, and trees is guided by a grateful heart as well as by a skilful hand, then the picture becomes no less an acceptable offering to God than it is a source of well-directed pleasure to the mind of man. And when the poet, in harmonious numbers, makes hill and dale responsive to his song, happy is it if his heart be in unison with the harp of David, and if he can call on all created nature to join in one universal chorus of gratitude and praise. The Christian traveller best enjoys scenes like these. In every wonder, he sees the hand that made it; in every landscape, the bounty that adorns it; in rivers, fields, and forests, the providence that ministers to the wants of man; in every surrounding object, he sees an emblem of his own spiritual condition;—himself a stranger and a pilgrim, journeying on through a country of wonders and beauties; alternately investigating, admiring, and praising the works of his Maker; and anticipating a holy and happy eternity, to be spent in the paradise of God, where the prospects are ever new, and the landscapes never fade from the sight.—*Legh Richmond.*

THE WILL OF GOD.

Dr. Payson, when racked with pain, and near to death, exclaimed, "Oh, what a blessed thing it is to lose one's will! Since I have lost my will I have found happiness. There can be no such thing as disappointment to me, for I have no desire but that God's will be accomplished."

CHEPSTOW AND ITS ENVIRONS.

CHEPSTOW, a sea-port town and parish of England, is situated on the Wye, about two miles and a half from its junction with the Severn, 110 miles west of London, and 14 miles north, north-west of Bristol, with a population of about 4,000.

The town, built as it is on a hill, and sloping gradually down to the river between bold cliffs rising from the west bank, and surrounded by some of the most enchanting scenery in England, although, in itself, possessing no very striking features, presents, thus situated, a very imposing appearance when viewed from particular points of sight. But while it can boast of little more than its broad and well-lighted streets, a tolerably respectable number of good houses, and a generally neat and cheerful appearance, it possesses a church, having a remarkably fine Norman entrance, and many curious specimens of the early-pointed style; a handsome cathedral, three or four dissenting places of worship, a national school, an endowed charity school for thirteen children, and two ancient hospitals for the support of twenty-five aged persons, besides several minor charities. Though not a manufacturing town, Chepstow has a considerable trade, being the principal port of most of the places on the Wye and Lug, including Herefordshire and the east part of Monmouth. Ship-building is carried on here to a considerable extent. Above seventy vessels, from four to six hundred tons, belong to the port. There is a very rapid tide in the river, which, at certain times in the year, makes its navigation somewhat dangerous. At ordinary springs, it rises between forty and fifty feet; but at high springs, it has been known to reach between fifty and sixty feet, allowing very large ships to come up to the town, and barges of twenty or thirty tons burden to ascend the river to Hereford. In 1816 a massive iron bridge was erected just below Chepstow, at the joint expense of the two counties, separated by the Wye, which, spanning the river, adds greatly to the beauty of its appearance, and is no less an improvement to the town itself.

Of the buildings of Chepstow, the castle is one of the principal. This ancient structure, which dates from the eleventh century, but most of whose existing remains would favour a more recent origin, is beautifully situated at the extreme edge of a broad and detached mass of rock, overlooking the Wye, which flows slowly and silently on many feet below the sacred pile,—

> Which looks as consciously it mourned its fate,
> Its time-worn walls, its dark and shattered towers;
> And, as if angry at its own decay,
> Frown'd o'er the beauteous river's ceaseless flow,
> Which owns no wasting hand, but, pure and fresh,
> From day to day rolls on as heretofore.

Most happily chosen is the site of this picturesque relic, whose ruins cover a large space of ground. The grand entrance is through a broad circular arch, defended by two round towers. The first court into which it leads contains mutilated and time-despoiled portions of what were once the great hall, kitchen, and principal apartments of the castle, retaining, indeed, but faint indications of their original feudal splendour,—

> But which imagination can recall
> In all the vividness of past renown;
> Enough to keep alive that due respect
> And admiration, which should ever live
> When swept away from sight what once was fair.

This castle, which belongs to the duke of Beaufort, has resisted many severe sieges; one in the time of Cromwell, the protector, against whose forces, commanded in person, it withstood a most powerful assault. It was alternately in the hands of both parties during the last civil war; and after the restoration, it was memorialized by holding as a captive Henry Martyn, one of the judges of Charles I., who was confined in one of its towers, and died there, after an incarceration of thirty years.

This tower commands an indescribably lovely prospect, highly diversified and picturesque; the beautiful silver Wye forming one of its most attractive features. The most interesting, if not the finest view of the castle, may be had at a short distance from Chepstow, from a hill on the Gloucester road: the best sight of the town, of the river, and the grounds of Piercefield, is also from this eminence. The grounds of Piercefield are laid out with great taste as well as contrivance, so as easily to render them apparently much more extensive than they really are. Many of the walks are cut out of the solid rock, which overhangs the river, some of which are so covered with vegetation that the track is lost sight of, as the visitor winds round and round, with trees in full foliage, screening alternately from a noon-day sun by their refreshing shade, or partially protecting

from the sudden showers which are so frequent in this part of the country, even in the height of summer; the droppings from them, however, rendering these comparatively seldom-trodden paths very slippery and unpleasant. The constantly falling leaves, mixing with the clay soil, makes the footing still more insecure, presenting to the timid pedestrian an insuperable obstacle to his peregrinations, from the fear of being precipitated into the river, which may now and then be seen, through breaks among the foliage, winding along at the bottom of the steep slope.

About four miles from Chepstow is Wynd Cliff, a lofty stratum of rock, which rises almost perpendicularly from the Wye to the height of eight hundred feet, covered with varied foliage from its base to its summit. The pleasure of reaching it is greatly enhanced by the suddenness with which you arrive at the commencement of its rise, which is through a narrow and seemingly unfrequented lane on the left-hand of the road to Tintern Abbey, across which sometimes lie straggling branches of trees, and tangle-wood from the hedges on either side, and through which, if you are in a carriage, the driver makes his way with the greatest composure; as if fully acquainted with that of which his party are wholly ignorant, and are wondering, perhaps, how or when they shall arrive at anything like a level road. The ascent is very steep and tedious, and, but for being informed that, before the summit is attained, there is a moss-house or hermitage, where you may regale yourself, and gain strength for what remains to be accomplished, many not very robust or strong of nerve would give up the task, and miss the reward which awaits the more persevering and zealous searcher after the beautiful and picturesque. The task completed, the eye enjoys one of the finest views that can be surveyed. So varied in its character, so many singularly beautiful features are there, that the eye seeks in vain to decide which is the most striking; and while wandering everywhere, can fix nowhere, nor say this, or that, is to be preferred. Besides this variety, and extensive survey of the surrounding country, it commands the finest prospect of the Wye's graceful windings, of any elevation throughout its career. So numerous, and so intricate are some of these, that they often seem linked together; and so strangely circuitous is its course, that in some places, it seems to have reached its boundary, looking shut in, like some lakes, by numberless mountains, which form a kind of amphitheatre around them, and on whose glassy surface is reflected their wild and picturesque forms, giving a sublimity as well as beauty to the scene. Such appearances, however, are occasioned by the numerous and extraordinary bendings of the Wye; which winds its sinuous way through narrow passes, and then branches out again into a broad river, rendering it impossible to follow its course, ever varying, as it does, its place and its dimensions; sometimes it altogether conceals its track, until, after long tracing, the eye catches again, at an immense distance, and in quite an opposite direction, its shiny waters.

A rich delight to watch from Wyndcliff's top
The beauteous Wye pursue its graceful course,
Sparkling like liquid silver as it glides
Between the lofty rocks which mark its edge,
Then disappearing, as its boundary reached;
Then suddenly, as by some magic wand,
At distance seen again; and then again
Surrounding patches green, which, at first sight,
Appear like floating islands, but, ere long,
Prove to be, still, the strange meanderings
Of the unrivalled and the changeful Wye.

This extraordinary river issues from Plynlimmon hill, in the south[1] part of Montgomeryshire, near the source of the Severn. It crosses the north-east corner of Radnorshire, giving name to the town of Khyadergowy—fall of the Wye—where it is precipitated in a cataract; then separating this county and Brecknockshire, it enters Herefordshire, passing by Hay to Hereford, a few miles below which it receives the Lug; it then flows by Monmouth and Ross, and separating the counties of Monmouth and Gloucester, enters the Severn below Chepstow. The scenery on this fine river is charming, richly covered as it is with the most luxuriant foliage, and studded with pretty snow-white cottages, almost to the summit of the green heights. In many parts, the water is so remarkably clear, that objects above it are reflected, as in a mirror, upon its surface.

On the east side of the cliff is a narrow path, conducting to Tintern Abbey, which, if it be taken instead of returning by the public road to Chepstow, saves the pedestrian traveller a four miles' walk, and is by far the most pleasing way of reaching the ruin, to those who love—

The wild and rugged tract,
The lone, untrodden path.

When the eye first catches a glimpse of this lovely ruin, which is beautifully

situated in a sheltered vale on the right or western bank of the Wye, the spectator views it with an admiration, which finds no words for expression. Its exterior, however, wears not the aspect of that complete ruin which it proves to be on a nearer approach; and being surrounded by shabby-looking houses, quite out of keeping with its architectural beauty, the measure of enthusiasm, which it can scarcely fail to inspire, is kept back for a closer inspection. It has been described by archdeacon Coxe in the following terms:

"After passing a miserable row of cottages," he says, "we stopped to examine the rich architecture of the west front; but the door being suddenly opened, the inside perspective of the church called forth an instantaneous burst of admiration, and filled me with delight, such as I scarcely ever before experienced on a similar occasion. The eye passes rapidly along a range of elegant gothic pillars, and glancing under the sublime arches which supported the tower, fixes itself on the splendid relics of the eastern window, the grand termination of the choir.

"The church was constructed in the shape of a cathedral. The roof is fallen in, and the whole ruin open to the sky, but the shell is entire.

"Instead of dilapidated fragments overspread with weeds and choked with brambles, the floor is covered with a smooth turf, which, by keeping the original level of the church, exhibits the beauty of its proportions, heightens the effect of the grey stone, gives a relief to the clustered pillars, and affords an easy access to every part. Ornamented fragments of the roof, remains of cornices and columns, rich pieces of sculpture, sepulchral stones and mutilated figures of monks and heroes, whose ashes repose within these walls, are scattered on the green sward, and contrast present desolation with former splendour."

This religious house was founded in 1131, by Walter de Clare, grandson of Walter Fitzorbert, earl of Ew, by whom it was dedicated to the Virgin Mary. It was filled by a colony of Cistercians, or White Monks, as they are called: a branch of the great order of the Benedictines, who made their first appearance in England about 1228, when they established themselves at Waverley, in Surrey; and having once obtained a footing in the country, they spread rapidly. Of the Cistercian abbeys, that of Tintern appears, from the date, to have been one of the oldest. After the Reformation, the place was granted by the crown to Henry, the second earl of Worcester, the ancestor of the duke of Beaufort; whose property it now is.

How forcibly is the Christian reminded, amid scenes like these, of the mutability which marks all earthly things, the fairest and the best. "Passing away" might be inscribed on the front of every enjoyment, and every possession! Happy he who makes the Lord Jesus Christ, the Rock of ages, his trust, and his daily dependence! He who is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, will never fail those who put their trust in Him. S. S. S.

IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

Various and striking facts demonstrate the mind's independence of matter, and capacity of existence without it. The inconceivable rapidity of its movements is perhaps the most striking feature of the diversity; and there is no doubt that this rapidity increases, in proportion as the influence of the body is withdrawn. Heathens did not overlook the operations of the mind:—"I am persuaded," says Cicero, "since such is the activity of the soul, such is the memory of the past and the foresight of the future, such are its arts and sciences, and inventions, that the nature which comprehends these things cannot be mortal."

We, however, are far more highly favoured: "Jesus Christ hath abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light through the gospel." He has assured us that man has a soul distinct from the body; that it is not destroyed by the stroke of death, which lays the human frame in the grave; that, after its separation, it enters on a new state of being; and that, as those who die in impenitence shall be plunged into darkness and misery, so his faithful followers shall be admitted into the realms of light, and enjoy there everlasting felicity. His language is: "I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand. —I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.—Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom their Father."

OLD HUMPHREY, ON HIS WAY TO THE HIGHLANDS.

That ancient man, that ancient man,
Has feelings deep and strong;
Though seasons fly unheeded by,
His heart seems ever young:
He looks with glad, admiring eyes
Abroad in spring and fall;
He loves the young, he loves the old,
He loves them one and all.

Though Arthur's Seat that overlooks the city of Edinburgh has already been spoken of by me, I will go back again, for a short season, in my narrative, that I may "begin with the beginning." I left London early in August, in good health and buoyant spirits, with every prospect of fine weather; but the promise of a blue and sunny sky, given me by the plains, was most unceremoniously broken by the mountains. Oh, what a help it is to us, when we go abroad, to take with us patience, good humour, thankfulness, and a habit of turning every occurrence to advantage!

My fellow-travellers, who shared with me the accommodation of the same railway carriage, soon began to manifest their different dispositions. Two ladies appeared to think it wrong to open their lips in so public a situation; it would hardly, then, have been right in me to have ventured on the forlorn hope of a conversation with them. A friendly red-faced gentleman had evidently adopted an opinion very different to that entertained by the ladies; for he could hardly, for an instant, keep his lips closed. If in talking they were parsimonious, he, on the contrary, was very generous; and had the novelty and wisdom of his remarks at all equalled his volubility, he must, of necessity, have left us all much wiser than he found us. My right-hand companion, pulling out his watch as we hurried past the Harrow station, offered to bet me a sovereign that we should be at Watford by half-past six o'clock. I told him that my system of betting was rather singular; for that, in the first place, I never bet anything except with very sober people, and in the next, I never wagered less than a thousand pounds. "Now," said I, "as no sober person in the world is in the habit of risking so large a sum in a bet, so the consequence has been that for the last forty years I have never, by betting, won or lost a single sixpence." He received my mild reproof with great good humour, and admitted that, had he followed my example, he should have been a richer man than he then was.

We had the common railroad allowance of hissing, whistling, screaming, panting, snorting, tearing, and clattering, with the customary scramble for a Wolverton breakfast, and the gradual change of company that usually characterizes a north-westerly journey from London. I reached Liverpool in safety; and having no business on the Exchange, and no homeward nor outward-bound ships of my own or of my neighbours particularly to engage my attention, after taking a bed at the hotel nearest to the station, I pursued my onward course.

I had originally intended to sail from Liverpool to Glasgow, and, on my return from Scotland, to pass some time in Cumberland and Westmoreland; but as a stick or a straw will turn the direction of a trickling stream, so, in like manner, does a trifle oftentimes alter the current of our intentions. A change for the worse had taken place in the weather; and a seafaring fellow-traveller so confidently foretold and vividly depicted the rough passage of the departing steamer, that I at once decided to make the best of my way to Kendal.

With my hazel stick in my hand I trudged freely through Westmoreland and Cumberland, and saw every lake the two counties contained,—from Windermere the Great to Rydalmere the Little! Crummock and Coniston, Ennersdale and Esthwaite, Brother's-water, Bassenthwaite, and Buttermere, all contributed to my entertainment. Truly, the lakes are lovely!

There 's grace and grandeur reigning round,
In calm and sunny hours;
And brightness in their crystal waves,
And beauty in their bowers.

I stood in mute admiration of the cataracts Scale Force, Barrow Cascade, and Lowdore; the fall of the first being 156 feet, and that of the last 100 feet. Colwith, Airey, Dungeon Gill, and Stock Gill Forces are each, also, well worthy of regard. I visited the passes of High Sty Head and gloomy Kirkstone; made some acquaintance with the mountains Red Pike, Black Combe, and Coniston-old-man; roamed round Fairfield, Great Gable, and Scawfell Pike; ascended Loughrigg Fell, Saddleback, and Helvellyn; and stood on the brow of Skiddaw with my hazel stick in my hand.

There are scenes in Cumberland and Westmoreland that for a season entrance the heart, and absolutely absorb the

whole soul of the spectator with their beauty and sublimity. Go to Borrowdale, visit Buttermere, stand at the foot of Honister Crag, and you will, ere long, be rooted to the spot, with your eyes looking upwards with amazement and awe:

> Silence, and Solitude and Fear
> Have form'd a lonely friendship there;
> And Danger, with his rugged brow,
> Looks down upon the depths below.

In seeing "the lions" of the lake-country, I was not neglectful of the literary lion,—the philosophic poet of Rydal, the author of the "Excursion," the laureate of England. As I had never seen Mr. Wordsworth, I felt very desirous to take him by the hand, being largely indebted to him for the gratification afforded me by his works in my earlier days. I felt also drawn towards a man who had so long sustained a high literary character, and who on account of his years might so soon be called away from the world. True it is that I had recently read, and in part agreed with some talented observations, which bore hard on many of his productions; but whatever effect criticism had produced on my head, it had certainly exercised no influence over my heart. It would have done me good, if I could in aught have ministered to the welfare of the bard of Rydal.

"How shall I sign my note?" said I jocosely to myself, after dashing a few lines on paper by way of introduction. "I might as well represent myself to be 'A Hottentot,' as to be 'Old Humphrey,' for the laureate of England would be as much puzzled by the latter signature as by the former." A moment's reflection convinced me, that whether I had or had not in my day scribbled over a few reams of foolscap, was an affair about which the poet of Rydal would not care two straws. The important fact, then, of my ever having been in print was altogether suppressed; and as a stranger I went to and returned from my agreeable interview with the laureate.

In the very spirit of kindness I presented myself at Rydal Mount:

> "Low and white, yet scarcely seen
> Are its walls of mantling green;
> Not a window lets in light
> But through flowers clustering bright;
> Not a glance may wander there
> But it falls on something fair."

An elderly lady with spare form, pale face, and highly intellectual features, seated in an arm-chair, was being wheeled round the walks in front of the house, and she, just at the moment that I delivered my note to a servant, requested me to come to her. "Shall you have any objection, sir," said she, in a clear and distinct voice, "to hear a few verses of my own composing?" Having assured her that to listen would afford me pleasure, she, in a tone full of pathos and expression, began thus:

> "The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
> The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;
> The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
> And leaves the world to darkness and to me."

My first emotion of surprise gave way in a moment to intense sympathy, for I saw that it had pleased God in his wisdom to withdraw in part the gift of understanding which his goodness had bestowed. I stood listening with inexpressible interest and absolute awe, while the poor lady with heart-thrilling earnestness and solemnity repeated a considerable part of the well-known Elegy, whence her verses had been obtained. Had Gray himself as a living man been there, he must have been gratified by the way in which his happiest effort was recited. This little incident awakened my keenest sensibilities, and greatly solemnized my mind; and I silently committed her, who had so much interested me, to his Almighty keeping, whose mercies are as plain as his mysteries are incomprehensible.

While I stood listening to the invalided lady, Mr. Wordsworth came to seek me. "What, sir," said he, taking me by the hand, with courteous kindness and hospitable familiarity, "you are listening, are you, to 'a few verses of my own composing?'" In a few minutes Old Humphrey was walking round the pleasure-grounds of the fairy-land of Rydal Mount, as much at home in the company of the laureate as if he had known him for years.

The bard of Rydal is rather tall, and somewhat spare in figure. Simple and courteous in his demeanour, and frank and friendly in his discourse, he at once made me feel at ease. The recent loss of a beloved daughter was pressing heavily on his heart,—no wonder that his countenance was more thoughtful than joyous. I had only covenanted for five minutes of his society, but he would not hear of my departure till nearly an hour had passed. He pointed out to me the more attractive

points of the glowing prospect, and led me through the retired walks and mossy alcoves of his lovely retreat—while observations of gravity, and more cheerful remarks alternately diversified our conversation. If I felt kindly towards the laureate at first, I felt doubly so when I took my departure; and he had, though unexpressed, the warm-hearted blessing of Old Humphrey.

On leaving the lake country I visited "Merry Carlisle," and proceeded onwards for Edinburgh, passing through Selkirk, and obtaining a glimpse of the abbeys of Dryburgh and Melrose, with the elegant mansion of Abbotsford closely bosomed in its profuse plantations of oak, birch, ash, and pine: my emotions on gazing for the first time on scenes which had so long held a place in my imagination, were somewhat bewildering. The rolling waters of the Tweed, and the Ettrick, and the Gala Water, gave an added stimulus to my thoughts; but "onwards" was my watchword, for my heart was in the Highlands,—and glad was I when I found myself in the capital of Scotland.

BETTY ARCHER—A VILLAGE SKETCH.

Winter had just put off her sables, and the florid spring had dressed the earth in her beautiful and varied robes: all nature seemed to rejoice in the bright beams of the glorious luminary that rules the day. The lark revelled in them as she rested upon the bosom of the air, hymning the praises of her Creator, while the rest of the feathered tribe sat rejoicing in the thick bushes. The cattle on the meads felt delight in them, and the silver fish came from the deep beds of the river that washes the foot of our village, where they had been long immersed, to the shallows of the stream to bask under its benign influence; whilst myriads of insects called into light by its genial warmth sported in the balmy air.

Such being the scene around, could man refuse to rejoice in it? No! he, too, ungrateful as he is for mercies received, seemed to be grateful and happy. The smith had left his hammer on his anvil, and the carpenter his rule on the bench, and with numerous other artisans had taken their stand in the full beams of the sun, and held innocent converse; while many a smiling infant lay at full length at the threshold of their cottages, rejoicing at they knew not what, and their mothers, equally pleased, sang beside them.

I well remember that day, for in the midst of this quiet of nature, a commotion was observed among the villagers of no ordinary nature, and upon inquiring whence it arose, I was informed that the subject of this sketch, who was loved and respected by both rich and poor, had suddenly lost her reason. Truly, said I, as the big tears started into being, the poet is right:

> "Man is a harp whose chords elude the sight,
> Each yielding harmony disposed aright;
> The screws reversed, (a task which if he please
> God in a moment executes with ease,)
> Ten thousand thousand strings at once go loose,
> Lost till he tunes them all their power and use."

The circumstance was one well calculated to give rise to serious reflection upon the transitory nature of all mundane affairs; for never was there a more happy, humble, and contented Christian than Betty Archer. Meet her where you might, in the house of God, or in her own neat cottage, there was an invariable expression of Christian joy marked upon the lines of her countenance. And the language of her heart corresponded to the joy of her countenance,—it was ever that of gratitude to God, and love to man. "Betty Archer's heart," our rector used to say, "is in its right place, and I could wish all the females in my parish were so many Betty Archers."

Perhaps of all the cottagers in our village I was better acquainted with Betty Archer than any other. While yet a child, nothing gave me greater pleasure than to go and partake of her home-made tea-cakes, and her big round cherries in the summer evening. And then, she had what every cottager cannot boast of possessing; namely, a pretty little cottage organ, on which were set sundry hymn-tunes, to which she used to sing the praises of her God and Saviour! This was a great attraction to me, and I often used to wander to her cottage to play "Betty Archer's organ." Hour after hour would I turn it; and as the pipes unfolded their music, I fancied myself a musician of no ordinary execution. Nor were these the only attractions poor Betty's cottage afforded. On all its walls there were pretty pictures tastefully hung about, depicting many a soul-stirring scene, and exhibiting the fancied semblance of many a famed character of whom we read in sacred and profane history.

There was one series of these pictures to which Betty would often direct my attention;—these were made to represent the birth, baptism, crucifixion, resurrection, and ascension of our Saviour. On these it was Betty's pleasure to descant; and she did so with a heart brimful of gratitude and joy. Even at that tender age, when I had scarcely any notion of any one being sorrowful, I have thought that Betty was the happiest of the happy.

There was another picture on the walls of Betty's cottage which used to attract my attention, without the direction of the good woman's finger;—this was the representation of the far-famed battle of Waterloo. Regardless of the peculiar cleanliness of Betty's chairs, my feet could never refrain climbing them to look at that strifeful scene. Whether Betty observed in me the workings of ambition or no, I cannot tell; but I recollect on one occasion she addressed me very emphatically on the subject:—"It is not my wish, child," she observed, "that that picture should be there. Archer wishes it, and I let it remain. That was a sad scene, and it shows what man is by nature, —a fallen creature. However," she added, with her usual smile, "I believe looking at it will not hurt you, for you will never be tall enough for a soldier."

Betty was correct in her estimate of my future dimensions; and I sometimes think it would be well for the world if none of its inhabitants were "tall enough for soldiers."

But poor Betty's organ seems to require more than the passing notice given it. My readers may think it an incongruity in a cottage, and, morever, an extravagant piece of furniture. The fact is, Betty and her husband were not blessed with a family; and as both of them were constantly employed, and possessed general habits of economy, they were raised somewhat above the common lot of cottagers, and the instrument was by no means beyond their means. For my own part, from what I have seen of the effects of Betty's organ, I should be happy to see an organ in every cottage. "When Archer comes home tired," she used to say, "he sits down and plays his organ, and forgets his toils." Now this is certainly a more rational manner of recruiting one's spirits than is adopted by too many of our cottagers. The ale-house and the dram-shop are their resort: there they spend their precious time, and destroy both body and soul. An organ perhaps might to them be a blessing,—it might soothe away their fatigues, keep them from evil company, and lead their hearts to the Giver of all good. The pious poet Herbert used to walk twice a week from his house to Salisbury, a distance of two miles, to hear the anthem in the cathedral; observing that the time spent in prayer and solemn music elevated his soul, and was his heaven on earth. He has well expressed this feeling in a poem called "Church Music:"

"Sweetest of sweets, I thank you; when displeasure
Did through my body wound my mind,
You took me thence, and in your house of pleasure
A dainty lodging me assign'd.

"Now I in you without a body move,
Rising and falling with your wings,
We both together sweetly live and love,
Yet say sometimes, 'God help poor kings!'

"Comfort, I'll die; for if you post from me,
Sure I shall do so and much more:
But if I travel in your company,
You know the way to Heaven's door."

Sure I am that "Betty Archer's organ," humble as it was in appearance, had a most delightful effect in their cottage. It assisted its inmates to tune their hearts aright before God. It may arise from fancy; but I sometimes think when I hear the full-toned organ swelling its gorgeous notes as directed by the fingers of skill, that its harmony does not exceed that which proceeded from the thin pipes of "Betty Archer's organ."

But my recollections of poor Betty are not confined to the days of childhood. As I grew up to manhood, I used often to visit her in her cottage, and sometimes play a tune on her organ. And truly, reader, I ever found her the same peaceful, happy, and contented creature. A cloud never seemed to hang over her path. Given to reflection as I then was, I thought I had found out, if not "the happy man," at least the happy woman. Vain thoughts were these, for sooner or later every son and daughter of Adam must partake of human calamities: it is well for those who are prepared to meet the blow by faith in God! Poor Betty had not the opportunity of exercising that faith, with especial reference to affliction, which awaited her, or doubtless she would have set a bright example.

There may be those among my readers, however, who may imagine that her religion had something to do with poor Betty's sudden calamity—that, indeed,

because she was religious therefore was her reason overturned. Never did such a thought occur to any one that knew her real character — never did even the enemies of religion among our villagers whisper such a surmise. Betty's religion was not of a sombre nature. Her habitual cheerfulness testified to the truth of the poet's sentiment, that

> "Religion never was design'd
> To make our pleasures less."

There was a genuineness about her piety that forbids such a thought. I could as readily believe that the devotion of angels would interfere with their lofty intellects, as that it had anything to do with this humble Christian's calamity. Did ever genuine piety have this effect? Surely not. On the contrary, it has taught mankind how to bear with calamities of an overwhelming nature—how to avoid such a fearful stroke. It has made madmen wise unto salvation!

> "And thou, sad sufferer! under nameless ill,
> That yields not to the touch of human skill,
> Improve the kind occasion, understand
> A Father's frown, and kiss his chastening hand.
> To thee the day-spring, and the blaze of noon,
> The purple evening, and resplendent moon,
> The stars, that, sprinkled o'er the vault of night,
> Seem drops descending in a shower of light,
> Shine not, or undesired and hated, shine,
> Seen through the medium of a cloud like thine:
> Yet seek him—in his favour life is found,
> All bliss beside a shadow or a sound;
> Then heaven eclips'd so long, and this dull earth
> Shall seem to start into a second birth;
> Nature, assuming a more lovely face,
> Borrowing a beauty from the works of grace,
> Shall be despised and overlook'd no more,
> Shall fill thee with delight unfelt before,
> Impart to things inanimate a voice,
> And bid her mountains and her hills rejoice;
> The sound shall run along the winding vales,
> And thou enjoy an even ere it fails."

Had poor Betty Archer been gifted again with the glimmerings of reason, she would doubtless have acted in the spirit of this sacred advice of the poet: nay, more; she would have exclaimed in the language of Scripture, "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good:" and in the language of the poet:

> "Affliction is a stormy deep,
> Where wave resounds to wave;
> Though o'er my head the billows roll,
> I know the Lord can save!
>
> "Here will I rest and build my hope,
> Nor murmur at his rod;
> He 's more than all the world to me—
> My Father and my God!"

But such was not her lot. An impenetrable veil hung over her mind all the remainder of her days on earth. It was a "darkness that might be felt;" but all who knew her are fully persuaded that she now rejoices in the light of heaven!

Reader! the ways of Providence are sometimes dark and mysterious, and we may be tempted to think that they are unequal; but were we acquainted with the designs of the Eternal Mind, we should be constantly constrained to say, "He doeth all things well." It may puzzle unassisted reason to understand why such a dark dispensation was allotted to our humble friend, seeing that she so loved and served her Creator; but faith must humbly bow before his footstool, and utter the language of resignation:

> "If Faith were left untried,
> How could the might, that lurks within her, then
> Be shown? her glorious excellence—that ranks
> Among the first of Powers and Virtues—proved?

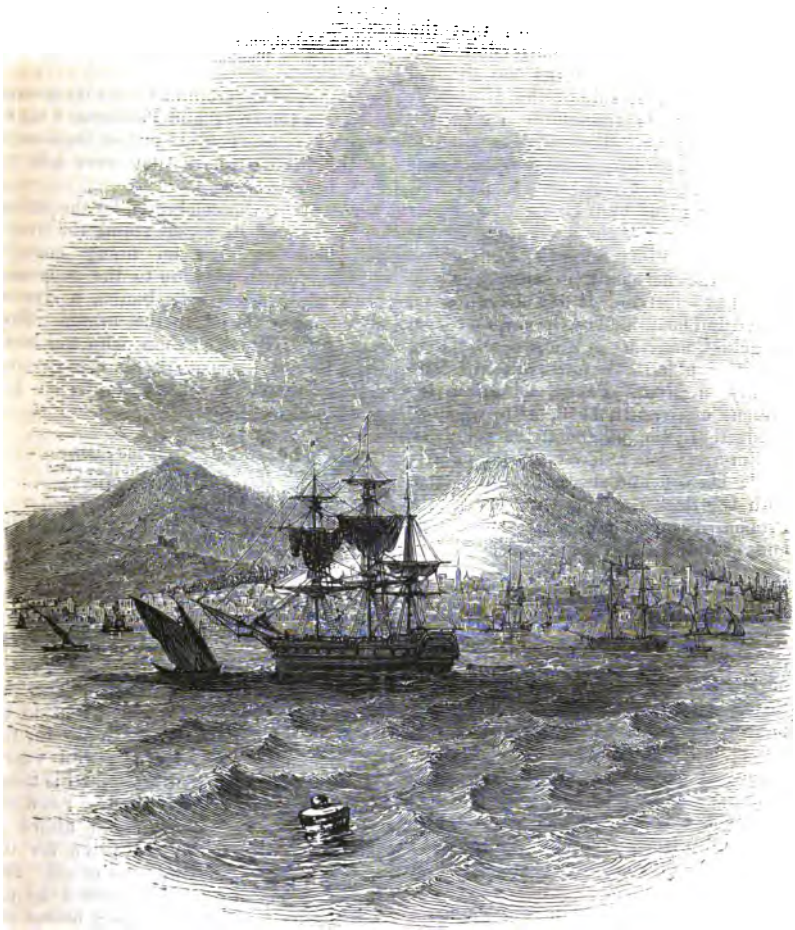
E. F.

DESIGN OF CHRIST'S RESURRECTION FROM THE DEAD.

The resurrection of Jesus Christ defined or determined him to be the person spoken of by the prophets as the Son of God, and was the authentic and solemn judgment of God pronouncing him to be his Son, Acts xiii. 33. When the Son of God was raised from the dead, his eternal dignity, which was before concealed, was brought to light. His resurrection did not constitute him the Son of God; it only evinced that he was truly so. Jesus Christ, during his public ministry, had declared himself to be the Son of God, and on this account the Jews charged him with blasphemy, and asserted that he was a deceiver. By his resurrection, the clear manifestation of the character he assumed gloriously and for ever terminated the controversy which had been maintained during the whole of his ministry on earth. In raising him from the dead, God decided the contest.—*Haldane.*

PRIDE.

If we pursue most of those contentions which afflict the world to their first principle, we shall find that they issue from pride, and pride from self-opinion, and a strange persuasion that men have of their knowledge of those things of which they are indeed ignorant.—*South.*



Modern Smyrna.

SMYRNA.

Tradition narrates that Alexander, of Macedon, fell asleep, after the exertions of the chase, beneath a plane tree on Mount Pagus, by a fountain near the temple of Nemesis; and that the goddess directed him in vision to found a city for the Smyrneans, a people from Ephesus, then living in villages. The Clarian oracle was consulted on their removal, and it was replied, in a heroic couplet, that those who should dwell on Mount Pagus, beyond "the sacred Meles," should experience great prosperity. Such is the idle tale of the rise of ancient Smyrna, which is only quoted to warn the reader against giving heed to fables. The Smyrneans being expelled by the Æolians, who are declared by some authorities to have been its original founders, retired to Colophon; but some of the Colophonians being obliged to expatriate themselves on account of sedition, found an asylum among the inhabitants of Smyrna. Some time afterwards, discovering that the Smyrneans celebrated a feast without their city, in honour of Bacchus, they closed the gate, and took possession of

the town. The Æolians came to their succour; but it was ultimately determined, by common consent, that the Ionians should be left in possession.

The old town of Smyrna was situated on the north-east side of the Hermœan Gulf, which is sometimes called the Gulf of Smyrna. Towards the close of the eleventh century it fell into the hands of Tzachas, a Greek pirate, and was nearly destroyed by a Greek fleet, under John Ducas. At the beginning of the thirteenth century Smyrna lay in ruins, except the acropolis, or citadel, which served as a fortress. It was afterwards repaired and beautified by the emperor John Angelus Comnenus, at whose death it then consisted of a small town, situated principally on Mount Pagus, or within the present castle. In 1113, Atin, who had subdued Lydia, extended his conquests to Smyrna; but a few years afterwards, while his son and successor was absent with the fleet, ravaging the coast of the Propontis, some gallies of the Latins, and of the knights of Rhodes, burned several vessels in the port. The sultan arrived in time to save the town, but could not dislodge the enemy from a fort which they had seized, nor prevent their making a settlement at the mouth of the port, at a distance from the Turkish town. Under the Romans, it became one of the most beautiful of the Ionian cities; but Tamerlane and his barbaric followers attacked, and, after a fierce conflict, captured and sacked the city. In one assault he is said to have cut off a thousand prisoners, and to have caused a tower to be erected, with stones and their heads intermingled.

The town came again into the hands of the Turks, in 1424. Its favourable situation affording great advantages, commerce revived, and the inhabitants, delivered from their apprehensions of danger, by degrees abandoned the castle, and the houses, as it were, slid down the slope towards the sea, leaving behind a naked spot, from which the materials had been removed. From that era it enjoyed almost uninterrupted repose from external foes, till the Greek revolution.

Among the numerous cities which ask the honour of being the birthplace of Homer, Smyrna is one; and, Chios perhaps excepted, seems to have the best claim to this distinction. The poet, from being born on the banks of the Meles, which laved the walls of the ancient as well as of the modern city, is sometimes called *Melesigenes:*

> "Blind Melesigenes, thence Homer call'd,
> Whose poem Phœbus challenged for his own."

Hence, also, Tibullus * calls his poems *Meleteas Chartas;* and Pausanias † says, that a cave was pointed out, at the source of the Meles, where they were said to have been composed.

The Meles was celebrated for the purity and beauty of its waters: and the river-god is represented on many ancient medals; or, in allusion to the supposed birth of Homer on its banks, a lyre is added, as a friend to the muses. The memory of the poet Bion, who was born here, is also associated with the stream, and Moschus, in his epitaph on his master, has said:—

> "Meles! of streams in melody the chief,
> How heaves thy bosom with another grief;
> Thy Homer died, great master of the song;
> Thy Homer died, the muses' sweetest tongue:
> Then did thy waves in plaintive murmurs weep,
> And roll'd thy swelling sorrows to the deep.
> Another son demands thy meed of woe,
> Again thy waters weep in long-drawn murmurs slow."

Mr. Turner mentions, that when at a Frank party in Smyrna, in 1816, he met the governor, an immensely fat old man, who was in some trouble about the tribute of his province, which had to be paid by the building of a frigate for the Turkish navy every six or seven years. He had even had some fears for his head, but it was then thought that he need not be alarmed, for nobody could afford to pay the Porte so high a price for the government of Smyrna as he could. His riches had been greatly increased by the last plague; for many houses being entirely emptied of their inhabitants, and there being no heir to the property in them, he sent his men, when it was not sufficiently considerable to excite the attention of the Porte, to seize the whole contents of the houses, which he sold for his own emolument. Not long afterwards, however, he lost his head. An illustration is thus furnished of the mode of Turkish government in the provinces, and the extraordinary disadvantages connected with such a procedure, from its liability to abuse, and the arbitrary control under which all persons labour. When civilization and knowledge have increased in those benighted regions, the

* Tibullus, lib. iv., eleg. 1., v. 210.
† Archaic., cap. 5.

true principles of government will be recognised; the sovereign will cease to be a despot, and the people to be slaves.

At midnight, on the 28th of July, 1841, a fire broke out at Smyrna, which the crowded state of the wooden houses, the want of water, and the violence of the wind, rendered fearfully destructive. About twelve thousand houses were destroyed, including the whole of the Jewish and nearly all the Turkish and French quarters, besides bazaars, mosques, synagogues, and other public buildings, the damage being estimated at two millions sterling. Subscriptions were made for the relief of the sufferers; the sultan gave 4,000*l.*, and sent ships, with articles of clothing and food; and the merchants in London, connected with the Levant trade, also lent valuable assistance.

Few remains are there pointing to the city of Alexander and Polycarp,—the modern town occupies its site. The paved causeway, leading over the hills to Ephesus, has left scarcely a wreck behind, and the temple of Homer is lost. In the Greek quarter a custom of antiquity is retained: on the stone benches by their doors, the families of the oppressed race—over whom the Turkish scimitar still hangs—are seated in the cool of the day, too often to repeat the tale of injury or of woe. Abraham and Job pursued this course, after the duties of the day had been passed, but their narrations were of a different cast; the Bedouin seeks the door of his tent, as he looks forth to the wilderness; and the Greeks of the Levant thus welcome the breezes of the twilight.

A triangular plain spread at the foot of a hill along the shore, and the slopes of the hill itself, compose the site of Smyrna. The Turks occupy the upper part of the city, their streets hanging down the slopes of the hill; the Armenians have the centre; the Jews have two or three places, situated around both; and the Franks spread themselves on the long flat ground close to the shore. Extending south-east is a plain filled with gardens, and every part of the city is adorned with trees.

Under the Turks it has retained much of its original populousness, and its mosques and buildings are very handsome, being erected principally of marble from the ancient structures. The central position it occupies, and the excellence of its port, attract a concourse of merchants of all nations by sea, and of caravans by land. The exports include silks, goat and camels' hair, cottons, embroidered muslins, currants, amber, and wool, and some drugs; besides carpets and pearls, diamonds, emeralds, rubies, and other precious stones. It is, in fact, the great emporium of the Levant. The city contains one hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants, though frequent severe visits of the plague have at various times greatly reduced its numbers.

Of the stadium the ground plot only remains, being stripped of its seats and marble decorations. It is supposed to be the place where Polycarp, the disciple of John, suffered martyrdom. The Christians here hold his memory in high honour, and go annually in procession to what is imagined to be his tomb, which is a short distance from the supposed place of martyrdom.

The accounts furnished by modern travellers are varying; but it is sufficiently evident that the prosperity of Smyrna is rapidly on the increase. Situated on a fine, rich, and extensive plain, bounded by elevated mountains, generally without wood, it presents many advantages for communication with the interior of the country, with which, at a distance of even two hundred miles, it carries on communication by caravans; while its magnificent port welcomes vessels from every clime.

The view of the city from the bay, as it rises like an amphitheatre from the water's edge, backed by the hill, crowned with its old castle, impresses the mind with the idea of grandeur. Elliot states, however, that on his visit, the opinion he thus entertained was too favourable. On closer inspection, he found that the quarter inhabited by the Franks was dirty, ill-paved, and narrow; while long strings of camels and porters, laden with huge bales of cotton, rendered them almost impassable. The houses of the consuls and principal merchants were large and commodious, but the others were miserably built, their sides often consisting of planks; and when of bricks, they were not sufficiently secure, and failed to keep out cold and damp. Neither windows nor doors shut closely; and if locks were found on the latter, it was too much to expect them to be in serviceable condition. The warming apparatus, commonly in use in cold weather, consisted of a brazier, placed under the table, which is covered by a large

cloth, held by each member of the family up to the chin, to prevent the heat from escaping. Grates and stoves might be found in the dwellings of the Franks, but the number is limited. The shops are small and dark, but tolerably furnished with European articles; while the bazaars, with their long-covered rows of stalls, built with precautions against fire, were secured by iron gates, closed at night.

Smyrna is well supplied with provisions, fish, and fruits of many kinds; and excellent wines are obtained from the interior, or from the islands. Great changes have taken place of late in the manners and character of the people; printing-presses have been established, and journals in English, French, Greek, and Italian, have familiarized the inhabitants with the politics and literature of Europe. Only a few years ago inferior day-schools and private instruction were their means of obtaining knowledge; but now there are several private seminaries,—one dignified with the name of a college for the education of the French youth; and free schools are open for the Greeks, where they are enabled to study every branch of polite literature. A public dispensary is open, for the gratuitous supply of persons of all classes and religious views.

Smyrna is now the crowded resort of merchants from all countries, and is the most general entrepôt for the productions of the Levant, while its port is crowded with shipping; for the largest vessels can load and unload close to the wharfs. Nearly all the powers of Europe have here a consul, who is vested with more than ordinary authority. There are commercial houses of many nations, and the Venetians, Genoese, and other Italians; the Dalmatians, Dutch, Americans, and French, have also their establishments. The higher order of Franks often deal largely; while the lower classes, consisting of people from every nation in the Mediterranean, are engaged as boatmen, carpenters, tailors, and shoemakers. The Greeks are not remarkable for fidelity in business, and are very cunning; and the Jews are much open to the same charge; but they often mutually guarantee their transactions. The Turks and Armenians stand, however, higher than both in honesty, as concerns business affairs, and are frequently men of influence.

The imports consist principally of coffee, the favourite beverage of all classes in Turkey and Western Asia, the chief supply being furnished from England, France, and America, and in smaller quantities from Holland, Trieste, Leghorn, and Genoa. Sugar is also supplied by these countries, and indigo is brought exclusively from England.

The fruits are very superior, and the water-melon is especially beneficial for fever-patients. The figs are deservedly famous, and the rich clusters of grapes are as wholesome as they are beautiful. Travellers state they often see them on the stalk converted into raisins by the heat of the sun, while large and heavy bunches are in winter hung on strings in the shops for sale. Nor do the burying-places fail to attract prominent attention, where the groves of cypress wave in funereal sadness over the tombs of Islamish. The Turkish women still plant flowers on the graves of their departed relatives, and suffer them not to fade away,—believing that the spirit which has gone is happier, as the thyme and the myrtle bloom over their remains. Would that they knew Him who "hath abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light through the gospel!"

At Smyrna was one of "the seven churches of Asia," to some of which attention has already been directed. The epistle addressed to it, bearing the supreme authority of "the First and the Last," assured its members that their faith and works, in the trying scenes through which they were called to pass, had received the Divine approbation; and they were summoned to renewed exertions, to withstand the fiery persecution of their foes by putting "on the whole armour of God," while the promise was held out that their efforts should be crowned with success; that having maintained their allegiance inviolate, and having fought the good fight of faith, the highest glory to which they could aspire should consummate their joy. The passage says:—"And unto the angel of the church in Smyrna write: These things saith the First and the Last, which was dead, and is alive; I know thy works, and tribulation, and poverty, (but thou art rich,) and *I know* the blasphemy of them which say they are Jews, and are not, but *are* the synagogue of Satan. Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer: behold, the devil shall cast *some* of you into prison, that ye may be tried; and ye shall have tribulation ten days: be thou

faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life," Rev. ii. 8—10.

F. S. W.

INDIANS OF BRITISH GUIANA.

Although the Indians are sunk into a state of apathy and lethargy which baffles description, and can hardly be conceived by those who have never had dealings with them, yet are there also many redeeming qualities found among them, which, in some measure, it may be said, place them in a higher scale than other heathen nations. Forgetful and entirely regardless of their Creator and Benefactor, it is nevertheless true, that they have not debased and polluted themselves with the worship of idols. A corrupt system of religion, as prevalent in the east, which connives at crimes from which even common sense recoils, and which presents the objects of worship and adoration as polluted and stained by sin, has never obtained among the Indians. And in some respects it would have been much better had they never known of the Christian religion, such as they found it to be when America was first discovered, and such as in many instances they still see it before their eyes. A mere professor of Christ's religion, having the form of godliness whilst he denies the power thereof, is the greatest anomaly to be met with; no matter whether he lives in the east, or the west, or in a professedly Christian country. The Indian, notwithstanding all the barbarism which prevails, knows that there is but one God, the Creator of heaven and earth, whom he designates the "Great Spirit," in contradistinction to all created spirits. He believes that from him all good doth come, and that "in him we live and move and have our being;" and so far well: but his understanding is darkened, and his heart and mind alienated from God by wicked works, for he recoils from the idea of his justice and holiness. In this, his blindness, he supposes the "Great Spirit" to be too good to trouble or molest any of his creatures, no matter how they live and act. And to stifle the least remonstrance of conscience, that monitor found even in those who are sunk deepest, he fancies that the Great Spirit has his abode above the stars, whom nothing can trouble or molest, and who looks down with entire indifference on what happens here below. The Indian, for these reasons, neither loves nor fears him; his knowledge, therefore, of a Supreme Being does not influence him either one way or the other. Death, with him, is not the punishment for sin, but the fate to which every creature at length must submit; inflicted by the malice of the evil spirit, and hastened on by passion. Being altogether sensual, he casts in his lot with those of old, saying, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." He is dead in trespasses and sins, and for this reason quite unconcerned about his relation as a sinner to his Maker and Benefactor; nor is he anxious to propitiate him for sins committed. In short, he is literally living without God and without hope in the world — a perfect stoic and an enigma to himself. He is hardened through the deceitfulness of sin; and thus because, when he knew God, he glorified him not as God, neither was thankful, he has been given up to a reprobate mind. Hence that strange forgetfulness and total indifference as to what shall happen to him after death. And is not this the condition of but too many even in this Christian country? It remains true that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom; a good understanding have all they that do his commandments: his praise endureth for ever."

In this, his natural state, the Indian puts light for darkness, and darkness for light; nor is this so much to be wondered at, when we are told that even the polished Greeks and hardy Romans changed virtue into vice, and vice into virtue. The Indian's notion of sin is peculiar, and deserves mentioning; but he wants the word in his language to express it in the abstract. If any one is guilty of a deed by which he shows himself a cowardly or weak man, he is called a "magguburugua," literally, "one without sense." Although a man should be a hard drinker, this, in itself, does not make him a sinner; but when he allows himself to be overcome, he is a "magguburugua," or a man without sense. He that is able to drink most, and does not become intoxicated, is a "gagguburugua," literally, "a man of sense, a brave man." Lying, theft, and pilfering, are rarely found among the Indians. If they happen to take anything, they do it before one's eyes, under the notion of having some claim to it which, when called to an account, they are always prepared to substantiate.

They also fancy, that because they are themselves hospitable, placing everything at the disposal of their guests, excepting the toys of their children, nothing should be denied them in return. Should they happen to find fault with the entertainer respecting hospitality, they do not scruple to rob his fields to an amount sufficient to make him smart for his neglect.

The Indian considers himself bound to revenge the death of any of his relations, should there appear sufficient reason for supposing them to have died from the effects of poison. In ordinary cases, when sickness assails them, they present a propitiation to the evil spirit, consisting of a piece of the flesh of any quadruped. If recovery follows, they suppose the evil spirit to have regarded and accepted the offering, and neither return thanks to the great Spirit, nor do they trouble themselves any further about the evil one. Should death ensue, they silently submit to their fate, and bury the corpse in the hammock in which the person died, burn the hut under which he expired, and abandon the place after a short time, with the intention of never returning to it again. This they will do, because they suppose that the soul of the departed is hovering over its former tenement, and will not allow it to be disturbed without inflicting pain and disease upon the offender. Such is the belief and invariable practice among the Accaway tribe.

Among the other tribes the funeral ceremonies differ in some respects. If a man of some note dies among the Arrawaks, the relations plant a field of cassava upon his death, and bewail the departed during this time with sudden outbursts of doleful lamentations. After the period of twelve moons, the relations of the deceased are called together. The cassava being now fully ripe, and plenty of game having been provided for the occasion, they feast for several days. A dance is then performed over the grave, and the dancers lash each other with whips prepared for that purpose, till frequently the blood gushes out, and they are afterwards obliged to keep their hammocks for days together. When the castigation is over, the whips are hung up in the place where the person expired. Six moons later, another dance follows, when the whips are buried in the grave of the deceased, and with them all resentment, should such have existed. The Carabeese, if the individual departed be a man of consequence, put the corpse into a hammock, and watch it with much solicitude. The women and nearest female relations of the deceased wash it often with water. After it has become putrid, and nothing but the skeleton remains, the bones are cleansed, painted, and put into a pagall, or basket, and carefully preserved. If they should happen to quit the place, the bones are burned in the very place where the person expired, and the ashes carefully collected and taken with them.

In ordinary cases, however, the body is interred in the hammock in which the person died; and the attendants at his funeral walk round his grave once or twice, and concern themselves no further about it. The women, who have been engaged in scraping and burning the bones of the dead, are considered unclean for several months after, and not allowed to touch any of the food eaten by the men.

Among the Warraws, the following customs prevail. If a captain, or any other individual of influence, dies, the corpse is put into a canoe, and all that he possessed when alive. On his heart is placed a looking glass, and into his hands his bow and arrows. His favourite dog is killed, and its carcass put with him into the grave, but not in the canoe, to assist him in procuring his food in the untried world. The corpse is always buried on the same spot where the person expired, and a fire kept burning there for many weeks. I could never learn the reason of this latter custom; but suppose that the Indians imagine that the body is conscious of the chill of death, and requires warmth till accustomed to it. The relations and friends bewail the deceased with howling and doleful lamentations for several months together. The widow and children of the deceased become the property of his brother, or the next male relation. This latter circumstance creates a great deal of strife, and is the occasion of many sorrows. Should, for instance, the widow refuse to become his wife, she is subjected to severe floggings and frequent insults; but if these fail to soften her, she is then allowed to choose whom she pleases. Her children, however, must remain, and are not allowed to be at large till they arrive at the age of puberty.

The Macusie, and all the rest of the tribes in the interior of British Guiana, bury their dead in almost a sitting pos-

ture, without coffins, performing the same ceremonies related above with some slight modifications.

Although the various tribes differ as to circumstantials at their funerals and the ceremonies attending them, they are all alike credulous, and have many stories to tell of this and that place being haunted by some spirit; and nothing in the world will induce an Indian to frequent a place thus marked and known. The immortality of the soul is engraven upon the hearts even of these savages; but as to where it is to be after death, and in what condition, they are altogether ignorant. Praised be God, that, by the appearing of our Saviour, Jesus Christ, death is abolished, and life and immortality brought to light through the gospel!—*Rev. J. H. Bernau.*

ALBERT HALLER, M.D.

No. II.

It is unquestionably delightful to be able to trace in this great man the features of a true disciple of Jesus Christ. If he cannot, in every point of view, be held up as an example to believers, we must recollect that snares and impediments beset his path, the subtlety and force of which it is difficult for any one to estimate who has not been placed in similar circumstances.

At a period when infidelity prevailed to a fearful extent amongst the learned men of Europe, Haller ever bore a bold and unflinching testimony to the truth of revealed religion. When any leading doctrine of the gospel was attacked, he was equally firm. An intimate friend and correspondent, for whom he had the greatest regard, fell into the errors of Arianism; but the replies of Haller show not only how stedfast was his belief in the most fundamental truth of Christianity, but how entirely his own hopes for eternity rested upon it: "We do not agree in our views of Christ. You know I never dispute, but I am penetrated with the truth, that, not to regard him as God, is to make him a liar, and to tax revelation with falsehood; whether this duplicity be voluntary, or the consequence of a system." . . . "Without comprehending exactly the union of the Divine nature with the human soul, I believe that such a union exists in Jesus Christ; that he himself, and his most enlightened disciples, have ascribed to him that supreme dignity which claims adoration; that unlimited power to save and guide Christians; that equality with the Father which no creature can pretend or possess. I adhere to these facts as the essence of Christianity, and I found my consolation on the elevation of Him who died for me. . . . Moreover, this truth—the most important of all truths—is unquestionably fundamental. It is said that he is the only foundation of our salvation, that we owe him the same adoration as that which is due to the Supreme Being. Independently of the dangerous consequences of an error which deprives him of our homage, I feel in my own bosom, that as soon as I doubt of satisfaction by his blood I am no more than a Pagan or Chinese, who presumes that he can please God by some good qualities mixed with a thousand defects, and I lose sight of the eternal disapprobation of evil, which is inseparable from the purity and holiness of God." . . . "As this thesis (of M. V—) contains the most decided Arianism, and makes Jesus Christ a truly limited creature, destitute of omniscience, it saps, in my opinion, the foundation of the faith, by degrading that Saviour, whom the Scriptures enjoin us, in a thousand passages, to acknowledge as the only source of our salvation, and to whom it pays the same tribute of adoration as to the sovereign God." It is quite evident, from these extracts, as well as from many passages in his diary, that the doctrine of the divinity of the Lord Jesus was, with Haller, no speculative point. He felt the corruption of his nature, and the utter insufficiency of his best works to justify him in the sight of a holy God, and could therefore find no rest for his soul, but in the atonement of an all-sufficient Mediator, "God over all blessed for ever." Haller had been, from early life, familiar with the facts and general doctrines of Christianity, but they do not appear to have had much effect upon his mind till the death of his first wife. We judge so from the following expressions in his diary, about a year after that event:—"I sought, in my affliction, to console myself by means of worldly wishes. I knew neither God nor Jesus Christ," and, during this interval, several entries in his diary are strikingly descriptive of a mind recently awakened "from the death of sin to the life of righteousness." "1736: I have been visited with a most heavy affliction in the

death of my beloved wife, Marianne Wyss; this trial has aroused my conscience in a most extraordinary manner. I have been taught how painfully the soul is agonized during the contest between life and death, at the thought of sins which, under ordinary circumstances, we commit, without attaching the slightest importance to them. I am now alarmed at the terrible consequences of an unholy life, and it is my earnest desire to become a better man. Up to the present time I have felt some indefinite longings after the perfection of my soul, but it has been without true love to God, without deep emotion, without hatred of sin with sorrow. I wish to make progress, but I cannot yet pray as I ought, nor take my part in the merits of Christ. I remain in dim uncertainty and wretchedness in reference to my moral state, for I love the world; pride and impurity rule my thoughts. I have reason to doubt whether there is any good in me. O God, I cannot effect what is needed, but thou canst. Soften my hard heart, teach me to know Jesus, that I may not only profess to believe in him, but that I may receive the sacrifice of his blood. Teach me, when I am cast down, not to look for consolation to the world, but to turn to thee; for thou wilt give me blessings compared with which those I have lost are as nothing. Oh, give me another heart!—a heart divested of hypocrisy—a heart which shall love thee, and be thine, without a rival." "Dec. 8, 1736: God be praised—a spark of faith, however feeble—I rejoice to possess it. Oh, how happy is he who can go to God, and who can reach the abode of eternal happiness! I trust this is the lot of my beloved Marianne. Oh, if I should be banished from God, and find her near him! Perfect thy work, O Lord! the beginning and the end are with thee." "Jan. 6, 1737: It is a sad state when a man dares not to examine himself, or when he looks into the mirror, and turns away in a fright." "Jan. 14: O Lord God of consolation, be with me! All is dark in my soul. Light of Grace, visit me with one of thy rays! May all that is temporal happen according to thy will; but spare my soul!" Many subsequent passages in his diary indicate a mind increasingly sensible of the vanity of every earthly good—a consciousness of his own sinfulness and many falls—the peculiar temptations and difficulties to which he was exposed, and the necessity he felt for much painful discipline to "bring into subjection" his naturally proud and wayward heart. The following extracts are interesting specimens:—

"15th Aug., 1740: Yesterday my soul fell into such a vain state, owing to society altogether worldly, that then, and even to-day, it was almost impossible for me to have one good thought. Idle conversation has great influence; it not only is of no service for the present life, but it increases the emptiness and stupefaction of the soul." "Oct. 6: It seems as if God had prepared a new cross to awaken my soul. Let thy name be hallowed. Lord, grant life to my dead prayer! Shall I again backslide, and weaken myself in the world? Give me courage to fight the good fight. Draw me to thyself." "Nov. 6: I cannot give up these vain, senseless, and insipid conversations; so many repetitions and rash judgments, so much foolish vanity, that I ought to be altogether ashamed. O God, assist me to combat this sin, as well as all others!" "Jan. 28, 1741: To-day I feel satisfaction; and why? Because my employments have been pleasing; because I have finished a new work; because I see myself surrounded with persons who are lavish of their flatteries. Apart from these circumstances, I have the greatest reason for sadness. Am I not poor before God? without love, without devotion, without zeal, without firmness, in my resolutions; only occupied with an *opus operatum?* What am I before God? a poor worm of the earth!" "March 30: O God, in whose hands are the hearts of men, deign to change mine. Impress me with the grandeur and nearness of eternity, and with the transitoriness of time." "June 11: I perceive every day that honour, worldly goods, and agreeable relaxations, are of no advantage to us, without thy peace, O God! How, then, can I attach my heart to them, or wish for them? Gracious Father, deprive me of everything which is not truly useful, for I feel how dangerous it is to be entirely exempt from affliction." "Oct. 18: The less I walk with God, the less I resign myself to his Spirit of goodness and mercy, the more I suffer, and the more I am tormented by the world, on account of my attachment to it. Shall I never succeed in convincing myself that all these conflicts are folly, and that even success is sinful?" "Jan. 30, 1746: My character is not able to support success. It always

renders me more vain, more distant from God, more charmed with myself, more proud towards my neighbour, more easily wounded. My God, arouse my drowsy conscience, before it sleeps in eternity! let not thy mercy leave me for ever!" At a later period he thus writes: "Sept. 15: Thou hast restored my health, O gracious Father! thou hast also humbled my self-love in a very sensible point. I thank thee, O my God! I have often remarked, that there is no fault that is not punished, sooner or later, by its proper results. Yes, chastise that which needs to be chastised, but spare the rest." "Jan. 31, 1773: The demon of ambition has returned to torment me. How deeply this sentiment is concealed in the folds of our hearts! and yet how easy to detect its pressure, by our agitation and discontent! Calm these dangerous emotions, O my God! overturn that worldly elevation which I am striving to reach! Deprive my pride of that fatal aliment which supports it; and let not the miserable flatteries that are addressed to me, and which can only last a few years, cause me to forget the hopes of eternal life. . . . May I submit all temporal things to thy holy will! 'Thy will be done on earth!'" "Aug. 25, 1774: It is truly good for man to suffer; without affliction, he would soon forget the life to come. We ought to give thanks to God when he deprives us of earthly objects of affection, and makes us see distinctly what it most concerns us to know. We must not ask that our crosses may be removed, but rather supplicate God to give us what will abide with us throughout eternity." "June 30, 1776: Revelation tells us that it is difficult to enter into the kingdom of heaven; that the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force. It is easy to understand, that to live for ever with God and angels there must be some resemblance on our part to God and good spirits. I perceive that a heart filled with pride and hatred cannot exist in a world of love and order; and, lastly, that eternal happiness cannot consist in the soul's finding itself suddenly transported into a place of perfect felicity, in which it can take no share; the soul must attach itself, with strong determination, to that true good which is the commencement of eternal happiness, and for this end it must combat its corrupt propensities. It is not enough to acknowledge all these truths, to sigh and wish; the knowledge of the Saviour and repentance cannot be separated from one another; to go to Jesus, we must labour to be like him." "Sept. 29: It is a sad effect of our sufferings to imagine, like the ancient heathen, that our lot is inevitable, instead of thinking, as we ought to do, that it becomes us to place a child-like confidence in God, and to soften our trials by patience and submission. How can the prospect of eternity console us, if we have not confidence in a reconciled God? And how can we expect this reconciliation, unless by the intervention of the merits of the Saviour? I could not attain repose, unless I submitted to this Divine intervention."

It is to be lamented that, with sentiments and feelings such as these, Haller did not more fully realize, at least as far as we may judge from his diary, those enlarged views of the grace and all-sufficiency of the Lord Jesus—of his righteousness, atonement, and intercession, which have been the consolation of so many Christians, under equally deep convictions of the corruption of human nature, and the deceitfulness and sinfulness of their own hearts. Doubtless he was building for eternity on the only foundation "laid in Zion," but he seems to have been prone to look too exclusively for comfort to the degree of grace and sanctification which he could discover within —in itself doubtless an important inquiry—rather than to "look off"* unto Jesus, the author and finisher of his faith. For this reason it probably was, that he was, all his life long, more or less, in bondage through fear of death. Neither did the sad apprehension subside when death actually approached. "The scene has changed, my dear friend," said he, in a letter, written at this time, "as I approach my end. I confess to you, and I have always confessed it, I fear death." And in the last entry in his diary, written eight days before he died, he thus expresses himself: "The days which remain to pass on earth will be few, and probably I am now holding my pen for the last time. I cannot deny it—the approach of judgment seizes me with alarm. How shall I appear before my Judge, so little prepared, while I feel that I ought to be altogether a Christian?" He adds, however, "O merciful Father, I throw myself into thy arms! . .

* See Heb. xii. 2. Gr. Ἀφορῶντες—"looking off."

Gracious Saviour, in that terrible and awful moment, be my Advocate, my Mediator! obtain from thy Father and mine the pardon I need. Send me thy Holy Spirit, who will lead me through the dark valley of death, that my dying lips may say, like thine, 'Father, into thine hands I commend my spirit.'"

We see, in the case of this remarkable man, that, "with God all things are possible;" yet are there several declarations of our Lord and his apostles, which seem to indicate that the possession of vast stores of human learning, just like riches and an exalted station, act as an impediment in the path heavenwards. Thus it was with Haller. A consciousness of intellectual superiority, ambition, distinction, flattery, were all so many snares, from which it was with the greatest difficulty that he could disentangle himself. And the evening of life was not gilded with those glowing tints which are sometimes witnessed in the case of aged and experienced Christians. On the contrary, it was sadly clouded with irritability, and despondency, and gloom. Yet were there seasons, even then, when Haller could rejoice, and his joy was blended with the deepest humility, and originated from the best of all sources. "Contrary to the common opinion," he says, in a letter to a friend, "it is most certain that I am serene and tranquil during sleepless nights, and in the sharpest paroxysms of my complaint; while I have unquiet nights when my bodily sufferings are less severe. I venture to say to my friend, that this is the effect of prayer. I scarcely ever fail not only to soothe my bodily infirmities, but to recover patience and self-possession, by this means, so despised by philosophers." At another time: "Happy the Christian, who finds, when he is sinking, a support ever ready, ever firm, in his God. I must not boast of aid even from this source; yet, thank God, my feeble faith has been revived, and my hopes are reanimated. . . . I enjoy fresh consolation in the certainty that my Saviour exists—that I have a share in his merits. . . . . Feeble Christian, a.b.c.d-arian as I am in the school of Christ, I would communicate my joy to the bosom of my friend."

Haller died on the 12th of December, 1777. The following affecting account of his last moments was written by his son, to his friend Bonnet:—"He expired while raising himself in my arms. He had considerable muscular power, which shows the vigour of his constitution, though it had been undermined by the remedies for his complaints. As he approached his end, his mind appeared more tranquil; the frequent consolatory interviews with clergymen, and continual meditation on the most consoling truths of our religion, and the reading of the Scriptures day and night, dissipated the clouds which darkened his mind, and saddened his heart, on this subject. He appeared decidedly to hope as much in the goodness of God and in his Saviour, as, in the depth of his humility, he feared his justice. He died calling on the Saviour, and beseeching him to receive his soul. He invoked him three times, in a loud voice. These and his last groans were the only sounds he uttered on the last day.* He retained his mental faculties to the last moment."

Many practically useful remarks might be made on Haller's character as a Christian, but perhaps none that are not included in two concise inspired admonitions. The one, "Let us lay aside every weight,"—that which, however lawful, is an hindrance and impediment in our way, and likewise "the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race set before us, looking unto Jesus," Heb. xii. 1, 2. The other that of St. Peter: "If these things be in you, and abound, they make you that ye shall neither be barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. Wherefore the rather, brethren, give diligence to make your calling and election sure: for if ye do these things, ye shall never fall. For so an entrance shall be administered to you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ," 2 Pet. i. 8, 10, 11.

D. W.

REGENERATION.

Regeneration is the infusion of a vital principle, or a new habit of mind, or disposition of the heart to live to God. This disposition is produced, and every

* The account given of the death of Haller, in the generally valuable "Biographical Dictionary," by Alex. Chalmers, esq., is, that "Haller preserved his senses and composure to the last moment, meeting death with the calmness of a philosopher, and, which is transcendently superior, with the lively faith of a true Christian. His last words were addressed to the physician who attended him: 'My friend,' said he to Rosselet, 'the artery no longer beats:' and he immediately expired!"

moment continued, by the grace of God, the Holy Spirit acting in us as spirits, or intelligent and immortal creatures, according to our rational nature as accountable to God. And as the proper seat of grace is the substance, or essence of the soul, it therefore influences every faculty, affection, sense, and sentiment; so that there is a gracious harmony of parts in the whole new man; in the light of the understanding, in the choice of the will, in the tenderness of the conscience, the retention of the memory, the purity and grandeur of the imagination, the powerful exercise of the passions, the richness and fertility of the invention, the correctness and delicacy of the taste, for all that is holy, and beautiful, in heaven and in earth. It is a divine habit of the mind, an inward frame of the heart, or radical disposition of the will, enabling a man to act for Christ naturally, voluntarily, fervently, unboundedly, powerfully, easily, and lastingly, in conformity to the Divine holiness. This habit receives various denominations from the seat or subject of it; in the understanding, it is the knowledge of God our Saviour; in the will, it is the choice of God; in the affections, it is a motion towards God. It also receives different names from the objects with which it is diversified; as it closes with Christ crucified and dying, it is faith; as it rejoices in a delightful union with Christ living, it is love; as it lies at Christ's feet, it is humility; as it observes the will of Christ, it is obedience; as it submits to Christ's rod, it is patience and resignation; as it is satisfied with the appointments of Providence, it is contentment; as it burns for Christ's glory, it is zeal; as it teaches to reflect on sin with sorrow and indignation, it is repentance; and as it is an high degree of pleasure in Christ's person and perfections, it is joy.

When a change is wrought in the heart, it produces two grand effects: First, there is a predominance of grace, which will strive resolutely for the mastery over lust and corruption, it will speak the last word for the King of kings; grace is nobly ambitious to be absolute monarch, under God the Redeemer. Second, there is an antipathy to sin, so that there is in the soul a difficulty to commit it; no creature can act pleasantly against a rooted habit; it must be difficult to sin against purpose of heart; when a regenerate man commits a wilful sin, he has a great number of obstacles against the commission of it; he must sin against a new heart, a new creature, a Divine nature, the root of the matter, and the fear of God put into the heart; against a bent of the will and taste for holiness, with a clear sense of the beauty and dignity of it, so that, although a Christian has not a universal victory, yet he can but half sin at the most.—*Ryland.*

MONMOUTH AND ITS ENVIRONS.

Parallel with the Wye, runs the road to Monmouth, which presents throughout a variety of beautiful scenery; the path being flanked by a continuous succession of hills, rising abruptly from the road, which is thickly adorned with trees, that have just sufficient openings among them to show the meandering course of the river, and the cheerful white cottages which grace its banks.

Monmouth is a handsome and interesting old town, the capital of a county which was added to the others by Henry viii.; but it was supposed to form part of Wales, until it was visited by the judges of the Oxford circuit, in the reign of Charles ii. The Welsh is still spoken by the common people. The sea laves a considerable portion of the town. If the boundary rivers be excepted, the Usk is the only other of any importance, and it traverses the county in its whole length from north to south.

The construction of the canals, which have contributed so much to the extension of the trade, and also to the working of the mines in Monmouth, has been owing to the rivers and their tributary streams. The iron works were first established in the reign of Elizabeth; the other metals worked here are tin and lead. Limestone is abundant, and is frequently used for manure; quarries of Breccia afford excellent mill-stones, and different species of freestones are used in building.

Monmouth derives its name from its position at the junction of the Munnow and the Wye, which takes place at the extremity of a valley enclosed by hills. The inhabitants, besides manufacturing iron and tin, are employed in preparing the bark which is conveyed from the forests on the upper banks of the Wye, which, afterwards, is sent to Chepstow, whence it is exported to different parts of England and Ireland. Woollen caps

were at one time manufactured here, and became so fashionable, that queen Elizabeth ordered that they should be universally worn on Sundays, and all holidays.

About half a mile from Monmouth, stands Troy-house, the seat of the Beaufort-family; where, it is said, the cradle of Henry v., and the armour he wore at the battle of Agincourt, are preserved.

The portion of the town of Monmouth allotted to business, consists principally of a long thoroughfare, divided into two streets by an intervening square, on which stands the town-hall and principal hotels. History informs us, that at an early date it was occupied by Saxons, who fortified it, in order to maintain their conquests over that part of the country which is situated between the Severn and the Wye; and also to prevent incursions by the Welsh. The castle, which originally presented a formidable appearance, thus meets the eye no longer; its broad frowning battlements have fallen into utter ruin, and the site where it once stood is scarcely visible. In by-gone years it was one of great strength and importance. Situated above the Munnow,

> "It seem'd to frown defiance
> On all that threaten'd war."

It was defended by a deep moat and high walls, and rendered, as far as possible, impregnable to any hostile force; but it is now reckoned among the things that were. It date is involved in uncertainty, but it is supposed to have been built in the reign of Henry III. It is, however, well attested to have been the residence of John of Gaunt, and of Henry IV., his son; as well as the birthplace of Henry V.

Monmouth boasts not of many public edifices. The most conspicuous is the church, situated in the centre of the town; a plain, unostentatious building, having, however, a steeple two hundred feet high, which serves as a direction-post to all the adjacent country. The Old Priory is an interesting object, on account of its great antiquity. It was founded in the reign of Henry I., for Benedictine monks. The old church of St. Thomas, and the market-house, (a comparatively modern building,) are the only erections of special note. There are four dissenting chapels, with Sunday-schools attached to them; an infant school; an alms-house, for twenty old men and women; and a free grammar-school, which was founded in the reign of James I.

Monmouth was first incorporated in 1550, and has been governed, since the passing of the Municipal Reform Act, by a mayor, and three other aldermen, with twelve councillors; it has, likewise, a commission of the peace, under a recorder. According to M'Culloch, the borough, in conjunction with Usk and Newport, has sent one member to the House of Commons since the 27th Henry VIII.; the right of election, down to the Reform Act, being vested in burgesses residing within seven miles of the borough. Monmouth is the principal polling place and election town for members of the county.

The environs of Monmouth are distinguished by no ordinary variety of beautiful and interesting objects. From the Kymin, a lofty hill to the east of the town, is obtained a most lovely view of the Wye, the town of Monmouth, and the surrounding country, for more than a hundred miles in circumference; bounded on the north and west, by the Blorenge, the Skyrrid, and Sugar-loaf mountains. At the summit is a kind of temple, designed to memorialize those admirals who distinguished themselves in the last war. It is, however, indebted for any admiration it may gain, more to the spot it occupies, and to the occasion of its erection, than to any positive beauty it possesses. Nor is this a solitary instance of interest acquired from mere relative value. Does not half the beauty we see, in objects animate as well as inanimate, arise from association rather than from intrinsic excellence? Magnificent to look at, truly, are the two larches of immense height and circumference in the grounds of the Duke of Athol; but is not our enthusiastic admiration of them rather on account of their having been the first that were brought into Scotland, than from any superior beauty they possess over the millions that have been subsequently planted there? Monuments and temples, reared by hands which long ages since have crumbled into dust, we, for the same reason, invest with an interest which in themselves, whatever be their splendour, would never have been perceived. What the Capitol, the Forum, but for the scenes transacted there? What was Mars' Hill but for its council, and its being associated, in our minds, with the great apostle of the Gentiles?

We do not stay to inquire whether the artificial value, which we are so prone to attach to everything that interests us, is right or wrong, to be cherished or discouraged: we only state this almost universal tendency of the human mind, the truth of which will be responded to by every honest heart; and it is for such to determine how far they are served, or injured, by employing a false standard of judgment, instead of looking through the media of sober truth, and thus seeing everything as it really is.

The famous rocking-stone, or logan, better known as the Buckstone, standing on the summit of a hill about three miles from Monmouth, is one of the most interesting objects in its environs; not for the same reasons as the Welsh regard it —since it awakens in our bosoms no superstitious awe, nor is it viewed as capable of being made a prognosticator of fearful events—but because, from the spot which it occupies is commanded an extensive and lovely prospect; forming, as it does, a curious and striking object in the foreground. The lights and shades which, on a cloudy day, are alternately thrown over this panorama, produce a very singular and pleasing effect—so varied are the colours distributed throughout the whole; but these transitions cause a variety of changes to pass over the mind, bright or sad, as the effect may be, and also according to the mood by which the observer may at the time be influenced. Cowper, in describing the different effect produced by bells, thus expresses himself:

"There is in souls a sympathy with sounds;
And as the mind is pitch'd the ear is pleased,
With melting airs, or martial brisk or grave,
Some chord in unison with what we hear
Is touch'd within us, and the heart replies."

It is surprising how numerous and instantaneous are the changes of which the mind is susceptible, and how its moods colour every object, according to the prevailing hue; if we are sorrowful, the most enchanting landscape wears a sombre appearance, while when the spirits are buoyant, gloomy and uninteresting objects seem clothed in smiles.

Ragland castle is a fine ruin. In its style of building, it differs materially from any other castle in England or Wales, and shows fewer marks of Time's defacing hand, and has a less dark and dreary appearance, than most of the fortresses of olden times. While, however, it has an elegance rare and pleasing, its aspect is commanding; it is strong and spacious, nor is it without the resources which an age of war and rapine rendered necessary.

It is said by Dugdale, that this castle was granted, in the reign of Henry II., to Sir Walter Bloit, by Richard Strongbow, earl of Pembroke. The present building is generally supposed to have been erected in the reign of Henry V., from which date to the reign of Charles I. it has undergone repeated alterations; and many additions have been made, as may be clearly seen by the style of its architecture, and some of the ornamented portions. It was in this castle that the unhappy Charles sought an asylum, after the battle of Naseby; previously to which it belonged to the marquis of Worcester: but in the time of the protectorship it received its last shock, when it was hotly besieged, its defences dismantled, and, by Cromwell's command, destroyed.

The principal gateway is flanked with two massive hexagonal towers, in good preservation; on the left are still the grand hall, chapel, buttery, and court. The banqueting-hall, in its original and perfect condition, must have been very handsome; it is believed to have been built in the sixteenth century, in the reign of Elizabeth. The window, which is of immense proportions, still remains, beautiful in the simple yet elegant symmetry of its arrangements. Its form is a half hexagon. The shattered condition of this once noble apartment takes nothing from, but rather adds to, the interest of its appearance, at least with those whose tastes favour the monuments that speak of days and years of yore. Here, formerly, were sculptured in stone the arms of the marquis of Worcester, with the motto of the family beneath, "*Mutare vel timere sperno*,"—"I scorn to change or fear;" a few years since, this entablature was removed, by the order of the duke of Beaufort, for the purpose of enriching an antiquarian museum.

The detached tower, or keep, on the left hand, a little to the south of the grand entrance, is called "Twa Melyn," or the yellow tower; this portion of the castle has more than any other escaped injury from hostile force, probably on account of the great thickness of its walls. At its erection, it would appear that its founder anticipated it would be furiously dealt with, for, contrary to the situation of most of the castles of a more

ancient date, its site is most favourable; the ground on which it stands being as high as any from which it could be fired upon; proving the advanced state of the age in which it was built. This fortress, in its pristine condition, must have presented a most striking feature, visible as it was from all the surrounding country, and circled by two extensive parks of nearly one thousand acres, thickly wooded with fir-trees and largely stocked with deer; both of which, however, were swept away by the ruthless hand of war, excepting a green sward, which remains as if to tell the tale of days of greater luxuriance and splendour, disturbed by conflict. What remains, however, of the grounds and the castle are kept in good order, and the style of this fine old relic is carefully preserved. From the principal tower the views are very lovely, although not extensive; the Brecon mountains are the prominent objects of interest. On account of the thickness of the trees by which this ruin is surrounded, there is no good distant view of it to be obtained; it would, however, be a pity to thin them, since the nearer sight of the scene would be materially injured, whereas it is now enhanced by their luxuriance. After all, this is a matter of taste, which no one can decide for another.

Crossing the Wye, about two miles from Monmouth, you reach New Weir. On the opposite shore are two lofty eminences, which bear the name of the Great and Little Doward; near to these, and on the water's edge, is a mansion, a few years since the residence of Mr. Blakemore, one of the members of parliament for Wells. It is most beautifully situated, having very fine grounds attached to it, which are laid out with exquisite taste; but that which principally gives celebrity to it is the observatory on the hill above the house, from which the eye may feast itself on the beautiful scenery which surrounds it. The Wye, not far from this spot, presents its most romantic and picturesque character. On the right and the left rise, above each other, high frowning rocks, in every variety of fantastic form and outline, confusedly huddled together, as though by some violent convulsion they had been riven asunder and had fallen hurriedly upon each other. The banks of the Wye here rise into lofty and picturesque barriers, less wooded than at some other parts of it, but wearing nevertheless a most pleasing appearance; the flowers and shrubs looking wild, as though Nature reigned here with undisturbed sway, and all that beautifies the happy spot, spontaneously smiled into existence as in a moment. The weir originally constructed here for catching salmon has been removed, but the impetuosity of the stream marks out the site where it stood, and lends interest and variety to the whole.

The village of New Weir is occupied by fishermen, who reside in it almost alone, employing themselves in repairing their nets, in catching a small supply of fish, which brings them only a bare pittance, and that a precarious one, for there are but few persons ever seen here to purchase of them; a barge or two occasionally, in the winter, or in seasons of much rain, when only the river is navigable, furnishes to them the only opportunity of saluting a human being beside their own little company; so that, when tourists visit this town, they are eyed as though they were intruders, or else welcomed as beings something more than mortal. The mind is pained at the sight of these degraded specimens of humanity, whiling away their time, their knowledge limited to what passes within their narrow boundaries. Only one thought can cheer amid such isolation: that, however excluded from the observation of their fellow-men, and cut off from all the socialities of life—which, under circumstances however painful, renders existence dear—they are not, on this account, less the objects of Almighty care, whose cognizance for good can amply compensate for the absence of the richest temporal comforts. May this thought become familiar to their minds, through the knowledge of Him, which is life eternal!

There are many neighbouring spots which might be described as objects of interest, had we space; as, Symond's Yatt, a lofty, abrupt promontory overhanging the Wye, the ascent to which is near to the little town of Weir, which we have just described. It is a curious mass of limestone; from its summit are visible five counties—Worcestershire, Gloucestershire, Monmouthshire, Herefordshire, and some portion of Breconshire. The Wye, in its curious windings, and several choice spots of beauty in the vicinity of the Yatt, are also observed: as, the ruins of Goodrich castle, and the church of

Ross, beside other objects of great attraction:

"Pictures which charm the poet's practised eye,
And suit the painter's magic skill to draw,
Direct the Christian's thoughts to Nature's God,
Filling his mind with rapture and with awe;
And while these beauteous works his eye explores,
His spirit owns their Maker, and adores."

S. S. S.

THE DINOTHERIUM OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

There once existed a huge beast, fossil fragments of which were not unknown to Cuvier, who, from the resemblance of the teeth to those of the tapir, termed it *Tapirus giganteus*, or, the extinct gigantic tapir.* Within the last few years were discovered in the sandstone deposits at Eppelsheim, twelve leagues from Mayence, not only several lower jaws, but also a nearly perfect skull, in company with the skull of an allied animal, and the relics of huge tapirs, elephants, equine animals, and huge carnivora. The sandstone in which these relics occur belongs to the middle deposits of the tertiary system, and contains a mixture of aquatic or semi-aquatic and terrestrial animals. Most of the bones bear the marks of having been rolled, and are even yet occasionally covered with preserved flustræ, (species of zoophyte,) indicating their temporary residence, after the death of the animals, in an estuary or sea, from which they have been drifted, and then deposited, together with the bed of sandstone which now entombs them, and which is replete with marine shells.

The skull of the dinotherium is at once characterized by the large size of the recess or orifice of the nostrils, and the formation of its posterior part—hollowed, and presenting rugosities for the reception of vast muscles, both for the support and the movement of this massive head; while the lower jaw is strangely elongated, and curved downwards at its anterior portion, in which, at the extremity, are implanted two huge tusks, following the same line of curvature. The depth of the temporal fossæ, for the lodgement of the muscles for moving or raising the jaw in the act of mastication, indicates their enormous volume; and the adjacent bony processes are in due proportion. In no other known animal has the lower jaw so strange a form, or such tusks so singularly placed. Of this skull, and of several jaws varying in size, casts from the originals in the museum of Darmstadt are in the British Museum, and cannot but strike the attention of even the incurious visitor; they impress upon the mind a feeling of wonder, and the thought naturally arises,—what could the animal have been when alive?

With these relics have been found a shoulder bladebone, something like that of a mole's in form, but, of course, of enormous size; and bones of the feet, showing that they must have been furnished with enormous claws, like those of the pangolin or manis, and fitted for tearing up any object to which the animal applied them. With regard to these bones of the limbs, it yet remains to be proved that they belonged to the same animal to which the skull belonged.

The character of the nasal recess does not imply of necessity a proboscis. The position of the occipital condyles indicate that the head was continued in a right line from the body, as in the dugong of the eastern seas; and the downward curvature of the lower jaw in the latter aquatic animal, (not one of the whale tribe, but belonging to the pachydermatous series,) exhibits some degree of resemblance to that of the dinotherium. Such a lower jaw as that of this extinct beast could not have availed a short-necked, terrestrial animal, and, moreover, could not have been supported by an animal, unless the buoyancy of a denser medium than air, that is, water,

* Cuvier afterwards stated that these remains were the relics of an animal which must constitute a distinct type.

operated in aid of the muscles by which it was supported and moved. Other points in the form of the skull, interesting to the comparative anatomist, also go far to prove aquatic habits.

The cogent reason for regarding the dinotherium as an animal which resided in the water, at least habitually, have not escaped Dr. Buckland, although he considers the animal to have been furnished with a proboscis and huge hooked claws, by means of which latter and of its tusks it raked up vegetables from the bottom of lakes and rivers, and seized and conveyed them to its mouth, in the same mode as the elephant. "It is," says Dr. Buckland, "mechanically impossible that a lower jaw, nearly four feet long, loaded with such heavy tusks at its extremity, could have been otherwise than cumbrous and inconvenient to a quadruped living on dry land. No such disadvantage would have attended this structure in a large animal destined to live in water; and the aquatic habits (only partially so) of the family of tapirs, to which the dinotherium was most nearly allied, render it probable that, like them, it was an inhabitant of fresh-water lakes or rivers. To an animal of such habits, the weight of its tusks sustained in water would have been no source of inconvenience; and if we suppose them to have been employed as instruments for raking and grubbing up by the roots large aquatic vegetables from the bottom, they would, under such service, combine the mechanical powers of the pickaxe with those of the horse-harrow of modern husbandry. The weight of the head placed above these downward tusks would add to their efficiency for the service here supposed, as the power of the harrow is increased by loading it with weights. The tusks of the dinotherium may also have been applied with mechanical advantage to hook on the head of the animal to the bank, with the nostrils sustained above the water, so as to breathe securely during sleep, while the body remained floating at perfect ease beneath the surface. The animal might thus repose, moored to the margin of a lake or river, without the slightest muscular exertion; the weight of the head and body tending to fix and keep the tusks fast anchored in the substance of the bank. These tusks might have been further used, like those in the upper jaw of the walrus, to assist in dragging the body out of the water, and also as formidable instruments of defence. The structure of the scapula seems to show that the fore-leg was adapted to co-operate with the tusks and teeth, in digging and separating large vegetables from the bottom. The great length attributed to the body (eighteen feet) would have been no way inconvenient to an animal living in the water, but attended with much mechanical disadvantage to so weighty a quadruped upon land."

To much of the above we willingly subscribe; but we hesitate respecting the proboscis and the clawed limbs. As regards the latter, we must pause before we allow the bones of the fore-limbs, attributed to the dinotherium by professor Kaup, to have really belonged to it. De Blainville states, that the clawbones have been found, with the tooth of a huge animal, confessedly of the pangolin family, (or one of the edentata,) by M. Lartet, which, if correct, sets the matter at rest. As for the hinder limbs, professor Kaup does not pretend to describe them, nor do we know whether it had any or not. It might have resembled, in the absence of these members, and the possession of a terminal paddle, the menatee and dugong. To us, the nasal cavity of the skull seems to indicate a huge inflated muzzle, covering a chamber capable of serving as a reservoir of air, rather than the presence of a proboscis; we may, then, predict valvular nostrils, and imagine a large thick upper lip, concealing even the downward portion of the lower jaw; so that, externally viewed, when the mouth was closed, it would not be easy to say whether the tusks proceeded from the under or upper jaw. We are, in fact, inclined to believe the dinotherium to have been an animal of exclusively aquatic habits, and intermediate between the manatee or dugong, and the true pachydermata, if not immediately allied to the former; in fact, one of those aquatic mammalia, with the fore-limbs like oars, which naturalists, till recently, have regarded as belonging to the great order of whales.

Whatever was the dinotherium, it is one of the extinct forms which once tenanted this planet; its teeth indicate its diet to have been vegetable, and its tusks were evidently instrumental in tearing up the long water-weeds. Perhaps it had its oppressors, gigantic as it was, but this we know not; neither can we follow out its living history nor its fate. M.

The Fallow Deer.

THE FALLOW DEER.

The fallow deer is well known in the parks, chases, and forests of England. Authorities of eminence maintain that it has been introduced from foreign climes to this country, and its sufferings under the severity of the cold of our winters seem to imply that it is naturally the inhabitant of more genial regions. In this respect its habits are different from the hardy stag and roebuck, which brave the severity even of Scottish winters, and flourish through them without the aid of man. Mr. Bell suggests that the fallow deer was probably brought from the south of Europe, or the western parts of Asia, where it attains a much larger size than in its semi-domesticated state in the parks of this country. On the other hand, it is said to be indigenous, and that, less bold and fleet than the stag, and preferring rich grassy plains and glades to wild hills and uncultivated moorlands, it was the first of our British deer to succumb to men. Other considerations have induced some to suppose that this species, originally of a brown colour, is one of our native animals; that its spotting is the result of self-domestication, and that this has induced a delicacy of constitution which renders it necessary to have recourse again to the true wild breed still existing in Norway, for the purpose of improving the race, or of enabling it to endure our winters. Which of these opinions is the more correct, is a question which the lapse of time, and the absence of sufficient historic testimony, renders difficult, if not impossible, satisfactorily to affirm. It is generally admitted that James I. brought fallow deer first into Scotland, and then to Enfield Chase and Epping, to be near his favourite palace, Theobalds. When Pennant wrote, who says that, under the old Welsh laws, a fallow deer was valued at the price of a cow, they were scarcely known in France,

but were sometimes found in the north of Europe. He states, that in Spain they were extremely large, and that they are met with in Greece, the Holy Land, and China. For the two latter localities he quotes Hasselquist, who says he saw these animals on Mount Tabor, and Du Halde. He goes on to observe, that in every country but this, these deer were uncontrolled by man; but they are, and sometimes have been, confined in parks on the continent, as well as in England.

The fallow deer is said to be now common in the forest of Lithuania, from whence, according to Raczinsky, the parks of the Polish nobles were supplied. In Livonia it requires to be sheltered during the winter months. It abounds in Sardinia, and in several of the Greek and other islands in the Mediterranean, but the evidence of its existence in the higher countries of Asia, and onwards through the Chinese dominions, is too obscure to be depended on as truly applicable to this particular species. If not indigenous to France and Spain, the period of its introduction to those countries must have been very remote.

Before the cultivation of the soil had become so general in England, immense tracts of land were preserved for the habitation of the red, and sometimes the fallow deer, and the severest penalties were denounced against those who dared to infringe the laws. The murder of a fellow-creature and the slaughter of a deer were then regarded, unhappily, as equally criminal. The offender was declared an outlaw, and, as he wandered, homeless and destitute, over the wilder districts of the country, or slunk along the coast, with the hope that some friendly vessel would assist him in exiling himself for ever, the hand of every man was extended against him; law, both civil and criminal, awarded him no protection, and he might be destroyed by any one, as a wild beast, being considered to have *caput lupinum*—the head of a wolf.

In Great Britain there are two varieties of fallow deer—the spotted kind, supposed, by some, to have been imported from Bengal; and the deep-brown sort, now so common, said to have been introduced from Scotland. The principal difference between this animal and the stag seems to be in the size and form of its horns, and in the skin being marked with numerous, and somewhat triangular spots. The horns of the fallow deer, too, are much larger than those of the stag, being broad and palmated at their ends, and better furnished with antlers. The first year no horns are possessed by the fawn; in the second, they are exceedingly simple, and are called prickets; in the third, two branches appear, and the palms are visible; and in the fifth, it is considered to be "a buck of the first head;" after which the horns only increase in size. These are shed from the middle of April through the first week of May, which are partly renewed by the month of September. The doe generally produces her young in the last week of May, or during the first two of June. The season for buck-venison commences in July, and goes on till about Michaelmas, when doe-venison comes in, and continues till January. As an article of food, it is considered superior to that of any other of the deer tribe.

Fallow deer associate in herds, which sometimes divide into two parties, and maintain obstinate battles for the possession of some favourite part of the park; each party having its leader, which is the strongest and most experienced of the herd. They attack in regular order of battle, fighting with courage, mutually supporting one another; they retire, they rally, and seldom give up after one defeat. The combat is frequently renewed, till, after several defeats, the weaker party is obliged to give way, and leave the conquerors in possession of the object of their contention. In obtaining their food, ingenuity is frequently displayed. In Bushy-park, when endeavouring to obtain the berries from the thorn bushes which are beyond their reach, the bucks have been observed to spring from the ground, and, shaking their horns in the entangling branches, to scatter the food, which they have then quietly consumed.

Fallow deer easily become familiar with man, and those who have visited Greenwich park cannot have failed to observe them, as they familiarly intrude themselves for a biscuit or an apple. Playford, in his "Introduction to Music," says: "When travelling some years since, I met on the road, near Royston, a herd of about twenty, following a bagpipe and violin, which, while the music played, went forward; when it ceased, they all stood still: and in this manner they were brought out of Yorkshire to Hampton Court." Partiality for musical sounds, however, is by no means

restricted to deer, of which numerous illustrations might easily be given.

N. S.

THE CONVERSION OF SAUL OF TARSUS.

Can a sinful mortal be conceived to be at a greater distance from Christianity than Saul was, the moment prior to his reception of it? Then was he nearest the very gate of hell, when just about to enter the gate of the kingdom of heaven. What a state is that which the historian describes! "Then Saul, breathing out threatening and slaughter." His heart was hot within him. It burned with rancour and cruelty. His breath was flame. Imprecations and threats were vomited from that heart, through that mouth. The volcano of his breast heaved and swelled, and poured its streams of fire on every side. A hotter brand, surely, was never quenched in the blood of the Saviour. His was not a temper prepared to yield to slight evidence; and his very religion placed him beyond the reach of the ordinary means of recovery. He was young, and naturally generous: but, by the religion of the Pharisees, his heart was encrusted with hardness. All the softer feelings, like doves in a tempest, scared and scattered by the rage and uproar of his malignant passions, shrank into the recesses of his soul, nor dared to interpose and look out. Only a miracle could reclaim such a man. That such a man was converted, is itself proof of the miracle. We have his own account of the miracle, as given to Agrippa: "Whereupon as I went to Damascus with authority and commission from the chief priests, at midday, O king, I saw in the way a light from heaven, above the brightness of the sun, shining round about me and them which journeyed with me. And when we were all fallen to the earth, I heard a voice speaking unto me, and saying in the Hebrew tongue, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? it is hard for thee to kick against the pricks. And I said, Who art thou, Lord? And he said, I am Jesus whom thou persecutest." Oh what a change now took place in Saul's temper! He who once destroyed men's lives, now lives, and is willing to die to save them. He who had no pity, now yearns over the guilt and wretchedness of the whole world.—*R. Watson.*

THE PARENTS OF ALL LIVING.

No. II.

THE ARGUMENT DERIVED FROM THE DISTINCTIVE MARKS AND HABITS, FOUND WITHOUT DEVIATION IN THE VARIOUS DIFFERENT SPECIES OF ANIMALS.

Among the great variety of creatures, many possess certain marks or qualities, which give them a general resemblance, while they are nevertheless found to be different in several essential particulars. These distinctions afford the highest probability that they were of a different origin in creation, though included by naturalists in general tribes. Those who have endeavoured to classify the animal creation, often use such expressions as the ox-kind, the dog-kind, the cat-kind; but however expressive our old English word "kind" may be, it is too comprehensive, in its general use, to correspond with accurate observation. The word "kind," as used in the sacred record, doubtless means species, as it is now applied to such creatures as have proceeded from one original pair; while the term "genus" comprehends those which possess only a general resemblance. A race of plants or animals, marked by peculiar habits or character, which they have constantly displayed, is termed "a species;" and two species are always essentially different, if they are distinguished from each other by some characteristic, which the one cannot be supposed to have acquired, or the other to have lost, by the operation of any outward causes. We are thus led to conclude that those species, thus distinguished, have not descended from the same original stock.

Cuvier, with reference to the animal kingdom, has this remark: "We are under the necessity of admitting the existence of certain forms, which have perpetuated themselves from the beginning of the world, without exceeding the limits first prescribed: all individuals belonging to one of these forms, constitute what is termed a species."

There may be varieties in individuals of a species, either of plants or animals; but when brought about by any casual intermixture of species, it is found never to be permanent: a few generations wear out the medley, and the original type appears in all its former qualities and solidity. Hence the introduction of the term "race," which, when applied to individuals of slightly different modifications from the original, implies, strictly, that

the line is likely to have an end, after a certain run, and then the species will settle again into its original mould. Accordingly, races that unite and improve, however modified they may be by climate, manner of living, or other outward circumstances, sprang from one first pair, at the time the sacred record informs us:—"And God said, Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit-tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself, upon the earth." And again: "God made the beast of the earth after his kind, and cattle after their kind, and everything that creepeth upon the earth after his kind," Gen. i. 11, 25.

To apply this argument to mankind, and to show that they are of one original species, we have only to advert to the undoubted fact, that all mixed races of the human family are remarkable for their increase. The men of colour, or the progeny of the white creoles and the negroes, are known to augment so rapidly, as to give rise to serious apprehensions, that they are destined to become the dominant tribe of the West India islands. The Griquas, the mixed race between the Dutch colonists and the aborigines of South Africa, form, on the borders of the settlements, a numerous and rapidly increasing population. Similar instances might easily be cited. We find, also, the physical sensibilities of the different species of animals, and their predisposition to particular diseases, to be remarkably uniform. The peculiar symptoms and consequences of any distemper are confined to its species, either of plants or animals, in a remarkable degree. A disease which is very destructive to one species of plants will not attack other plants, though growing in the same vicinity. So with animals: cows, sheep, pigs, and other cattle, have been carried to the West Indies in the same vessel; and while contagious diseases have broken out in one species, they have not affected the others in the smallest degree. There are, doubtless, exceptions, but these are very limited. Cow-pox, for instance, has been known to affect sheep, or even horses; but this is a rare occurrence. Hydrophobia has a more general influence on the brute creation; but what this disease arises from has yet to be ascertained. It may, doubtless, be communicated from dogs to cows, sheep, horses, pigs, and even to mankind. Cow-pox, it is also well known, may be communicated to the human species, but with these exceptions no other diseases are general; but every race of animals has a susceptibility to peculiar diseases, which is confined to its own tribe. On the other hand, there is no disease peculiar to one race of men, which cannot be communicated to others, though the predisposition to any given disease is different in different races of men, as it is known to be in families of the same races themselves. But the great catalogue of diseases which afflict mankind are found, by the strictest observation, to be common to the whole human family. They differ in different climates, and local circumstances often engender a predisposition to particular disorders, from which distant nations are free; but these are comparatively slight modifications; and the pathological history of the whole human race will amply illustrate and confirm the inference, that a common nature belongs to all mankind.

The Divine record of the creation of man is thus sustained, by tracing the history of organized beings, that "God hath made of one blood all nations of men, for to dwell on all the face of the earth." Their original wanderings, though beyond our observation, and their various languages, are all to be accounted for, by the inscrutable decree of Omnipotence. "Let us confound their language, that they may not understand one another's speech; so the Lord scattered them abroad upon the face of all the earth," Gen. xi. 7, 8. And this was at a period, too, when the whole family were assembled in one locality, and when they had refused to go and possess the earth which their Creator had especially formed for their habitation. The laws by which, as we have seen, all organized beings are guided, are irrefragable proofs of the truth of Scripture; for they but display the evidence of God's continued and perpetual agency, while all are adjusted and governed by the Great First Cause in entire harmony with each other. There may be the transplanting of the vegetable tribes from spots where they were indigenous, to every region on the face of the earth, and animals may wander or be transported by accident or design, from the localities assigned to them; but all preserve their distinct species uncorrupted, though subject to occasional, but not permanent deviations. Mankind have also wandered, or have been transported, by one means or an-

other, to every habitable nook, island, and corner of the globe, modified by all climates, and showing the most diversified phases, as to their outward condition; but the law of man's nature at once assimilates him to his kind, when placed in the same circumstances with others; while every individual who bears the human form is at once identified as a member of that great universal family, which sprang from one pair in Eden.

The conclusion to which we ought naturally to arrive presses with powerful influence on the enlightened mind, in this age of the world. Schemes have been devised to sound the depth of human misery, to take the gauge and measure of its bulk, that remedies may be applied within the limits of the most enlarged benevolence. Institutions have been formed of various character, but all tending to one common object—to ameliorate the condition of our common nature, and to lead mankind to the knowledge of the true God, and life eternal. Deriving the first impulse of our zeal from the command of our gracious Redeemer, "Go and teach all nations," our minds, as they gradually receive aid from above, are more open to the natural feeling; and what is commenced in filial obedience is strengthened as we go on, by the claims of humanity.

Such considerations, therefore, as those brought forward in these papers, are not without their use, in the furtherance of these great objects. They bring more prominently before us the obligations and responsibilities under which we, as favoured Britons, are placed; and tend to cherish a deeper sympathy for every creature bearing the form of man, through the whole earth; though sunk in guilt and sin, degraded by idolatry and sensuality, and engaged in pursuits which only lead him farther from God, and expose him to eternal misery. We are prompted to greater energy in seeking the recovery and civilization of our species, and find the only way we can effect this is, by showing all men the way of "salvation, which is in Christ Jesus with eternal glory." Then, with the Divine blessing on our exertions, we may expect that "they shall come from the east, and from the west, and from the north, and from the south, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God." G. D. M.

WISE UNTO SALVATION.

"Wisdom is the principal thing," says the wise king; "therefore get wisdom: and with all thy getting get understanding." A man may be wise enough, so to plan and rear pyramids to his memory, that they shall outlast dynasties; yet if he himself be not "built up in Christ," his memorials shall perish, and his name shall be forgotten. Or he may be wise enough to construct a pathway through the lofty mountains, and over yawning gulfs; yet, if he refuse to travel in the path that leads to "glory, honour, and immortality," the end of his journey will be irremediably disastrous. Or he may be wise enough to chain electricity to his service, and by its agency converse with his fellows, at the distance of a thousand leagues, in the twinkling of an eye; yet if he have not learned the secret of communion "with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ," his skill in material properties will avail him little in the day when "the heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll." Or he may name the hosts of heaven, and discover systems beyond the gaze of a Newton; yet, if he be not one of

"The sacramental host of God's elect,"

and have no knowledge of the Star of Bethlehem, and walk not in the ways of the Sun of righteousness, his astronomical acquisitions will be of no importance to him, when the stars fall from heaven, and the sun becomes "black as sackcloth of hair."

We shall be grievously misinterpreted if the inference be made from these observations, that we think lightly of the discoveries of science, the triumphs of intellect, or the voices of creation. We value them highly, and rejoice in the hope that the day is coming, when men shall everywhere obey the Creator's summons:—"Lift up your eyes on high, and behold who hath created these things, that bringeth out their host by number: he calleth them all by names by the greatness of his might, for that he is strong in power; not one faileth." The beautiful and the grand in art and nature, make us feel the true dignity of manhood, and the goodness of God:

"I love
The field, the flower, the peaceful glen, the walk
At early day, beneath the spreading arms
Of princely oaks. I love the songs of birds,
The sparkling dew, the waving foliage,
The emerald mead, the whitening corn, the rill

Transparent, musing past the creeping roots
Of gentle, bending willows. Oft I've stood
Upon a mountain's side, in wonder rapt,
Reading Creation's poetry, and felt
My soul enlarged, and dignified, and bless'd."

But should not this enjoyment of the great, and this susceptibility of the beautiful, suggest the wisdom of searching after the greatest, and the most beautiful? He who admires philosophy should not rest satisfied in ignorance of the "wisdom of God," in redemption. If to be wise regarding the laws of creation, and the constellations of heaven, be a noble acquisition, to be wise unto that salvation which admits to a mansion in the skies must surely be a nobler still. On this wisdom, a few remarks may be of service to many.

When the apostle Paul speaks to his friend Timothy, about the Holy Scriptures being able to make wise unto salvation, his words presuppose man's natural ignorance on this subject. That man should be ignorant of that which is essential to his well-being, is a melancholy fact, if true; and as that which is essential to his well-being is likewise essential to his fulfilling the end of his creation—the glory of God, it is most obvious that this mental obscurity cannot be the result of design on the part of the Creator; for if so, he has designed to defeat his own design, which is impossible—but the effect of some criminal departure on the part of man himself, as a free and accountable agent, from the rules laid down for his guidance by the great Lawgiver. That this is the case, the Bible, to which we are indebted for all the light we possess both on our fall and recovery, most distinctly tells us; and that man is naturally ignorant of the way of salvation is, alas! but too evident. The condition of idolaters, the self-righteousness of multitudes in Christendom, and the fact of a Divine revelation, form the three great classes of proofs, that man is ignorant, until taught by God of the way of salvation.

The first exhibits him groping amidst the thick darkness for the light which he so urgently needs; and seeking, from material representations of imaginary deities, that instruction, of the want of which he is painfully conscious. Idolatry has proclaimed, for many a weary century, the gross ignorance of its devotees. It is the embodiment of moral darkness—the proof of guilt—the cry of helplessness. We, amidst our privileges, have no adequate conception of its privations; nor, amidst our light, can we fully realize its terrific gloom. But there it is—the dense cloud lowering perpetually over three-fourths of our globe, and shutting out from the understandings of the many millions of immortals that crouch beneath it, every correct conception of Him who "dwelleth in light." But whilst we avoid the question of their accountability, as irrelevant to our subject; and rejoice in every right effort to dissipate the darkness in which the heathen are shrouded, what shall be said of the second class of persons, whose state furnishes evidence of the ignorance under notice?

That amidst the light of the glorious gospel, and within hearing of its precious doctrines, there should be persons, who, whilst acknowledging its inspiration, will not "submit to the righteousness of God, but go about to establish a righteousness of their own," is surely proof conclusive, not only of blindness, but also of perversity of mind. "Where there is no vision, the people perish;" but, to "hear the words of the Almighty," and believe them to be such, whilst one of the grandest doctrines he has announced, that of justification by faith in Christ, is perseveringly rejected, is to add to other crimes "the sin of stubbornness." This is not to take the word of God as the rule of faith and practice, but, notwithstanding his prohibition, to offer "the lame and the torn for sacrifice." The imaginary perfections and virtues of such persons, which they offer as an oblation to the Holy One, instead of gratefully and humbly pleading the sacrifice, and resting on the atonement of the blessed Redeemer, brings down from heaven the indignant rebuke, "Who hath required this at your hands?" Such conduct may be "wise in their own eyes," but it is not "the wisdom that cometh down from above."

A third class of proofs regarding man's inability to find, unaided, "the way of peace," are deducible from the fact, that a Divine revelation has been given, for the purpose of "guiding his feet" into that way. Had man not needed "the book," he never would have heard of it. Had the world, by wisdom, found out God, the command to preach the gospel in every nation would never have been issued. We must not, however, linger on this thought; nor is it necessary, as it must commend itself to every man's judgment.

A process of instruction is involved in the idea of a man being made wise unto salvation. The Christian sabbath, the written word, and the gospel ministry, may be called the apparatus of this instruction. Light must be shed upon the understanding, appeals must be made to the heart and conscience, doctrines must be explained and illustrated, and precepts must be enforced, with all the solemn sanctions springing out of the combined influence of law and love. The Christian sabbath has been given by "the Lord of the sabbath," as a day of cessation from worldly pursuits, and as the time when, pre-eminently, the process of instruction may be carried on. The written word conveys this instruction to the understanding through the eye, and the voice of the preacher through the ear; and the gracious influences of the Holy Spirit, descending upon the appointed instrumentality—or, rather, upon the heart of the believer—through its agency, secure the desired result. Thus, "the wisdom that cometh down from above" is imparted to those who, without it, whatever their other attainments, would never be classed among "the wise" who "shall inherit glory."

It will be admitted, without controversy, that to be wise unto salvation is the highest kind of wisdom. In the process of acquiring this wisdom, the best attributes of humanity are called into exercise. Faith, love, hope, gratitude, patience, and "perseverance in well-doing," are all elicited; and whilst each, in its own sphere, puts forth its strength, they all tend harmoniously to the same great issue, strive for the same goal, and reach forward to "the things that are before." The glory to be revealed being the landmark of the Christian's race, he values the privileges of discipleship as the means, appointed by his great Teacher, through which that landmark is to be reached. He distinguishes, moreover, between means and end, and cause and effect; so that whilst it is his duty and joy to "run in the way of God's commands," and to press on to the mark for the prize of his high calling, he remembers that this is not the procuring cause of his salvation, and that his future happiness can never be the merited effect of his obedience. He is conscious that his obedience, partial at best, so far from being meritorious, is itself the effect of sovereign mercy, and free grace, extended to him by the God of salvation, for the sake of the blessed Redeemer. His salvation, from first to last, he attributes to God, through Him who "made his soul an offering for sin." Thus, boasting is excluded, humility is deepened, gratitude is excited, love is increased, faith is strengthened, hope is confirmed, and the thinking powers are all regulated, in the case of the man who is wise unto salvation. Another mark of true wisdom is, to distinguish between the subordinate and the ultimate. The true glory of the creature consists in seeking the glory of the Creator; the ultimate end of human salvation is the Divine glory. To be wise unto salvation, therefore, is to be wise regarding that which God has graciously connected with his own glory. Salvation is an end for which every truly wise man strives; but, with all its ineffable blessings, it is only subordinate to the ultimate end of the great redemption—the praise and glory of God. Hence the wise Christian rejoices in the salvation so freely provided for him, because it furnishes him with those moral qualifications which enable him to unite with holy beings, in glorifying his great God and Saviour; of whom, and through whom, and to whom are all things; to whom be glory for ever!

It may be remarked, also, that the wisdom under notice is superior to every other kind of wisdom; because its object, salvation, is the greatest blessing which it is possible for man to receive. In whichever light we place it, or by whatever metaphor we characterise it, the result will be the same. Look at it through the medium of man's necessities. In relation to all that constitutes the real wealth of an immortal, he is poor: it endows him with durable riches. He is degraded in the moral universe: it lifts him out of the dread pit, places his feet upon a rock, puts a new song into his mouth, and elevates him to a height of moral grandeur, of which, in the days of his flesh, he had no just conception. He is guilty: it provides for him a free pardon. He is under a penal sentence, the execution of which involves his ruin for ever: it rolls off the crushing weight from his soul, by assuring him that Christ hath delivered him from the curse of the law, being made a curse for him. He is an alien, and an outcast: it makes him a member of the commonwealth of Israel, and invests him with the privileges of adoption. He is far from God, by wicked

works: it brings him near by the blood of the covenant. He is a wanderer in the forbidden, and, therefore, unhappy paths of sin: it guides his feet into the way of peace, shows him the road that leads to honour and immortality, and terminates his pilgrimage in enduring joy. He is stubborn and refractory: it renders him docile and teachable, and communicates to him grace to follow the things that make for peace. He loves the world, and the things of the world: it teaches him to lay up treasures in heaven, and set his affections on things on high. He seeks satisfaction from the temporal and visible: it fixes his thoughts on the eternal and unseen. He pursues the shadow, and credits the dream: it inspires him with energy to grasp the substance, and lay hold on the reality. His vision is circumscribed by the narrow limits of time: it opens eternity to the eye of his faith. He gropes amidst the gloom of thick darkness: it pours around his intellect a flood of marvellous light from the glorious Sun of righteousness. He is without God, and without hope in the world: it brings him back to his Father, and gives him a hope which shall not make ashamed. His heart is impure, and his nature corrupt: it makes him a temple of the Holy Ghost. He cannot answer for one of a thousand of his transgressions: it opens his eyes on Jesus, who saves his people from their sins. He is afraid to die, and go to judgment: it sings in his ear, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you!"

Look at it in the light of immortality. This is not the place to prove the doctrine of immortality: we assume it. What follows? The essence of all terrific ideas is that of an immortality of woe. The most glorious thought that can enter the human mind is that of an immortality of joy. The gospel exhibits the tremendous contrast; and salvation, rejected or accepted, determines the alternative. To be wise unto salvation, is to possess the wisdom which ensures heaven and escapes hell! An immortal, conscious of his immortality, but ignorant of his destiny, and careless about its character, is the saddest image beneath the sun. This world alone contains such a being. Carelessness has no stage beyond this. It is the termination of lethargy—the lowest depth of moral stupidity—the frigid zone of insensibility. Yet salvation can arouse the man of whom these things are stated, can shake him from the dust, break the thick-ribbed ice of his insensibility, and make him tremble in view of the dread precipice over which he was rolling with folded arms; whilst from his panting heart the cry escapes, "What shall I do to be saved?" Tested by the argument drawn from immortality, salvation is the greatest gift of which man can be the recipient.

Look at it in the light of man's intellectual and moral character. Here is depraved intellect: salvation purifies it. Here is impure imagination: salvation cleanses it. Here are unholy motives: salvation sanctifies them. Here is erratic power: salvation describes its orbit. Here is furious passion: salvation controls it. Here are unlawful desires: salvation first curbs, then weakens, then eradicates them. Here are enmity, and wrath, and fear: salvation displaces them by love, and gentleness, and hope. Here are unbelief, and stubbornness, and worldliness: salvation causes them to make room for faith, and meekness, and heavenly mindedness. Here are a mind filled with vanity, a heart estranged from heaven, and a body of death: by salvation, God takes possession of the first; Christ is formed into the second, the hope of glory; and the third becomes the temple of the Holy Ghost. Sin has perverted, not destroyed, the human powers; it has wrecked, not annihilated, the mental constitution; it has prostituted, not eradicated, the moral affections. Hence an appropriate salvation would be, not that which would destroy his identity, and suspend the powers of memory, and blot out all traces of the past; but that which should, in addition to the forgiveness of his transgressions, raise man from his degradation, turn his existing intellectual faculties into righteous channels, attach his existing affections to holy objects, lead his will into harmony with that of his Creator, and influence his motives so that voluntarily he should pursue the great end of his being. This is characteristic of the salvation provided by God. It proclaims a full pardon, through faith in Jesus Christ. It changes the disposition of the mind, which it finds perverted. It points out a new channel for the flow of the affections, and a new object for their resting-place, and a new result for their exercise. It makes the second temple more glorious than the first. It makes a new creature, by beautifying, healing, and ennobling the powers of

the old; but it gives no fresh prerogative to humanity, and confers upon it no new attribute. Hence the saved man remembers "the days of his flesh!" The riotous living, the hunger, the swine, and the husks are recalled, to minister to humility: "Ye were as sheep going astray; but are now returned unto the Shepherd and Bishop of your souls."

View this salvation in the light of the Divine attributes. That which engaged the mind of God in eternity relative to man, is surely every way worthy of occupying the mind of man relative to himself. The idea of saving a condemned intelligence, consistently with the claims of the law which condemned him, whilst that law is neither suspended nor repealed, is too great to owe its birth to any created mind. It is the thought of him who is wonderful in counsel! It is a Divine emanation! Had the idea been revealed to man, without any intimation relative to the process by which it was to be carried into effect, his thoughts would have been paralysed at the insuperable difficulties of the case. To man—to angel—they would have been insuperable; but to God "all things are possible," the redemption of the transgressor included. We must speak of Divine things in human language, though conscious of its poverty; and viewing salvation in the light of the Divine attributes, we must exclaim, "O the depth of the wisdom" which obtained their concurrence in the proclamation of a free pardon to rebel man!" Nor was it concurrence merely, but the co-operation of their attributes was necessary to realize the desired end. Nor was even co-operation sufficient; but that end, once realized, must illustrate and glorify them all. It has been done! It is "the wisdom of God in a mystery!" And the summing up of the glorious plan is, "to declare his righteousness: that he might be just, and the justifier of him who believeth in Jesus." "Grace and truth came by Jesus Christ." Justice and mercy met on his cross, and both triumphed! The sinless bore the sinner's curse, and the law was magnified. He made his soul an offering for sin, and love rejoiced over the habitable parts of our earth. He "restored that which he took not away," that he might "make known the exceeding riches of his grace." He submitted to the sentence passed upon man, that man might share with him in the glories of eternity. God and man met in his person, and were reconciled. Well may we ask, "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" W. L.

THE TWO HOUSE-WARMINGS.

No. II.

"When thou makest a dinner or a supper, call not thy friends, nor thy brethren, neither thy kinsmen, nor thy rich neighbours, lest they also bid thee again, and a recompense be made thee. But when thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind."

Mr. M—— remembered the words of the Lord Jesus, and how he also said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive;" and he thought that no better opportunity could occur of showing his gratitude to the God of providence, who had blessed the labour of his hands, and his love to the poor of his Saviour's flock, than would be presented by his house-warming.

So he made a feast: it was on a much smaller scale, truly, than that of his richer neighbour, Mr. T——. No liveried servants hurried to and fro; no busy workmen were needed in fitting up the refreshment-rooms; no long array of tradesmen disburdened their stores of rich provisions, in preparation for the house-warming: nevertheless, there was no want of pleasant arrangement, no lack of good things.

I do not know whether to call Mr. M——'s feast a dinner or a supper: it partook, perhaps, of the nature of both; or it might be simply a feast. The two parlours of the new house were made into one room, by the convenient plan of folding doors; and a long table, reaching from one end to the other, was spread with homely luxuries, such as the invited guests could better appreciate and enjoy than they would have done the richer delicacies of more refined cookery. Bright fires were burning, for the weather was cold; and candles were placed ready for lighting, for the days were short.

But the guests. Ah, the poor have not yet ceased out of the land; and Mr. M——'s guests were to be the poor, and the poor only—but plenty of them. No nicely-worded cards of invitation were issued; had they been, they might not have been understood. But what need of cards or notes, when the verbal message was conveyed from each willing guest to the next-door poor neighbour,

that Mr. M—— would give a house-warming, to which the poverty of the participants was the first qualification? No want of poor guests, I know. And if the maimed, the halt, and the blind were few among them, it was because there were not many of either within reach of the invitation. But the aged were there and the dim-sighted, and the helpless; and, above all, the poor widows. Enough—the room was filled.

And if there was not much wit, there was plenty of good humour. Oh, to see the hard-drawn lines of care relax and soften under the influence of sympathetic kindness and good cheer; and the face that rarely had been of late lighted up with a smile, betrayed into a hearty laugh; while, as iron sharpeneth iron, the countenance of each sharpened that of her friend! The poor—ay, even poor widows, at times—know how to be cheerful as well as the rich; yes, and thankful too, if all were known. Talk about the ingratitude of the poor! Well, they are not always so grateful as they might be, perhaps; but—"Physician, heal thyself;" set them a better example; teach them, by self showing, what thankfulness is, and how to evince it.

No need of servants and waiters at Mr. M——'s house-warming;—was there not Mr. M—— himself at the bottom of the table, and his wife at the head of it? and could not they see whose plate was empty; and could not each guest there pass the empty plate up or down the table, and hand it back again well replenished?—to be sure they could. A fine thing it would have been, indeed, to have had waiters to wait upon them! I fancy their appetites would have been frightened quite away by the glaring impropriety.

And so they made a hearty meal of it, and thanked the maker of the feast; and secretly wished in their hearts, perhaps, that such house-warmings came a little oftener. And though there were no trained voices to sing "Non nobis Domine!" as at Mr. T——'s grand dinner, there were holy hearts, and happy hearts, and musical voices, too, for all they might be old and strained, to join in the good old English words,—

"We thank thee, Lord, for this our food,
But most of all for Jesus' blood:
May faith in him to us be given,
And grace to tread the path to heaven."

Well—the feast began at five o'clock, and it was over before seven: this was the first stage of Mr. M——'s house-warming.

And then there was a little bustle in clearing the long table, and a little confusion in putting the table altogether out of the way, and in shifting chairs and stools closer together, and filling up the vacant space with more chairs and stools: and not a little noise when the poor guests, especially the—the—elderly females, found themselves seated, somehow or other, each one beside her own especial gossip, whom she had known forty years or more.

But a knock at the hall-door is heard,—a right real double knock—and the door is opened; and then the parlour-door, and the hum of voices is hushed, when the new visitor is seen to be one well known to all the assembled party—their minister. A few words of kindly greeting, his hat and cloak disposed of, and a chair and small table placed for him in a central position: this scarcely done, and another knock at the hall-door—and another—and another in quick succession; until, to save further noise and trouble, it is left half open. One by one, or two by two, the rooms begin to fill; for many have been asked to the house-warming who were not invited to the feast: *that* was for the poor.

In little time the rooms are filled—over-filled—crowded; some visitors must stand. But what of that? There are crowded assemblies for fashion's sake, why not for piety's sake?

It is time to begin. We noticed that before one of the guests was a small table; on that is a large Bible; and beside the Bible is a hymn-book. The Bible is opened, and the guest reads—

"Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it: except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain."

The hymn-book is opened, and the guest reads:—

"Kindred in Christ, for his dear sake,
A hearty welcome here receive;
May we together now partake
The joys which only he can give.

"May He by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above,
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love."

Ah! of all the songs that were sung at Mr. T——'s house-warming, there was not one that could equal this. And trained as the singers were there, there

is sweeter harmony here—heart harmony, that reaches to the heaven of heavens.

They sing: there are good voices to lead, hearty voices to follow, words full of rich meaning to those who understand them aright, and a noble tune to set them to.

The hymn ceases, and their minister rises.

"My friends," he says, "this is a rather peculiar kind of house-warming. In my time I have known of many house-warmings of another sort; but this is all but new to me. It is usual, on such occasions, when managed in a different way, to wish success to the host. Let us do so now; not, however, with drinking and acclamation, but with prayer and supplication."

Then he offered up an earnest prayer, from which the following are extracts:—

"The Lord God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, the God of all the families of the earth, bless this house! May the voice of prayer and praise continually ascend from it! Let morning and evening supplications be heard and answered here. And not from this room alone, not from the united family alone, but from every room, and from the heart of every dweller within these walls, may daily secret prayer be made! Let the leprosy of sin never adhere to this dwelling; but if thy servants sin—and who sinneth not?—let thy Spirit convince of sin, and grant repentance; and when pardon is sought through the Redeemer of souls, then hear in heaven thy dwelling-place; and, when thou hearest, forgive.

"Father of mercies, bless thy servants who dwell in this house with continued and renewed health, if so it please thee; with so much of this world's goods as may not be hurtful to them; but above all things, with contentment and resignation, with holiness and joy. Let them not make the world their resting-place, their home; but may their treasure be laid up in heaven!

"Make them to be, more and more, the lights of the world, the salt of the earth; so that men, seeing their good works, may glorify their Father in heaven."

Then Mr. A—— read several suitable portions of Scripture.

"We will sing once more," says Mr. A——; "may these words be the sincere language of every heart!—

'Father! whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:

'Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

'Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.'"

After the master of the house had read these psalms of thanksgiving, Mr. A—— again prayed, and this time it is for the sons and daughters of the host. One is thought of, as exposed to the snares and dangers of a large city:—"May the God of her parents be her guide and safety! Another is far off, in a distant and a troubled country: may the omnipotent and omnipresent Jehovah be his arm every morning! Others are just entering into the world for themselves: may their paths be smoothed and their way plain; may the word of truth be a light to their feet, and a lamp to their paths! May the Lord Jesus be the strength of their hearts, and their portion for ever!"

Nine o'clock—the guests are gone—the host and his family alone remain; but a holy and a happy influence pervades the scene. It has been the place of prayer! the house of God! the gate of heaven!

Years will roll on—but that night will not be forgotten: it is hallowed in the memory. It cannot be forgotten; for there is One who never forgets; and he has said, "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven. For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them," Matt. xviii. 19, 20.

Well, reader, of the two house-warmings, Mr. T——'s and Mr. M——'s,—which was the best? G. E. S.

AFFLICTION.

Afflictions teach us to pray better; "They poured out a prayer when thy chastening was upon them," Isa. xxvi. 16. Before, they would *say* a prayer; now "they poured out" one. Jonah was asleep in the ship, but awake and at prayer in the fish's belly. When God puts under the fire-brands of affliction, then our hearts boil over the more. God

loves to have his children possessed with a spirit of prayer. Never did David, the sweet singer of Israel, tune his harp more melodiously, or pray better, than when he sunk in deep waters. Thus afflictions do discipline us. Gold is not the worse for being tried; so affliction is the touchstone of sincerity; it tries what metal we are of. That is a precious faith, which, like the star, shines brightest in the darkest night. It is good that our graces should be brought to a trial; thus we have the comfort, and the gospel the honour.—*T. Watson.*

OLD HUMPHREY LEAVING EDINBURGH.

The fields and waving crops are fair
That in the lowlands grow;
But he who loves a wilder scene
Must to the highlands go.

The eagle screaming in the sky,
Lone lochs, and antler'd deer,
And the dark and dreary forest ground,
And the gloomy glen are there.

Just before I left my hotel in Princes-street, Edinburgh, for Kinross, a trifling circumstance occurred, that occasioned me a little vexation. As I sat hastily writing a letter in a large room, the walls of which were divided into painted compartments, a gentleman, as he crossed to the door, bent to me in a courteous manner. Now, it unfortunately happened that a fracture in one of the glasses of my spectacles prevented me from seeing distinctly, and, mistaking the gentleman for the waiter, I asked him, perhaps rather quickly, at what hour the post left Edinburgh? Evidently wounded by my untoward mistake, he drew himself up with some dignity, and replied that he doubted not the waiter would inform me. In vain I rose at the instant to explain. I had, it appeared, inflicted an irreparable injury. My explanation was unheeded, and the aggrieved party disappeared through the folding doors at the end of the room.

Here was a pretty situation for one of my habits and disposition to be placed in! The stranger had manifested unwonted courtesy to me as he crossed the room, and I had rewarded him by wounding his pride. I felt like a guilty thing, and would have done much to atone for my careless indiscretion; but I had no opportunity, for the mail was about to depart, and the porter was waiting for my trunk and carpet-bag.

It was well for me that another gentleman had seen what had taken place. Showing him my fractured spectacles, I requested him to apologize for me, inasmuch as I was obliged to take my departure; but he replied, that it was quite unnecessary, for as the waiters were well dressed, the mistake was a very natural one, and the stranger, an American, had committed himself in not instantly accepting my explanation. This, however, did not satisfy me; and I ceased not to urge him, until he consented to soothe the angry feelings of the aggrieved stranger.

I suppose there is no such thing as walking through the world without, now and then, elbowing our neighbours, and, unintentionally, treading on the heels and toes of those who are around us. It is hardly likely that I shall ever again meet with him, whom in my careless haste I offended; but very gladly would I take an opportunity, if it occurred to me, of convincing him that I am not the man willing to undervalue courtesy, or to wound, without afflicting myself, the feelings of a stranger.

Proceeding to ship-building Leith, which may almost be considered as a part of Edinburgh, I crossed the Firth of Forth by the Burntisland Ferry—a distance, perhaps, of six or eight miles, obtaining a peep at Dalgetty Church, the islands of Inchcolm and Inchkeith, and the castles of Lauriston, Dumfermline, Aberdour, and Royston: the latter was once a hunting-seat of the Scottish kings. Short as the passage was, being a rough one, it was too long for a lion-like little pet dog that was on board the steamer—it made quite a lamb of him. He could not have been more sea-sick had he been bestormed in the Bay of Biscay; nor need his mistress have manifested more sympathy on the occasion had she been his mother, and he the hopeful heir of the highlands.

Whether we are on the land or the water, we are sure to meet with occasions of showing kindness. A young woman, who had just money enough to pay her passage, by mistake took her seat at the wrong end of the boat, by the binnacle, unconsciously making herself liable to a charge for which she was altogether unprovided; thus affording me the opportunity, at a very little expense, of doing her what she considered a very great service. My outlay was a most profitable one; for the young woman repaid me

with usury by her abundant thankfulness. Where there is a susceptible spirit,

In times of trial and in scenes of woe,
A drop of kindness makes the heart o'erflow.

If Kinross had no other attraction than that of standing on the banks of fair Loch Leven, it would be sought by many. Loch Leven, with its four islands, can hardly be less in extent than ten or twelve miles, and well is it known to fishermen for the silver-gray and the pink-coloured trout it contains. But it is not the beauty of the lake, nor the abundance of the finny tribe with which it abounds, that is uppermost in the thoughts of those who visit the place. They know that queen Mary was once a prisoner in the castle there, whose massive and venerable remains are still standing on one of the islands, and they know that there she was compelled to resign her crown. The iron hand of Ruthven was heavy on her, and armed men were around her. That must needs have been a trying hour with the beautiful and nearly broken-hearted queen, when, assisted by young Douglas, she made her escape by night in a boat, with a female attendant. Who, standing on Mary's Knowe, on the south shore, on that tempestuous night, could have refused to lend her a helping hand? Old Humphrey, I suspect, would have waded up to his knees to assist her, without thinking, for the moment, of the unlawfulness of the deed, or of the heavy penalty it might bring down on his head. With great interest I looked on the mouldering remains of Loch Leven Castle:

"No more its arches echo to the noise
Of joy and festive mirth; no more the glance
Of blazing taper through its windows beams,
And quivers on the undulating wave;
But naked stand the melancholy walls,
Lash'd by the wintry tempests, cold and bleak,
And whistle mournfully through the empty hall,
And piecemeal crumble down the tower to dust."

Kinross House, an elegant edifice, standing on a projecting promontory of the lake, and St. Serf's island, on which once flourished a Culdee monastery, are hardly regarded, so absorbing is the greater interest excited by the castle of Loch Leven. The storms of near three hundred winters have beat on the weather-stained fortress since the royal prisoner escaped from it, yet there it still stands, like a hoary-headed chronicler, handing down from one generation to another the mournful tale of a captive queen. How commonplace is the melancholy truth, that a crowned head and an unhappy heart may go together!

From Kinross many a pleasant stroll is taken along the fair banks of the flowing Devon; for the fame of the three waterfalls, the Devil's Mill, the Rumbling Bridge, and the Caldron Linn, has gone abroad, exciting the curiosity of the stranger, and urging him to witness with his own eyes the wonders which the tongues of tourists have proclaimed. Nor will he who, for the first time, gazes on these remarkable cataracts, regard them without astonishment and pleasure; for there, in all imaginable forms,

The madden'd river, with its rising spray,
Leaps, roars, and rushes on its headlong way.

The water at the Devil's Mill, after falling into a deep rocky basin, and thence into a hole beneath it, clamours aloud, evidently in violent agitation. The mill-like hubbub it creates has given it the name it bears.

The falls of the Caldron Linn and Rumbling Bridge have a character of their own; the cataract of the latter leaping down between huge rocks more than eighty feet high, and the upper fall of the former rushing into three cavities resembling enormous caldrons or boilers. In the first of these the water moves about with such rapidity and turbulence, that it seems absolutely to boil; in the next it is mantled with foam; while in the last caldron the water spreads itself in a state of comparative repose. These eccentricities having been performed by the watery element, the wild torrent hurries onward over a pile of rocks to the romantic glen that seems to welcome its approach.

A cataract is a vivid illustration of a passionate man. We cannot gaze on turbulent waters without feeling a pleasurable excitement, but to see a hasty, hot-headed human being, madly vapouring with anger, boiling with passion, rushing onward in ungovernable wrath, spouting out furious words, and plunging headlong into frenzied deeds, is at all times a sorry sight. A passionate man might muse with advantage on the waterfalls of the Caldron Linn, the Rumbling Bridge, and the Devil's Mill. "He that is slow to wrath is of great understanding; but he that is hasty of spirit exalteth folly," Prov. xiv. 29. "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that

ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city," Prov. xvi. 32.

Those who have rambled among the Ochil hills will not soon forget the scenes they have witnessed. When first I gazed on Glenfarg, enclosed by the Ochils, I thought to myself that a sweeter glen could not be found in Scotland. So romantically do the wooded rocks advance and recede far up above the burn, and so beautifully is the glen adorned with ash, fir, and birch trees, that I regarded it with no common admiration. True it is that the coach-road which passes through it somewhat robs it of that retiredness which a glen should possess, but, even with this disadvantage, it is a delightful spot. How many fairy scenes, fantastic waterfalls, agreeable localities, bowery nooks, and wild attractive seclusions, did I find in Glenfarg! It is just such a place as I love to dream of, either in my sleeping or my waking hours.

Perth, on the west bank of the Tay, is praised by almost all who visit the place, as one of the handsomest of Scottish towns. We are told that "when Agricola and his army, in advancing into the territory of the Caledonians, first beheld the Tay, and the plain upon which Perth now stands, they were so struck with their resemblance to the Tiber and its banks in the vicinity of Rome, that, with one consent, they exclaimed, in a transport of enthusiasm, "Ecce Tiber! Ecce Campus Martius." The plain around the town is very fertile, and

A flowing flood of waters, deep and strong,
The princely river proudly sweeps along.

Perth is not wanting in goodly streets and terraces, and public buildings. Gowrie House, where an attempt was made to assassinate James VI., and Blackfriars Monastery, where James I. was assassinated, are numbered among the things that were; but the old church of St. John is yet standing, and thither the antiquarian repairs, to gaze on the enormous pillars that support the tower, the tombstone of king James I. and his queen, and the great bell that announced the hour of prayer to the people before the period of the Reformation.

Nor is the interest of the old church of St. John's confined to antiquarian curiosities; for it was here that the rage for demolishing ecclesiastical architecture first broke out, occasioned by a sermon of the reformer, John Knox, against idolatry. After the preaching of this sermon, and when the passions of the congregation were greatly excited, a priest was imprudent enough to come forward with his images and relics:

Oh, what a faith! to trust in mouldering bones,
And graven images, and sculptured stones,
For heavenly aid. Almighty Saviour, be
My rock and tower of strength, where I may flee,
And let my heart and soul for ever trust in thee.

If I could persuade myself that the priest was so far self-deceived as to have any faith in his own mummeries, I could feel some sympathy for him; but as I believe that he knew the worth of his relics and images in a religious point of view to be only equal to that of the dust beneath his feet, so the punishment he brought on himself by the exhibition of his pedlary, does not call forth in my mind any violent degree of indignation. No sooner did he open his treasure-house of idol baubles, and prepare to say mass, than the assembled people rose upon him, attacking him with violence, breaking the images, tearing the pictures, scattering the vases, and throwing down the altars; after which, they pillaged and destroyed the monasteries of the Grey and Black Friars, and Carthusians. It is said that John Knox instigated a boy to throw a stone at one of the sculptured statues, that his example might be followed by the people; but such as are friendly to the reformer are of opinion that he did not resort to this course until he had tried his utmost, by argument and reason, to convince the multitude of the sin of idolatry.

It was with no small emotion, after rambling for some time about Perth, and visiting such places as have attached to them any historical association, that I took my stand on the old bridge. The sun was bright above me, and the rolling waters of the Tay gave back the golden beam. My busy thoughts ran on the murderous conflict that, in days gone by, took place by the side of the river. Having already, in another place, described this fearful encounter, I may as well avail myself here of my own description.

War, in its best estate, is an evil thing —a thing to be shunned, hated, and prayed against. If we must fight, let us fight against the evil in our hearts: but to my story. For a long time there had been a bitter enmity burning in the hearts of the M'Kays, or Clan Quhele, and the M'Intoshes, or Clan Chattan, and

this enmity at last broke out in fury; so that, by agreement, thirty of them on each side struggled together in mortal combat before the king.

As I said before, when you stand on the bridge over the river Tay, you look down to the left on a level, broad, and spacious greensward, called the North Inch. It was on this greensward that the battle took place. A part of the Inch was fenced off from the remainder, having a barrier on three of its sides; the fourth side being washed by the rolling river. Booths were erected for the king and the great people, and very numerous were the people gathered to behold the fight.

And now you may fancy that the M'Kays and the M'Intoshes are assembled, with their clans and pipers, ready for the combat, and that the grand marshal and high constable are present, properly to arrange the martial strife. The combatants were equally armed; but when the battle was about to begin, the discovery was made that one of the M'Intoshes was absent through fear. A saddler of Perth, named Harry Wynde, undertook to supply his place for half a French gold dollar, and then the combat proceeded.

Loud were the highland pipes of both clans, and yet louder the yell, or war cry, that rose from the M'Kays and the M'Intoshes, as they rushed on each other, brandishing their murderous weapons. That day wondrous feats of valour were performed, for the hostile bands struggled hard for the mastery, and in the death-grapple in which they engaged showed no mercy to each other; the ponderous sword did its fatal work, and the sharp-pointed dagger found the readiest way to the heart.

For a time no one could tell on which side the advantage lay, but, at length, the M'Intoshes began to prevail; the M'Kays fell fast, till twenty-nine of them lay dead or disabled on the field. The remaining M'Kay, unable to stand against Harry Wynde and the ten M'Intoshes who were still alive, leaped into the river, swam across it, and made his escape.

A tourist might pleasantly spend a month at Perth, and in its neighbourhood. Every stranger who enters it by the South Inch, is favourably impressed by the beautiful avenue of trees through which he passes, especially on a hot summer, or autumnal day.

On either side the spreading branches bend
A wilderness of verdant leaves, and lend
A grateful shade, the traveller to befriend.

Scone Palace, within two miles of Perth, is not a place to be passed by lightly. I could not look upon it without thinking of many a crowned head, long since mouldered in the dust; for it occupies the site of the old palace of the Scottish kings, and contains many curious relics of departed greatness, that take back the thoughts of the visitor to times gone by.

With many, a battle plain is a place of great attraction. Here they muse on the struggles of armed men, the deathful deeds of violence and contention, and feel pleasure or regret as the successful party has been regarded as a friend, or an enemy. Time, however, that blunts the edge of the keenest sword, and corrodes the point of the sharpest spear, softens our resentments, so that most of us, perhaps, regard a battle-field as a dream that excites no violent emotion. The field of Loncarty, on the west bank of the Tay, is frequently visited; for there, in the reign of Kenneth the Third, was fought a decisive battle between the Scots and Danes. Already were the Scots giving way, when a ploughman and his two sons left their labour in an adjoining field, and rushed to the fight, each wielding a yoke so courageously, that they inspired fresh confidence, and thus obtained a complete victory.

Dunkeld, once the capital of Caledonia, stands in the grand pass to the highlands, and I felt, as I entered the place, the spirit of the Scottish tourist come upon me afresh, for the storm-beaten hills around, and the magnificent scenery, much excited me. The venerable cathedral, with its olden monuments—that of Alexander, earl of Buchan, called the Wolf of Badenoch, among them; Dunkeld House, and the unfinished splendid mansion of the late duke of Athol, are all objects of interest, but the neighbourhood of Dunkeld, including the hills of Birnam and Dunsinan, is delightful in the extreme.

The sudden mists which sometimes overspread the hills, render it dangerous to venture upon them at nightfall. The late Murray M'Cheyne, of Dundee, and his friend, had set out on foot to explore Dunkeld at their leisure, and about sunset, set out again with the view of crossing the hills to Straithairdle. "A dense mist spread over the hills soon after they

began to climb. They pressed on; but lost the track that might have guided them safely to the glen. They knew not how to direct their steps to any dwelling. Night came on, and they had no resource but to couch among the heath, with no other covering than the clothes they wore. They felt hungry and cold; and, awaking at midnight, the awful stillness of the lonely mountains spread a strange fear over them. But, drawing close together, they again lay down to rest, and slept soundly till the cry of some wild birds and the morning dawn aroused them."

Among the many attractive objects in the neighbourhood of Dunkeld, the river Braan is well worthy the attention of the tourist; and the waterfall, especially that near Ossian's Hall, will not be visited without much admiration. The jagged rocks and lofty banks of the Braan so confine the chafed waters of the river, that they hurry onward with unusual velocity. Go to the falls of the Braan in a tranquil spirit, and you will find your pulse beating with increased speed; go in a spirit of enthusiasm, and you may become half wild with excitement.

On proceeding to Blair Athol, I was awestruck at sight of the magnificent pass of Killiecrankie. Never before had I gazed on such a scene. For a time it was ever present to my thoughts, and mingled with my very dreams. Feeling myself, now, to be fairly in the highlands, I will, in my next chapter, say something about highlanders.

JEHOVAH'S RICHES.

The blessings which the Lord of glory has to bestow upon men, are frequently called riches in the Holy Scriptures, especially by the apostle Paul. It is a figure under which he delights in describing them. "The Lord," he says, "is rich in mercy," he is "rich unto all that call upon him." He tells us of "the riches of his goodness," "the exceeding riches of his grace," "the unsearchable riches of Christ." The gospel that proclaims his mercy, he calls "a treasure," and says that in it, or rather, in that Saviour of whom it testifies, "are hidden all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge." And where is the want for which his gospel does not offer you a remedy? Where is the blessing he is not able to bestow? He is so rich, that multitudes of sinners may go to him, and come away laden with blessings; and yet they who come after them, see in him no diminution; yea, a whole starving world might go to him for bread and find it, and his abundance be overflowing as ever. Millions on millions could no more exhaust it, than you or I, with the hollow of our hand, could exhaust a river, or empty a sea. "He is able to do," says the apostle Paul, "all that we ask," and "above all that we ask," and "abundantly above all that we ask," and "exceeding abundantly above all that we ask;" and more still—"exceeding abundantly above all that we think." And again we read, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." The eye of man has seen much, he has heard of more than he has seen, and his heart has conceived of yet more than he has heard of; but neither his eye, ear, or heart, let them see, and hear, and conceive as they may, can reach to the extent of Jehovah's riches.—*Bradley.*

THE CHAIN OF CAUSES.

The great chain of causes which link one to another, to the throne of God himself, can never be unrolled by any industry of ours. When we go but one step beyond the immediate sensible qualities of things, we go out of our depth; all we do after is but a faint struggle, that shows us we are in an element which does not belong to us.—*Burke.*

ABUSE.

When certain persons abuse us, let us ask ourselves what description of characters it is that they admire; we should often find this a very consolatory question.—*Colton.*

A MAXIM OF THE WICKED.

It is the maxim of most wicked men, that the Deity is someway or other like themselves; their souls more than whisper it, though their lips speak it not.

THE GROWTH OF A FLOWER.

No. II.

And now the light acts upon the ascending stem, gradually deepening the pale yellowish-green tint of the early shoot; and the young leaves, which, like those of the tulip, form themselves at the base of the stem; or, like the tall white lily leaves, grow upon it; or, like those of the wallflower, are scattered over its branches, become of a fuller and more varied hue. Sometimes the leaf is enlivened, as in the begonia or fuschia, with the vein of crimson; or, as in the clary, the brightest purple colour paints its young shoots; or spots like those on the arum, or streaks of straw-colour, like those of the ribbon-grass, vary its customary green. And stems of many shapes —the triangular, the round, the square— each constant to the form which belongs to the flower which is to bud upon it, rise from the roots, as spring develops the vegetables: it may be the stem of the white dead nettle; and then, though millions of its companions are springing up under the hedge-rows of England, yet every one has its four-sided stem, and its notched leaves, and white circlets of blooms, while each flower has as distinct an individuality as has each human face; and the botanist and the artist, when noticing the general resemblance, see the marked expression of every single sprig. Or the stem which now rises may be designed for beauty and grace, and not for strength. It is to cling to the strong for support; and long before its pink bells are even budding, the convolvulus has entwined about some green bough of the lowly bush, and coiled itself closely over some firmer growing plant; and the ivy leans its weakness, and holds by its fibres, on the powerful oak tree. One shall send out its tendrils; on another shall come forth the prickle; others gradually develop the sturdy thorn; some are clad with a downy, woolly covering, as if they were dressed in warm winter coats; others are so bristled with hairs that we fear to touch them. Thousands are decked in glossiest green, or grey, like the stem of the pink, with their mealy powder; one has crystal glands like the ice-plant; another is veiled in thickest moss, or covered with small black glands, as in the St. John's wort. One is hard and wiry, like the lavender; another juicy and transparent, like the balsam. The grass is strengthened by the knots on its hollow stem; and some of the loveliest flowers are strong by their weakness; for their pliable stems bend to the passing breeze, and by their elasticity resist the storm. Not one portion of a flower but offers us an inconceivable variety in form and hue, which renders it worthy of Omnipotence: and the internal structure of these stems, how beautiful it is! Looking at it but externally, how could we guess its machinery? A small moisture exudes on our fingers as we break it, and it tells us that some juices are contained within; but it is not till microscopic power is brought to bear upon the investigation that we at all see its wondrous mechanism, and hundreds of cells, formed of most delicate tissue, yet each shaped as regularly as those of a honeycomb, and tubes no larger than a cobweb, and vessels smaller than the finest threads, neatly coiled up in innumerable windings, are found contained in a simple, lowly flower-stem. It is when looking at such instances of minute construction, needing at every instant the care of God, that we better understand such a truth of Scripture as that which declares, the very hairs of your head are all numbered. The infidel will not believe that the God of creation will bestow his cares on our humble wants—will give to creatures like us our daily bread, leading us to our supplies by various steps of his providence; yet the humblest flowers might preach a sermon against infidelity, which to a certain order of minds would be more convincing than the most lengthened chain of reasoning. The attention of many, who will not listen to arguments, may yet be aroused by the presentation of some striking fact. And when Whitefield told Dr. Samuel Clarke that he was more assured of the existence of a Deity, by the consideration of a nettle, than by all his chain of evidences, he expressed the feelings of a large order of minds. The spirit of a little child is needed when we examine God's word, nor is it less required, as we look into his works: and he who shall make greatest attainments in Divine truth, or learn the fullest lessons of natural science, will be the man who comes with the most docile mind to the lessons of the Bible, or of the material world.

And now, as we watch the expansion of the leaves, on the stem, or branch, or around

the root, we see much that is interesting in them. They are composed of a green substance, lying in their cells, are supported by a framework of woody fibre, extending itself in various ramifications into a slender network, and forming, on the surface, those lines which we call veins; both sides of the leaf being inclosed in a thin, colourless skin, called by botanists the cuticle. Who has not thought the leaf second only in beauty to the flower itself, as it darkened and shone on the holly, or brightened into a vivid green on the laurel, or spread into numerous pale green segments in the Escholtzia? Who has not thought, when summer flowers had withered, that the leaves which decked our winter shrubs were scarcely less pleasing to the eye? That the Great Creator formed them to give us pleasure, we may plainly see: why, else, have their forms such varied beauty? why, else, do their colours change with every passing season? or why should the poplar and the birch quiver so gracefully to the summer air, or send forth such peals of melodious music to the ruder winds of autumn? or why should the sweet brier or the lemon-scented verbena hold a censer of odours? But though in passing we may pause, to be thankful for the pleasures which each part of a plant may bring to us, we must dwell especially on the service it performs to the vegetable itself. Leaves are often called the lungs of the plant; and they seem even something more than lungs. They are organs not only of respiration, but of nutrition and digestion. They change the nature of the sap which flows into them from the stem, and they furnish nutriment to all the parts of the plant, above and beneath them. The results of a great variety of experiments show the value of the foliage to the plant. The fact that the fruit drops off in an unripe state from a stripped branch, is an obvious instance of its necessity; and were we to strip away all the leaves from the flower, it would either die or remain stationary in growth, and lose its natural vigour and beauty. Leaves, also, emit various substances, termed by botanists secretions,—as the viscid clammy juice of the catchfly; the sweet, sugary substance called honey-dew, which is, in some cases, an exudation of the plant; and the manna of the ash. These are less common than the drops of clear water so often seen on the leaves of plants in a hothouse, and sometimes, during hot weather, in the open air.

The structure of the leaf is admirably adapted to perform the functions demanded of it. The delicate skin, or cutiele, with which it is covered, while it helps to render it glossy and beautiful, prevents the too rapid evaporation which the rays of a hot sunshine might otherwise occasion. In many leaves, this thin skin has little openings, like valves, which enable the leaf to evaporate its superfluous moisture; and which, during dry seasons, when the fluid furnished by the stem is insufficient for the plant, actually open during the night, to admit the damp dews, closing again when the cavities of the leaf are filled. Dr. Lindley considers that the hairs often found on the leaf have a similar office; and that while they are useful to protect the young shoot or bud from the cold, they are a material means of absorption, and serve to collect the humidity of the atmosphere.

The tendency which leaves have to seek the light, is seen by the turning of plants towards the windows of a room in which they are placed. More remarkable than this, is the invariable turning to the light of the upper and darker surface of a leaf. No efforts made by men of science can counteract this law of its nature; but the reason of this tendency remains unexplained; so that we may still say with Solomon, "No man can find out the work that God maketh, from the beginning to the end." It is evident, however, that colour influences this direction; for we find occasionally, as in some grasses, that the paler colour is on the upper part of the leaf; in which case the leaf becomes inverted, turning upwards its deeper-coloured side, and inclining its paler face to the earth and obscurity.

But interesting as is every part of a flower when carefully examined, it is the beautiful bud and the fully-expanded blossom which chiefly delight us. Now we see the bud coming forth at the summit of the stem, like the showy tulip; or hanging down its white round balls in a beautiful row, like the lily of the valley; or clustering like the hawthorn, or arranged in one other of the various ways in which flowers are placed on the stems. The buds too have their numerous shapes, their foldings being characteristic of the respective flowers. One is spirally rolled

up, like the convolvulus; in others, the petals are smoothly laid over each other, as in the rose; some are folded up in plaits; one bursts suddenly open into a flower, and its green cup falls down and hangs below the expanded blossoms, or helps to support it, as in the brier-rose, or it falls away, as in the poppy. And how great is the matured beauty of the flower, as it stands forth arrayed in most brilliant colouring, breathing such sweetness from its little cup of odours, as no artificial scent of the perfumer can yield us! How shall we describe the variety of the flowers—how can we even imagine it? Our fields and woods, our shady lanes and sunny glades, are covered with their multitudes; and thousands on thousands, brought from all the countries of the world, glitter in the garden. Arid sandy deserts, and mountain heights, where man has never wandered, and primeval forests, where giant trees are the growth of centuries, give birth to flowers which perchance have never been seen by human eye, though the wild beast may tread on them, and the wild bird descend from his heights to pluck their seeds or buds. Every variety of form, and most singular differences in size, are exhibited by the flower, from the immense blossom of the Rafflesia, measuring more than a yard across, and fifteen pounds in weight, which, with its disgusting odour of carrion, scents the woods of Sumatra; or from the water-lily, called Victoria Regina, which, with its hundreds of petals, and a diameter of five or six feet, lies on the still waters of the river Berbice; to the tiny flower of the chickweed, or the yet smaller blossom of the common bedstraw of our meads. Some, like the cactus, are most brilliantly beautiful:

"Who pour'd the richest hues
In varying radiance, o'er thine ample brow,
And, like a mesh, those tissued stamens laid
Upon thy crimson lip?"

No artist can imitate the varying red and purple of this flower, any more than he can catch the tints of the rainbow, or portray the plumage of the humming-bird. The lily, too, with its intense whiteness, made so by the white substance which lies in its cells, and not, like the root, rendered colourless by absence of light; the changing iris, the deep blue-bell, the red-rose,—how do these, and many more seem before us, as we think of the variety of flowers! And on what does the colour of flowers depend? On the scarlet, or blue, or purple, or other colouring matter which lies in their unnumbered cells. These cells are formed of a colourless tissue, and this causes the glossy satin-like appearance which some petals present. "Thus," says professor Lindley, "in the *thysanotus fascicularis*, the flowers of which are of a deep brilliant violet, with a remarkable satiny lustre, that appearance will be found to arise from each particular cellule containing a single drop of coloured fluid, which gleams through the white shining membrane of the cellules, and produces the flickering lustre that is perceived."

The flower, like the leaves, is influenced in its direction, by colour; for the petals are deeper tinted on their upper, than on their lower surfaces. Even the white flower has a more brilliant white tint on the surface which faces the sky. In some drooping flowers, as the foxglove, we find indeed that the internal part which is hidden from the light, is of fuller hue; and this pendent position is thought by some botanists to be in a measure owing to the shrinking from light which the paler colour exhibits, and which leads it to turn towards the darkness of earth. Whether or not this theory be a correct one, it is only in the drooping flower that the paler part is uppermost.

And now, having traced the flower to its full expansion, we have to see it wither and fall away leaving in appropriate seed-vessels a seed similar to that from which it sprang originally. It has lived its little day, and has performed the offices appointed to it by God: it will now mingle with the soil which shall nourish the seed of a future year:

"E'en while we muse, a blight
Steals o'er it, and its shrinking bosom shows
The mournful symptoms of a wan disease.
Still must I bear away within my heart
Its lesson of our own mortality;
The fearful withering of each blossom'd bough
On which we lean, of every bud we fain
Would hide within our bosoms, from the touch
Of the destroyer."

A. P.

THE SCRIPTURES.

The Scriptures are striking from their singularity; they unite the view of either world, and present each in its just proportions. All sublunary things are viewed from an amazing eminence, and shrink from their imaginary importance. The

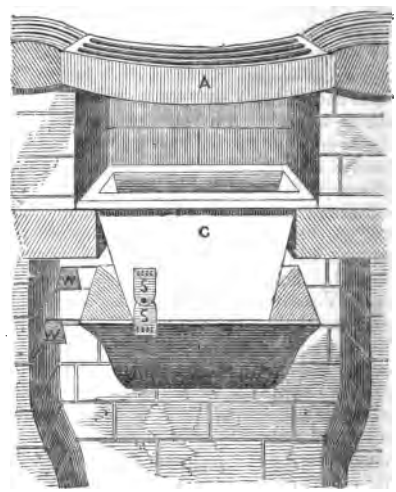
Bible, like the astronomy of Copernicus, no longer leaves the earth in the centre of the universe, but diminishes its magnitude to a point in space, and its duration to a moment of time.

As compositions, the Scriptures are divine, and yet human; the mind of Him is everywhere apparent in them, with whom all terrestrial ages are fleeting as a morning dream, and in whose sight the myriads of worlds are circumscribed within a narrow circle, yet human feelings and human interests are as vividly cared for as if this earth were all, and Providence were watching for it alone.—*Douglas.*

WALKER'S EFFLUVIA-TRAP.

Few persons traverse the metropolis without suffering annoyance from the pestilential gases that issue from the openings of sewers. In many cases, where they have been opposite the premises of butchers, they have been stopped up, to prevent that speedy decomposition of the meat which would inevitably ensue. In the different market-places, losses sustained from the same cause form a considerable item, for which the public have indirectly to pay; while besides the disgust and destruction of property thus occasioned, the emission of pestilential gases is, in no small degree, prejudicial to health,—a circumstance at this crisis deserving special attention. An invention calculated to diminish, or remove, so gross a nuisance is well worthy the notice of all, and especially of those who are officially connected with the sanitary measures now contemplated. We have therefore observed, with much pleasure, an ingenious contrivance by Mr. Walker, of an "effluvia-trap."

The accompanying cut will illustrate the principle of the invention. The trap comprises a square or oblong funnel, C, having a basin, D; the whole being fixed in the shaft of the gully-hole by the rim, B. When water falls through the grate, A, as it passes through the funnel, C, it fills the inside of the pan, D, and then flows over the outer rim into the sewer below. However foul the air may be, it cannot pass upwards from the sewer if these traps are employed, because the bottom edge of the funnel is always immersed some inches in the water contained in the pan, D. According to the more general plan the pan was fixed in its position by a chain, and if dirt were collected there, the chain was unhooked, and one side of D let down for the soil to fall out. By a more recent arrangement, Mr. Walker has made his trap self-acting. Two straps, S, S, are united by a pivot on each side of the funnel, C, so as to suspend the pan, D, on it; the inclination which the latter has to fall on one side being counterbalanced by the two weights, W, W,



which maintain the whole in a proper balance. When, however, any mud or rubbish of any kind finds its way through the grating, the weights are unable to support the additional incumbrance, one end of the pan is lowered, and the intruding mass being precipitated into the sewer, the pan re-assumes its proper position with perfect precision. The patentee has even foreseen and provided against any difficulty by the formation of ice in the pan, by a simple contrivance. The apparatus is, in fact, perfectly fitted for averting the long-existing evil, while its cheapness puts it within the reach of all.

It will thus be seen, that while it allows the escape of water into the sewer, it prevents the ascent of effluvia, and stops all rubbish from choking the drain. The ease with which it may be handled, and the safety with which it may be entrusted to unskilled persons, are great advantages. It is well adapted

for breweries, slaughter-houses, dyers, chemical salteries, stables, court-yards, and public thoroughfares; it cannot be injured under ordinary circumstances, and can be affixed to old gratings at a trifling expense. The patentee well deserves the support he has already gained. The city surveyor has applied the trap to one of the worst situations in Newgate-market, and the test thus furnished of its efficiency is highly satisfactory. The engineer and surveyors of the Holborn and Finsbury Commissioners have shown their approval of the principle. The Society of Arts has also awarded to the patentee the silver medal, through their president, prince Albert; while the trap has received the approbation of many of the most scientific men of the day, it has been adopted by three large sewer commissioners in the metropolis, and by the Board of Ordnance in the Tower of London, and at Hampton-court Palace. F.

TO THE CHRISTIAN STUDENT—AN ANTIDOTE AGAINST SELF-COMPLACENCY.

Do you ever experience the proud internal consciousness of superior genius or learning? God has placed a ready antidote within your reach. The abode of learned leisure is seldom far from the humble dwelling of some unlettered Christian. Thither let your steps be directed. "Take sweet counsel" with your poor uneducated brother;—there you will find the man whom our "King delighteth to honour." His mean chamber, graced with one well-worn book, is as "the house of God, and the very gate of heaven!" Observe how far the simplicity of his faith and the fervour of his love exceed anything you can find in your own experience, cankered as it is with intellectual pride. God has taught him many lessons of which all your learning has left you ignorant. Make him your instructor in spiritual things. He is a stranger to the names of your favourite poets and orators; but he is very familiar with "the sweet psalmist of Israel." He can give you rich portions of the eloquence of One who "spake as never man spake." He can neither tell you the number of the stars, nor call them all by their names; but he will discourse excellently concerning "the star of Bethlehem!" He is unable to attempt the solution of a difficult problem; but he can enter into some of those deep things of God's law which, to an unhumbled heart, are dark and mysterious. He will not talk to you in "the words which man's wisdom teacheth," but, oh! what sweet and simple expressions of Divine love are those which the Holy Ghost has taught him. He "knows nothing but Christ crucified;" but this is the excellent knowledge to which all other knowledge is foolishness. He has "the fear of the Lord;" that is wisdom. He departs from evil; that is understanding. When your soul is refreshed by this simple and lowly communion with one of the meanest of God's saints, return to your learned retirement. Look over your intellectual possessions. Choose out the brightest jewel in your literary cabinet. Place it by the side of "the meek and quiet spirit" of this obscure Christian. Determine which is the ornament of greater price. Compare the boasted treasures of your mind with the spiritual riches of your illiterate brother. Run over the whole catalogue. Let not one be omitted: the depth of your understanding, the strength of your reasonings, the brilliancy of your fancy, the fire of your eloquence. Be proud of them! glory in them! You cannot. They dwindle into insignificance. They appear to you as a drop of a bucket, as the small dust of the balance.—*M. J. Graham.*

ASCENT OF THE RIGHI MOUNTAIN, IN SWITZERLAND.

The Righi is one of the alps of Switzerland, which is much resorted to by tourists, who visit that country, and it is a subject of remark that nine-tenths of the visitors usually found there are English. Here and there, indeed, Germans, or a few stray Frenchmen, may be seen: but the latter are not frequently found so far from their own country; which, in their estimation at least, possesses sufficient attraction to keep them at home.

The ascent of the mountain is made either from the little village of Arth or Weggis. The former one is very steep; but both are thoroughfares for tourists, either on horseback or on foot. The ascent is also perfectly safe, and especially free from all danger of avalanches which beset other alpine passages.

The view from the top of the Righi is one of the finest, and certainly the most extensive in all Switzerland. The mountain stands by itself, vis-à-vis, as it were,

to the great chain of the Bernese Alps, and towering above the clear waters of the interesting lakes of Lucerne and Zug. The panorama of lake and mountain scenery, in the bright and clear atmosphere of Switzerland, takes in a distance of many hundred miles, when you are elevated to the top of the scaffold Observatory, placed on the peak or summit of the Righi mountain. It is then no matter of wonder that this mountain should have become so great a favourite with tourists, or that, in summer and part of the autumn, it should be peopled, as it is, with an ever-changing colony of wandering English.

On the margin of the lake of Zug, stands the before-named village of Arth; which, as already intimated, is one of the common starting points for the mountain. The village stands at the head of a deep bay, from one side of which arises, in a series of inaccessible precipices, the vast form of the Righi. A wood-belt of pine-trees girds the hill, and through their sombre mass of brown occasionally are displayed grey jagged pinnacles of rock, leaving the summit of the mountain bald and treeless, to heave up, as it were, its outline against the blue sky.

The path stretches backward to join a huge ridge thrown out from the mountain, and along which lies the way. On leaving the village, the shingled and projecting roofs of whose houses are clustered over with huge stones, the turn to the right must be taken; and after sauntering through some meadow-ground, the path turns to the left, where the rise commences, and presently gives way to an immense irregular sort of stair, cut out in what appears to be the bed of a torrent. The mountain staircase ascends in a series of zigzags winding round huge masses of rock, lying in the path, and thick underwood growing on both sides. Sometimes a glimpse may be caught of the lake below, and, at other times, of the path winding over ledges far above; and grey masses of cliff look down from amid the pines on one hand, while on the other, so near is the path to the ridge of the precipice, that the topmost branches of a lofty pine springing from a rift in the rock a hundred feet below may be grasped. Here and there a solitary châlet is visible, and cattle browsing on a spot of emerald green. There are several stations, each of which is marked with a cross; and beneath a mass of rock a rude bench will be found to rest upon. The first grand station is reached in about two hours, from the bottom. This consists of a solitary cottage,—a Swiss gasthoff, or inn; where the traveller may rest, and procure some kirschwasser, with a morsel of rye-bread, by way of refreshment. The path afterwards extends, by a deep ravine, and an incessant tinkling of goats' bells, on the green slopes beneath, is heard; and, in a short time, a heathy slope, matted with beds of greystones, at the top, is reached; whereon rising against the sky a distant dwelling is perceived;—this is the Righi!! There are two hotels on the Righi; one called the "Righi Culm," situated upon the extreme peak of the mountain; and the other, lower down, known as the "Righi Gasthoff," or hotel. The latter is the most frequented by tourists,—probably from the circumstance of half an hour's walk being saved, as it takes that space of time to reach the summit of the mountain from the latter-named hotel. At the same time, considering the excessive cold in these regions, the half-hour's walk may be an advantage, provided the traveller leaves his bed sufficiently early; for those who sleep at the "Culm," and come out of their warm beds, have to wrap themselves up in the blankets, whilst waiting to catch the desired glimpse of the sunrise on the top,—and indeed the view of the sunrise from the "Gasthoff" is represented by travellers to be as fine as at the other hotel.

The lakes of Zug and Lucerne lying below this mountain, look like silver, and every creek and bay may be traced with the boats appearing like black specks scattered over them, the woody banks of each lake resemble grey lines running as it were along them, and the gay villas and scattered hamlets look like white specks from the summit. But beyond this, the eye is lost in one vast brown expanse of mountainous country of hill upon hill, ridge upon ridge, mountain upon mountain,—the distance is unknown;—it seems a vast indefinite dusky, outstretched mass of world,—the lakes here and there gleaming upon its bosom.

It was thus far that, in the month of September, 1842, on a very fine evening, the writer's personal observations had gone, when whilst he was walking round this scaffold Observatory, and listening to the glowing description of the panoramic

view, given by a party of Swiss ladies and gentlemen (to whom the objects seemed familiar), the writer in a moment narrowly escaped destruction, by his foot slipping accidentally through the top of the stairs of the Observatory. Providentially his fall was broken, partly by the helping hand of his excellent friend and fellow-traveller, and partly by his clinging to a portion of the framework of the scaffold.

The accident, though not serious in its results, rendered it necessary for the writer to keep his bed: and he was unable either to continue his observations, or view the glorious scene of the setting sun that evening, or the rising sun on the following day,—sights for which this Alplet is so renowned, and which indeed led the writer to climb the mountain.

It is reported by tourists, who have had the pleasure to witness the splendour of the rising and setting sun, on this mountain, that, at the close of the day, it is an apparent kingdom, which is seen illuminated by the full blaze of the setting-sun fading away by degrees, as the slanting radiance deserts the hills; and at length the line of the horizon is reached, when the sun's disk seems to touch the wavy outline of the remotest of those hills, and for a moment only can you gaze on its glory as it appears to form itself into a cascade of light over the ridge, behind which it is totally disappearing. Then the cold begins, for the sun is down, and the red clouds only are hanging about the west.

The sunrise is described as magnificent. At the grey dawn of day, the stars pale and dying, the eastern sky red behind the snowy peaks of the Glarus Alps. The country, looking towards the town of Lucerne, dim, and almost undistinguishable; while the white clouds of mist brooding in the ravines and hollows, on the mountain ridges not an atom of fog; rock and snowfield and glacier cutting into the air, with severity and sharpness; the earth on which you tread—hard with the previous night's frost, and the grass white and crisp with frost also. The dawn slowly brightens into day, and the red blaze behind the chain of distant alps will soon burst into the sun's living flame. The snowy peaks rise, as it were, from the sea of lesser hills, tumbled and tossed like waves at their base. Three-fourths of the distance up the mountains are temporarily whitened with snow; but above lie the white fields of ice, which never melt. Here a peak is clothed with virgin snow, speckless, stainless; near it you observe the outline of a precipice—the perpendicular and naked rock crowned with a layer of snow. But then comes the sun! The three peaks to the right, one of which is the "Jungfrau," are already golden, with the earliest beams, then they burst forth in a stream of glory down from the eastern ridges, lighting up in a moment the lesser hills—showing the ravines and scars which furrow them, sparkling on the silver threads of distant waterfalls, anon, gleaming and sleeping lakelets, and, gradually lighting up the whole panorama of wood and hill beneath; bringing it out clearly, and definitely dividing into patches of lighter and darker green, expanses which, ten minutes before, showed as but one mass of dingy, indefinite, unsatisfactory brown; until at length the whole glowing landscape is basking in the sunlight, save where the shadow of the Righi itself, like a colossal cloud is flung westwardly over glen, and lake, and forest, a shadow twenty miles long.

It is needless to say that the labour and fatigue of ascending this mountain are amply repaid by the beautiful sights thus witnessed; nor is it matter of astonishment that so many of our countrymen are to be met with on the peak. Let us adore the Lord by whom the heavens and the earth were made, and reflect on his works; let us behold the wonders he has done, and acknowledge as well as retain a lively sense of his mercies. M. T.

WILL-WORSHIP CONDEMNED.

God will not bear with mixtures in his worship and service, because all mixtures debase the worship and service of God, and render his worship a vain thing; as the mixing of water with wine is the debasing of wine, and the mixing of tin with silver, or brass with gold, is the debasing of the silver and gold,—so, for men to mix and mingle their traditions and inventions with God's institutions is to debase the worship and service of God, and to detract from the excellency and glory of it. The kings and princes of this world have most severely punished such as by their base mixtures have debased their

coin; and there is a day coming in which the King of kings will most severely punish all who have debased his worship and service, by mixing their Romish traditions with his holy institutions:—"For I testify unto every man that heareth the words of the prophecy of this book; if any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book," Rev. xxii. 18. And no wonder; for what horrible pride, presumption, and baseness of spirit is in foolish man to be so bold with the great God as to dare to mix anything of his own with his worship and service, which, according to Divine institution, is so perfect and complete? God will never bear it: to see men lay their dirt upon his gold, and to put their rags upon his royal robes. Ah, Christians, Christians! evidence your holiness by standing up for holy ordinances and pure worship, in opposition to all mixtures whatsoever. Let Baal plead for Baal; and though all the world should wander after the beast, yet do not you wander; and though every forehead should have the mark of the beast upon it, yet do you abhor his mark, and whatever else it be that does but smell and savour of the beast. It is observable that in the courts of kings and princes, children, fools, and the rude rabble are much taken with fine pictures, gaudy shows, and glistering clothes, while wise, serious, grave statesmen neither mind nor regard such poor things, but look upon them as matters much beneath the nobleness and greatness of their spirits who have honourable objects, and the great and weighty affairs of state to busy themselves about. So, my brethren, though the children, and fools, and the rabble of the world are much affected and taken with such pollutions and mixtures as make up a glorious pompous show, remember that you have a spirit of holiness, and principles of holiness in you: and oh! how should you slight such things, and pass them by as things beneath you—things not worthy of you who have a holy God, a holy Christ, a holy gospel, and a holy worship, to engage your thoughts, your minds, your heads, and your hearts about. —*Brook's Beauties of Holiness.*

FILIAL FEAR

Is peculiar to a soul possessed of true piety; and consists in an apprehension of power blended with benignity. So important is "the fear of the Lord" in the estimation of the inspired writers, that the whole of true religion is represented by that phrase. Infinite greatness and Almighty power, viewed as detached from love, may well create dread, or a "fear that hath torment;" but sovereign benevolence, united with awful power and equity, and seen through the medium of revealed truth, expel the slavishness of fear, and induce filial affection. If we conceive sovereign power, in any case, capable of doing us injury, we could never be free from slavish dread; and "a horror of great darkness" might interrupt our purest enjoyments. But if, in fact, our spiritual enjoyments are interrupted, in connexion with right views of the Divine character, we may be sure that then equity, not sovereignty, is operative, and that we suffer nothing more than we deserve. This being the case, the mind is awakened to self-inquiry, the cause in ourself is diligently sought out, and ignorance is properly lamented; and not only "presumptuous sins," but also our "secret faults," make us fear, and cry unto the Lord for deliverance.

NESTS OF ROBINS.

Robins especially vary the form and the materials of their nests, according to their situation. One, which had its abode on the shelf of a greenhouse, surrounded it with a quantity of oak-leaves; while another, which, for two years, built amongst the straw which covered some sea-kale in a kitchen-garden, had its nest composed of a small quantity of moss only, and lined with hair. In some instances, too, where robins have used a large hole in a bank to build in, its sides have been completely filled in with a great quantity of oak-leaves.

The late king, when residing in Bushy Park, had a part of the foremast of the Victory, against which Lord Nelson was standing when he received his death wound, placed in a small temple in his grounds, from which it was afterwards removed. Prior to its removal, a pair of robins built a nest and reared a brood of young ones, in a hole made by a shot which had passed through the mast.

Modern Thyatira.

THYATIRA.

THYATIRA is a city on the northern border of Lydia, about twenty-seven miles from Sardis; but is now commonly known by its Turkish name of Ak-hissar, or "The White Castle," from the large quantities of marble found in the neighbourhood. It is situated in a magnificent plain, eighteen miles broad, which produces plentiful supplies of cotton and grain, and is bounded on every side by a range of mountains. In pagan times the inhabitants honoured Diana as the patron goddess of their hills, and their veneration for that imaginary deity is illustrated by many inscriptions discovered on mouldering stones and columns in the town and neighbourhood,—on one of which she bears the title of "Diana Montana." An ancient monument was found by Smith, which he describes as having been erected in honour of one of her priestesses, Ulpia Marcella, by the senate and people; and on a broken stone in a wall, near a fountain, he traced the remains of an inscription, "To Diana, Goddess of the Mountains." Eminences have always been selected as the strongholds both of freedom and tyranny, of

patriotic defence and despotic rule, and as places of retreat in perilous times from external foes or intestine tumults. Pagan ignorance held them in superstitious reverence, and gave their mountains to the peculiar protection of their divinities.

Thyatira is mentioned by many historians of ancient times under a variety of titles; but little is known of its condition before the conquest of Asia by the Romans. On the defeat of Antiochus by Lucius Cornelius Scipio, at Magnesia ad Sipylum, ambassadors were sent from the town offering terms of submission; and it was finally annexed to the empire by the consul, Perpenna, at the fall of the kingdom of Pergamos.

The city was much improved by the emperor Caracalla; and it appears, by a medal which has been discovered, that under the reign of this prince it took the name of Neocoron. An inscription also shows that Adrian had a temple here; in honour of which medals were struck. Strabo* states that the town was considered by some authors to be the last of the district of Mysia, and that it was a colony of Macedonians.

On approaching Thyatira, the numerous cypresses and poplars in which it is embosomed, and from which the mosques and towers appear, please the mind of the traveller.

The country around is occasionally varied by a few valonea oaks, or sheltered from the oppressive heat of the sun by the foliage of the fig-tree. But though the appearance of these trees is often magnificent, the visitor is sometimes disappointed in the anticipation of tasting the fruit; for he finds, like Mr. Arundell, that "the time of figs is not yet," for, though fair to view, they are, except when ripe, often as hard as stones. But, adds that traveller, "a refreshing spring was at no great distance, and we rested there under 'the shadow of a great rock,' weary and thirsty."

The town is large, and abounds in shops of every description. It is estimated to comprise three hundred Greek houses, though some say five hundred; thirty Armenian, and one thousand Turkish; nine mosques; one Armenian, and one Greek church. The latter is wretchedly situated, and is so much under the level of the churchyard as to require five steps to descend into it. The inhabitants, who have been estimated by some at about five thousand, are said to be almost entirely Mohammedans. The houses are low, many of them of mud or earth; and, with one exception, there is scarcely a decent house in the place. The streets are dirty and narrow, and forcibly impress the mind with the poverty and degradation of the people. A traveller states that he had a letter of introduction to Economo, the bishop's procurator, who informed him that the Turks had destroyed all remnants of the ancient church; and its site is now even unknown. Twenty years ago there were a thousand houses, for which taxes were paid to the government. Hartley says that the Greeks occupy about three hundred houses, and the Armenians about one-tenth of that number. The common language of all classes is Turkish; but in writing it the Greeks and Armenians severally employ the characters of their own tongue. Commercial intercourse is carried on in opium and Turkish carpets.

We read in Scripture of Lydia, "a seller of purple, of the city of Thyatira, whose heart the Lord opened, that she attended to the things spoken by Paul," Acts xvi. 14. And it is worthy of record, that among the ruins of this city an inscription has been found which was originally that of the corporation of dyers, concluding with the words, οἱ βαφεῖς—"the dyers," in honour of Antonius Claudius Alphenus, a distinguished man in the reign of Caracalla. Hence we have one evidence that the art and trade of dyeing purple was carried on in that city. A visitor states that he made many inquiries on this subject, and found that the cloths which were dyed scarlet here were considered superior to any others furnished by Asia Minor, and that large quantities were sent every week to Smyrna for commercial purposes.

The food of the people is generally inferior, and it is amusing to observe the various kinds and forms of bread with which a traveller meets. The Londoner buys his bread according to weight, the Wiltshireman by the gallon, and the Parisian by the yard; but Asia Minor presents the still stranger form of having large flat cakes, as thin as brown paper, which are eaten either folded up or several doubled together; while at Bourdour the bread is very little thicker than an English pancake, but instead of being circular, is about a yard long and four inches wide.

The method of travelling is by means

* xiii., p. 929.

of camels, and as no other means of judging of distance is afforded, it is necessary to calculate by time. This often appears strange to the reader of oriental journeyings; but as the pace of the camel is very regular, it is not difficult to make a rough approximation to the distance which has been traversed. It has been estimated that the camel steps seventy paces in a minute—which, reckoning from eighteen inches to two feet for each pace, would be somewhat below three miles an hour.

Arundell mentions that soon after arriving at his lodgings, an immense troop of horsemen took possession of the khan. It was the new motslem of Aidin Guzelhissar, with his numerous suite, all superbly dressed, on his way from Constantinople to the government; bearing an order to depose the present motslem, the friend of Dr. Pascal. It was an interesting sight, and gave a more oriental appearance to the khan and town in general than anything he had yet seen. These were evidently Turks of the court, and strongly contrasted with those of the remoter districts. "It was amusing to see these dandy gentlemen attending with their coarse hair bags to receive the allowance of barley for their horses. We had some reason to fear the want of a lodging, but a respectable young Greek, of Therma, who said he was of French extraction, most kindly gave us his chamber, where we were extremely well accommodated." * The sleep, however, which this traveller attempted to obtain in the khan was not enjoyed, from the constant disturbance occasioned by the arrival of people at all hours; but he was much amused by observing the manners of the people. A violent knocking at the great gate of the khan was followed by a voice vociferating to be admitted,—but all were fast asleep but himself: the voice becoming increasingly clamorous, was responded to by a Turk, after a long yawn, who cried out, "Baba, baba!" to the capigi or porter—who required to be called more than once, alternately, by the names baba and hadji, before he would answer: at length he awoke, and began to question the stranger who demanded admittance, and an inferior domestic was then ordered to open the door. He, too, yawned a good deal; but at last the stranger was admitted. The khan was filled on all sides of the square under the galleries with bales of merchandise, while many persons were snoring in the open court.

Mr. Arundell's party quitted Thyatira, and proceeded in a north-westerly course; and soon afterwards passed through the village of Medes, where they found a well, at the mouth of which was a marble, with an inscription. Shortly afterwards a small stream was crossed; the land hitherto from Thyatira being fertile and inclosed. The country in all directions appeared increasingly productive, of which the people took advantage by increased pains in the cultivation; and a view was subsequently gained of a rich and well-wooded plain, surrounded by a hilly country. "We met several carts," says Mr. Arundell, "drawn by buffaloes; the body of wickerwork, and the wheels regularly English ones, with neat spokes, and a narrow rim bound with iron, squeaking, however, horribly, like a thousand wind instruments out of tune." Further on, the scenery increased in beauty; and though it was then too dark, for the moon had not then risen, to see more than the general features of the place, the travellers were impressed with the delightful situation of the country.

On the subject of the first introduction of Christianity in Thyatira, the inspired narrative is silent; but it is by no means improbable that the pious zeal of Lydia did much for its promotion. Pleasing, however, as it may be to attribute to this truly excellent woman any service in the establishment of "the truth as it is in Jesus," it is of the utmost importance to guard against allowing speculation to misguide us in our religious views. So far as inspiration lends its infallible guidance we may safely proceed; but when this is once left, and we rest on the traditions of men, we too often make void the revealed word of God!

The words of our Lord addressed to Thyatira plainly intimate the existence and progress of truth in the minds of many, and that a church had been formed which occupied, at that period, an important position in Asia. The features of the letter are, however, varied: the fair scene of primitive excellence was strangely marred by the machinations of early heretics; and the student of Scripture, while glorying in the prosperity of Zion, grieves to see evil in its most hideous forms. The inspired narrative says: "And unto the angel of the church in Thyatira write; These things saith the

* Arundell's "Visit to the Seven Churches of Asia."

Son of God, who hath his eyes like unto a flame of fire, and his feet *are* like fine brass: I know thy works, and charity, and service, and faith, and thy patience, and thy works; and the last *to be* more than the first," Rev. ii. 18, 19. The letter thus bearing the high authority of "the Son of God," reminded the followers of the once meek and lowly Jesus, but now the exalted Redeemer—"God over all, blessed for evermore!"—that their Master contemplated with approbation their unfeigned allegiance to him, and mutual affection; and their persevering conflict for the spread of the truth, despite the utmost efforts of pagan persecution. Yet a worm was at the root of its prosperity, as was clearly shown by the church suffering "that woman Jezebel," which called herself a prophetess, to teach and to seduce the servants of the Lord. Some maintain, with Grotius and Calmet, that this woman was the wife of the pastor of the church; that she had obtained great and pernicious influence over its affairs; that she pretended to prophetic gifts, and under that sanction propagated abominable principles; and though her conduct was disapproved by many, yet no proper decision was used in censuring her, or preventing the mischiefs which she occasioned. Others, however, give to the passage a figurative interpretation, and consider it to have reference to a number of persons of the spirit and character of Jezebel, within the church, under one principal deceiver; and thus purity was contaminated, and our Lord Jesus Christ denounced the severest punishments, if such evils were still allowed.

Yet his tender love to all who were his faithful servants is at once displayed: "But unto you I say," he graciously continues, "and unto the rest in Thyatira, as many as have not this doctrine, and which have not known the depths of Satan, as they speak; I will put upon you none other burden. But that which ye have *already* hold fast till I come. And he that overcometh, and keepeth my works unto the end, to him will I give power over the nations: and he shall rule them with a rod of iron; as the vessels of a potter shall they be broken to shivers: even as I received of my Father. And I will give him the morning star. He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches," Rev. ii. 24—29.

F. S. W.

THE APPLES OF SODOM.

"Ah! what is life thus spent? And what are they
But frantic, who thus spend it?"—Cowper.

The heir of a noble house grew up to manhood. His person was lofty, and his step commanding and proud. He had been nurtured in halls of learning, and all that wealth could lend to intellect was his. He dwelt in a stately mansion, and many waited for his smile.

In his ample library were gathered the wisdom of ancient sages, and the varied knowledge of modern times. Tomes enriched by the skill of the engraver, and gay in silk and gold, strewed his tables. There he sometimes lingered till the lamps grew pale, and the fire in his burnished grate faded.

But as he sat in his deep chair of velvet, with his feet upon an embroidered ottoman, he sometimes dozed over the open page,—for a wine cup was beside him there.

Once he read from a classic book of the apples of Sodom; but deep sleep came upon him, and, falling, he lay upon the rich carpet. His servants bore him to his couch; and when his head sank in the deep down pillow, he murmured something like "Apples of Sodom."

Afterwards, when he slept long among the books, or his foot failed in the hall, and they laid him in his bed, as one without strength, they said to each other, "Our master hath eaten the Apples of Sodom." But beyond this they spake not; for they loved the heir of that honourable house where they had so long been fed.

A fair young creature was seen in the lofty rooms of that princely abode. At her word, the marble vases glowed with fresh flowers, and guests, robed in rich apparel, gathered round the costly board. At her word, the steeds moved gracefully in the proud chariot—for she bore over that house the authority of a wife.

Yet was there something at her heart that gnawed like a secret worm. Of this she spake not. But the green leaves of hope withered, and the garlands of joy.

She lay upon a silken couch. Perfumes breathed around her. The light of the silver lamp was shaded by the heavy folds of rich curtains; and the steps, gliding around her, upon the thick and radiant carpet, gave no sound. Then the wail of a weak infant was heard: and the soul of the young mother departed.

The master of the mansion wept;—but with his tears were drops of wine: the

holy fruits of sorrow he gathered not; for in his hand were the Apples of Sodom. Yet the little feet of the child at his side made music in his heart; and he saw, with pride, that the rich curls round the pure forehead were like his own.

The boy grew in strength and in beauty. His heart reached out slight tendrils for something to love, and took hold both of the good and the evil. Ere the eyes of the mind were fully open, the quick passions had put forth broad dark leaves to drink up the sunbeams.

When he erred and deserved reproof, or when he did well and needed encouragement, there was no father save a bloated form in the wine trance. He became a youth, and flattery spake to him soft things.

At his nod, servants went and came; and when his splendid equipage rolled along the pavement, the gazing crowd said that he was happy. But they knew not that for the undisciplined spirit there is no happiness.

Years rolled on; and in the house of strangers—whence issued wild shrieks, and exultings without cause, and the loud laugh of the maniac—was the son of the drunkard! Bolts and bars restrained him, and the glory of his clustering locks was shorn.

He raved wildly; calling his servants to his aid, and uttering maledictions because they came not. At intervals he was quiet, and wrote upon the walls of his cell incoherent thoughts; and amid broken and blotted lines might be traced out—"Apples of Sodom."

The father sate in his lonely halls;—he scarcely mourned for his lost son. An equal madness was his, and a greater sin—for it was voluntary. The habit which now, like a tyrant, ruled him, had been his own choice. He had himself forged the chains that were drawing him to the lowest hell.

He sate in his lonely halls. Friends had forsaken him; for he had shown kindness to none. The white hairs of age were upon him; yet had he not become wise. Wealth was still his; but he enjoyed it not. Neither gave he to the poor; for a depraved appetite had eaten up his sympathies.

The weakness of age came upon him: he was a driveller, and full of disease. His old servants were dead, and the new ones mocked him and stole his substance. His dim eyes discovered not their thefts; but he trusted them not, and dwelt with them as among enemies.

None pitied him, or said, "Poor old man!" for his vice had made him an abhorrence. Memory had fled away; so that the names of his wife or child woke no image in his soul. Yet he forgot not the wine cup;—there it stood, ever near him; and he drowned in it the last light of life!

He died; and the bloated corpse scarce retained the form of a man. They bare him to his tomb with the pomp of mourning; with steeds slowly pacing, and nodding their sable plumes: for he was the heir of a noble house. Yet, in that long procession, none remembered aught that he had done for the comfort of the sorrowful, or to cause his name to be gratefully remembered among men.

They laid down the dead, in the tomb with his fathers; and methought from their coffins issued a hollow voice:—"Strength was thine, and manly beauty; wealth, and learning, and love, and the joys of paternity, and all that the world covets; yet hast thou come unto us as with the burial of a beast, for whom none weepeth: yea, thou didst choose to pare the Apples of Sodom, and feed on their ashes all the days of thy life, and hast found bitterness at the latter end."—*L. H. Sigourney.*

SUPERSTITIONS OF BRITANNY.

No. I.

It is the writer's intention to select a few instances of superstition which he has found prevailing amongst a people, whose present moral and social position forms a subject of curiosity to the philosophical inquirer, and of deep interest to the Christian.

Basse Bretagne, though an integral portion of France, is so distinct from the rest of that kingdom in customs, habits, and language, that centuries have hardly effected even a partial amalgamation. Chilled by the breeze, and swept by the waves of the Atlantic ocean, whose fury is broken against its granite cliffs, Britanny has nurtured a people partaking of the character of the surrounding elements. Unenthusiastic, but constant, stern, grave, and stubborn as their native earth, they have hitherto resisted the innovating spirit of modern French civilization, and retained the customs of their forefathers. But now there is a

change: the French language, French cities, and French schools are doing their work rapidly and surely; superstitions are laughed at, religion itself does not escape the scoffer, and it is a painful consideration that the cold but devout Breton peasant, in losing his blind reverence for Roman Catholicism, may not come forth a better or a happier man when he has divested himself of his long-acquired prejudices, and becomes impregnated with the taint of latitudinarian France.

This province possesses peculiar interest, from its striking similarity with Ireland, a great proportion of whose people have sprung from the same stock, speak a dialect radically the same, but differing, like that of Britanny, from the language of the country with which it is united, adhere to habits and manners derived from a common source; each professing the same doctrines and forms of religion, which are endeared to them as much from being symbolic of their nationality, as for its own sake; each following superstitious observances widely opposed to the simplicity of evangelical truth "as it is in Jesus," and progressing from a state of semibarbarism, with the advantage, however, in favour of Ireland, that the precious truths of the gospel are open to those who, emerging from the night of ignorance and superstition, are led towards Him who is the light of the world, and "the way and the truth."

It is not my purpose to offer any conjectures as to the future destinies of those two countries. "It is not for us to know the times or the seasons, which the Father hath put in his own power," nor to say when "the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ" shall be realized in these lands, where there are so many which corrupt the word of God. The past history of both nations furnishes lamentable proofs of a perverted faith; and while their superstitions are illustrative of the fact that man must have some object of worship, they also teach how debasing that worship is, if there be not the spirit of truth to open the understanding.

The natives of Lower Britanny (by which we mean particularly the departments of Finisterre, Morbihan, and the Côtes du Nord,) have, in all probability, sprung from the Scythian branch of the three great streams of mankind, which, led by Gomer, the son of Japheth, came from Asia into Europe. "Whatever obscurity may hang around the history of the tribes that followed this first eastern swarm, and however opinions may still vary as to whether they were of the same, or a different race, it seems at least certain that the Celts were the first inhabitants of the western parts of Europe."*

The early superstitions of Britanny seem to have been the same with those of the idolatrous Canaanites, who worshipped stones and pillars originally set up as memorials† by God's chosen people, and sacrificed their children to Moloch, as burnt-offerings; who built the high places of Tophet, which is in the valley of the son of Hinnom, to burn their sons and their daughters in the fire; therefore shall it be called the valley of slaughter.‡

Like the Canaanites, they did "burn incense in the high places, and on the hills, and under every green tree," and sinned like Manasseh in making their sons pass through the fire, and using enchantments. There were also the sacred groves and wells, or fountains, the first being forbidden by the law of Moses, Deut. xvi. 21, on account of the abominations practised within them; the other rendered sources of the most senseless superstitions. The wells were, however, mystically used as types of the waters of salvation, by Isaiah: "Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation," Isa. xii. 3. Again, as affects the New Testament: "On the last day of the feast of tabernacles, the Jews fetched water, in a golden pitcher, from the fountain of Siloah, brought it through the water-gate into the temple, and poured it, mixed with wine, on the sacrifice, as it lay upon the altar, with great rejoicing. This custom is not ordained by the law of Moses, and seems to have been taken up in allusion to this passage of Isaiah. Our Saviour applied the cere-

* Moore's History of Ireland.

† As in the instances of Jacob, Gen. xxviii. 18, who set up a pillar as a memorial of the heavenly vision with which he had been favoured; and of the twelve stones, Josh. iv. 10, which Joshua "did pitch in Gilgal;" and on the remarkable occasion when he made a covenant with the people, and "took a great stone, and set it up there under an oak, that was by the sanctuary of the Lord," Josh. xxiv. 25, 26.

‡ Until the arrival of St. Patrick in Ireland, the inhabitants sacrificed the first-born of man and beast to a rough unhewn stone, (possibly with reference to the command given by Moses, Ex. xx. 25,) capped with gold, about which stood twelve other stones, (from some allusion to the sons of Jacob or the signs of the Zodiac,) in a plain in the county of Leitrim, called, Magh Sleach, or the "Valley of Slaughter."

mony, and the intention of it, to himself, and to the effusion of the Holy Ghost, promised and to be given by him, John vii. 37—39."* It has been conjectured that the superstitious adoration of wells and fountains by the Celts may have arisen from the miraculous agency of Moses' rod on the stony rock. Stones rudely carved into some resemblance of the human form were afterwards objects of idolatrous worship, and the monuments of these superstitions still abound in Britanny, as in Ireland; there they stand as they did thousands of years ago; there are the cromlechs, or altars, the dolmens and menhirs, the rocking stones, the cairns, or sacred heaps; and though the pollutions of the false creed which offered a prohibited worship to the "unknown God" may have passed from those lands, the proofs of the idol homage are written in indelible characters, whilst the worshippers themselves, with their Druids, or Magi, have been, with countless generations of succeeding men, whether pagan, Christian, or infidel, swept from the face of the earth. How beautiful is the following apostrophe on this point! "I gazed with reverence and awe upon the pile where the first colonies of Europe offered their worship to the unknown God. The temples of the mighty and skilful Roman, comparatively of modern date, have crumbled to dust in its neighbourhood; the churches of the Arian Goth, his successor in power, have sunk beneath the earth, and are not to be found; and the mosques of the Moor, the conqueror of the Goth—where, and what are they? Upon the rock, masses of hoary and vanishing ruin! Not so the Druids' stone; there it stands upon the hill of winds, as strongly, and as freshly new, as the day, perhaps thirty centuries back, when it was first raised by means which are a mystery. Earthquakes have heaved it, but its cope stone has not fallen; rain floods have deluged it, but failed to sweep it from its station; the burning sun has flashed upon it, but neither split nor crumbled it; and Time—stern old Time—has rubbed it with his iron teeth, and with what effect, let those who view it declare. There it stands; and he who wishes to study the literature, the learning, and the history of the ancient Celt or Cymbrian, may gaze on its broad covering, and glean from that blank stone the whole known amount. The Roman has left behind him his deathless writings, his history, and his songs; the Goth his liturgy, his traditions, and the germs of noble institutions; the Moor his chivalry, his discoveries in medicine, and the foundations of modern commerce. And where is the memorial of the Druidic races? Yonder!—that pile of eternal stone.*

At Kervealhton, in Finisterre, there is a celebrated menhir, 33 feet (French) high; and near Plonarzel, in the same department, another, 27 in height, and 19 in circumference; and another at Lochmariaker, near L'Orient, is 63 feet high, but in six portions. These noble and upright blocks of solid granite, which may have been erected in adoration of the sun, by the Druids, were rendered symbolical of our faith by the first missionaries,† who placed the cross on the summit of the menhirs.

Near the dolmens,‡ which were either tombs or altars, are huge horizontal stones, laid on upright blocks. There are usually to be found holy wells or fountains, which, though originally the objects of pagan superstition, have long been associated in the Romish worship with the fame and sanctity of miracle-working saints and madonnas. And so ingeniously has the veneration for those wells and fountains been diverted from the early belief, that, in some places, the people persuade themselves that the water bubbles when the priest chants the preface to the mass on Trinity-Sunday; the natural consequence of such a combination of Druidical and Christian idolatries being the absurd and unreformed practices and opinions which we now witness and hear of in every hamlet.

In the arrondissement of Morlaix, the

* Bishop Lowth.

* Borrow's Bible in Spain.

† It was not until the early part of the sixth century that Christianity was introduced into Lower Britanny, though St. Clair and his disciples carried the gospel into the upper parts of the province long before.

‡ "Whatever be the shades of difference between the people of these three districts, it may be affirmed that the same superstitions, prejudices, and usages are common to them. We have already said that the Druidical worship has been perpetuated in Finisterre by Christianity. Thus the greater part of the Druidical stones which cover our soil, have remained objects of terror and adoration to its inhabitants. If the tales of our cottage firesides are to be credited, these dolmen stones were brought there by the virgin in her apron, or put up by the saints in commemoration of their progress. The menhirs are posts to which Beelzebub was formerly tied, or else rocks hurled by Satan in a rage. As to the dolmens, they are the abodes of the Poulpiquets—a sort of diminutive black dwarfs, who dance by moonlight, and force stray travellers until they drop down with fatigue."—*Finisterre in* 1836.—These are the Irish legends exactly.

Léonaise part of the ancient diocese of St. Pol de Léon, the number of old crosses and saints' monuments made out of the original dolmens and menhirs, is enormous. A single instance will give a notion of their multitude; truly their name is Legion. "During the restoration of the Bourbons, it was in contemplation to restore the calvaires at the cross-roads, which had been thrown down in 1793. After an accurate inquiry, it was ascertained that no less than 1,500,000 francs (60,000*l.*) would be required to re-erect all those which were in Finisterre alone. . . . One may say, without exaggeration, that in some localities the high roads are completely macadamized with the bodies and limbs of Christian statues."* Countless, indeed, are the places consecrated to the memory of some saint or miracle, where masses are said, and chaplets presented to the image of the demigod.

Bowing down to graven images is fearfully practised throughout the whole country, but observed with especial solemnities at Auray, a small town within two leagues of Vannes, where there is an image of St. Anne, the mother of the virgin Mary, in a chapel founded about the year 1626, under the following strange circumstances, (and on the site of a church which had the reputation of extreme antiquity,) in a field called the Bocenno, into which neither plough nor spade had penetrated within the memory of man—some miraculous interference having invariably disconcerted every attempt to disturb the sacred place. A peasant, however, named Nicolazic, remarkable for his devoutness, became owner of the field, and was favoured with a midnight apparition of St. Anne, in the form of a lighted taper, supported by a hand. After several mysterious visitations in this way to Nicolazic, in the Bocenno, one of a Capuchin body of friars, (who had, a short time previously, formed an establishment at Auray, and who, no doubt, played their part in the trick on the credulous rustic,) after much apparent reluctance, countenanced the dupe in his efforts to fulfil the injunctions of the saint, which were, that he should collect funds for building a church near a certain stone cross in the Bocenno. As his good mistress—so he always called St. Anne—blessed his undertaking, he succeeded in collecting money sufficient for the required work, the first instalment having been said to be miraculously deposited upon his table after one of the saint's midnight visits. On the last appearance of the hand and flambeau to Nicolazic, he was ordered to go to a part of the Bocenno, which the mysterious light would indicate; he obeyed, and, with some chosen witnesses, followed the luminous guide, which moved rapidly in advance of them, at the distance of about thirty paces. Having reached a certain spot in the field, it rested there, and, after three obeisances, sunk into the earth. There a statue was discovered to the eager workmen, who soon dug it up, by the light of a "consecrated" candle, to the confirmation, in the mind of the simple Nicolazic, of the reality of the revelations which had been made to him.

The disfigured and earth-covered image—probably that of some Roman deity—was not left under exposure to the weather; a little heath-covered hut first enshrined it, and Nicolazic constructed a humble altar, formed of an old wooden chest, and covered with a white sheet, for what surely may be fairly termed image worship. But this temporary contrivance remained but a short time, for the saint was soon to have a splendid altar. The fame of the miraculous discovery of the statue having attracted a vast concourse of superstitious people from all quarters of the country to the Bocenno, offerings in money so accumulated, in the hands of Nicolazic, that, when the bishop took account of them, he found the sum so large, that a decree was immediately passed for building the present chapel, and erecting a temporary oratory over the image, in order to have masses celebrated there forthwith. Two Capuchins undertook to repair and paint the figure, the very shavings and fragments of which were said to cure disorders in a surprising manner. It was calculated that thirty thousand people passed the night previous to laying the foundation of the chapel, in the Bocenno field, and the multitudes, next day, which came in processions from the surrounding parishes, were so great, that the preacher, on that occasion, surveying the wild tracts of land there, compared the assemblage to the tribes of Israel in the desert, around the ark—the object of their adoration, and the pledge of their hopes.

From that time to this, (excepting the period of the French revolution, during which the image had a narrow escape of

* Souvestre's Derniers Bretons.

being burned altogether, part of the head alone being saved,) it has been honoured with the most senseless and idolatrous worship, revolting equally to reason and the Bible. Some of the inhabitants of Auray had concealed the statue, with its precious jewels and fine clothes, but eventually it was carried, with other church property, to a general depôt, and delivered to the flames. A new idol, however, beneath whose pedestal is seen the remnant of the singed head, serves to keep up the popular veneration for St. Anne, which has not been diminished by the rather natural thought, that when she proved powerless to preserve her own image from destruction, or to restrain the fury of the republican atheists, she can have no great influence in serving the spiritual or bodily interests of her votaries. The duchess of Berri, and other members of the restored Bourbons, made a pilgrimage, in 1823, to Auray.

M. D.

PRODUCTIONS OF INDIA.

The principal production in the wet season is rice. In the dry season, tobacco, sugar-cane, and various other grains are cultivated: in some parts indigo and cotton. Of esculent roots the yam is the principal, of which there are five or six species; a good substitute for the potato, which will not grow well except in the higher and colder regions. Arrow-root of fine quality is produced in many places.

The Cocoa-nut tree grows everywhere, from sixty to eighty feet high, and is very valuable. It is attached to the ground by a great many fibrous roots. Stem simple, without branches, to the top, where are twenty or thirty feather-shaped leaves, twenty or twenty-five feet long, and made fast to the trunk by a kind of fibrous net-work. This is used for making sieves, and the leaves for covering houses. Young leaves continually shoot from the top of the tree, and the lowest ones decay and fall, so that there are always twenty or thirty leaves on the tree. Trunk thick at the base, and gradually decreases in diameter. The stem scarcely ever rises perpendicular. About the seventh year, sheaths, which contain the blossom, shoot out from below the lower leaves, and when about a foot long the sheath bursts, and in a few days the flower appears. This sheath falls off as the fruit expands. It is used for fuel; and when dried and split, makes good torches. The external envelope of the nut is green, like that of a walnut, and fibrous, but turns yellow as the fruit ripens. Under this outer coat is the strong shell, which, when young, contains from a half-pint to a pint of a pleasant-flavoured and cool liquid, from which the kernel is gradually produced. The kernel which lines the interior of the shell yields, when fresh picked, a rich cream-like juice, used in various cookery, and when the nut is dry yields an oil nearly equal to fresh olive oil; but which soon becomes rancid, and fit only for light, and for mechanical purposes. The shell of the nut makes cups, ladles, lamps, etc.; and from the husk enclosing it are made ropes and cordage, from the smallest twine to the largest cable. The stem of the flower-buds is cut before they are completely developed, and a sweet sap issues forth, called "toddy" by Europeans. An earthen vessel is placed under each stem, and every morning a toddy-drawer climbs the tree, and empties the contents into a pot suspended to his girdle. One blossom yields a common tumbler-full in a day. The toddy-drawer can climb from fifty to a hundred trees in a forenoon. The tree begins to bear when eight or nine years old, and yields from three to five hundred nuts in the season.

The Palmyra grows one hundred feet high, with a stem perfectly straight. The wood, though fibrous like the former, is more compact, and will take a fine polish. Inside pithy. It is used for building; but not furniture, as it cannot be sawed into planks. The leaves look like fans spread out. The fruit grows in clusters at the top, among the leaves, nearly round, and covered with a thin purple membrane. When the fruit is first found, the seed-shell is filled with a transparent substance, which is viscous and elastic, like jelly, cool and agreeable to the taste. The fruit, on being pressed, yields a thick juice, of a reddish yellow and of a strong flavour, looking like boiled and strained pumpkin. This is spread half an inch thick on mats, and dried a few days in the sun, and stored for food. It keeps some months in this state, and is very nutritious; though to foreigners unpalatable. The seeds are buried in heaps in the earth; and, after a few weeks, are found to have shot out an esculent root, of the spindle class, of the size of a small parsnip, which also furnishes much nutriment—is dried, pulverized, and made into

cakes, soup, etc. The sap of the tree is tasted like that of the cocoa-nut. These two trees are put to a great variety of uses. The wood of the palmyra furnishes stakes and rafters for the houses; the leaves are used for thatch, fence, books, mats, baskets, etc. Rope, as well as baskets and mats, are made from the strong rind of the leaf; and the blossom and fruit supply the people with a large part of their food. It is supposed that the palmyra furnishes means of subsistence to a fourth of the population.

The Areca, another species of palm, is common. It requires much water, grows fifty or sixty feet high, perfectly straight, about twelve or fifteen inches in circumference, and without branches to the top, where is a small and graceful tuft of feathery leaves, among which the blossoms and fruit are sheltered. Some branches contain three hundred or four hundred nuts. The nut appears in a soft shell, and resembles, in appearance, a large nutmeg. The nuts are used as a necessary ingredient with the cetel leaf, which is universally chewed by the Hindoos, usually with the addition of a little quick-lime.

The Cetel leaf grows on a creeper, supported by entwining itself around trees, or poles set for the purpose. The flowers of the areca are carried as offerings to the temples; and the wood is used on wedding and festival occasions, and for laths in building houses and making fences.

The Plantain is very common, and used as a fruit and vegetable. It grows on a stalk fifteen or twenty feet high, and sends out, from the top, leaves six feet long and two wide, with a stout rib through the middle. The fruit ripens in about a year after the sucker is planted, and new suckers shoot up while the fruit is ripening, which soon bear if the old one is cut down. The tree dies after bearing once. A single stalk yields about one hundred and fifty, each, on an average, weighing nearly half a pound. Each stalk requires a space of about six feet square, so that an acre will produce more than eighty thousand pounds of plantains. There is a very great variety, differing in size, flavour, and texture, but all agreeable and wholesome.

The Mango grows wild, and is widely diffused over India. It is a very beautiful tree, resembling somewhat the walnut; and often very large, extending its branches thirty or forty feet from the trunk. The fruit is nearly the shape and size of a goose egg. Its colour, when ripe, is various, even on the same tree; some being perfectly green, others of the bright yellow of the orange, with one side red as crimson. Beneath the skin is a pulp three-quarters of an inch thick, and in the middle a large flat stone, in shape like an almond. The fruit is richly flavoured, and much liked by foreigners. It is often picked before ripe, and pickled, preserved, or used for souring curry.

The Jack is botanically a species of bread-fruit, though the fruit is wholly unlike that of the bread-fruit tree. It is a large tree, abounds in North Ceylon, and yields a large amount of food in its season. The fruit grows from the trunk, very large; sometimes two and a half feet long, and three and a half feet round. It has a thick green rind, covered with points like those on the skin of a pine-apple. Within are numerous kernels, like large beans, enclosed in a yellow pulp, of the shape and size of a large plum, which is the part eaten. It is very luscious, and supplies much cheap food. The kernels are often roasted and eaten as nuts, or boiled, either as vegetables, or in a kind of thick soup, called "cool." The wood, of the colour nearly of mahogany, close-grained and capable of taking a fine polish, is used for furniture.

The Tamarind, a very large and beautiful tree, is common in Ceylon. The fruit hangs in pods, like beans, from all the branches, and is used as an acid in curries as well as for medicine. The wood is exceeding hard.

The Margosa is a large tree, and highly ornamental, both in the delicacy and fragrance of its flowers, and in the elegant finish and graceful clustering of its leaves. It bears a small fruit of little value, enclosing a bitter nut that yields an oil used for lamps and medicinal preparations. The wood is very hard, and used for boards, timbers, and coarse furniture.

The Banian is a very singular tree. It sends down rope-like shoots from its lower limbs, which take root, and become additional stems to the parent tree. Three or four acres are sometimes covered by one tree, which will shelter six or seven thousand persons. It is good for nothing but shade. Wallace thus describes one in Guzérat: "More than five regiments might be accommodated under the delightful shade of its canopy, impervious

to the hottest beams of the sun. It is about two thousand feet in circumference round the principal stems. The overhanging branches not yet struck down cover a much larger space. The chief trunks of this single tree amount to three hundred and fifty; the smaller stems, formed into strong supporters, are more than three thousand." Milton thus describes the banian:

"Branching so broad and long, that in the ground
The bending twigs take root, and daughters grow
About the mother tree; a pillar'd shade
High over arch'd and echoing walks between."

It is believed to be the abode of evil spirits, and is worshipped, temples being often built under it.

The Tulip tree is common in Jaffna, and used for shade, ornament, and hedges. The flower resembles a single holly-hock in size, shape, and texture. It is of a bright yellow, with a very dark centre.

The Castor-oil tree is abundant, and the oil extensively used for light, medicine, cooking, and to dress the hair.

The Pine-apple grows without much cultivation, but is not of a fine quality. Sometimes six or eight are sold for three cents.

Oranges, limes, citron, custard-apples, shaddocks, and guavas are common. Grapes are very fine.

Of forest trees, there are the oak, teak, pine, fir, cedar, cypress, ebony, walnut, chestnut, yew, acacia, rosewood, ironwood, satinwood, and many others.

SPRING IN PALESTINE.

"For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land," Cant. ii. 11, 12.

There is great poetic beauty in the description of the coming spring, which is at the head of this paper. Solomon looked on a lovely land, when he thus rejoiced in the season always hailed with delight by the poet of every age. Palestine was then a beautiful country, cultured by men who loved its soil, and yielding to their labours the richest abundance. It was the land of the corn and wine, of the olive, and the palm, and the fig-tree; the land, whose sunny hills and fertile valleys had, perhaps, suffered less than most lands from the primitive curse pronounced for man's sin on the earth. The brightness of its verdure, the fresh blooming of its flowers, the notes of its birds, might well awaken the poetry of the inspired naturalist. Winter, dreary as it is in our land, is drearier still, amid the pouring, drenching rains of that climate. It is just when spring is come that Palestine is most beautiful. A few flowers, as the narcissus and hyacinth, are so early in bloom, that they come even before the spring time; but after the middle of February, the flowers thicken and blossom in all the brightness of a sunny climate, till summer's sun speedily withers the greenness of the early vegetation. And, oh! the time of the coming of flowers, what heart does not gladden to hail it? It is the time of freshness, of youth, of promise; and just when the flowers are springing in hill and dell, in the land of the fathers, the sweet tones of the birds are, as they were ever wont to be, heard in loud chorus, singing their welcome:

"And what, with all her forms and hues divine,
Would summer be without them? Though the skies
Were blue, and blue the streams, and fresh the fields,
And beautiful, as now, the waving woods,
And exquisite the flowers; and though the sun
Beam'd from his cloudless throne from day to day,
And with the breeze and shower, more loveliness
Shed o'er this lovely world: yet all would want a charm
If these sweet denizens of earth and air
Made not the great creation teem
With beauty, grace, and motion!"

The singing of birds!—it still charms the traveller in the land whose spring-time was thus sung of old. Thevenot tells how the nightingale sung in full song in the woods, on the banks of the Jordan, by the middle of April—that month, which was the "bloom month" of the ancient Hebrew; and lord Lindsay often expatiated with delight on the sweet singing of the birds in the Holy Land, during his spring journey there. M'Cheyne, too, in writing to his parents some account of his progress among the hills of Judah, says:—"We entered a defile of the most romantic character, wild rocks and verdant hills; wild flowers of every colour and fragrance scented our path. Sometimes we came upon a clump of beautiful olive trees; then it was wild again. The turtle's voice was heard in the land, and sweetest birds of singing note." And, again, he says:—"We knew we were in the Holy Land, by the continual cooing of the turtle-dove."

It seems probable that Solomon, when he spoke of the singing of birds, had a peculiar reference to the nightingale. In

all lands the song of this bird is prized, and throughout Syria it is peculiarly admired. At Aleppo, the loud chorus of the nightingales may be heard, in the pleasant evenings of spring, in the gardens; and immense numbers are tamed and hired out at a small expense, that their songs may enliven the festive entertainment. Russell says, that no great entertainments are made in the houses of that city, without the accompaniment of their musical voices; and sweet, indeed, is Philomela's song. So thought the good Isaac Walton, when he said of this bird: —"The nightingale, another of my airy creatures, breathes such sweet, loud music out of her little instrumental throat, that it might make mankind to think miracles are not ceased. He that, at midnight, when the very labourer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have very often, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say, 'Lord, what music hast thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth!'"

Neither the Hebrew king nor our quaint old angler seems to give any countenance to the fancy of the ancient and modern poets, that the song of the nightingale was a song of sorrow: they would not have termed it

"Most musical, most melancholy bird."

Let any man wander through the woods when the nightingale is tuning her evening lay, and, like Solomon, he will have a joyous spirit, while he exclaims, "The time of the singing of birds is come."

We have said that the cooing of the dove—the voice of the turtle, is still to be heard on "Judah's olive hills;" and lord Lindsay tells how its sweet cooing was heard among the rose-like oleanders, "which grew along the banks of the Kishon, on a road close under Mount Carmel." Not only in Palestine, but in Syria generally, the dove is a common bird. It is called by the natives, gimri, and the difference between the wild bird of Syria and that of our woodlands is scarcely perceptible, while the notes of both are similar. Like our own turtle-dove, it is somewhat smaller than the common pigeon, and has a collar of black feathers about its neck, or a brilliant spot of plumage, reflecting every rainbow hue, and becoming purple, or green, or golden, as the position is varied with respect to the light. When winter is about to pour its rains on the lands of Palestine, the wood-dove migrates farther south; so that Solomon would hail the returning dove, as we do the returning swallow, as one of the sure indications of spring.

Several other species of pigeon besides the turtle-doves are found in the Holy Land, and the frequent use of the young pigeon, as a sacrifice, under the Levitical law, proves their great abundance. The poor man, who could not bring to the altar, as an atonement for his transgression, the sin-offering, or the burnt-offering, of the "lamb of the flock," or the "youngling goat," was commanded to bring the dove, Lev. v. 6, 7, for He who is the God of the poor as well as the rich, knew that this offering could be brought by the humblest. In our Saviour's time, the outer courts of the temple had become the scene of worldly merchandise, and the seats of those who sold doves, for the purpose of sacrificial offerings, polluted the holy courts of the Lord; and here were daily sold thousands of the birds to the guilty Israelites. When Isaiah was describing the glorious state of the church of God, when multitudes of converts shall be brought from heathen nations—a time to which the Christian is yet looking forward with animated hopes —he asks, with joyful triumph, "Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as doves to their windows?" for the windows of the dove-houses of Syria are often crowded by flocks of the doves, fluttering around to gain an entrance. And when the fowler may have frightened from the neighbourhood of the dove-cote the timid flock, or when the heat of summer oppresses these birds, then they may be seen winging their way over the plains of Syria to the wild hills, where, among the crevices of the rocks, they shall frame a resting-place, and in the cool solitudes of the hills their numerous multitudes may delight. Perhaps the psalmist saw them, with timid wing thus urging their way, when he said, "Flee as a bird to your mountain." And he might have been watching the flight of this gentle bird, when, weary of the sins and tumults of his fellow-men, he said, "Oh that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away, and be at rest.—I would hasten my escape from the windy storm and tempest."

Earlier even than the promulgation of the Levitical law, the turtle-dove and the

young pigeon were ordered by God to be used as sacrifice; and the "Father of the faithful," the friend of God, was commanded to include them among the animals of sacred service. On the lamb and on the dove God has poured the highest honours. The former was selected to represent the meek and lowly, and atoning Son of God; the latter signified that Holy Spirit, who intercedes within us, as Christ now intercedes for us. In the earliest ages of the world, too, the dove had been sent as a messenger of glorious tidings, when it came with the green leaf, to tell that God yet smiled upon the earth and its beauty. Long since that ark has perished, and the men who in it traversed the waste of waters have joined the world of spirits; but the dove still remains, an emblem of God's regard to guilty man!

It was not alone among the Hebrew people that the dove had a sacred association. The worshippers of false gods in Syria and Phœnicia regarded it even as a god, and paid it divine honours. They forbade its being used as food, though by the Hebrews it was commonly eaten. A dove, adorned with gold and silver, was an ancient standard, and has been supposed to be a national ensign. Some commentators have thought that this standard was referred to by David, when he says, "Yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold," Psa. lxviii. 13. Both in Egypt and ancient Greece the dove seems to have been considered a sacred bird; and the soothsayers of the east sent off a dove, and watched the movements of the messenger bird; and thence drew their imagined or pretended prognostications of future events. On Egyptian monuments may yet be seen representations of the priest's sending a carrier-pigeon into the air—a practice, probably, which had its origin in some vague tradition of the bird sent out of the ark by Noah.

Spring—the lovely and joyous spring—has come back to beautify our country, and to bring its gladdening influence to our spirits! With us the flowers appear on the earth, the time for the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard, too, in our land. But spring has another, and a holier mission than that of calling up the poetry of our hearts: it is a call to contemplation and to praise. We all rejoice in its coming. We have lately looked on the cold, fruitless, flowerless earth; we have strayed among the tuneless trees; yet we knew that grass and flowers were coming again, and that our naked woodland boughs should be clothed with leaves, and filled with song. We expected it—nay, if our lives were spared, we were sure of it. But how few, of all the multitudes who are now delighting in the verdure of the season, have any distinct thoughts, any abiding impression, that it is God who has brought back the spring—the God who "made summer and winter." Ah! when our Saviour said, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," his words had another meaning besides that in which they are commonly taken. He alluded not only to the final glory which awaits the believer, when in his flesh he shall see God—when he shall join the glorious assembly of the saints around the throne: He preached the glorious truth, that the purified in heart sees God now. He sees him in creation, in providence, in the past and present, and watches for the traces of his hand as the morrow seems merging in to-day. To him the seasons of the year, and the seasons of individual history, reveal God's goodness, and love, and care. He reads creation with a delighted eye, as the work of his God and Father! He hears the cooing of the turtle, and the song of birds, and the whistling of the winds among the young leaves, and they are to him as voices from God! He sees the time of flowers coming round, and as he marks the regularity of the season, and the loveliness of its productions, his heart is awakened to a fresh sense of the goodness and skill of God. Yes, blessed are the pure in heart, even now! The philosopher or the poet looks at earth's beauty too; but if he is not purified in heart, he sees not God! His understanding is clear, his perception of beauty exquisite, but his is not the listening spirit—his is not the awakening eye. He does not desire to see God; and so he looks upon earth in its goodliness, and thinks not of his Maker, until sometimes God leaves him to his own imagining. He did not like to retain God in his knowledge, and he is given up to believe a lie, making a god of nature, and worshipping some fancied, mysterious, universal spirit, which shall take the place in his heart which should be given to the great Creator revealed in the Scripture; and all his refined sympathies with birds and flowers, and his glow of poetic rapture, awaken thoughts alien to the God whom

he sees not. Others there are, who seem to forget that the productions of the seasons have ever been made at all. The flowers spring up around them; and though their flowing juices and their sweet odours might rouse them to wonder how they came into existence, yet they deem these things unworthy of a thought.

"The landscape has their praise,
But not its Author. Unconcern'd who form'd
The paradise they see, they find it such,
And such well-pleased to find it, ask no more."

Not thus let us look upon the beauty—not thus let us listen to the voices of spring. Let us gather from it some remembrance of God!—some lessons of the quick passing periods of life—some teachings of devout thanksgiving—some yearnings of faith and humble dependence on God! Let us, with gratitude, exclaim: "For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time for the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land." A. P.

OLD BRIGGS, THE SMOKER.

"There he is again!" I have often remarked to myself, as I have walked into the neighbouring market town of B——, "There he is again! still at his door, inhaling the fragrant weed,—whiff, whiff, whiff: always whiff, whiff, whiff." And as I have made these remarks to myself, I have watched the solemn countenance of Old Briggs, and have wondered what pleasure he could find in constantly looking at the curling smoke, as it issued from his long clay pipe.

Old Briggs certainly was quite a curiosity in his way; or, as some people would say, "an odd character." See him whenever you might, you were as certain to see his long clay pipe. It was his companion from the dawn of day to the close of the evening. In his shop, and at his favourite amusement of angling, the pipe was fast between his lips. He could not speak to a customer without first having a whiff.

I have often smiled at the manner of Old Briggs, when I have gone to his shop. The following may be taken as a specimen.

"Good morning, Briggs."

Whiff, whiff. "Good morning, sir." Whiff, whiff.

"I have called to look at some of your goods this morning, Briggs."

Whiff, whiff. "Thank you, sir." Whiff, whiff. "I shall be happy to show them to you." Whiff, whiff.

"Have you any fine old cheese?"

Whiff, whiff. "I should think I had." Whiff, whiff. "Some of the finest in all England." Whiff, whiff. "Just taste this. If you do not like it, may I never smoke another pipe." Whiff, whiff.

"Well, if you find any real pleasure in smoking, Briggs, I do not wish to deprive you of it. The cheese is very good—you may send me the usual quantity."

Whiff, whiff. "Thank you, sir." Whiff, whiff. "Is there anything else I can send you with it?" Whiff, whiff.

"Why, I think you may send me a nice ham as well, if you have one."

Whiff, whiff. "If I have one!" Whiff, whiff. "I should think I had, sir." Whiff, whiff. "The best that was ever cured." Whiff, whiff. "And if you do not say it is, after you have tasted it, may I never smoke another pipe." Whiff, whiff.

"Well, I will take your word for it, Briggs: you may send me one. Good morning."

Whiff, whiff. "Thank you, sir." Whiff, whiff. "Good morning." Whiff, whiff.

I have an old friend, not so inveterate a smoker as Briggs, who has more than once declared that when he wants to solve a knotty point he invariably resorts to his pipe. It calms his mind, he says, and brings all his ideas, as it were, into one focus. Under the influence of the narcotic he is sure to succeed, however abstruse the problem may be which he wishes to solve. I do not know whether this was the object for which Old Briggs smoked; if so, his life was full of knotty points; and before he died, I should imagine that he had unravelled them all. Yet I never heard that he was famed for wisdom, nor could I ever discover that he possessed any superiority of intellect. He had a solemn countenance, and that was all: constant watching of the curling smoke stamped a gravity upon the lines of his face, which might have been taken for wisdom,—but it was more of show than reality. If he were asked a question on any matter beyond the articles in which he traded, it was not till after he had taken sundry extra whiffs that a reply could be obtained, and then it was gene-

rally wide of the mark. The truth is, Old Briggs smoked from habit; and I almost fear his ideas concentrated on this one point only—the fancied virtues of his pipe.

It has been well remarked, that habit or custom, like a complex mathematical scheme, flows from a point, insensibly becomes a line, and unhappily in that which is evil, it may become a curve. It has been well remarked by an English poet, that,—

> "Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,
> As brooks run rivers, rivers run to seas."

Old Briggs was many years older than myself; but I have no doubt I am correct in the conclusion, that he had imbibed the love of smoking in his early youth, and that it had so grown upon him, that in his old age it had become as essential to him as his food. Give him his choice, indeed, of a pipe or his dinner, and I have no doubt he would have preferred the former to the latter: just as I have often heard an old snufftaker say, that he or she would rather go without a meal, than they should be deprived of that questionable luxury. Habit, indeed, is hard to be conquered. Hence it was that the Cretans, when they denounced their enemies, wished that they might be subject to evil habits.

As often as I meet a youth smoking in my walks in the crowded city, or in the green lanes of the country, I am tempted to remark to myself, "There is another Old Briggs training up!" If any such youth should read this article, I will endeavour to show that the habit of smoking is not only an evil, but an expensive one. I will suppose that Old Briggs commenced his smoking career at the age of twenty. I will further suppose that he consumed, upon an average, "Bird's-eye" to the amount of one shilling per diem; and that is a moderate computation—for our modern cigar-smokers often blow away three times that sum daily. Well, then, Old Briggs died at the age of seventy. One shilling a day would amount to 18*l.* 5*s.* per annum; and this sum, in fifty years, would be swelled to 912*l.* 10*s.* That is a large sum to puff away in smoke; and it would be still larger, if the interest and compound interest were added thereto. But that is not all; there was a large waste of time as well as of money. I will suppose that Old Briggs spent two hours daily in drawing his whiffs. Two hours a day would be seven hundred and thirty hours in a year, and this multiplied by fifty would make thirty-six thousand five hundred hours in the course of his smoking career, or rather more than four years of his life; thus reducing him to the age of sixty-six. What a waste of precious time was this! more than four long years spent in watching the curling smoke as it issued from the bowl of his pipe, and vanished into thin air! How much better would it have been for Old Briggs had this time been spent in preparing for eternity—in meditation and in prayer!

Nothing is more precious than time, and he who misspends it is the greatest of all prodigals. "As every thread of gold is valuable, and as it would be great folly to shoe horses with gold, as Nero did, so it is to spend time in trifles." If a person were to throw a single guinea into a river, he would be considered foolish; and if he were thus to cast away all the property he possessed, he would be thought a madman. A man that throws away his time, his health, his peace, and his soul, acts a part much more absurd and hurtful.

O ye that are blooming in years, or vigorous in health, learn the value of time! Improve your golden hours to the noblest of all purposes—the welfare of your immortal souls! When we consider how brief the life of man is, and how little of it is devoted to the glory of God, and the care of our souls, we should lament our misimprovement of time, and redouble our exertions to use it better for the future. We should act in the spirit of this precept of the great apostle of the Gentiles: "See then that ye walk circumspectly.—Redeeming the time, because the days are evil," Ephes. v. 15, 16.

E. F.

SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.

Spiritual and Divine manifestations may accompany deliverance from sickness, in the case of the people of God.

This it was that gave zest to the deliverance wrought for Hezekiah. It was the fruit of the Divine love, and evinced to him to be so, by some manifestations of it to his mind during his sickness. "Thou hast," says he to God, in his review of it, "in love to my soul delivered it from the pit of corruption: thou hast cast all my sins behind thy back." The

removal of the bodily ill was the least part of his deliverance; it was accompanied and followed with a sweet sense of the removal of guilt from his soul, and with the presence of the gladdening beams of the Divine favour. Thus was he doubly blessed; he drank of the upper and the nether springs at the same time.

It is sometimes one end of God, in the case of the affliction of his people with sickness, to prepare them for such manifestations, and to prove the power of Divine principles in conferring a sublime superiority to all the impressions of the surrounding scenes. Days of health and natural gaiety are too apt to carry us away from this sacred intercourse, and these Divine manifestations. The active pursuits of life in which we daily engage, have a bewildering effect upon the mind. They dissipate the attention. We extend our thoughts to a thousand outward objects, attach our affections to them, and are too much borne away by them from our heavenly anticipations. We get into contact with the passions of others, our own become excited, and we are in great danger of being wrought into a state of turbulence. This is sometimes the result even of laudable pursuits—even of religious ones. In such a state, we are unfitted to converse with God. The whispers of his grace cannot be heard amidst all this noise and discomposure of spirit. The glare of the world puts out the pure and radiant light of his countenance, and hinders it from being perceived by the soul, as a mere torch or a candle close to the eye will make it unconscious of the purer and brighter, but more distant light of the sun. We make, it is true, a thousand resolutions to withdraw ourselves from these distractions; but, alas! they are weak, and often broken. We must be forced by a hand that we cannot resist, armed with the rod of chastisement, into the retirement and the shade so necessary to bring us back to ourselves and to God. It is, therefore, with no unfriendly design, that God lays hold of us by sickness; and by the very omnipotence that effectually imprisons us on the bed of affliction, impresses the most salutary and instructive lessons.

In the absence of exciting objects, the mind has leisure for reflection. It turns back upon itself, the former life is brought under review, and the numerous slips and transgressions that had crept unawares into the practice, too minute to be perceived by the light of ordinary means, are now discovered and deplored. We are amazed at ourselves, and shudder at the palpable want of conformity to God evinced in our actions. But other and better thoughts also now possess us. The rich mercy of the Divine Being, as it flows in the channel of Christ's mediation, becomes endeared to us by the keen sense of need, and being hence more eagerly applied to, delights us with the proofs of its exuberance, and with the refreshment of its communications.

It must not, however, be imagined that this is the natural effect of bodily malady, or that the tendencies of sickness, in itself, are calculated to produce any such state. They are quite the reverse. When, therefore, the result is of an opposite nature, it must be distinctly traced to an overruling and gracious agency. It must be something above nature that enables us to take advantage of painful and wearisome seclusion from the bustle of life, to awaken our slumbering piety, and reinforce our decaying virtues. Yet, supernatural as the work is, and contrary to the course and operation of natural causes, good people have often found it to be a fact. At the very time that the body was chastened with strong pain, and the flesh upon them was beginning to mourn, the gracious visitation of God preserved and elevated their spirit. The mind presented the unusual spectacle of a calm surface, reflecting clearly and fully the beams of heaven, amidst the agitations and tumults of a surrounding tempest. It was disorder without—it was peace within. "In the multitude of my thoughts within me," the sufferer could say, "thy comforts delight my soul." Yea, even in paroxysms of pain, in extremities of anguish, that it seemed impossible for human nature to sustain without violent complaints and groanings, there has sometimes been such a delightful and ecstatic joy suddenly diffused through the soul, as to fill, not only spectators, but the individual himself, with surprise. As in the wrestling of Jacob, while God pleads against them with one hand, he puts strength into them with the other. Like the Hebrew youths, while the flames of the furnace of affliction are suffered to kindle around them, the presence of the Divine Being keeps them unhurt, cheerful, and rejoicing. They "glorify God in the fires."
—*Leifchild.*

The Chillingham Bull.

CHILLINGHAM WILD CATTLE.

Chillingham, anciently called Cheovelingham, was held of the barony of William de Vescy, by Robert de Muscamp, and afterwards belonged to the chief of the noble family of Greys, barons of Wark, whence it was inherited by the earl of Tankerville, its present possessor. The castle was built in the time of queen Elizabeth, being a square, heavy structure, of four stories in the wings, and three in the centre. The park is extensive, and contains the wild cattle for which it is remarkable.

Ancient accounts of the wild ox, or urus, state, that it was exceedingly fierce, which, combined with its enormous size, its large-spreading horns, and great acuteness, rendered it a most formidable opponent. In many continental parts, as well as in this country, numerous fossil bones of oxen have been found, bearing great resemblance to the celebrated wild white oxen of Craven, of Chillingham-park, and of Scotland—the *bos Scoticus* of some authors. Mr. Bell considers it extremely probable that these remains belonged to the original wild condition of our domestic ox; an opinion in which Cuvier agrees. They are found only in very recent deposits, frequently in caverns, mingled with the remains of various other animals; as in the celebrated cave of Kirkdale, and in different parts of Cornwall and Devonshire. "I have," Mr. Bell says, "several teeth, and some fragments of bones, from Kent's Hole, in the latter county, where they were found in the same mass with the remains of the elephant, the rhinoceros, the deer, the bear, and the hyena." In its wild and native condition, the ox is distinguished by its size, and the depth and shagginess of its hair, which is frequently very long about the head, neck, and shoulders. Its horns are rather short, sharp-pointed, exceedingly strong, and stand far from their bases. The colour

of the animal is either quite dark, or of a yellowish-brown. It often attains an enormous size, and has sometimes weighed sixteen hundred or two thousand pounds, while the strongest man cannot lift a hide from the ground. Fitz-Stephen, who wrote in the time of Henry II., distinctly states, that wild bulls, which he calls "*tauri sylvestres*," inhabited the forest by which London was then surrounded, while Sibbald and other authors mention their being found in the northern districts of England, and the south of Scotland. In the manor of Gisburne, now in the possession of lord Ribblesdale, there were white wild cattle, and those that are now in the neighbourhood are the remains of that breed. Mr. Bell mentions an interesting fact when alluding to the Chillingham wild cattle: he has invariably found that, though the whole body is of a pure creamy white, the ears and muzzle are always coloured —the former being red, and the latter black. His attention was first called to this peculiarity in all cattle, from seeing, when a school-boy, a beautiful purely-white calf, belonging to the parent of a friend, and, finding that about half of the ear was red, it occurred to him that this might be an invariable characteristic, and he has never seen one that had not some colour about the ears, either red or black, according to the breed.

Though the park of Chillingham is very ancient, comparatively little is known of the origin of the cattle which occupy its precincts. Sir Walter Scott supposed that they were descendants of those which inhabited the great Caledonian forest, extending from the Tweed to Glasgow, at the two extremities of which —Chillingham and Hamilton—they are found. It is said that there are other places in which is a similar breed: Lyme-park, in Cheshire, and Chartley-park, belonging to lord Ferrers. Those, however, at Lyme, are stated to be of a different colour from those at Chillingham, while those at Hamilton are even less alike: they are not so beautiful, exhibit no marks of high breeding, and are tame, being kept, when lord Tankerville saw them, in a sort of paddock, and no history or tradition about them entitles them to be styled wild cattle. Those at Chartley-park, on the contrary, closely resemble the cattle at Chillingham in every particular, both in appearance and habits. This was a very ancient park, belonging formerly to Devereux, earl of Essex, who built the bridge on the Trent to communicate with his chace at Channock and Benudesert, and the belief is that the cattle had occupied this district from time immemorial. It is observable of them, as of red deer, that they have a peculiar facility of taking advantage of the irregularities of the ground, so that on being disturbed they will sometimes traverse the whole park entirely unperceived. They are of a beautiful shape, having short legs, straight backs, horns of very fine texture, and thin skin, so that some of the bulls appear of a cream colour. The earl of Tankerville states, that when they "come down into the lower part of the park, which they do at stated hours, they move like a regiment of cavalry, in single files—the bulls leading the van, as in retreat; it is the bulls that bring up the rear. Lord Ossulston was witness to a curious way in which they took possession as it were of some new pasture recently laid open to them. It was in the evening, about sunset. They began by lining the front of a small wood, which seemed quite alive with them, when all of a sudden they made a dash forward altogether in a line, and charging close by him across the plain, they then spread out, and after a little time began feeding." On a stranger approaching them they set off at full gallop, and at the distance of two or three hundred yards wheel round, and boldly advance with a threatening aspect; but on the least motion they all turn round, and gallop off again with equal speed, till they are at almost as great a distance as before; and they then stop in a similar manner. This they do several times, at each, however, lessening their distance, till within a few yards, when it is usual to leave them,—for to provoke them too greatly would probably lead to an attack on the intruder. The plan which was long adopted of killing them, calls to mind scenes of by-gone ages, when the huntsman took the field in pursuit of food among the herds which occupied the barren districts of the country. Notice being given that, on a certain day, a wild bull would be slain, the inhabitants of the neighbourhood assembled, sometimes to the number of a hundred horsemen, and four or five times that number of persons on foot, armed with guns or other weapons. Those on foot mounted trees, or walls, whence they might fire on the hunted animal, and the horsemen

having selected him from the herd, he was pursued till he stood at bay, when they dismounted, and fired. Sometimes twenty or thirty shots were thus discharged before the bleeding victim was brought to the ground; and while in an agony of pain he made fierce attacks on his enemies; the shouts of joy which echoed from every side startled and infuriated him, and not unfrequently severe injuries were received. So numerous, indeed, were the accidents which occurred, that the plan has long been abandoned, and the park-keeper quietly accomplishes the work with a rifle-ball. Many instances have been furnished, however, of the tenacity of life of these cattle. It being held advisable, on one occasion, to kill one of the old bulls of the herd, a keeper proceeded to separate him from the others which were feeding in the outer park. This intrusion was resented, and, having been frustrated in several attempts to join his companions, the bull made a rush at the keeper, who had incautiously interposed himself repeatedly between him and the herd, and knocked him down, then tossed him three times, and afterwards kneeled upon him and broke several of his ribs. No one being present but a boy, the only assistance that he could render was by letting go a deer-hound, belonging to lord Ossulston, which immediately attacked the bull, and, by biting his heels, drew him off the man, and eventually saved his life. The bull, however, did not leave the keeper, but kept continually watching and returning to him, giving him a toss from time to time. In this state of things, and while the dog with singular sagacity and courage was holding the bull at bay, a messenger arrived at the castle. All the gentlemen proceeded with their rifles, and commenced a fire upon the bull, principally by a steady, good marksman, from behind a fence, at a distance of twenty-five yards; but it was not till six or seven balls had actually entered the head of the animal, one of them penetrating the eye, that he fell. During the whole time he never flinched nor changed his ground, merely shaking his head as he received the several shots. This is but a solitary instance of the hair-breadth escapes made by persons under similar circumstances, from creatures whose determination and ferocity when called out are remarkable.*

* Communication of the earl of Tankerville to Mr. Hindmarsh.

The calves are hid by the cow for a week or ten days after their birth, and visited two or three times a day, to afford the nutriment essential to their existence. If a stranger approaches them, they endeavour to hide themselves from view in the same manner as the buffalo calves of North America, which think they are perfectly secure when they thrust their heads into the long grass or a small bush, for, seeing none, they imagine they are not observed. Mr. Bailey, of Chillingham, found a calf two days old, very lean and weak, and on stroking its head it arose, pawed the ground, bellowed very loudly and fiercely, and then, rushing at him, attempted to butt his legs; it then pawed the ground again, stepped back, bellowed, and renewed its attack. Being aware the second time of its intentions, he moved aside, and, missing its aim, the calf fell on the ground, and was so weak as to be unable to rise. Its end, however, had been accomplished; the alarm was given, and the herd approaching, Mr. Bailey was compelled to retire.

The bulls fight for supremacy, until a few of the more powerful gain the mastery, and the dispute is then settled; but if two are separated by accident and meet, a battle begins, though they were friendly before, and is continued until they become friends again. The weight of an ox is from thirty-five to forty-five stone, and the cows, from twenty-five to thirty-five stone, the four quarters, fourteen pounds to the stone. The beef is finely marbled, and of excellent flavour, but from the nature of the pasture, and the frequent disturbance of the cattle by the curiosity of strangers, they can scarcely be expected to become very fat; yet the six-year old oxen yield in general very good beef, from whence it may be fairly inferred that in more favourable circumstances they would thrive well.

These cattle form a remarkable contrast to the tame oxen of Devonshire, which are exceedingly docile; and Mr. Youatt mentions a peculiarity which is very pleasing to the stranger, and the remembrance of which the native of the Devonshire villages does not soon forget. A man and a boy attend each team, the boy singing away with unwearied lungs what can scarcely be regarded as any distinct tune, but is a pleasing succession of sounds, "resembling the counter-tenor in the service of the cathedral:" thus he trudges onward, "while every now and then the ploughman, as he

directs the movement of the team, puts in his lower notes, but with perfect concord." This simple music must afford unmingled pleasure to the visitor as he watches the proceedings of the little band, which seems thus to be united by kindred sympathies seldom found.

Wild cattle are found in the marshy forests of Poland, among the Carpathian mountains, in Lithuania, and in some parts of Asia. The buffaloes of Africa and Western Hindostan are very fierce, and it is dangerous to approach them in the wilds in which they roam: they fearlessly attack any one who appears, by running at him with their horns, and then trampling him with their hoofs and knees, and goring him with their horns. In Africa the buffalo is hunted by the Caffres, and terrible scenes often occur.

The wild cattle of South America, which roam in vast herds over the country, and especially in the neighbourhood of Buenos Ayres and Chili, know perfectly when rain is to fall some time before there are any visible signs of it in the atmosphere. A traveller noticed this particularly in passing from Buenos Ayres to Mendoza. The weather had been long dry, almost every spring was exhausted, and negroes had been sent in all directions to endeavour to discover fountains. A short time afterwards the cattle began to stretch their necks towards the west, holding their noses high in the air, and snuffing in a most singular manner. Not a cloud was to be seen, nor was the slightest breath of air to be detected; but in a few minutes, the cattle, as if seized with a sudden madness, began to scamper about, and then, in a short time, congregating into a dense phalanx, snuffed the air with furious looks; and before an observer could conjecture what was to be the issue of this singular manœuvre, a black cloud quickly overtopped the neighbouring mountains, and a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning followed, while the rain fell in torrents, for the supply alike of man and beast.

The American bison inhabits the wild tracks of the New World, where the hand of civilization has not appeared, or the ruthless attacks of the Indians have not destroyed them. In more northern districts they are only to be found in small herds, while in the immense and fertile savannahs of the south the herds extend for miles. Lewis and Clark mention that they found them in such numbers, that though the river, including an island over which they passed, was a mile in breadth, the herd stretched, as thickly as they could swim, completely from one side to the other. In another passage it is said: "If it be not impossible to calculate the moving multitude which darkened the whole plains, we are convinced that twenty thousand would be no exaggerated number."

The buffaloes prefer the open plains, and never resort to woods except when attacked; they seldom attempt to defend themselves, but seek shelter in flight. They are exceedingly fleet, and, having remarkable powers of scent, detect an enemy at a great distance, so that it is often difficult to approach.*

The advantage of the ox to mankind is extraordinary, but, from familiarity with objects, we often fail to appreciate their value. The hair is used in various manufactures; the skins are made into leather, the finer ones from the calvesbeing converted into vellum; the fat and tallow are employed for candles; the horns are converted into boxes, combs, knife-handles, drinking vessels, and lanterns, which are said to have been first employed by king Alfred, to protect his candles from the wind. The cartilage, gristle, and the finer pieces of the hides, are boiled in water till they become gelatinous, and the parts sufficiently dissolved; the bone is employed in a variety of ways; the blood forms the basis of Prussian blue; and the sinews form strong thread, for particular purposes. "Deprived of the aid of these animals," says Buffon, "the poor and the rich would alike have great difficulty to subsist. The earth in France would remain uncultivated; the fields, and even the gardens, would be dry and sterile. It is on the ox that the work of the country falls: he is the most useful domestic that the farmer possesses; and he performs all the labour of agriculture. In former ages he constituted the chief riches of those nations which only flourish, and are supported by the cultivation of lands, and the number of their cattle. It is in these that all real wealth consists; every other kind, even silver and gold, are only arbitrary representations, which have no value but that which is conferred upon them by the productions of the earth."

* Further information on this subject may be found in the *Visitor* for Oct., 1847. See also "The Prairie;" also, "Face of the Earth," published by the Religious Tract Society.

EARLY COURSE OF DR. MERLE D'AUBIGNE.

My first visit to Germany, says Dr. Merle D'Aubigné, was in 1817, immediately after my consecration to the ministry of the word of God, and with the design of studying theology for a longer period before entering upon its active duties. I spent some time as a student at the universities of Leipsic and Berlin; afterwards, four years in Hamburg, as pastor of the French church. My arrival in Germany was rendered remarkable by a circumstance connected with my inward life. I was stunned—almost overwhelmed, by the tempest of rationalism and infidelity which was then raging. After having remained in the cheerless principles of Unitarianism, until nearly the conclusion of my studies at the academy of Geneva, I had been seized by the word of God. I had believed in the Divinity of the Saviour, in original sin, the power of which I had experienced in my own heart, and in justification by faith. I had experienced the joys of the new birth. I was yet, however, weak. I was willing to take up the cross of Christ; but I preferred regarding it as wisdom rather than foolishness. It was at this time that I arrived in Germany. Every theological journal I read, every book I looked into, almost every one, both ministers and laymen, whom I met, were affected with rationalism, so that the poison of infidelity was presented to me on all sides.

I then entered upon a fearful spiritual struggle, defending with my whole strength my still feeble faith, yet sometimes falling under the blows of the enemy. I was inwardly consumed. There was not a moment in which I was not ready to lay down my life for the faith I professed; and never did I ascend the pulpit without being able to proclaim, with fulness of faith, salvation by Jesus. But scarcely had I left it, when the enemy assailed me anew, and inspired my mind with agonizing doubts. I passed whole nights without sleep, crying to God from the bottom of my heart, or endeavouring, by arguments and syllogisms without end, to repel the attacks of the adversary. Such were my combats during these weary watchings, that I almost wonder how I did not sink under them.

It happened at this time (1819), that a friend of mine,* settled in Paris, was on the point of visiting Copenhagen, where his mother's family resided. Another friend of ours, Charles Rieu, was the pastor of Fredericia, in Jutland. We were all three Genevese: we had studied together at Geneva, and had come at the same time to the knowledge of the truth, although Rieu had outstripped us in all respects, especially in the simplicity of his faith and devotedness to the Lord. We agreed to travel together to Copenhagen, and to meet at Kiel, the capital of Holstein.

Kiel is a German university, and at that time was the residence of Kleuker; one of the oldest champions of German divinity, who had been for forty years defending Christian revelation against the attacks of infidel theologians, in apologetic works of some celebrity. There were many passages of Scripture which stopped me, and I proposed visiting Kleuker and asking him to explain them, hoping by this visit to be delivered from my agonizing doubts.

Accordingly I waited on Kleuker, and requested that learned and experienced Christian to elucidate for my satisfaction many passages whence some of his countrymen in their writings had drawn proofs against the inspiration of Scripture and the Divine origin of Christianity. The old doctor would not enter into any detailed solution of these difficulties. "Were I to succeed in ridding you of them," he said to me, "others would soon arise: there is a shorter, deeper, more complete way of annihilating them. Let Christ be really to you the Son of God, the Saviour, the Author of eternal life. Only be firmly settled in his grace, and then these difficulties of detail will never stop you: the light which proceeds from Christ will disperse all your darkness."

The old divine had shown me the way; I saw it was the right one, but to follow it was a hard task. God, who had already revealed to me the glory of his well-beloved Son, did not forsake me; but he used another agency to bring me to the mark which had been pointed out.

As steam-boats were not at that time very regular, we had to wait some days for the one in which my friends and I intended proceeding to Copenhagen. We were staying at an hotel, and used to spend part of our time in reading the word of God together. M. Monod and

* The Rev. Frederic Monod.

I chose Rieu for our chaplain. He was an ear of corn which the Lord had early brought to full maturity, and which was soon after carried to the everlasting garner. Two years after, I wept over his grave amidst his desolate flock, with whom I celebrated the death of the Lord. I was at this time at Kiel, enjoying my last converse with this much esteemed friend. We all three communicated to each other our thoughts on reading the word, but it was Rieu who most abundantly brought out the hidden riches of the book of God.

We were studying the Epistle to the Ephesians, and had got to the end of the third chapter, when we read the two last verses: "Now unto him who is able to do *exceeding abundantly* above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto him be glory," etc. This expression fell upon my soul as a mighty revelation from God. "*He* can do by his power," I said to myself, "above all that we *ask*, above all even that we *think*, nay, *exceeding abundantly* above all!" A full trust in Christ for the work to be done within my poor heart now filled my soul. We all three kneeled down, and although I had never fully confided to my friends my inward struggles, (for I dared not make them known to any but to God alone,) the prayer of Rieu was filled with such admirable faith, as he would have uttered had he known all my wants. When I arose, in that inn room at Kiel, I felt as if my "wings were renewed as the wings of eagles." From that time forward I comprehended that my own syllogisms and efforts were of no avail; that Christ was able to do all by his "power that worketh in us;" and the habitual attitude of my soul was to lie at the foot of the cross, crying to him, "Here am I, bound hand and foot, unable to move, unable to do the least thing to get away from the enemy who oppresses me. Do all thyself. I know that thou wilt do it, thou wilt even do *exceeding abundantly* above all that I ask."

I was not disappointed. All my doubts were soon dispelled, and not only was I delivered from that inward anguish which in the end would have destroyed me, had not God been faithful: but the Lord extended unto me peace like a river, Isa. lxvi. 12. Then I could "comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge," Ephes. iii. 18, 19. Then was I able to say, "Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee," Psa. cxvi. 7.

If I relate these things, it is not as my own history—not the history of myself alone, but of many pious young men, who in Germany, and even elsewhere, have been assailed by the raging waves of Rationalism. Many, alas! have made shipwreck of their faith, and some have even violently put an end to their lives. On this account I shall always remember the words of Scripture, "Thou hast set my foot in a large room," Psa. xxxi. 8. "He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord," 1 Cor. i. 31.

MOTIVES TO CHRISTIAN UNITY.

No. III.

In addition to the motives stated in former papers,* one may be gathered from the advantages conferred by peace on the members of Christ's body. Calmness of mind, for example, is favourable to knowledge. In this, the author or promoter of divisions is not likely to make progress. A lover of discord, like bats and owls, has a preference for darkness. The turbulent atmosphere in which he lives enfeebles his visual powers, and weighs down all his mental energies. The trifles for which he disputes, detach him from the purifying and elevating influence of truth, and degrade his mind to the compass of their own littleness.

In contrast to him, the man is pronounced blessed whose delight is in the law of the Lord, in which he "meditates day and night." But such an exercise of mind is not for the time when the noise of war is heard around; it is for him who resembles "the Israelite indeed," when, devoutly engaged beneath his fig-tree, he attracted the omniscient and approving eye of the gracious Redeemer. In hallowed quietude alone, may the testimony be anticipated: "Ye have an unction from the Holy One, and ye know all things."

At such a period, doubtless, the following statement was penned by the eminent Jonathan Edwards:—

"I have had an affecting sense of the excellency of the word of God, as a word of life, as the light of life, a sweet, excellent, life-giving word. I felt a har-

* See *Visitor* for February and March.

mony between something in my heart, and those sweet and powerful words. I seemed often to see so much light exhibited by every sentence, and such a refreshing, ravishing food communicated, that I could not get along in reading. I used oftentimes to dwell long on one sentence, to see the wonders contained in it; and yet almost every sentence seemed full of wonders."

Prayer still "moves the hand that moves all things;" bringing down from heaven blessings accordant with the will of God. Amidst long-continued drought, Elijah, in answer to prayer, saw a cloud, like a man's hand, rise over the face of the deep; and, as his supplication continued, the heavens became black with clouds, and there was a sound of abundance of rain: and still "the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." But this can only be offered acceptably in quietude of soul. To quote the beautiful words of Jeremy Taylor, "Prayer is the peace of our spirit, the stillness of our thoughts, the rest of our cares, and the calm of our tempest. Prayer is the issue of a quiet mind of untroubled thoughts; it is the daughter of charity, and the sister of meekness; and he that prays to God with an angry, that is, with a troubled and discomposed spirit, is like him that retires into a battle to meditate, and sets up his closet in the out-quarters of an army, and chooses a frontier garrison to be wise in. Anger is a perfect alienation of the mind from prayer, and, therefore, is contrary to that attention which presents our prayers in a right line to God. For as I have seen a lark rising from his bed of grass, and soaring upwards, singing as he rises, and hopes to get to heaven and climb above the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back with the loud singing of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and inconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest than it could recover by the libration and constant weighing of his wings: till the little creature was found to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was over; and then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing as if it had learned music and motion from an angel as he passed sometimes through the air about his ministries here below. So is the prayer of a good man, when his affairs have required business, and his business was matter of discipline, and the discipline was to pass upon a sinning person, or had a design of charity; his duty met with infirmities of a man, and anger was its instrument, and the instrument became stronger than the prime agent, and raised a tempest, and overruled the man; and then his prayer was broken, and his thoughts were troubled, and his words went up towards a cloud, and his thoughts pulled them back again, and made them without intention; and the good man sighed for his infirmity, but must be content to lose the prayer; and he must recover it when his anger is removed, and his spirit is becalmed—made even as the brow of Jesus, and smooth like the heart of God: and then it ascends to heaven upon the wings of the holy dove, and dwells with God, till it returns, like the useful bee, loaded with a blessing and the dew of heaven."

Were the importance of peace duly felt, the prayers of professing Christians would present a striking contrast to what they frequently are now. Supplication would then ascend, that we may feel increasingly our own responsibility; that in our bosom there may be an intense compassion for the perishing; that, truly humbled for our past sins and shortcomings, a pure love to God may originate and sustain a lofty and expansive benevolence; that the zeal we display, as we rise to the height of our vast obligations, may be accordant with knowledge; and that, as vessels plunged into the sea are full, we may be filled with "all the fulness of God." Were such the character of our prayers, devotion would produce peace, and peace invigorate devotion, and far more acceptable and prevailing petitions arise before God!

Serenity is equally favourable to faith; not only in its reference to ourselves, but to the cause of God in the world. The spirit of prophecy, for instance, revealed a time, when—

"The wolf shall dwell with the lamb,
And the leopard shall lie down with the kid;
And the calf and the young lion and the fatling together;
And a little child shall lead them.
And the cow and the bear shall feed;
Their young ones shall lie down together:
And the lion shall eat straw like the ox.
And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp,
And the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice' den.
They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain:
For the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord,
As the waters cover the sea.
And in that day there shall be a root of Jesse,
Which shall stand for an ensign of the people.

To it shall the Gentiles seek:
And his rest shall be glorious."
ISAIAH XI. 6—10.

But what is this prediction when the mind is under the dominion of unbelief? Its natural conclusion is, that little or nothing can be expected; its natural course is, therefore, one of timid and feeble effort, or of total apathy. But let the truth be firmly grasped, that righteousness shall one day universally prevail; that the passions, now so furious, shall put on amenity and gentleness, and those long hostile unite in harmony and love; and while the heart glows with intense desire, energy rushes forth through every vein, and the man becomes "stedfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord."

Nor let the connexion be overlooked of such a state of mind with the abundant communication of the influences of the Holy Spirit. Does that Almighty agent fly from the scene of strife? How does he delight to linger where all is serenity! Let there be but the scriptural knowledge, the ardent devotion, and the vigorous faith, to which peace is so conducive, and the promise will be fulfilled: "I will cause the shower to come down in his season; there shall be showers of blessing." The "bough" of the disciples of Jesus shall be like that of Joseph, "a fruitful bough, even a fruitful bough by a well, whose branches run over the wall." The shout will then be heard, "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!" The lamentable discordance now apparent between the representations and requirements of the word of God, and the spirit and cause of his people, will be greatly diminished, and soon scarcely to be perceived. Devoted obedience will become the channel of blessings at present but rarely participated. They will issue as from so many retired and solitary fountains, from which they have hitherto flowed, and diffused themselves wherever Christ is named. A new order of characters will give rise to a new order of instrumentality, and this to a new order of success. Weak things will be displaced by the mighty, and base things for those which, obtaining honour from God, will also be approved of men. The gold of Sheba will be cast into the treasury of the Lord; the dromedaries of Midian and Ephah, the flocks of Kedar, and the rams of Nebaioth, will be gathered together; the ships of Tarshish will yield their most precious cargoes, and the forests of Lebanon their stateliest cedars —all, in a word, that implies beauty, dignity, or grandeur, will adorn the sanctuary of God, make the resting-place of his feet glorious, and unite in consummating the purpose of his grace.

It will indeed be a glorious day when, though the sections of the church, which Christ has purchased with his blood, be separated with rolling seas, arrayed in the hues of the various climates of the earth, speaking in all its different languages, and worshipping in different edifices, from the reed-covered hut to the noblest piles of architectural skill, yet all shall appear united by the one faith of the gospel, and breathing the spirit of universal love. Then, as its shout of harmonious and rapturous praise ascends, saints and angels shall bend down to view this glorious type of the unity of God, and "holiness to the Lord" shall prove to be identical with universal happiness.

Only one scene can possibly be more glorious, and that is the one which heaven will unfold, and from which the last motive to unity, now to be offered, must be derived. "In my Father's house," said Jesus, "are many mansions;" but he did not mean to intimate that these were to be allotted to the many sections of a divided church. Heaven, like its God, is one. There is but one city of God, one new and holy Jerusalem, one glorious temple, one bride, the wife of the Lamb. Various are the inhabitants of that world; they are gathered from every part of the earth and from every age of time, and yet their song is ever and unchangeably the same: "Salvation unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb!"

And what is the element of that blissful world? It is love. Selfishness has been there unknown since the fall of the rebel angels, and unheard of except in tidings from our apostate world. There disinterested love rules in every bosom, and each glorious spirit loves his neighbour as himself. Let the eye, then, be frequently uplifted to that state where every mind is absorbed in glorifying God, and doing good; and let every believer in Christ Jesus seek the closest assimilation in spirit to those whose society he must soon join. To do this, is to bring down heaven to earth before he ascends from earth to heaven. C. W.

THE ATMOSPHERE.

We must now try to conceive of the atmosphere as a whole, and to realize clearly the idea of its unity. And what a whole, what a unity it is! It possesses properties so wonderful, and so dissimilar, that we are slow to believe that they can exist together. It rises above us with its cathedral dome, arching towards that heaven of which it is the most familiar synoynme and symbol. It floats around us, like that grand object which the apostle John saw in his visions —"a sea of glass, like unto crystal." So massive is it, that when it begins to stir, it tosses about great ships like playthings, and sweeps cities and forests, like snow-flakes, to destruction before it. And yet it is so mobile, that we have lived years in it before we can be persuaded that it exists at all, and the great bulk of mankind never realize the truth that they are bathed in an ocean of air. Its weight is so enormous, that iron shivers before it like glass; yet a soap-bell sails through it with impunity, and the tiniest insect waves it aside with its wing.

It ministers lavishly to all the senses. We touch it not, but it touches us. Its warm south winds bring back colour to the pale face of the invalid; its cool west winds refresh the fevered brow and make the blood mantle in our cheeks; even its north blasts brace into new vigour the hardened children of our rugged clime. The eye is indebted to it for all the magnificence of sunrise, the full brightness of mid-day, the chastened radiance of the gloamin, and the "clouds that cradle near the setting sun." But for it, the rainbow would want its "triumphal arch," and the winds would not send their fleecy messengers on errands round the heavens. The cold ether would not shed its snow-feathers on the earth, nor would drops of dew gather on the flowers. The kindly rain would never fall, nor hail-storm, nor fog diversify the face of the sky. Our naked globe would turn its tanned and unshadowed forehead to the sun, and one dreary, monotonous blaze of light and heat dazzle and burn up all things. Were there no atmosphere, the evening sun would in a moment set, and, without warning, plunge the earth in darkness. But the air keeps in her hand a sheaf of his rays, and lets them slip but slowly through her fingers: so that the shadows of evening gather by degrees, and the flowers have time to bow their heads; and each creature space to find a place of rest, and to nestle to repose. In the morning the garish sun would at one bound burst from the bosom of night, and blaze above the horizon: but the air watches for his coming, and sends at first but one little ray to announce his approach, and then another, and by-and-by a handful, and so gently draws aside the curtains of night, and slowly lets the light fall on the face of the sleeping earth, till her eyelids open, and, like man, she goeth forth again to her labour till the evening.

To the ear it brings all the sounds that pulsate through it. The grave eloquence of men; the sweet songs and happy laughter of women; the prayers and the praises which they utter to God; the joyous carols of birds; the hum of insect wings; the whisper of the winds when they breathe gently, and their laughter and wild choruses when they shriek in their wrath; the plashing of fountains; the murmur of rivers; the roaring of cataracts; the rustling of forests; the trumpet-note of the thunder; and the deep solemn voice of the everlasting sea. Had there been no atmosphere, melody and harmony would not have been, nor any music. The earth might have made signs to the eye, like one bereft of speech, and have muttered from her depths inarticulate sounds, but nature would have been voiceless, and we should have gazed only on shores "where all was dumb." To the last of the senses the air is not less bountiful than to the others. It gathers to itself all perfumes and fragrance; from bean-fields in flower, and meadows of new-mown hay; from hills covered with wild thyme, and gardens of roses. The breezes, those "heavy-winged thieves," waft them hither and thither, and the sweet south wind "breathes upon banks of violets, stealing and giving odour."

Such is a faint outline of the atmosphere. The sea has been called the pathway of the nations, but it is a barrier as well as a bond between them. It is only the girdling and encircling air which flows above and around all, that makes the "whole world kin." The carbonic acid with which our breathing fills the air, to-morrow will be speeding north and south, and striving to make the tour of the world. The date trees that grow round the fountains of the Nile will drink it in by their leaves; the cedars of Lebanon will take of it, to add to their stature; the cocoa-nuts of Tahiti will

grow riper upon it; and the palms and bananas of Japan change it into flowers.

The oxygen we are breathing, was distilled for us some short time ago by the magnolias of the Susquehanna, and the great trees that skirt the Orinoko and the Amazon. The giant rhododendrons of the Himmalayahs contributed to it, the roses and myrtles of Cashmere, the cinnamon-trees of Ceylon, and forests, older than the flood, buried deep in the heart of Africa, far behind the Mountains of the Moon.

The rain which we see descending was thawed for us out of icebergs which have watched the pole-star for ages; and lotus lilies sucked up from the Nile, and exhaled as vapour, the snows that are lying on the tops of our hills.

The earth is our mother, and bears us in her arms: but the air is our foster-mother, and nurses each one. Men of all kindreds, and peoples, and nations, four-footed beasts and creeping things, fowls of the air and whales of the sea, old trees of the forest, mosses wreathed upon boughs, and lichens crumbling on stones, drink at the same perennial fount of life which flows freely for all. Nursed at the same breast, we are of one family —plants, animals, and men; and God's "tender mercies are over us all." Must we strive, by rule of logic and absolute demonstration, to shut up each reader into a corner, and compel him to acknowledge that the atmosphere was not self-created, but was made by Him "who stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in?" Is there any one who can resist exclaiming, "O Lord! how manifold are thy works, in wisdom hast thou made them all?"—*British Quarterly Review.*

THE ROUTE FROM ABERGAVENNY TO RHAIADR.

Although Abergavenny in itself presents no peculiar features of interest, it is a very important thoroughfare to all parts of Wales. It is seated at the confluence of the Gavenny and the Usk, over which river there is a fine bridge of fifteen arches. The town is built in a straggling manner, and is principally celebrated for the very extensive ironworks in its vicinity. For its situation, however, much more may be said; for it is literally surrounded by a chain of mountains, sublime and beautiful. Among them, to the north, may be observed the Sugar-loaf, more particularly conspicuous on account of its pointed summit. It forms one of the great barren districts, known as the Black Forest. On the south rises the Blorenge, terminating the long chain of hills which runs through Breconshire into the very heart of Caermarthenshire.

At the foot of the Black Mountain, in the vale of Ewias, a few miles northward from Abergavenny, stands Llanthony Abbey. This building is a pure specimen of the architecture of the twelfth century. It is very much decayed, and has evidently been left recklessly to fall into ruins; but the parts which time has spared are still beautiful; and when the setting sun casts over their mouldering remains a parting smile, and we see the calm shades of evening closing around, the heart is struck with the resemblance it bears to man's eventful life:

In youth, he's fair, or eloquent, or strong,
He reads his name in history's page, or song,
Forgetful, in a course so smooth and bless'd
How soon of these he may be dispossess'd;
Till life's rude storms, or hardy hand, lays low
His glory in the dust—his spirit's bow;
Then, like some shatter'd citadel, he stands
A lonely ruin on the falling sands!

About six miles from Abergavenny is the little town of Crickhowel, situated on the main road to Caermarthen and Milford. An old castle, so thickly covered with ivy as almost to be concealed from view, is the only object of interest which it offers to the tourist; but the rich valley of the Usk delights the eye, whilst winding along the borders of its sparkling stream, presenting a series of lovely landscapes, which are only surpassed in beauty by the extensive view to be enjoyed on gaining the summit of the hill. The silent majesty of the stupendous mountains, stretching themselves towards heaven, below whose summits, in fantastic curlings, play filmy clouds; these, in contrast with the soft, reposing sweetness of the valleys, spreading themselves out at their base, constitute the character of the scenery from Monmouth thither, producing a state of feeling which scarcely admits of description. Yet, if possible, for thirteen miles from this spot on to Brecon, the vale acquires increased beauty. On the right and on the left we behold nothing but loveliness or sublimity, broad and luxuriant hills, sloping gradually until they touch the bed of the beautiful Usk, which flows at their base; some cultivated to a

considerable height, and speckled here and there, among the green herbage, with snow-white cottages, and gentlemen's villas—others enriched by the graceful foliage of trees, which lend a refreshing shade to the traveller, who may be wending his way on foot, over a long, and, perhaps, unbeaten path, which he hopes will conduct him more expeditiously to some desired spot. Such are some of the features that adorn this enchanting tract of country.

Brecon, or Brecknock, is an inland county of South Wales, having, north, the counties of Cardigan and Radnor; west, Cardigan and Caermarthen; south, Glamorgan and Monmouth; and east, Monmouth and Hereford. Its length is computed at about thirty-five miles, and it is nearly thirty miles in breadth, containing 482,560 acres; while two principal mountain chains, with their offsets, occupy a considerable portion of the surface. The highest summits are the beacons of Brecknock, Capellante, and Cradle Mountain; the former being 2,862 feet above the level of the sea, the second 2,394, and the third 2,545. There are, however, many lovely and luxuriant valleys. The sparkling Wye edges the county for some miles on the north-west, and several lesser streams beautify its surface.

Agriculture, until late years, was much neglected here, and is consequently in a low and backward state, oats and barley being almost exclusively the produce of the county, with the exception of wheat. More attention, however, is now given to other crops, as well as to cattle and sheep. Extensive iron-works are on the south confines of the county, adjacent to those of Merthyr-Tydvil, Hermain, and Rumney.

Brecknock returns two members to the House of Commons; one for the county, and one for the borough.

The principal towns are Brecon, Crickhowel, and Buallt. Brecon is situated on the confluence of the Honddû and Tarrel with the Usk. The stream whence it takes its name has little of which to boast; children might safely launch their little cockle-shell boats on its waters, and be themselves their pilots, free from all apprehension of accident. The town is ancient, built apparently without regard to form or regularity, having only three principal streets, but these contain many well-built and respectable houses: it is paved, and well lighted with gas. The Bulwark, opposite to the old church of St. John, might be termed the fashionable end of the town—it is certainly the best. There are three churches beside the one just named. St. Mary's, a chapel of ease, of Gothic architecture; (both were almost exclusively rebuilt in the reign of Henry VIII.;) St. David's, erected shortly after the Conquest; and Christchurch, a collegiate institution, established by the same monarch. The latter is extra-parochial, and has a grammar-school attached to it.

The institutions and public buildings of Brecon are but few,—an endowed free-school, three or four small charities, and a borough and county-hall, with the market-place under it. On market-days it is amusing to see a man and woman seated together on the same thick-set Welsh pony, trotting along with great glee, the female with a basket on her arm, and a comfortable woollen cloak, usually scarlet, gracefully falling over the neck of their Rosinante, while her companion takes the hinder part of the saddle, when there is one; and thus equipped, they follow successively hundreds of persons, looking quite prepared to make some lucrative sales or purchases. Market-days occur three times a week—Wednesday and Friday, for general purposes; and Saturday, for cattle.

The most attractive part of Brecon is the promenade along the Usk, under the old town walls, whence a fine range of mountain scenery may be enjoyed; and for those whose tastes incline rather to those of a graver description, a lonely, and yet charming walk, through the Priory woods.

The castle was built in 1094, by Bornard de Newmarch, a relative of William the Conqueror, from which time the town dates its origin. Many Norman families then settled in the county, and their descendants in different parts may still be traced. Brecon was originally surrounded by strong walls, but one only remains; the others, with the castle, were destroyed by the inhabitants in the last civil war, to prevent a siege, or save themselves the maintenance of a garrison. This castle, it is said, was once the residence of the duke of Buckingham, the bosom friend of Richard of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III.; and that within its walls the scheme was concerted for dethroning the reigning sovereign, and the succession to the crown to the earl of Richmond.

The Priory church, though by some persons admired, possesses but little architectural beauty. The embattled tower rising in the centre of the cross, in which form it is built, may be said to be all, except its antiquity, that entitles it to any notice; the old dark yews in the burying-ground are to many far more attractive. It was founded in the reign of Henry I., by Boinaid de Newmarch.

The road from Brecon to Buallt abounds with hills, some of them so steep that when travelling by the ordinary conveyances furnished at the hotels, which are mostly little four-wheeled chaises, without springs, it appears as though their summits could not be gained. It seems as though the vehicle was about to make a back-somerset, and when, at length, the summit is reached, and the traveller is congratulating himself on gaining level ground, he is suddenly thrown into the reverse position, and begins to fear that he will be pitched forward, and find himself at the bottom of the hill, minus the carriage. If he is fortunate enough to keep his equilibrium, there is still danger, supposing he is sitting with the driver, of occasionally coming in contact with the haunches of the animal, which is carefully plodding his downward course. The driver, however, is surprisingly at his ease, often whistling a tune, or humming a song, with all the *nonchalance* of an intimate friend; while the beast, whose knowledge of the road equals that of his master, and whose docility is probably somewhat in advance, render them alike safe conductors. The humbler class among the Welsh are cheerful, civil, and communicative; they like to be asked questions, and evidently show a taste and a love for the beauties of their native soil. They are, moreover, cleanly and sober, rarely taking anything stronger than milk. Moderation seems to be a quality of their nature; thus practically exemplifying the sentiment of the poet,—

> "Man wants but little here below,
> Nor wants that little long."

Obstacles such as have been described would be objectionable to those whose tastes favour the long level road; but the searcher after the picturesque feels amply compensated for any such inconveniences by the splendid scenes which successively cheer him on the journey. Mountains, which at first reveal only their sharp ridges and pointed summits, when approached present their broad fronts in bold continuous expanse; while an endless variety of all that is beautiful, grand, or romantic, meets the eye at every turn of the road. Fancy might strive in vain to picture a more enchanting display of hill and dale, of lofty mountain or deep ravine, than here await the traveller.

As a town little can be said of Buallt, (pronounced Bith,) for it consists of small, irregularly-built houses, scarcely two of which are alike, giving to it an air of antiquity, and producing the impression of its being a foreign country. It is very dull, especially if you happen to arrive on a wet day, which is likely to be the case; for rain is very prevalent throughout all the mountainous districts of Wales; and when there is not rain, dense mists often hang over the hills for weeks together, so as to shut out from view almost every object but those with which you are in close proximity. Our readers may easily imagine the circumstances of some traveller with no mental resources, seated at the window of an hotel alone, during such weather as we have described,—when the silence is relieved by occasionally hearing approaching footsteps, or perchance a solitary individual is seen, perhaps an old woman cloaked up, holding a large dingy cotton umbrella over her head, and wearing pattens withal—those noisy and dangerous preservatives from wet and dirt. Well is it for those whose well-trained and well-furnished minds provide an ample resource for such pauses in the activity of life, and who are "never less alone than when alone."

Nearly parallel to the Wye runs the road from Buallt to Rhaiadr, which, however, not being near enough to allow the full view of its graceful flowings, much of its beauty is necessarily concealed; but after it has crossed the Ithon, it gradually approaches nearer and nearer until it steals along close to the pathway on to Rhaiadr. At this part of the Wye's course it is so shallow when the weather is dry, that for some paces it appears little more than a pebbly brook, that might well tempt the weary traveller to cross it for the refreshment which its delicious waters might afford to him. The variety which characterises the Wye is one of its peculiar charms. Sometimes its current is crossed by a large fragment of rock, and numerous smaller pieces close by, around the latter of which it noiselessly steals, while it leaps over the

former, and then again flows on, with an unruffled and silent course, until some fresh interruption occurs, when, with renewed impetuosity, it dashes onward, rushes through rapids, or, as though it were sensible of joy, in fantastic motions it continues its course, gliding or bounding, as it may be left free or impeded.

A short distance before entering Rhaiadr the surrounding country is very striking, particularly at the confluence of the Clarwen and the Wye. A view of the two rivers tends greatly to enhance its individual features, and to heighten the general effect.

The town of Rhaiadr is in itself a miserable-looking place; but when, as is not unfrequently the case, an accident is encountered on the road, such as a spring, or what is *termed* a spring, giving way, and detaining the traveller an hour or more; when, too, most probably, he rose with the sun and started before breakfast; when, we say, after such a journey, he at length finds himself even at Rhaiadr, it wears a less unfavourable aspect than it otherwise would; and when, besides, he hears that in advance are scenes of magnificence that more than make amends for any of its deficiencies, the spirits revive, and what there may be worthy of notice to be seen the eye eagerly searches after, as a sort of apology for overlooking, in a moment of discontent, that of which the spot could justly boast.

There is a cataract, or waterfall, called by the name of the town: the fall is not great, but from the bridge it has a very pretty effect. The Devil's Bridge, however, which is our next route, is of much more importance, and surrounded by scenery far more beautiful than that of Rhaiadr, particulars of which will be given hereafter. S. S. S.

OLD HUMPHREY ON THE HIGHLANDS AND THE HIGHLANDERS.

The pomp and power of highland pride
Are pass'd like morning dew;
The broad-sword keen is laid aside,
And kilts there are but few.
The red, red blood of hostile clans
No longer stains the heather;
The Campbells and Macdonalds now
Can live in peace together.

A WORD or two about the Highlands and Highlanders will either refresh the memory of my readers with regard to what they know, or supply them with some useful and interesting information.

Scotland, as a map of the country clearly sets forth, is naturally divided into three parts; for the Firth of Forth and the Firth of Clyde southward, and Moray Firth and Loch Linnhe northward, so nearly approach each other, that, with the lochs and canals between them, they form the two watery lines across the country. The Highlands include almost all the middle and northern of these three divisions, as well as the Hebrides, or Western Isles. The Orkney and Shetland Isles are not considered as forming part of the Highlands. Were the question asked, What do you mean by the Highlands of Scotland? perhaps the most simple answer would be, the hilly parts of Dumbarton, Stirling, Perth, Banff, and Moray, with the whole of Bute, Argyle, Inverness, Cromarty, Ross, Sutherland, Caithness, and the Hebrides.

The Lowlands are not unlike English counties, for trades are carried on in the towns and cities; and the lands being carefully tilled, produce abundant crops of hay and corn, while the Highlands abound with high mountains, gloomy glens, large lochs or lakes, and vast uncultivated moors. The distinction between the Highlands and Lowlands is tolerably clear, when thus expressed on paper; but much more so, when witnessed by the eye in reality.

Nor is the difference between the Highlands and the Lowlands much greater than that which exists in their inhabitants; though every year Highlanders and Lowlanders are getting more like one another. True it is, that the former speak Gaelic, a dialect of the Erse language; but as most of them speak English also, Gaelic is less used than formerly.

Whenever we speak of the origin of a people, we never think of going back so far as the time of Adam, or even Noah, for then we should make the origin of all to be the same; but we content ourselves in going to some particular people, who, at some particular time, lived in some particular place. Thus we say, the Highlanders are Celts, or Gauls; that is, they have sprung from the Celts, —a people who once lived in Gaul, which is an ancient name for France. The Lowlanders are Scandinavian and Anglo-Saxon; that is, they are descendants of the Scandinavians, who lived in the north, and of the Anglo-Saxons, who came from their country in the north of Germany to England. It is said, that

the Basques of Spain, the Auvergnese and Bretons in France, the inhabitants of Wales, Anglesea, and the Isle of Man, the Irish and the Highlanders, are all radically one people.

It is believed, that at one time the Celts occupied the whole of England; but that, when opposed by the Romans, the Saxons, and the Danes, they of necessity retired to the mountains. The Scotch monarchs waged war with them; but the Celts, or Highlanders, who were bold and courageous, appointed heads or chiefs over their several clans, and desperately resisted them. The Macdonalds took the title of Lords of the Isles, and grew so strong, that they determined to establish a Highland independence, and bring, if they could, the Lowlands under their control. A great battle, in 1411, was fought, between the two contending parties, in which the Highlanders were completely beaten. This battle crippled their power.

When James I. of Scotland came to the throne, in 1424, he was determined to control the lawlessness of the Highlanders; but instead of acting with wisdom, firmness and humanity, he at once seized forty of their chiefs, and put most of them to death. It would be difficult, perhaps, to decide whether the Highlanders, or those who opposed them, were the most oppressive and cruel. The following relation will show the horrible inhumanity of both:

"Macdonald, head of a band in Rossshire, had plundered a poor widow woman of two of her cows, and who, in her anger, exclaimed repeatedly, that she would never wear shoes again till she had carried her complaint to the king for redress, should she travel to Edinburgh to seek him. 'It is false,' answered the barbarian; 'I will have you shod myself before you reach the court.' Accordingly, he caused a smith to nail shoes to the poor woman's naked feet, as if they had been those of a horse; after which he thrust her forth, wounded and bleeding on the highway. The widow, however, being a woman of high spirit, was determined to keep her word; and as soon as her wounds permitted her to travel, she did actually go on foot to Edinburgh, and throwing herself before James, acquainted him with the cruelty which had been exercised on her, and in evidence showed her feet, still seamed and scarred. James heard her with that mixture of pity, kindness, and uncontrollable indignation which marked his character, and in great resentment caused Macdonald and twelve of his principal followers to be seized, and to have their feet shod with iron shoes, in the same manner as had been done to the widow. In this condition they were exhibited to the public for three days, and then executed."

When we hear of such dreadful enormities, it is enough to make us ashamed of our fellow-men, and to set us longing afresh for the reign of truth and righteousness.

Instead of things being made better, by putting down the lords of the isles, they were made worse; for cruel and rapacious as the Highlanders were, when they had chiefs whom they recognised and obeyed, cruel and more rapacious they became when those chiefs were removed. The clans broke out into rancorous feuds, and lived by rapine and violence. Of this the following is a fearful illustration:

"The Macleods, a powerful and numerous clan, who had extensive estates on the main land, made themselves masters, at a very early period, of a great part of the large island of Sky, seized upon much of the Long Island, as the isles of Lewis and Harris are called, and fought fiercely with the Macdonalds, and other tribes of the islands. About the end of the sixteenth century, a boat, manned by one or two of the Macleods, landed in Eigg, a small island peopled by the Macdonalds. They were at first hospitably received, but having been guilty of some incivility to the young women on the island, it was so much resented by the inhabitants, that they tied the Macleods hand and foot, and, putting them on board of their own boat, towed it to sea, and set it adrift, leaving the wretched men, bound as they were, to perish by famine, or by the winds and waves, as chance should determine. But it so happened, that a boat belonging to the laird of Macleod fell in with that which had the captives on board, and brought them in safety to the laird's castle of Dunvegan, in Sky, where they complained of the injury which they had sustained from the Macdonalds of Eigg. Macleod, in a great rage, put to sea with his galleys, manned by a large body of his people, which the men of Eigg could not entertain any rational hope of resisting. Learning that their incensed enemy was approaching with superior forces,

and deep vows of revenge, the inhabitants, who knew they had no mercy to expect at Macleod's hands, resolved, as the best chance of safety in their power, to conceal themselves in a large cavern on the sea-shore.

"This place was particularly well calculated for that purpose. The entrance resembles that of a fox-earth, being an opening so small that a man cannot enter, save by creeping on hands and knees. A rill of water falls from the top of the rock, and serves, or rather served at the period we speak of, wholly to conceal the aperture. A stranger, even when apprised of the existence of such a cave, would find the greatest difficulty in discovering the entrance. Within, the cavern rises to a great height, and the floor is covered with white, dry sand. It is extensive enough to contain a great number of people. The whole inhabitants of Eigg, who, with their wives and families, amounted to nearly two hundred souls, took refuge within its precincts.

"Macleod arrived with his armament, and landed on the island, but could discover no one on whom to wreak his vengeance—all was desert. The Macleods destroyed the huts of the islanders, and plundered what property they could discover; but the vengeance of the chieftain could not be satisfied with what he deemed such petty injuries. He knew that the inhabitants must either have fled in their boats to one of the islands possessed by the Macdonalds, or that they must be concealed somewhere in Eigg. After making a strict, but unsuccessful search for two days, Macleod had appointed the third to leave his anchorage, when, in the grey of the morning, one of the seamen beheld from the deck of his galley the figure of a man on the island. This was a spy, whom the Macdonalds, impatient of their confinement in the cavern, had imprudently sent out to see whether Macleod had retired or not. The poor fellow, when he saw himself discovered, endeavoured, by doubling, after the manner of a hare or fox, to obliterate the track of his footsteps on the snow, and prevent its being discovered where he had re-entered the cavern. But all the arts he could use were fruitless; the invaders again landed, and tracked him to the entrance of the den.

"Macleod then summoned those who were within it, and called upon them to deliver up the individuals who had maltreated his men, to be disposed of at his pleasure. The Macdonalds, still confident in the strength of their fastness, which no assailant could enter but on hands and knees, refused to surrender their clansmen. Macleod next commenced a dreadful work of indiscriminate vengeance. He caused his people, by means of a ditch cut above the top of the rock, to turn away the stream of water which fell over the entrance of the cavern. This being done, the Macleods collected all the combustibles which could be found on the island, particularly turf, and quantities of dry heather, piled them up against the aperture, and maintained an immense fire for many hours, until the smoke, penetrating into the inmost recesses of the cavern, stifled to death every creature within. There is no doubt of the truth of this story, dreadful as it is. The cavern is often visited by strangers; and I have myself seen the place where the bones of the murdered Macdonalds still remain, lying as thick on the floor of the cave as in the charnel-house of a church."

Statute after statute was enacted to restrain the excesses of the Highlanders, but the government was not strong enough to put them steadily in force. Oliver Cromwell invaded the Highland borders, shut up the natives in the mountains, and kept a body of twelve hundred soldiers in and near the citadel of Inverness. In the reign of Charles II., ten thousand armed Highlanders were quartered on the poor Nonconformists of the west, to vex and harass them into episcopacy. A recital of the ruthless ravages of this Highland host are enough to make the blood boil in the veins of even meek-minded men.

After the revolution, an attempt was made by the Highlanders to restore the Scottish king, James VII., (James II. of England;) but finding all their struggles for power fruitless, all the clans, except that of Macdonald, of Glencoe, took an oath of allegiance to the government of William III. The inhuman treachery and cruelty exercised towards the Macdonald clan I shall not fail hereafter to describe.

The savage murder of Glencoe—for such it has been justly called—greatly excited the indignation of the Highlanders; and they again, in 1715, made an attempt, though an unsuccessful one, to establish the Stuarts. Since that time their power has been gradually diminished, their rapine and violence re-

pressed, and their practice of extorting black mail, or safety-money, utterly abolished, by various measures—such as the formation of roads for the military, the prohibition for a time of the use of tartan cloth, and the carrying of arms, together with the abolition of heritable jurisdiction, and the appointment of sheriffs by the crown. The raising of Highland regiments, too, by the government, removed numbers of desperate Highlanders from their mountain homes, and thus contributed to the quietude of the country.

When the Highland chiefs could no longer support their followers, and retain their allegiance by rapine, they found it necessary to disperse them, and to let a portion of their territories to store-farmers of capital in the Low Country. A clearing thus took place, and multitudes were thrust out from their accustomed homes, to exchange their glens and mountain fortresses for other scenes. Some entered the Lowlands, engaging themselves in various callings, and many emigrated to Western Canada. The introduction of steamboats, the formation of railroads, the increased intercourse with the Lowlands and with England, the spread of religious knowledge, and the word of God, and other ameliorating influences are all at work, rendering, as I said before, the difference between the Highlanders and the Lowlanders less and less every day.

It is asserted in Chambers's "Miscellany," that "the patriarchal, or clan system, retained its influence in the border districts, Galloway, and the Highlands, after it had become weak in other places. The Kerrs, Scotts, Johnsons, Armstrongs, Elliots, Jardines, and Grahams were on the borders; the M'Clumpas, M'Cullochs, M'Taggarts, M'Lellans, and M'Kellars were in Galloway; while the Highlands had not less than forty clans, beside remnants of broken clans. Independently of its surname, each clan had three tokens which distinguished it from others,—its badge, its slogan or war-cry, and its tartan."

Every clan, when with others, or acting alone,
Had a tartan, a war-cry, and badge of its own.

The names of the principal Highland clans, with their badges, given by the same authority, are as follows: some few of them, however, are of Lowland origin. —"Buchanan, birch; Cameron, oak; Campbell, myrtle; Chisholm, alder; Colquhoun, hazel; Cumming, common sallow; Drummond, holly; Farquharson, purple fox-glove; Ferguson, poplar; Forbes, brown; Fraser, yew; (some families, the strawberry;) Gordon, ivy; Graham, laurel; Grant, cranberry heath; Gun, rosewort; Lamont, crab-apple; M'Allister, five-leaved heath; M'Donald, bell heath; M'Donnell, mountain heath; M'Dougall, cypress; M'Farlane, cloudberry bush; M'Gregor, pine; M'Intosh, boxwood; M'Kay, bulrush; M'Kenzie, deer grass; M'Kinnon, St. John's wort; M'Lachlan, mountain ash; M'Lean, blackberry heath; M'Leod, red wortleberries; M'Nab, rose blackberries; M'Neil, sea-ware; M'Pherson, variegated boxwood; M'Rae, fir-club-moss; Monro, eagle's feathers; Menzies, ash; Murray, juniper; Ogilvie, hawthorn; Oliphant, the great maple; Robertson, fern; Rose, brier rose; Ross, bear-berries; Sinclair, clover; Stewart, thistle; Sutherland, cat's-tail grass. Sprigs of these badges were worn in the bonnet; but the chief of each clan was entitled to wear two eagle's feathers in addition."

The attachment of the inhabitants of mountainous districts to the home of their fathers is proverbial; nor are the Highlanders an exception to the general rule. Most of them, even now, in anticipation of visiting a foreign shore, would re-echo the sentiment—

"Ilk flower that blooms on foreign fell
Wad mind me o' the heather-bell;
Ilk little streamlet's jeuk and turn
Wad mind me o' Glenourock burn;
Lands may be fair ayont the sea,
But hieland hills and lochs for me!"

Those who feel an interest in the subject of Highland clans, Highland dress, and especially Highland tartans, will do well to get a sight of the splendid quarto called "Vestiarium Scoticum," published by Sobieski Stuart, containing the tartans of the principal clans, coloured in all their glowing hues; but as some of my readers may not have an opportunity of seeing the work, I will here quote from it, almost literally, some excellent remarks.

In the scanty notices which have been left by the Romans of the manners and arts of the Caledonians, during their invasions, there is no description of their garments; and we learn only that blue was their favourite colour, and that of this dye women of rank wore their mantles. In the ancient Gaelic Poems, the banner of Fioun is described of that colour, variegated with gold, and each

chief is represented as having his own particular design.

The variegated cloth which, under the name of tartan, has been so long worn among the Highlanders, that by many it is thought peculiar to their race, is composed of two or more panes, called sets, alike in the warp and the woof, and intersected by small stripes, which, in some cases, form the only distinction between different patterns.

In the present day, and for a considerable period, the name has been entirely descriptive of the disposition of the colours, and may be applied with propriety to any material, as "tartan velvet," "tartan poplin," "tartan kerseymere;" in all which, and various other fabrics, it is now manufactured. But originally it was invariably what it is still in its ordinary form, not a cloth properly so called, for it has no nap, and is the same on both sides, but a tweelled stuff, of which there are two kinds: the one hard and close, resembling shalloon; the other soft and elastic, like a thick and loosely-woven kerseymere. The latter, as it is the warmest and most flexible, is adapted for weather-plaids, hose, and trews; the former for kilts, jackets, and light summer mantles,—though of old the last of these distinctions was not observed.

Whether tartan was originally descriptive of pattern, is very much to be doubted. It appears to have been expressive rather of the fabric than of the design; and if, by the Highlanders, it has been combined with a peculiar arrangement of dyes, it is because, when they received the manufacture, it was in that many-coloured fashion which was then common to the world, but which, when it was lost among others, and retained only among them, associated in the peculiarity of the pattern that name which had only been imparted in the stuff.

"I have," says Mr. Stuart, in the introduction to his work, "perhaps spoken too strongly upon a cause for which the world feels but little, and too minutely upon a subject which many may think unworthy of regard; but there are yet some who contemplate with emotion the disappearance of a people who have added to the poetry and the history of ages; and I have collected the last remnants of their tattered mantle, lest it should be among those things which are forgotten when they are past, because none have described them while they are present."

The following list of chief and subordinate clans possessing their own tartans in the reign of James the Sixth, is not, I believe, far from being a correct one. Those in whose tartans red prevailed, mingled with other colours, were, clan Stewart, Macgregor, Ross, Macduff, Grant, Monro, Cameron, Frazer, Menzies, Chisholm, Buchanan, Macdougal, Robertson, Macnab, Mackinnon, Mackintosh, Macqueen, Bruce, Crawford, Ruthven, Hamilton, Wemyss, Comyn, Dilnbar, Leslie, Cunningham, Lindsay, Hay, Seton, Ramsay, Erskine, Wallace, Brodie, Rose, Drummond, Scott, Maxwell, and Ker.

Those in whose tartans green prevailed, mingled with other colours, were, Macdonald of the Isles, Ranald, Campbell, Sutherland, Macneil, Gillean, (or Maclean,) Mackenzie, Lamont, Mackintyre, Farquharson, Gun, Macarthur, Sinclair, Lauder, Dundas, Ogilvie, Oliphant, Murray, Urquhart, Colquhoun, Forbes, Armstrong, Gordon, Graham, and Johnson.

Prince of Rothsay, three colours, chequed with green and white; royal Stewart, chiefly white, chequed with green, red, and other colours; Macleod and Maclachian, chiefly yellow with other colours; Montgomery and Barclay, chiefly light green with other colours; Cranstoun, chiefly yellowish green; Home, a dark purple; Macpherson, black and white; Mackay, chiefly a bluish purple; and Douglas, equal cheques of black and slate colour. When the Highland chiefs were assembled, among the gaudier plaids, others were seen of a more shadowy kind:

Dark plaids of dark colours in cheques great and small,
But the broad plaid of Douglas was darkest of all!

The following are a few of the Highland patronymics, taken from the "Ayr and Wigtonshire Courier:"—Mackintosh, son of the just; M'Douel, son of the brown eyes; M'Dougal, son of the black eyes; M'Annochy, son of the brown head; M'Gregor, son of the Greek man; M'Cuthbert, son of the Arch-Druid; M'Kay, son of the prophet; M'Taggart, son of the priest; M'Leod, son of the wounder; M'Lean, son of the lion; M'Kenzie, son of the friendly one; M'Intyre, son of the carpenter; Campbell, crooked mouth; Cameron, crooked nose; Stewart, high-stay, or support; Fingal, the gul, worthy one; and Ossian, the top.

Unless on public occasions, or clan gatherings for any particular purpose, few Highlanders are now seen in their peculiar dress, though the "belted plaid worn as the philibeg, or small kilt, with a separate drapery, depending from the shoulder in imitation of the ancient garb," is regarded as highly picturesque and graceful. We are told, that anciently the Gael wore no garments for the legs, and only occasionally broques, pieces of hide, tied with a thong for the feet. Coats, shoes, and hose are modern inventions. The true Highland bonnet is small, either round or peaked in front, and of a dark blue, or grey colour. The sword, baldrick, dirk, large brooches, buckles, shot-pouch, and sporan, or purses, are all necessary to complete the full dress of a Highland chief, or gentleman.

The chief musical instrument of the Highlander is the bagpipe; and, under skilful direction, its tones, if not highly harmonious, are extremely exhilarating. The pibroch, or musical recitation of a battle, or other event, poured forth by a practised piper, is wondrously influential, especially with those who have an interest in the event; while, perhaps, the voices of half-a-dozen lively young porkers, shook up together in a bag, would not very inaccurately illustrate the grating discordance of bad pipes and a bad piper.

The broad-sword, the favourite weapon of the Highlander, is, in his hand, very destructive in close contention, but the ball and the bullet kill from afar. The Highlanders, being choice in their blades, used to procure their broad-swords from one Andrea di Ferrara, a celebrated Italian artificer. Ferrara, once a city of importance, is in the north-east of Italy. The highest compliment you can pay a broad-sword, is to call it "a true Andrew Ferrara." Most readers remember what Burns says of Highlanders and broad-swords:

> "Bring but a Scotsman frae his hill,
> Clap in his cheek a Highland gill,
> Say, such is Royal George's will,
> And there's the foe;
> He has nae thought but how to kill
> Twa at a blow."

Highlanders have now, very generally, laid their broad-swords aside; and I trust they will find out some other and better way of distinguishing themselves. Killing "twa at a blow" may sound well in poetry, but as "Royal George's will" no longer requires it, and especially as such an exhibition of adroitness is not so philanthropic as it is valorous, Scotchmen will do well to be satisfied with the theory, altogether dispensing with the practice of such hyperbolical patriotism. Highlanders, ay! and Lowlanders too, will get more by keeping the new commandment, "Love one another," than they are ever likely to get with their broad-swords: "If ye fulfil the royal law according to the scripture, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself, ye shall do well," Jas. ii. 8.

> One faithful friend, 'mid life's severer woes,
> Is worth a hundred thousand slaughter'd foes.

THE CREATOR'S BENEFICENCE.

Wherever we turn our eyes, in the world around us, we behold innumerable instances of our Creator's beneficence. In order that the eye and the imagination may be gratified and charmed, he has spread over the surface of our terrestrial habitation an assemblage of the richest colours, which beautify and adorn the landscape of the earth, and present to our view a picturesque and diversified scenery, which is highly gratifying to the principle of novelty implanted in the human mind. On all sides we behold a rich variety of beauty and magnificence. Here, spread the wide plains and fertile fields, adorned with fruits and verdure; there, the hills rise in gentle slopes, and the mountains rear their snowy tops to the clouds, distilling from their sides the brooks and rivers, which enliven and fertilize the plains through which they flow. Here, the lake stretches into a smooth expanse in the bosom of the mountains; there, the rivers meander through the forests and the flowery fields, diversifying the rural scene, and distributing health and fertility in their train. Here, we behold the rugged cliffs, and the stately part of the forest; there, we are charmed with the verdure of the meadow, the enamel of flowers, the azure of the sky, and the gay colouring of the morning and evening clouds. In order that this scene of beauty and magnificence might be rendered visible, he formed the element of light, without which the expanse of the universe would be a boundless desert, and its beauties for ever veiled from our sight. It opens to our view the mountains, the hills, the valleys, the woods, the lawns, the flocks and herds, the wonders of the mighty deep, and the radiant orbs of heaven. It

paints a thousand different hues on the objects around us, and promotes a cheerful and extensive intercourse among all the inhabitants of the globe.—*Dick.*

THE AUDACITY OF THE FALCON TRIBE.

In the pursuit of their prey, birds of the hawk or falcon tribe often display the greatest boldness and indifference to the presence of man. Many interesting facts illustrative of this trait in their disposition have been recorded, some of which will not be unacceptable.

Mr. Selby, speaking of the peregrine falcon, formerly so much valued by the sportsman of the olden time, says: "In exercising my dogs upon the moors previous to the commencement of the shooting season, I observed a large bird of the hawk genus, hovering at a distance, which, upon approaching, I knew to be a peregrine falcon. Its attention was now drawn toward the dogs, and it accompanied them while they beat the surrounding ground. Upon their having found and sprung a brood of grouse, the falcon immediately gave chase, and struck a young bird before they had proceeded far upon the wing. My shouts and rapid advance prevented it from securing its prey. The issue of this attempt, however, did not deter the falcon from watching our subsequent movements, and, another opportunity soon offering, it again gave chase and struck down two birds by two rapidly repeated blows; one of the birds it secured and bore off in triumph." From the boldness of this falcon, and its apparently instinctive perception that the dogs aided it by springing the game, so as to enable it to pounce upon its quarry in the air, we may easily imagine that its training by the falconer is not a work of any great difficulty. Instead of regarding the dogs with apprehension, it appreciates their services, and knows how to take advantage of their labour. It hovers over them as they quarter the field, ready to strike the game as soon as they have put it up. Nor is it alarmed even by the report of the gun. Mr. Audubon says, "I have seen this hawk come at the report of a gun, and carry off a teal not thirty steps distant from the sportsman who had killed it, with a daring assurance as surprising as unexpected. This conduct has been observed by many individuals, and is a characteristic trait of the species. The largest duck that I have seen this bird attack and grapple with on the wing is the mallard."

Mr. Thompson relates, in his "Contributions to the Natural History of Ireland," the following anecdote:

"Mr. Sinclaire, when once exercising his dogs on the Belfast mountains towards the end of July, preparatory to grouse shooting, saw them point, and on coming up, he startled a male peregrine falcon off a grouse just killed by him, and very near the same place he came upon the female bird, also on a grouse. Although my friend lifted both the dead birds, the hawks continued flying about, and on the remainder of the pack of grouse, which lay near, being sprung by the dogs, either three or four more grouse were struck down by them; and thus two and a half or three brace were obtained by means of these wild birds, being more than had ever been procured out of a pack of grouse by his trained falcons." In a note he adds, "The same gentleman has frequently, when out shooting, obtained a single grouse which has been thus killed by wild peregrine falcons, but never more, except in the above instance."

The fear which birds manifest towards this falcon is extreme; if they escape from the stroke and get into cover, there they remain, and will allow themselves to be captured by the hand sooner than take to flight. Mr. Thompson states that he has known the blackcock thus made prisoner. We take the subjoined instance of the ferocity of the falcon from the same authority:

"In October, 1833, a female peregrine falcon of Mr. Sinclaire's, a bird of that year, and consequently but a few months' old, got loose in the hawk-yard, and killed a male of her own species a year or two older than herself, and which had the power of moving at least a yard from his block. She had nearly eaten him when a person entered the yard to feed, which he did once daily at a regular hour. This female bird was full fed the day before, and had never got more than one meal in the day." Montagu relates a similar occurrence in the "Supplement to his Ornithological Dictionary." A circumstance of the like nature has come under our own personal knowledge. A few years since, a friend highly distinguished for his scientific attainments, procured from their nest on the rocks opposite the Needles (Isle of Wight) a fine pair of

these falcons, male and female. They thrived well, and never appeared to manifest any dislike towards each other; so that no apprehensions were entertained of their attacking each other in the room where they were kept at liberty. One morning, however, the male was found dead, the beak of the female had pierced through the skull deep into the brain; we believe she had not commenced the feast, but her cry and her actions betrayed her angry mood. She afterwards passed into the possession of the grand falconer.

It is not only by the peregrine falcon that this ferocious daring is displayed; the little sparrowhawk (for which the hovering, circling kestrel is commonly mistaken,) is equally audacious, and will enter houses and buildings of any kind in pursuit of his fugitive quarry. He will scatter the tenants of the dovecote before the farmer's face; and, as we have witnessed, sweep off the songster from the branch in our immediate presence. Markwick tells us that when shooting in the winter with two friends, a woodcock flew across us closely pursued by a small hawk; we all three fired at the woodcock instead of the hawk, which, notwithstanding the report of three guns close by it, continued its pursuit of the woodcock, struck it down, and was afterwards discovered carrying it away.

Mr. Thompson informs us that, in 1833, an old female sparrowhawk that had followed a thrush into a cottage, where the latter fled for safety, and was there captured, was sent to Dr. J. D. Marshall. Confinement did not diminish its boldness; and when some stuffed birds were placed near, the hawk dashed at them with the utmost ferocity. "A sparrowhawk was once observed by Mr. R. Langtry to strike one of his sea-eagles, which was perching on his shed; and when his golden eagle was at liberty, he has not only seen it struck by one of these birds in passing, but was once witness to the sparrowhawk turning back and repeating the impertinence." "Another ornithological friend," says the same naturalist, "on climbing a tree to one of their nests, and when within a very few yards of it, was attacked by the female bird, and his cap at one stroke sent to the ground. He speedily followed it, lest the next should be on his bare head; but replacing the cap more firmly on, he gallantly remounted to the nest, which he had been in the habit of almost daily visiting, and was gratified with a sight of the young birds that day hatched, which accounts for the boldness of the parent. He describes the young as being beautiful in their first garb of snow-white down."

The henharrier, a large hawk not uncommon in the moorlands and wide waste lands of our islands and the continent, sometimes displays considerable boldness. It is known to be very destructive to game. Gilbert White, in his "Natural History of Selborne," says, "A neighbouring gentleman sprung a pheasant in a wheat stubble and shot at it; when, notwithstanding the report of the gun, it was immediately pursued by the blue hawk, known by the name of the henharrier, but escaped into some covert. He then sprung a second and a third in the same field, that got away in the same manner—the hawk hovering round him all the while, conscious no doubt of the game that lurked in the stubble." To this account may be added a statement by Markwick: "Once, when partridge shooting with a friend, we saw a ring-tailed hawk (the female of the henharrier) rise out of a pit with some large bird in its claws; though at a great distance, we both fired, and obliged it to drop its prey, which proved to be one of the partridges we were in pursuit of. Again, one evening I shot at and plainly saw that I had wounded a partridge, but, it being late, was obliged to go home without finding it again. The next morning I walked round my land without any gun; but a favourite old spaniel followed my heels. When I came near the field where I wounded the bird the evening before, I heard the partridges call, and they seemed to be very much disturbed. On my approaching the barway, they all rose, some on my right hand and some on my left hand; and just before me and overhead I perceived, though indistinctly, from the extreme velocity of their motion, two birds fly directly against each other, when instantly, to my great astonishment, down dropped a partridge at my feet. The dog immediately seized it; I found the blood flow very fast from a fresh wound on the head, but there was also some dry clotted blood on its wings and side, whence I concluded that a hawk had singled out my wounded bird as the object of his prey, and had struck it down the instant that my approach had obliged the birds to rise on the wing; but the space between the hedges was so small, and the motion of the birds so

instantaneous and quick, that I could not distinctly perceive the operation."

We may here observe that the peregrine falcon, to which we have previously alluded, is a bird of passage, regularly migrating from the north southwards, and the contrary. During these migrations, a few, attracted by the numerous flocks of pigeons kept in the metropolis, sometimes make a temporary stay there, taking up their quarters on the towers of Westminster Abbey or the top of St. Paul's. Audubon says they probably breed there; but this we doubt. Be this as it may, we were one day in Leicester-square, over which at the time a flock of pigeons was whirling, in the enjoyment of the exercise and unconscious of danger. Suddenly there was a rapid rush—the pigeons scattered in various directions; but one was in the clutches of a falcon, which in its swoop descended to within a few yards of the ground, and then rose, rapidly bearing off its victim. From the size of the falcon, the wide spread of its lead-black wings, and the character and rapidity of its attack, we knew it to be the peregrine. M.

GRATITUDE

Is a temper of mind which denotes a desire of acknowledging the receipt of a benefit. The mind which does not so feel, is not as it ought to be. When the apostle Paul says of the heathen, "Neither were they thankful," he seems to stamp the sin of ingratitude as peculiarly odious. But this vice was not peculiar to the heathen. How common is it among Christians, and to what an awful extent! What benefactor like God—so great, so good, so bountiful, so constant, so disinterested! and where are the grateful returns? How few utter from the heart these words: "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits!" "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me!"—sentiments no less rational than devout. But, like every other grace which is required of us, virtuous gratitude depends, in part, on right views. A right view of benefits received, of the source from whence they flow, and of our own demerit, has a direct tendency to excite gratitude; and while the mind is influenced by sovereign grace, this will be the pleasing effect. The devout Christian surveys the sovereign benevolence of the Creator in every person, in every object, in every quality, and in every event. When he views the starry heavens, and beholds how "one star differeth from another star in glory;" when he ploughs the mighty waters, and considers how they are peopled, and how astonishing the scale of animal existence, from the bulky whale to the microscopic animalcule; when he traverses the mountain and the forest, crosses the field and the meadow, or walks in the lawn and in the garden; when he visits the city, and observes the commercial, the political, and the military crowd, or mingles with the devout assembly, paying the homage of religious adoration; sovereign benevolence forces itself on every sense, and pervades his grateful heart. And then, when he extends his views to a future state, and contemplates the operations of grace—sovereign, distinguishing, efficacious grace—he is melted into reverential awe and grateful praise, and exclaims, "Why me, Lord!" Glory, everlasting glory to Him that sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb of God that was slain, who hath redeemed us to God by his blood, and hath given us the earnest of his own inheritance!—*Dr. E. Williams.*

ACCEPTANCE

A SINFUL human being accepted by a holy God!—a wanderer of earth received with favour at the footstool of Heaven's throne!—the history of man has no point of deeper interest than this. Here extremes meet; and the Almighty condescends to enter into terms with the weakest and most helpless being on earth. He who fills eternity with his praise, stoops to observe the breathings of a creature of time; and he who converses with angels, listens to the despairing accents of a dying worm! Once an orphan, a stranger, an outcast, a rebel, and something more than all, he is now regarded in another light. He has come to heaven's gate, and is accepted; the pavilion of God is stretched over him; the angels of light keep watch and ministry near him; and the Holy Spirit breathes the air of heaven around him. Earth has no honour like this. It is the golden chain of the Most High, parted into unnumbered fragments, with which to adorn a mortal creature, till it shall arise from every humiliation to a state of perfect holiness and joy!

There is in the world a certain acceptance of persons, which is a thing not approved by the eye of God, being only the corruption or abuse of that power men have in judgment. They overlook every motive of action through some sinful regard to the individual. It is the weakness of nature, and not its strength —the short-sightedness of erring humanity, and not its wisdom or honour. Earthly affections may be innocently cherished—brotherly love carried to its highest elevation; but God everywhere brands that perversion of judgment which leads to a sinful acceptance of the persons of men; yea, he even disclaims it in this sense himself—"There is no respect of persons with God."

But there is an acceptance of persons which is the gracious act of a sovereign and benign Being. For purposes of his own, and by a wise and wonderful administration, he receives believing souls into especial favour, and places them as a seal upon his heart, and as a seal upon his arm, which no power of earth or hell can remove. Such persons, indeed, were once out of favour, or in a state of enmity and alienation, which could not harmonise with a state of acceptance. The fall raised a mist over the fair scenes of a new created world. Sin, like a thick cloud, intercepted the beams of the Divine acceptance, and no heavenly ray could penetrate the gloom which was drawn around material things, or remove the deeper darkness of the soul of man, till the first promise came as a lightning glance from the throne of grace. The co-equal, co-eternal Son of God was to become the woman's seed, that he might bruise the serpent's head.

He was to be the new Sun to light men into the path of acceptance. Before Christ came in the flesh, his influence was felt by the ancient saints, as the first dawn of the morning; and when he arose on the earth by his life and sufferings, as "the Sun of righteousness," there was "healing in his wings." Though he set in a cloud of death, it was only to destroy that cloud; and when he came forth from the tomb, he emerged from the cloud, scattering it to the winds of heaven; for "He abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light." The satisfaction rendered by Christ to justice on the cross, removed that gloomy barrier to the rays of the Divine favour, and God said, "I have blotted out as a thick cloud thy transgressions, and as a cloud thy sins." Now the face of God shines on all who by faith can regard him as a father in Christ Jesus. They are renewed in the spirit of their mind, and "have access by faith into that grace wherein they stand."

But acceptance implies presentation to God; and no other hand than Christ's can lead us into the presence of the Great King, that he may present us "holy, and unblamable, and unrebukable in his sight." This the Redeemer does with every soul he loves, even while it is still dwelling in flesh and blood. No mortal mind can conceive of the reality or solemnity of that introduction; even the eye of faith can but dimly trace surrounding circumstances; but angels see it—all heaven is witness to it, while our glorious Forerunner undertakes the cause of every returning sinner before his Father's throne; as if he said, "Though born in sin, this soul has become mine by purchase and regeneration, let him, O Father, become thine by favour and acceptance: let the same love with which thou lovest me embrace him also." Then what titles of endearness follow! Believers are called "the household of faith;" "the friends of God;" "the dear children of God;" "the peculiar people of God;" "a crown of glory;" and "a royal diadem in the hand of their God."

Their humblest duties are then accepted. While God rejects the greatest gifts offered by others, saying, "Who hath required this at your hands?" he receives every small thing that comes with faith from his redeemed. There were but some very feeble buddings discerned on one of the branches of the blighted tree of the house of Jeroboam, but God from his throne beheld them: He saw in them the beginnings of grace in young Abijah, and he thus speaks of him: "In him there is found some good thing toward the Lord God of Israel." The intent and purpose which lie concealed in the heart, wrapped, perhaps, in the mantle of humility, or repressed through threatening hindrances, are accepted with him; as he said to David: "Whereas it was in thine heart to build a house unto my name, thou didst well, that it was in thine heart." Our very tears are precious. Even a secret groan uttered in sincerity shall not be despised; yea, though that groan "cannot be uttered."

Then, there is the acceptance of their prayers. Shall the voice of a worm be

strong enough to pierce the distance that intervenes between heaven and earth? Shall it be loud enough to overpower the resistance of the adversary? Shall it be deemed of sufficient importance to be listened to by the Sovereign of unnumbered worlds? That little word "Father!" lisped by an accepted child of God, shall be more powerful than the eloquence of Cicero, or the thunder of Demosthenes. It may be said to be one of the titles of the King of kings; as if it were written with a sunbeam over the golden canopy of his throne, "The Hearer of Prayer." Thus also he says in the prophet: "And it shall come to pass, that before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear." The prayers of the holiest among men stand in need of the intercession of our Great High Priest to make them effectual; and no prayer of the saints ever ascended to the throne of God on that cloud of incense, the Redeemer's merits, but meets acceptance there. And all shall be "to the praise of the glory of his grace, wherein he hath made us accepted in the Beloved."

S. D. M.

AFFLICTION SHOULD NOT BE DESPISED.

The Christian ought to be thankful for afflictions, and bless God for every twig in his rod, every drop in his cup. He holds the rod and the cup in the same hand by which he gives you Jesus Christ; yea, he afflicts you with the same love with which he gives you any good. Afflictions in themselves are evil, —but, being sanctified, they are necessary. Even the best of us are sometimes like a top, that will go no longer than it is whipped; we will not mend our pace, and run the ways of God's commandments without the rod. Historians relate that there was a king of Scotland, who, while a prisoner in Mortimer's Hole, scraped the narrative of Christ's passion on the stone wall—which was more than ever he did in his palace. Afflictions will make us run to God, and deep afflictions should raise up strong affections. The ark was nearest heaven when the waters of the flood were highest. Afflictions meeting with a gracious temper will melt the heart, and make it tender and humble; and the lowest humility is nearest to the highest majesty. Aristippus the cynic fell prostrate before Dionysius, and kissed his feet, when he presented a petition to him; and being asked the reason of his conduct, made answer, *Aures habet in pedibus:* "He hath ears in his feet." Never does a poor prostrate soul, brought down to extremity, seek God's face with prayers and tears in vain, but meets with a gracious answer. Now if afflictions sanctified be so good, then surely you should be thankful for them; this being one eminent excellence that praise hath above prayer, namely, that we may praise God for that for which we may not pray. Though we may not pray for afflictions, yet we should bless God for them. So did Job: "The Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." —*Beadle.*

FACTS OF THE GOSPEL.

A fact means or denotes something done. Truth and fact, though often confounded, are not the same. All facts are truths, but all truths are not facts. That God exists is a truth, but not a fact; that he created the heavens and the earth, is a fact and a truth. That Paul was the apostle of the Gentiles is a truth, but not a fact; and that he preached Christ to the Gentiles, is both a fact and a truth. The simple agreement of the terms of any proposition with the subject of that proposition, or the representation of anything as it exists, is a truth. But something must be done, acted, or effected, before we have a fact. There are many things in religion, morals, politics, and general science, which are not facts; but these are all but the correspondence of words and ideas with the things of which they treat.

Facts have a power which logical truth has not; and therefore we say that "facts are stubborn things." They are things, not words. The power of any fact is the meaning; and therefore the meaning of its power is the magnitude of its import. All moral facts have a moral meaning; and those are properly called moral facts, which either exhibit, develop, or form moral character. All those facts, or works of God, which are purely physical, exhibit what have been commonly called his natural or physical perfections; and all those facts, or works of God, which are properly moral, exhibit his moral character.

The work of redemption is a system of works or deeds, on the part of Heaven,

which constitute the most splendid series of moral facts that man or angel ever saw. And they are the proof, the argument, or the demonstration, that "God is love,"—that those two names convey but one idea. When these facts are understood and believed, they delineate the image of God upon the human soul. All the means of grace are, therefore, only the means of impressing the seal upon the heart—of bringing these moral facts to make their full impression on the soul of man.—*A. Campbell.*

THE BROAD ELLIPTICAL HALO.

The less frequent example of halo is that white ring which we see drawn at a good distance from the moon, when a soft and fluent haze invests the sky in the night season. This seems to be occasioned by reflection. The moon's rays fall upon the watery particles, which act like so many mirrors, and reflect the light upon the object that is placed within its range. We see in the example of the common reflectors which we use for our microscopes, that the plane surface must not only receive the light from the clouds, but be so turned as to cast it upon the eye that is placed over the object to be inspected. Light, therefore, that is reflected at a certain angle only will reach the eye; all the rest will pass either above or below it. In the case of the halo we are considering, the point of this certain angle of reflection describes a circle round the moon. The lunar rays may be reflected from the cloud or haze within and without this circle, but they do not reach the eye, because the angle is not the due one for vision. If spectators stood at different elevations, they would see different halos. This observation might be verified, if the breadth of the ring were measured by a sextant on the top of St. Paul's cathedral and on the ground at the same time.

The appearance of this halo is more frequent at sea, where, from the motion of the vessel, and the want of sufficient elevation, the experiment could not be tried with much reliance upon the accuracy of the result. The writer has watched in China, and in different latitudes, and always judged it to be of the same breadth, which affords a presumptive proof, that what was said about the exact angle for reflecting the rays of light to the eye, was founded in truth. He never noted any exhibition of colour, and the haze always appeared too thin and even to occasion any kind of irridescence by the different densities of its surface. The nights in which this phenomenon takes place are remarkable for their softness, which is not surprising; for if a strong wind were to spring up, the gentle suffusion would be dissipated, and the mirror, if we may use a figurative expression, would be broken into a thousand pieces. A thin, even, and continuous sheet of vapour seems essential to the production of this kind of halo, and such a thing can only happen when the breezes are asleep, or sweep in gentle breath near the surface of the earth or the sea. This is the time for musing upon the works of God both within and without us, either to exercise the judgment, or, under the Divine blessing, to improve the heart.

The elliptical form of this halo is a curious circumstance, and deserves our attention: it seems to suggest to the mind of a mathematician, that at night the zenith appears further from the spectator than the edge of the horizon. This is perhaps owing to the haziness that prevails in the lower parts of the sky. This haziness arises from this cause, namely, that we are obliged to look through sheets of vapour by their long diameter, and hence our view is more obstructed than when we see through some of their shorter diameters. We know that all the luminaries appear larger nearer the horizon than they do a good distance above, and so are virtually nearer to us, though not actually so.

G. T. L.

THE ANALOGY OF FAITH.

No sense is to be given of any text but what is agreeable to the analogy of faith, has a tendency to advance the Divine perfections, stain the pride of all flesh in the sight of God, and promote practical godliness in all its branches.—*Dr. Ridgley.*

DEATH.

Few, perhaps, reflect, when they follow a friend to the grave, that life itself exhibits little more than a funeral procession, where friend follows friend, weeping to-day and wept for to-morrow.—*Cecil.*

Modern Laodicea.

LAODICEA.

There were four places named Laodicea, which it may be well to distinguish, to prevent their being confounded with one another. The first was in the western part of Phrygia, on the borders of Lydia; the second, in the eastern part of the same country, denominated Laodicea Combusta; the third, on the coast of Syria, called Laodicea ad Mare, and serving as the port of Aleppo; and the fourth, in the same country, bearing the name of Laodicea ad Libanum, from its proximity to that mountain.

June, 1848.

The third of these, that on the coast of Syria, was destroyed by the great earthquake of Aleppo, in August, 1822, and at the time of that event was supposed by many to be the Laodicea of Scripture, although, in fact, not less than four hundred miles from it. But the first of these, lying on the confines of Phrygia and Lydia, about forty miles east of Ephesus, is that which claims the attention of the reader, as having contained one of the seven churches of Asia, to which John was commissioned to deliver his epistle.

The site of this city, which was distinguished as Laodicea ad Lycum, from its

situation on the banks of the Lycus, a tributary of the Mæander, is marked only by the remains of public buildings; and hence the neighbouring hamlet, inhabited only by a few squalid Turks, has received the name of "*Eski-hissar*," or "The Old Castles." It derived its scriptural and classic name from Laodice, the wife of its founder, Antiochus II., the son of Stratonice. Long an inconsiderable place, and repeatedly laid in ruins by earthquakes, the fertility of its soil, and the superior energy of its people, raised it to importance towards the Augustan age. Hiero adorned it with many offerings, and left the people his heir of more than two thousand dollars. Zeno, the celebrated founder of the Stoic philosophy, and his son, Polemo,* lived here; and the latter was buried near the Syrian gate of the city.

It suffered much from a siege by Mithridates, but was enlarged and strengthened by the Romans; so that about the Christian era, it became, next to Apamea Cibotos, the largest town of Phrygia, and vied in importance with those bordering on the coast. Of its subsequent history during several centuries little is known; it was generally in a prosperous condition under the Roman emperors, and was flourishing even in 1190, when Frederick Barbarossa visited it on his way to the third crusade. Early in the following century the neighbouring country was the scene of a conflict between the Turks and the emperor Comnenus, who finally took the city and repaired its defences. These, however, were again destroyed, and the people killed or carried away by the conqueror.

The hill of Laodicea is considered by Dr. Chandler to have been of volcanic origin. It consists of dry and porous ground, which reverberates beneath the horses' tread; and while the stones consist of masses of pebbles, or stones consolidated, they are as light as pumice-stone, though, on digging, they are as hard as cement. The country about the Mæander is light and friable, and full of salts generating inflammable matter, which are undermined by fire and water. Hence hot springs abounded, which, after passing underground from the reservoirs, appeared on the mountain, or bubbled up in the plain, or the bed of the river.

It was not, therefore, surprising that earthquakes were common, for the nitrous vapour compressed in the cavities, and sublimed by heat or fermentation, burst its barriers with loud explosions, agitating the atmosphere, and shaking the earth and waters with a violence as extensive as destructive. The pestilential grottoes, which had subterranean communication with each other, emitted noisome effluvia. Many regarded these caves as apertures of the infernal regions, or as passages for deadly fumes arising from the realms of Pluto. Thus the hills around Laodicea have been supposed to be the formations of volcanic eruptions, a supposition by no means unnatural or improbable.

The remains of the old city, as they now appear, are very extensive; and the whole surface within the walls is strewed with pedestals and fragments, indicating by their size and workmanship the former luxury and magnificence of the city. It is now deserted, its only inhabitants being the wolves and jackals of the wilds around, who find among the ruins of a fallen city a shelter and a home. The remains of three theatres and a circus attest its former greatness. One, which has its entrance from the north-east, is very large, and might have contained between twenty and thirty thousand men, having about fifty steps, a yard broad, and a foot and a quarter high, one above another, the plain at the bottom being about thirty yards over. The second opens to the west, and the third to the south. The circus has about two-and-twenty steps, which remain firm and entire, and is above three hundred and forty paces in length from one end to another, the entrance being to the east. Many of the seats are still in tolerable preservation, and at the west end is a vaulted passage, about a hundred and forty feet long, designed for the horses and chariots entering the arena. A Greek inscription, on the mouldings, informs us that it was completed in the reign of the emperor Vespasian, A.D. 82, after having occupied twelve years in building.

There are remains also of an odeum, two theatres, and a fabric, which Chandler supposed had been a senate-house and exchange. In the amphitheatre an inscription has been found, and, by comparing the date it gives, we find that it must have been in course of erection when the message was sent to the church of Laodicea, and that it was not long after finished. There is also a cave that has a very handsome arch, on which Dr. Smith found an inscription, purporting

* Philostratus, p. 543.

that the building occupied twelve years in the construction, was dedicated to Vespasian, and was completed during the consulate of Trajan, in the eighty-second year of the Christian era. The Turks have made a multitude of excavations, for the sake of the stone, and have thus brought large and fine sculptured fragments to view, which sufficiently proves that the larger part of the ancient city, whether by earthquake or other causes, is buried much below the present surface of the earth.

When approaching the town from Guzel-hissar, the road equals in quality, and the scenery in beauty, many of the finest districts of England. "We spread our mattresses," says a traveller, "in a coffee-hut at Cushak; but the smoke of charcoal fires and a host of pipes, and the interminable concert of dogs, cats, (crawling over our faces,) horses, asses, cocks, and snoring Turks, gave us a sleepless night." The view of the Mæander adds greatly to the beauty of the scene, while orchards of figs and other fruit trees, with corn sown under them, and the hedges and water-courses, in excellent order, afford views which, for cultivation and beauty, are unsurpassed by those of our own favoured land. Arundell, who observed the town from an eminence whence a considerable view could be obtained, says—"The village and its flat-roofed houses and trees lay on the right; behind them a ridge of hills, over which rose mountains capped with snow. In front, separated only by a narrow vale, in which is the amphitheatre, (called by Smith the circus,) on a long ridge, lie the ruins of Laodicea; directly behind them is seen the city of Hierapolis, appearing like a large semicircular excavation of white marble, on the side of Mount Messogis; between which and the ruins of Laodicea is seen part of the plain of the Lycus. At the left, higher up the hill, is a long line of arches, in large masses much decayed, once an aqueduct, before which were Turcoman black tents, and thousands of goats and sheep of the same colour."

At a short distance from Eski-hissar is Denizli, which has been compared to Damascus for beauty. It is a large walled town, containing four thousand Turkish houses, besides those of the Greeks, and several mosques. The numerous fragments of buildings which, in all directions, excite the attention of travellers, do not fail to impress forcibly on his mind the grandeur of the city that has passed away. There is, in fact, not one of the seven churches, the overthrow of which has been so severe, and the desolation of which so entire, as that of Laodicea. It is, indeed, little other than a heap of ruins; from which, however, ample evidence may be collected of the magnificence for which it was anciently celebrated. These ruins cover three or four small hills, and are of very great extent.

Tradition states, that the neighbourhood of this city was the scene of the labours of Bartholomew and the martyrdom of Philip; and its bishops are frequently mentioned in the councils of the church. The apostle Paul visited Phrygia on two occasions; and Macknight, Lardner, and Tomline are of opinion that the churches of Laodicea, Hierapolis, and Colosse were established by him. It is maintained, on the other hand, by Calmet, Horne, and others, that none of these places were ever visited by the apostle, for his route was in a more northward direction.

Turning to the inspired record, we find that, "After he had spent some time there, (at Antioch,) he departed, and went over all the country of Galatia and Phrygia in order," Acts xviii. 23—a statement which intimates that he made a regular tour through both districts. "Though the historian," says Mr. Milner, "devotes only a single verse to his notice of this journey, it is obvious from his manner that it was not a hasty visit, but occupied the apostle's time and labour a considerable period." Macknight says that Paul, in his travels, appears to have gone directly to the chief cities in every country where he proposed to introduce the gospel. "The policy and advantages of this plan are obvious; for in the great towns he would have an opportunity of making known his doctrines to multitudes at once, thus most rapidly effecting the diffusion of Christianity." Two other journeys of Paul are noticed in the book of Acts, in which he must have passed in the neighbourhood of Laodicea; for he traversed Pisidia and Pamphylia, the neighbouring provinces to Phrygia, and within a day's journey of the apocalyptic city: "And after they (Paul and Barnabas) had passed throughout Pisidia, they came to Pamphylia," Acts xiv. 24. On the other hand, it is maintained that, in the epistle to the Colossians—whose contiguity renders it highly probable that the means used for implanting Christianity in

one town was employed in the other—he says, "Since we heard of your faith in Christ Jesus," Col. i. 4; which is considered as implying that they were not converts under his instrumentality, and that his knowledge of their faith was received from the testimony of witnesses. Again, the apostle says—"I would that ye knew what great conflict I have for you, and for them in Laodicea, and for as many as have not seen my face in the flesh," Col. ii. 1.

The inspired charge to the apostle John was:—"And unto the angel of the church of the Laodiceans write; These things saith the Amen, the faithful and true witness, the beginning of the creation of God; I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot: I would thou wert cold or hot. So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth. Because thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked: I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich; and white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed, and that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear; and anoint thine eyes with eye-salve, that thou mayest see. As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten: be zealous, therefore, and repent. Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me. To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne. He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches," Rev. iii. 14—22. The church which had been built up in the faith at Laodicea appears, by the epistle addressed to it, to have fallen away from its "first love." These words were, therefore, sent in exhortation and reproof by the "Amen," who demanded of those who worshipped him that they should do so in spirit and in truth. He asked not the cold acknowledgment of their allegiance—he sought not a formal attendance on his ordinances; but denouncing evil tempers, unholy actions, and attachment to the world, he intimates that a combination of these, with a profession of love to Christ, was more dishonouring to the cause of religion than their apostasy itself. By such a course the world would entertain—as it does at the present day—an unfavourable view of the great and glorious principles of Christianity, and they would thus prove traitors to the cause they avowed. Unless, therefore, they became "fervent in spirit, serving the Lord," they were warned that they would be rejected by the God of purity. Nor should it be overlooked that, though the declaration was expressly intended for the Laodicean church, it is applicable to professing Christians of every age. As there are many who discourage those who are seeking the strait and narrow road by their own inconsistencies, it is well for each one to ask himself whether he falls under the like condemnation.

Laodicea, now extinct, is to be traced only by a confused heap of ruins on the green declivities of the mountain range of Messogies. Whether the members of the church there were roused from their sloth by the apostolic injunctions, or whether they heeded not the commands of Christ, the spectacle will not fail to impress the beholder and the reader with the conviction of the subsequent criminality of the city. The "half-entombed ruins" and mouldering sarcophagi which may still be seen, and the cry of the jackal, as it is wafted on the breeze over the desolate spot, declare, in terms not less clear than impressive, that punishment awaits the wicked, and that, if nations raise the arm of defiance to heaven's high throne, they will find that "it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God!" F. S. W.

THE PENITENT MALEFACTOR.

He had seen and watched every movement of the lamb-like Sufferer who hung upon the neighbouring cross. He had witnessed the anxiety which, in the midst of his own pains, he had shown for his sorrowing mother; and the shelter which he had been careful to provide her under the humble roof of the friend he loved. He had heard his prayer for the forgiveness of his persecutors. Never, he thought, had man spoken like this man. Such meekness and gentleness he had never seen nor conceived before. Perhaps he had already been a witness of the unjust sentence forced from Pilate, and the denial of all fair justice which had marked the whole proceedings of his trial. But, at

all events, no such previous vindication was required. This acute observer knew that such prayers, such accents of forgiveness and love, could never flow from a guilty bosom; such innocence could not beam from the countenance, if there were an accusing conscience in the breast.

Under exciting circumstances how quickly can love wind its cords around the heart! How rapidly can it run up into an attachment which neither life nor death can sever! So it was in the instance of this fellow-sufferer with the Lord of glory. Though as yet he knew not that it was the attraction of Omnipotence which drew him, it was still an attraction stronger than the agonies of his cross; one which forced from him the assertion of the innocence of Jesus, whatever increase of torment that assertion might bring upon himself. All this, I grant, was but high-wrought natural feeling towards a wronged and injured man. It was human virtue at its most exalted pitch,—just at the point where two worlds meet, and fidelity is sublimated into faith. Here light from above begins to dawn: the brightness of the Father's glory begins to shine in the face of Jesus: the Godhead beams through the veil of flesh. And now the Holy Spirit descends into the compassionate bosom of the repentant thief; and he who vindicated his unknown Saviour's innocence as a man, now in spirit calls him Lord!—now with his heart believes, and with his mouth exclaims to the dying malefactor at his side, "My Lord and my God!"

We have here a proof that friends will meet again—or, rather, an exemplification of that most delightful truth. This repentant sinner was but the first fruits of a glorious harvest; of those who, when the hour of their release arrives, will be with their beloved Lord in paradise: and if all with him, with one another, bound by the ties which no lapse of time, no length of exhaustless years can sever. Oh what happy meetings, what blissful greetings will be there! How will those who parted in sorrow behold each other once more in joy!—Husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters, mutual friends, with cords still closer than those of blood united! But still, in the midst of those interchanges of unaltered and unalterable affection, one ruling passion will burn in every bosom without a rival: all hearts and all eyes will turn to Him who purchased this blessedness for them; who loved them with an everlasting love; who, for their sakes, was led as a lamb to the slaughter; who, "for the joy that was set before him" in their salvation, "endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God!"—*Woodward.*

GUTTA PERCHA.

No. I.

Among the many and various productions of the natural world which from time to time are discovered, Gutta Percha is not the least remarkable. This curious substance was known at Singapore and elsewhere, several years previously to its introduction into Europe: it is the product of a large forest tree, a native of the shores of the Straits of Malacca, Borneo, and the adjacent countries.

For our earliest information, however, respecting it, we are indebted to Dr. W. Montgomerie, who transmitted the following communication to the Royal Scottish Society of Arts; for which, in April 1845, he was presented with a silver medal:

"As far back," writes this gentleman, "as 1822, when I was on duty at Singapore, as assistant-surgeon to the Residency, I had obtained the name of it while making inquiries relative to caoutchouc, of which there are several varieties, and some very fine specimens were brought me, particularly one called 'gutta girek,' (the *i* sounded as in Italian, and the *k* almost mute;) and I was told that there was another variety called 'gutta percha,' and sometimes 'gutta tuban,' which, they said, was harder than the 'gutta girek;' but none of it was brought to me at that time, and I lost sight of it, having returned to the Bengal Presidency. But being again sent on duty to the Straits' settlements, and while at Singapore, in 1842, I on one occasion observed in the hands of a Malayan woodsman the handle of a parang, made of a substance which appeared quite new to me. My curiosity was excited, and on inquiry, I found it was made of the gutta percha, and that it could be moulded into any form by simply dipping it in boiling water until it became heated throughout, when it became plastic as clay, and when cold regained unchanged its original hardness and rigidity. I immediately possessed myself of the article, and desired the man to fetch me as much more of it as he could get. On making some experiments with it, I at once dis-

covered that, if procurable in large quantities, it would become extensively useful; and even if only in small quantities, it would still be invaluable in the formation of many surgical instruments, particularly as a substitute for caoutchouc in many of the articles made of that substance, as I had found that those instruments which were made of caoutchouc which had been dissolved in naphtha, or other solvent, became speedily damaged and totally useless in the damp and hot climate within the tropics. I wrote, therefore, to the medical board in Calcutta, strongly recommending its adoption, and sent specimens of the substance. After having examined it, the board highly approved of my suggestion, and directed me to procure and send some of it to Calcutta, which was done."

Several interesting descriptions have been given of this valuable tree. Sir William Hooker supposes it to be one of the order of *Sapotaceæ* plants, in which the leaves of the flower-bud overlap each other. In the *London Journal of Botany* for January, 1847, it was thought, though not without some doubts, to belong to the genus *Bassia;* but on Dr. Oxley, of Singapore, an ardent lover of natural history pursuits, being written to, the question was speedily decided. Some flowering specimens were forwarded by return of post, which were carefully preserved by a thin box, of which some portions were manufactured of the gum itself. From these specimens, which were so perfect, a thorough knowledge of the genus was readily ascertained, and it is now definitively referred to Dr. Wight's genus of *Sapotaceæ*, which he has called *Isonandra*—two species of which were published in the *Herbarium* of the Botanical Society, natives of the Madras Peninsula; to which De Candolle is said to have added the *Sideroxylon Wightiamim* and the *S. Perrottetiana* from the *Niëlgherries*. There being such a slight difference between Dr. Wight's species and that which Dr. Hooker examined, being exactly accordant in habit with *Isonandra*, and only varying as to the number of divisions and parts of the flower, *tetramersus* in the one, (Dr. Wight's,) *hexamersus* in the other, Dr. Hooker decided on calling the specimen in question *Isonandra Gutta*.

Dr. Mouat and Dr. Maclagan have stated it to consist of carbon, hydrogen, and a small quantity of oxygen. We learn from Mr. Brooke that the tree is called by the Sarawak people, niato; but the natives are unacquainted with the value of its sap. It attains at Borneo a considerable size, measuring often six feet in diameter. Although, when Dr. Montgomerie was making his inquiries, the people of Malacca and the natives of Sumatra were in profound ignorance of its produce, there is little doubt but that ere long these trees will abound in the forests of those islands which range from Sumatra to the Philippines, and also along the whole range of Cochin China to Malaya.

Of how much value is one enterprising spirit! But for Dr. Montgomerie's investigations, we might to this day have remained in ignorance of what promises to prove a most valuable commodity; and however some individuals, destitute of an energy which inclines others onward and onward, may think that caoutchouc would answer all the necessary purposes of gutta percha, we advocate that untiring spirit which welcomes the least improvement. Every discovery is but an addition to that golden chain of knowledge, whose first link was wrought in heaven, and which will grow in length and power till the end of time.

Although gutta percha is comparatively a novelty in this country, more than two hundred tons have been imported from Singapore alone. The name of this tree being so differently pronounced, it may be as well to give the origin of it in Dr. Montgomerie's own words:—"The name is a pure Malayan one,* 'Gutta' meaning the gum or concrete juice of a plant, and 'Percha' the particular tree from which this is procured; the *ch* is not pronounced hard, like a *k*, but like the *ch* in the English name of the fish perch. Had I thought there was a probability of the name being mispronounced, I might have used the uncouth orthography *pertska*, but it would have run the risk of being taken for a Russian or Polish name." For further confirmation, if needed, of the above, the Malayan name for the island of Sumatra is pulo percha.

It appears that there are different kinds of gutta percha. Mr. Jerdan has stated that there are two kinds, white and black, their properties, however, differing but little; the former is thought best for modelling.

In reference to the employment of this and a kindred substance, Messrs.

* It should be understood that neither gutta percha nor the caoutchouc possesses any of the properties of gum, although this name is applied to both.

Brockedon and Hancock, the patentees, state their invention to consist of a peculiar means of applying caoutchouc and gutta percha to a variety of purposes to which they have not heretofore been applied; and that, although they have adopted the terms India-rubber and gutta percha, because most convenient, they desire to be understood as including all those varieties of hydro-carbons known to botanists as of vegetable origin, and which varieties take their names from the countries whence they are exported—as Saikwah, West Indian, Madagascar, Java, etc.; or from the names given by the natives—such as, jintawan, gutta tuban, gutta percha, dolla, etc.; or from the state in which it is imported—such as liquid, bottle, root, scrap, etc.; all of which details have been described by Dr. Roxburgh, Lieut. Veitch, and others, in the "Proceedings of the Agricultural and Horticultural Society of India."

"When India-rubber, (the vegetable substance known by that name,) or any of its varieties—all of which differ from gum, sugar, starch, etc., in not being soluble in water, however compounded—are employed for the purposes of manufacture, they are subjected to the same, or very similar processes, namely, rolling, masticating, etc. From all these varieties caoutchouc is obtained by destructive distillation, and all effected by the same solvents."

Mr. Busk read, at a recent meeting of the British Association, a paper "On the Application of Gutta Percha to Modelling." After alluding to his experiments, he described the mode he followed in obtaining his moulds:—"It is to be rolled out on a smooth surface in sheets of any convenient size suitable to the object to be taken, and varying in thickness according to the size. For small objects, from one-twelfth to one-sixteenth of an inch is thick enough. The sheet is dipped for a moment or two into boiling water, and placed warm upon the object, upon the surface of which it is to be carefully pressed with the finger-point, or a convenient elastic pad, so as to insure its close and uniform adaptation. In moulding soft objects, it is, of course, necessary that they should possess elasticity or resiliency, as is the case with living, or recently dead, animal bodies. The gutta percha does not seem to be applicable to taking moulds from very fragile bodies, such as many fossils, which would not bear the requisite pressure, nor admit of the removal of the mould when rigid, without risk. The most delicate objects, however, and slender projections, if firm enough in the original, may, in the plaster cast, be removed from the matrix without any difficulty, when the latter is softened by momentary immersion in hot water."

It is thought by many, that gutta percha is likely, in the course of time, when its properties shall be better and more extensively known, entirely to supersede the use of the caoutchouc in many articles of manufacture; since, although very similar to it in many respects, it differs materially in others, and in some which claim for the gutta percha a decided preference. Like caoutchouc, it is strongly adhesive and agglutinating, as well as perfectly repellent of water; but it has this advantage, among others, over India-rubber, that it is entirely free from stickiness when dry; it is also more free from unpleasant odour, and is unaffected by the action of oils or grease; and it mixes without any trouble with paint and other colouring matters. Above all, it is so ductile in its nature, that by merely immersing it in warm water, it may be kneaded into a paste, moulded into any form, or, in short, spun into thread, and, equally with caoutchouc, when subjected to the process of sulphurization, rendered proof against any changes of temperature.

With this valuable discovery, as with all that is associated with human ignorance, there is one fact much to be regretted—the destructive mode adopted by the natives of procuring the juice of the gutta percha tree. Dr. Montgomerie says—"A magnificent tree, of fifty, or, more probably, one hundred years' growth, is cut down, the bark stripped off, and the milky juice collected and poured into a trough formed by the hollow stem of the plantain leaf; it quickly coagulates on exposure to the air; but from one tree, I was told, that not more than 20 lbs. or 30 lbs. are procured." There is little doubt that some better plan will be thought of, however: by tapping the tree at particular seasons, as occurred to the minds of Dr. Montgomerie and others. The fear entertained by them is, that such a plan would be too slow a process for the natives, who are more expert with their hands than they are quick in their conceptions; and that, although the first discoverer of this property might follow the suggestion of a superior, and so preserve it for the services of after years,

there being no property in the trees of the forest, excepting when grants of land have been given, one instance of the sparing hand might never be followed by a second.

How sad to witness such a reckless destruction of beautiful trees! Let us hope, however, that as the usefulness of the tree becomes more widely known, the proper mode of procuring its juice will be equally extended. Its properties are so valuable, and the uses so numerous to which it is likely to be rendered available, that time alone is needed to remedy all those evils which always accompany any newly-discovered good. Had we space, it would be easy to dwell on the details of those instances in which this commodity has been applied to the most useful purposes; but at present we can do no more than state a few of them. For the following we are indebted to Mr. Charles Hancock, the principal director of the works of the Gutta Percha Company:

"In addition to those purposes to which gutta percha has been applied," says Mr. Hancock, "it may be manufactured by moulding, stamping, embossing, casting, or any other known process or processes, into various articles of use—as glass and picture-frames, cornices, mouldings, and other architectural ornaments, panellings, mosaics, etc." The various processes to which the gutta percha is subjected for the above purposes, and a fuller description of this valuable material, must be reserved for a future paper.

The Christian, as he contemplates the mighty results of what, to the ordinary observer, is thought of as a trifle, cannot but be struck with the abundant provision made for the benefit and comfort of man by the Creator of this beautiful world. What vast stores are spread over its surface, or evolved from its bowels, or derived from its innumerable productions! Even from substances whose original properties are destroyed, may be formed others, which are rendered available to equally useful and important purposes. This is a sublime fact, and one calculated to elevate our thoughts to Him who has not only made nothing in vain, but who has constituted everything for perpetuity. The mind duly impressed — wrapt in wonder and admiration—exclaims with the poet, as he looked toward yonder world of perfection:

"This is the bud of being, the dim dawn,
The twilight of our day, the vestibule:
How solid all where change shall be no more!"

We may not unaptly close with the aspirations of the same writer, who, with visions of that blessed world before his mental eye, thus describes it:

"What golden joys ambrosial clustering glow
In His full beam, and ripen for the just,
Where momentary ages are no more!
Where time, and pain, and chance, and death expire!"

S.

SALVATION BROUGHT NIGH.

SALVATION is brought near when the word reaches the conscience. It may be read, or heard, and understood, and yet the conscience be undisturbed. Sin stupifies the conscience: it often sleeps when it should be awake. But there are times when the word enters the conscience; the sinner is convinced of his sins, and the word is fulfilled,—"I will reprove thee, and set them in order before thine eyes," Psa. l. 21. These checks and reproofs admonish of coming punishment; they point to the wrath to come, and show the sinner his need of the Saviour. How often have you felt reproved and condemned by your own conscience! It may have been in the hour of retirement, upon your bed in the silence of the night, or when you have read the Bible, or stood by the grave of a friend, or when listening to the word of God, or when lying upon a sick bed, or when reading some tract or volume; and it may be that even now conscience admonishes you of neglected duty,

"Points you to the coming wrath;
And warns you from that wrath to flee;"—

and then how near is salvation to you! The word is not only in your mouth, it is in your very soul; you feel its power there; it renders you ill at ease in your sins, and points you to the only way of peace and safety. Yes, reader, salvation is near to you. An all-sufficient righteousness is offered for your justification. A Divine Redeemer invites you to his bosom; and your own conscience cries, "Escape for thy life; look not behind thee, neither stay thou in all the plain: escape to the mountain, lest thou be consumed," Gen. xix. 17.—*M'Cord.*

THE SUPREMACY OF SCRIPTURE.

WHAT is called "implicit faith" is not merely consistent with practical infidelity; but so far as it is a blind submission to human teaching on divine subjects, instead of referring all to the

revealed word of God, it is of the very essence of unbelief, for it trusts man rather than God. Wherever the appeal is not made on all religious questions directly and simply "to the law and to the testimony," the course of our argument will tend to show that there is no spiritual light, there is no real faith. They whose indiscriminating credulity received "gods many and lords many," were condemned for not retaining God in their knowledge, and were punished by the visitation of so strong a delusion that they "believed a lie," under the influence of which they worshipped the creature rather than the Creator, who is over all, God blessed for ever. Superstition and infidelity have often been contrasted—but it is important to observe carefully their points of contact, and even of coincidence; for they have a common origin, and produce similar results: they are of their father, the devil, and the works of their father they do. It is not simply by reaction that superstition and infidelity produce each other, so that the blind devotee, when light breaks in upon his mind, rushes to the opposite extreme of absolute unbelief, or the audacious infidel yields himself up to the most abject spiritual bondage; but these principles act upon each other reciprocally as cause and effect. The carnal indifference of one age produces the voluntary humility and will-worship of the next; but neither come from God: for asceticism is not piety, nor is superstition faith; and in both instances the carnal mind was seeking rest by a way of its own, instead of the way of God's appointment. The very same state of mind which rejects the righteousness of God, goes about to establish its own, substituting religious formalism for spiritual life; but formalism without life not only is not of God, but is the most subtle shape which spiritual delusion can assume,—for it satisfies the conscience with the semblance of godliness, and consecrates the self-indulgent habits of the world, after exacting from them the propitiatory sacrifice of some acts of external mortification.

A similar remark will apply to the intellectual manifestations of the carnal mind; for an uninquiring submission to ecclesiastical authority is usually little more than the refuge of scepticism or indifference, despairing of making its way to Divine truth through a host of difficulties, or satisfied, for the sake of peace, to give up the investigation, and yield a passive assent to the teaching of others; but in neither case is there faith in God. Indeed, submission to ecclesiastical authority as such, and irrespective of any personal conviction that what is thus taught is really derived from the Bible, is as essentially rationalistic as if we were to treat the Bible as a dead letter, to which our own reason is to give a living meaning and power; for in the latter case we yield assent to our own reason, and in the former to the reason of other men; but in neither case are we the believing disciples of a "teacher come from God." Human authority, under every form, is essentially rationalistic. It makes the word of God of none effect, develops into simple rationalism, and has not any resting-place until it settles into a system which does not even profess to be contained in the Bible; and though deducing its origin historically, by successive changes, from the former ages of the church, rests actually upon the dominant opinion of the present age. But this developed system is not another gospel; it is simply a form of theosophy moulded according to human conceptions, and the act of mind by which it is embraced may be belief in man, but clearly is not faith in God, unless the authority from which it is derived be itself inspired, and so becomes in fact the voice of God.

It is most important to draw these distinctions, and to unravel the web of sophistry by which submission to man's teaching is confounded with belief in the record which God has given us; for confused ideas on this point lie at the root of no small portion of the multiform errors of our day, and prevent men from observing the identity of the conflicting evils with which we are threatened, from rationalism on the one hand, and authority on the other; both of them obscuring and superseding the word of God, and submitting it to the bar of human reason. We are tempted to think that if we have persuaded men to submit to what we believe to be truth, all is gained; but we must bear in mind, that if they have submitted their judgment to our authority, without having been convinced that what we teach is really contained in the Bible, they have not performed an act of faith, but of reason. They have received our teaching, not as the word of God, but as the word of man; and therefore, even though their opinions be scrip-

tural, yet their trust has been given to a human teacher, and is not an exercise of faith in God. In the same way, and for a similar reason, if we receive the Bible as the record of honest men, who reported, to the best of their knowledge, what they had heard or seen, and deal with it as the human, and therefore fallible, history of Divine facts, our faith is not given to the Bible as a revelation from God, but to a religious system of our own, which the Bible has only assisted us to construct; and here, again, there is no exercise of faith in God. Until the will of man is brought down to the will of God, and the reasonings of man are subjected to the teaching of God, no advance is made towards a state of harmony with the Divine mind; there is neither light, nor life, nor real faith. Therefore our great object as Christian teachers must be to bring men to the Bible, as the record which God has given them, and by which they must be judged at the last day. We must show them that before this inspired volume all their preconceived notions must bow, and that they are responsible to God for bringing to the study of its contents a prepared and teachable spirit, and for the employment of every legitimate means with which they have been furnished. We contend as much against the presumption of ignorance deciding on things beyond its reach, and despising its appointed teachers, as we do against a blind and passive submission to merely human authority. With this limitation, however, we are bound to assert not simply the right of private judgment, but its duty, and to show that no man can evade the responsibility of employing the reason which God has given him, to understand the volume in which God has been pleased to reveal to him his will of love and mercy.—*Bishop Shirley.*

OLD HUMPHREY AT BLAIR ATHOL.

Ben Vrachie like a giant frowns;
The Tummel Falls are sheen;
And Killiecrankie's fearful pass
Lies gloomily between.
Ben Dearg lifts his awful head,
With forest wilds below;
And, eastward, rise the prouder heights
Of dreary Ben-y-Gloe.

At Blair Athol I expected to find a considerable population, and a crowd of tourists, and was therefore surprised at seeing none of them. Two hotels, at a considerable distance from each other, a few houses, and a very few people, are all that meet the eye; but, notwithstanding this, Blair Athol is a delightful place for a temporary abode, being surrounded with many natural attractions. The Falls of the Fender, the Bruar, and the Tummel, the Pass of Killiecrankie, the forest of Athol, and the giant mountain, Ben-y-Gloe, are among the many interesting objects of the neighbourhood; nor are the Falls of Aberfeldy and Loch Tay too far removed to be without the limits of an agreeable visit.

Athol House, formerly Blair Castle, a seat of the duke of Athol, has little in its architecture to attract attention. Having made a remark of this kind to an artist, who was taking a sketch of it for his portfolio, he replied that he quite agreed with me, but as queen Victoria had once made a visit there, he wished to have some record of having seen the place. The edifice was garrisoned by the marquis of Montrose and a body of Athol Highlanders, in 1644; taken by storm by colonel Daniel, one of Cromwell's officers, in 1653; held by an officer of viscount Dundee for the exiled Stuarts in 1689; and besieged by the Highlanders in 1746.

It was at Blair Athol that I began to discover that Scotchmen were backward in understanding a joke; many little incidents afterwards convinced me that such was the case. In consequence of the visit of prince Waldemar, of Prussia, to the duke of Athol, a body of Highlanders, in their national dress, was in attendance at Athol House. Observing, as I proceeded to the falls of Bruar, two gigantic Highlanders, keeping guard with their broadswords and shields, at the park gate, I walked up to them quite in a jocular vein. "Why," said I, "you cut such a warlike appearance, flourishing your broadswords, that it requires some courage in an unarmed man to come nigh you, but I hardly suppose that you will do me much mischief." Had I spoken in Arabic the men could not have stared at me more, unconscious that I was speaking in jest. No sooner, however, did I address them seriously, than they replied to me with great civility, and began, for my entertainment, to go through a mock battle of attack and defence, shewing much skill in the management of the formidable weapons they wielded.

Often have I heard that Highlanders are quick in their temper, in any matter in which their pride is wounded. The

author of "The Moor and the Loch," observes:

"It is often amusing to see how easily the warm blood will boil, even in those whom years and hardship might have cooled. The following characteristic instances occur to me:—A spruce young gentleman and a party of friends, in crossing a ferry, had only one boatman, nearly eighty years old, tugging away at both oars. The young spark, who rather piqued himself upon his performance, offered to relieve him of one. 'Na, na,' says old Donald, whose manner was the extreme of respect, 'ye'll no be accustomed to this work.' 'Me!' says the youngster, 'I'll row any man in your country.' The Highlander instantly faced him with a look and tone of perfect equality—'I've seen the day when ye wad hae been sair pushed!' The other case was that of an old 'grannie' in defence of her rights and privileges:—An efficient and benevolent magistrate, who had been very active in his endeavours to stop the progress of the cholera, was inculcating the necessity of cleanliness. Grannie listened with a sort of half-consenting air, which seemed to say, 'We must submit to all this for the good that's to come,' until he mentioned the necessity of removing the dunghill from before the window. Her Highland blood could not endure so audacious an inroad upon her freedom: she determined to make a stand upon this odoriferous ground. With an attitude of defiance, and her fists firmly stuck in her sides, she bawled out, 'Deed, major, ye may tak our lives, but ye'll no tak our midden!'"

There is an arresting waterfall, called the York, where the burn of Fender flings itself over a cliff into the roaring torrent of the Tilt, and several others higher up the burn; but the highest of them all is the most magnificent and sublime. The falls of the Fender are worthy the attention of every stranger, yet still are the falls of the Bruar ranked before them.

The Bruar Falls are truly magnificent. The first breaking out impetuously from under a bridge, forces its way through a waterworn arch in the crazy barrier that in vain opposes its course. It then pours itself into a dark chasm, and rushes on to mingle with the waters of the Garry. The upper fall is in three parts, which altogether descend as much as two hundred feet; one fall alone forming an unbroken avalanche of a hundred feet. To form a conception of the Bruar Falls, without seeing them, the reader must fancy that he has before him rocks of the rudest character and darkest hue, fearful waterfalls, foaming torrents, roaring streams, profound chasms, and rising spray; the whole, with the impressive scenery around, wearing an aspect of loneliness, vastness, wildness, and terror. Robert Burns, in his lines to the duke of Athol, on the falls of Bruar, tells him that if he would only plant the sides of the Bruar with trees, the very birds would thank him:

"The sober laverock, warbling wild,
Shall to the skies aspire;
The gowdspink, Music's gayest child,
Shall sweetly join the choir:
The blackbird strong, the lintwhite clear,
The mavis mild and mellow;
The robin, pensive autumn cheer,
In all her locks of yellow."

On returning from the Bruar Falls, I met a Highland gentleman, who, in his kilt and plaid, was conducting a friend to the cataracts, and was much struck with his energy of character. His address was easy, his conversation pointed, and his movements elastic and graceful. It was very evident that he set some value on time, for I saw him on several occasions afterwards walking fast, driving at a rapid rate, and riding at full speed.

Observing a few well-dressed people actively employed under some trees, I approached the place, and found them occupied in throwing to a distance from them two large stones of an enormous size. The stone was poised on the palm of the hand, raised as high as the shoulder, and then hurled onward. He who threw his stone to the greatest distance was the victor. So ponderous were the stones, that it seemed to require no common effort to raise them to the shoulder.

On arriving at my inn, I found three or four tourists at the table in deep discourse on the engrossing subject of Scottish wives. As they appeared to set a very high value on good wives, I could not but hope that they felt anxious to deserve and maintain the characters of good husbands:

"Oh, he that gets a guid, guid wife,
Gets gear enough, gets gear enough;
And he that gets an ill, ill wife,
Gets cares enough, and fears enough:—
For a man may spend, and hae to the end;
If his wife be right, if his wife be right;
And a man may spare, and aye be bare,
If his wife be nought, if his wife be nought."

It was at Logiecrait, and at no great

distance from the banks of the Tay, that I fell in with an old shepherd with his flock. He had a gray plaid, somewhat the worse for wear, wrapped around him; but his face was so calm, and his hair so white, that his appearance was quite patriarchal. With the assistance of his dog, he managed his flock admirably. It is said that, "A sheep farmer in the Highlands, remarkable for the amount of his stock and sales, while boasting one night, over his cups, of his doings at Falkirk, and of the vast number of his flocks, was interrupted by one of his companions with the remark, 'Why, you are making yourself as great a man as the duke of Wellington.' 'The duke of Wellington!' replied the other, with a look of astonishment, not unmingled with pity, 'It was easy enough for the duke of Wellington to put down his men at Waterloo—some men here, and some men there, up and down in the fields—but let him try to put down ten thousand sheep, forbye black cattle, at Falkirk Tryst, and it's my opinion he'll make a very confused business of it.'"

Scarcely are there to be seen in any one locality in the Highlands, mountains more mighty, glens more gloomy, defiles more savage, and waterfalls more romantic, than are to be found in the course of the Tay, and about Loch Tay. The deep defile of Glenogle, hemmed in as it is by the giant hills around, when seen by daylight, is dreary, but in the gloaming it has a fearful character. Hardly can a stranger look on the uncouth rocks that have, at different times, rolled down from the mountains, without foreboding of danger. The spot where the ruffian was slain by the chief of the Macnabs is not forgotten:

> Fingers point, and tongues can tell,
> Where the lawless ruffian fell.

He who would undertake to climb all the mountains around Loch Tay would have enough to do; let him try Benmore and Stobinean, Benloy and Benlawers, and he will require a little rest before he proceeds with his enterprise.

The Fall of Acharn is worth turning out of the way to see, but the Falls of Moness, or Aberfeldy, altogether surpass them, being, as Pennant seems to think, everything that waterfalls ought to be. They are at a short distance from Taymouth Castle; a splendid edifice, where dwells the marquis of Breadalbane, and where, on the occasion of the visit of prince Leopold, two thousand Highlanders were assembled—a brave sight to the eyes of a lover of kilts and plaids, and bonnets and broadswords.

Fair is the first cataract of Aberfeldy, that seeks the quiet glen by rushing over the ledgy rocks, which form its uneven bed; and still fairer the second, that, at the end of a gloomy cavern, and partly arched over and embowered by projecting rocks and trees, falls in several thundering torrents from its craggy height: but fairer than all, the upper flood of waters that comes tumbling down with a voice of thunder, in one unbroken sheet of crystal, from the fearful precipice above to the gloomy hollow below; struggling and raging, it then rushes on, hiding itself in the coverts of the wood:

> "The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
> The foaming stream deep roaring fa's,
> O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
> The birks of Aberfeldy.
>
> "The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers;
> White o'er the linn the burnie pours,
> And rising, weets wi' musty showers
> The birks of Aberfeldy."

Between Pittochrice and Blair Athol, and near where the divided waters of the Garry and Tummel unite in brotherhood to wander on together, is the Pass—the fearful Pass of Killiecrankie. At the first sight of this gloomy ravine I held my breath harder; all other objects lost their interest in my eyes, and I gave myself up to the absorbing influence of the shadowy void before me.

The Pass of Killiecrankie is one of those striking and arresting scenes that can hardly be over-described. It is a yawning rift in the earth, of tremendous depth, to a great degree shut out from the common light of day, whose craggy sides are bedecked romantically with hanging birch, pines, and other trees, and at whose base the waters of the Garry rush roaring onwards over their rocky bed, now forcing their way between opposing crags, and now sweeping on with uninterrupted majesty.

As I entered Killiecrankie, an open carriage drove by, containing the prince Waldemar and the duke of Athol, who courteously returned my salutation. It is not every day in the year that a man gets a salutation from a duke and a prince—blame me not, then, if I felt a little elated;—but there was a treat in store for me, that earthly titles and earthly splendour could not confer; this was the glorious appearance of the king of day,

glowing with inconceivable effulgency with his golden and purple robes around him. The sun was about to set—and such a setting!

"Intensely bright with ever changing dyes,
It flung a flood of glory o'er the skies."

Old Ben Vrachie brightened up, as if to do honour to its departure; the prospect was almost oppressively beautiful, strongly contrasted as it was by the murky chasm, the dark frowning Pass of Killiecrankie.

Old William Macdonald, my guide, with near threescore years and ten on his brow, led the way along the precipitous pathway. We were both going down hill together, in more senses than one, and so I told him. Long before the sun had set, the moon was in the sky, so that as the twilight came on, and the pass became shrouded in deeper shadows, the moonbeams lit up in places the projecting rock, the crystal surface of the quiet pools, the white foam of the rushing fall, and the silvery bark of the bonnie birch trees. It was thrillingly delightful to look on the awful precipices, the frowning rocks, the black, inky waters in the secluded hollows, the rushing cataracts, and the wild scenery around, here lit up with silvery light, and there almost hid by the shadowy gloom. The place is solemn by day, but see it, if you can, by moonlight!

"Dark is the shadowy gloom, the trees are tall,
And white as drifted snow the foaming fall."

Finding me so much interested in every thing, William Macdonald became agreeably garrulous, telling me that he should have no objection to spend the whole night with me in the glen. He failed not to tell me that Fascally House stood at the junction of the three valleys, and that on the upland slope to Urrard House the battle of Killiecrankie was fought, in 1689, between the Highlanders, under Dundee, and the troops of king William.

He pointed out to me the spot where a party of troopers, in their eager anxiety to pursue their foes, mistaking their road, plunged over, man and horse together, from the fearful precipice above to the abyss below. The place is yet called the Trooper's Den. What a tangled web of unending evils is wrapped around the votaries of war!

"Stand here, sir," said William Macdonald, when we came to a spot more than commonly awful. The pent-up river there poured itself over a precipice into a dark pool. I asked about the probable depth of the water: "How far is it," said I, "to the bottom?" "Arthur Mac Arthur," replied he, "has been forty years on the water, but neither I, nor he, nor his father, nor his grandfather, nor anybody else, ever heard that it had a bottom." I shall not soon forget my emotions as I stood on the fearful edge of that rushing torrent, with the dark pool deep below.

"It was here, sir," said Macdonald, soon after placing me in the very spot, "that a Highlander, pursued by a hostile clansman, plunged headlong from the rock, bidding his foeman, if he was a man, to follow." It required strong nerves to look on the rushing flood, letting alone the leap into the boiling waters.

The old road, and the old bridge that was broken down before the battle, and the visit of the queen, and the Highlanders under Dundee, and other things, became in turn the theme of the discourse of my guide. Hardly any of my adventures in the Highlands made a deeper impression on my mind than my moonlight visit with old William Macdonald to the Pass of Killiecrankie.

MONUMENTAL REMAINS OF ANCIENT EGYPT.

Mr. Osburn, in his work on "Ancient Egypt, her Testimony to the Truth of the Bible," states, that from the monumental remains, we acquire as actual history,

I. The name of Menes, the founder of the monarchy, who, according to Josephus, reigned many years before Abraham.

II. The Era of the Pyramids: that is, of the building of the celebrated pyramids of Ghizeh, near Memphis, in Lower Egypt. The names of the builders of the first, second, and third pyramids—Suphis, Cephrenes, and Mencheres—have been discovered in the buildings themselves by colonel Howard Vyse. There are also some tombs in their vicinity, which are contemporary with them. This remote period is characterized by skill in the arts of design, equalling, if not surpassing, that of any succeeding period. It corresponds to the fourth dynasty of Manetho.

III. The Era of Osortasen I. He gives the inaugural titles of six of the predecessors, and of seven of the suc-

cessors of this monarch, and then proceeds to explain that, "the frequent occurrence of the name Ammenemes in the second ring among the immediate successors of Osortasen, decides that his era corresponds with the twelfth dynasty of Manetho, in which the same name is thrice repeated.

Osortasen was a prosperous and successful monarch, who reigned over the whole of Egypt: but no remains of the works of his immediate successors have been discovered in Lower Egypt. They held their court at Abydos, in Upper Egypt, while another race of monarchs, equally civilized with themselves, had possession of Memphis, and probably, therefore, of Lower Egypt. This agrees well with Manetho's account of the invasion and conquest of Egypt by a race of people from Canaan, whom he calls shepherds, or *Uskos*, which he interprets, shepherd-kings. They reigned in Memphis, by his account, for 511 years. He gives us the names of six of them. The names of two of the Memphitic kings who reigned contemporaneously with the descendants of Osortasen, at Abydos, have been discovered in tombs in the burial-place of Ancient Memphis. In one of them we recognise *Aphobis*, or *Aphophis*, one of the names of these shepherd-kings in Manetho's list; the other re-produces, in a manner equally satisfactory, the name of *Assis*, another of them. Notwithstanding the fearful account given by Manetho of the barbarities committed by the shepherds in Egypt, they were evidently a highly-refined race. The tomb of Assis is said, by its discoverer, M. L'Hôte, to be executed with surpassing skill. It is in the style called *cavo-relievo*, like most other similar monuments; and each character in it has the delicately-exquisite finish of a gem or medal. This great perfection of art, at so remote a period, which, in his judgment, was never afterwards equalled, is a subject of great surprise to him, but will occasion none to those who rightly consider that all the arts of social life were, in the first instance, the direct gifts of God to man.

The shepherds had adopted the religion, the manners, and the customs of Egypt. The Pharaoh to whom Joseph was prime minister, was the shepherd-king Aphophis, according to Manetho. The king of Egypt, with whom Abraham had had communication 200 years before, was also a shepherd-king in all probability. The proof of this is the issue of a long chronological inquiry, upon which we cannot now enter. We only observe respecting it, that the chronology which is usually printed with the English Bible, needs critical correction quite as much as that of the kings of Egypt.

The era of Amosis, or the eighteenth dynasty, was the golden age of Egyptian history. Nearly all the temples and palaces, the ruins of which are still in existence, were begun by the Pharaohs of this illustrious line. Everything that was undertaken by them indicates the possession of enormous wealth, and times of the utmost prosperity. The treasures accumulated by the shepherd-kings under the administration of Joseph seem to have produced the usual effect of enervating the possessors, and exciting the cupidity of their still formidable neighbours, the hereditary Pharaohs at Abydos. They became in their turn the aggressors, attacked their ancient conquerors, despoiled them of their wealth, and expelled them once more from the limits of Egypt; of the whole of which they afterwards retained possession. This event took place during the sojourn of Israel in Goshen, after the death of Joseph and his brethren, and all that generation. The prosperity of the Israelites in this dependency of Egypt, and the circumstance that they had come thither originally from Canaan, the land of the shepherds, would naturally excite the jealousy of the conquerors. Goshen lay between Egypt and Canaan. In this country dwelt "a people more and mightier than they." It was, therefore, perfectly conformable to the suggestions of worldly policy, that they should enslave and cruelly maltreat them, "lest, when there falleth out any war, they join also unto our enemies, and fight against us," Ex. i. 10. "The new king over Egypt which rose up and knew not Joseph," Ex. i. 8, was either Amosis, or one of his immediate successors: so that the epochs of the eighteenth dynasty and the captivity coincide, or nearly so.

There were sixteen kings in the eighteenth dynasty, which reigned for about 348 years. The earlier monarchs of this race appear to have reigned in peace, for their monuments are covered with the representations of idolatrous ceremonies, or occasionally record some triumph over negro races to the south. But those of their successors show that they had incessantly to contend for the

integrity of Egypt with enemies from the north-east. The Exodus took place under the last monarch of the eighteenth dynasty, and Egypt never recovered the blow which this terrible event inflicted upon her prosperity; for her next monumental epoch is—

IV. The Era of Decline. From the collation of Manetho's legend with the inspired narrative, we find that the Exodus was followed almost immediately by a second invasion of the shepherds, whereby the rulers of Egypt, with their infant monarch, the son of Pharaoh who perished in the Red Sea, were once more expatriated, and compelled to take refuge in Ethiopia. Thirteen years afterwards, the invaders were in their turn driven out by the Egyptians, and the young monarch recovered the throne of his ancestors. The monuments still in existence record his name, Remesses, which coincides with the name given by Manetho. They also inform us, that after the expulsion of the shepherds he built the palace of Medinet Abou—the last expiring effort of the greatness of ancient Egypt. No trace of any large building (scarcely that of one of any size,) remains, which was begun in the 800 years of slow, but sure decline, that elapsed between the expulsion of the second invasion of the shepherds, and the destruction of the monarchy by Cambyses the Persian. The Pharaohs of this period found sufficient occupation for the little energy that remained in Egypt, in the attempt to carry forward the vast piles that their greater ancestors had begun, and left unfinished. The events of the Exodus are absolutely required to account for this very remarkable circumstance.

ADOPTION.

Sometimes the imagery employed by Divine wisdom to illustrate the work of God on man, is taken from Nature—such as "growing," "budding," "awaking," "rising;" sometimes from the Arts—such as "building," "farming," "writing," "engraving;" and sometimes from Law—such as "justifying," "acquitting," "binding by covenant," and "adopting." In civil affairs, adoption is said to be a "lawful act; an imitation of nature, invented for the comfort of those who have no children of their own." But God had a Son, "the brightness of his glory, and the express image of his person." Divine adoption differs from that which is current among men. It becomes, therefore, "a special benefit, whereby God, for Christ's sake, accepts us as sons, and makes us heirs of eternal life, with him." Both civil and divine adoption flow from the pleasure and goodwill of the adoptant, and both confer a right to privileges we did not possess by nature. But the one is only an act imitating nature—the other is a motion that transcends it, and rises far above all earthly laws and relationships. The one was found out for the comfort of those who had no children; the other, for the comfort of those who had no father.

God had a Son, on whom his eye ever dwelt with ineffable delight. He was so beloved, that he lay in his bosom; so honoured, that by him he made the worlds. God had no need to adopt children for his own sake; for with Christ he was ever well-pleased, and he had appointed him "the heir of all things." But he saw that we had no father, and were scattered "like sheep without a shepherd." "He saw that there was no man, and wondered there was no intercessor." Wherefore he would become a Father to us, "that we might receive the adoption of sons." He could have created myriads of holy creatures, sooner than have redeemed one sinner: he could have peopled heaven with sons of the morning, more in number than the stars, and shining with a brightness far superior to them all, at a less sacrifice of his riches, than he could have placed a single member of the ruined race of Adam among his heavenly family. But that race had no father, and he sent down to earth his only begotten Son, to become the head of a new family among them; and "to as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to those who should believe in his name."

In one sense, indeed, God is the father of all men: "O Lord, thou art our father; we are the clay, and thou our potter; and we are all the work of thy hand." He formed our dust into a beautiful image, even like his own, and made us lords of this lower world. But it is the "Spirit of life," which imparts motion to all our wheels of action; it is the inward favour with which we are enlightened, that directs all our frame; it is this that bestows on us a near resemblance to Him, who styles himself the

"Father of spirits," and the "Father of lights." Hence angels, the elder offspring of his creating power, are termed the "sons of God." Adam, our first father, and the root from whence we sprang, is denominated in the world's genealogy, "the son of God." Even since our fall, the indelible character of dignity, stamped on our rational nature, still wins for us, in the inspired page, the title of "God's offspring." But though originally "crowned with glory and honour," that "crown has fallen from our heads;" "the gold has become dim; the most fine gold is changed." We have become rebels to our Creator and Father; and the endearing relationship but aggravates our guilt, and gives us no interest in his paternal love. Of that we have made a deadly forfeiture: "woe be unto us, for we have sinned!" The very word of love contains this fearful decree concerning the reprobate: "He that made them will not have mercy on them."

For any of this ruined and rebellious race to regain their standing among the sons of God, and to have a name and a place "better than that of sons and daughters," there must be death, and there must be birth; there must be blood, and there must be healing; there must be suffering, and there must be deliverance. The death, the blood, the suffering were for Jesus, the elder Brother; the birth, the healing, the deliverance, were for us, the younger. The glorious atonement rendered by Christ on the cross, was above nature; it was Divine: "It became him from whom are all things, and by whom are all things, in bringing many sons to glory, to make the Captain of their salvation perfect through suffering." Our new birth also transcends nature; we are born "from above," and are "made partakers of the Divine nature." The word of truth is the agent that begets us; the Spirit of God, the hand that bears us; and we are thus "born not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever." For his sake, who became "the Head over many brethren," we are not only pardoned, but preferred; not only saved from sin and hell, but re-united to the family of heaven. We become sons, heirs; "heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Jesus Christ!"

How expressive, then, are the terms of the Divine word, in which this change of our circumstances is stated! When it is said, we are "redeemed from the curse of the law," it is added, that we might "receive the adoption of sons:" and when it is affirmed we are freed from the bondage of fear, it follows that we have "the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry Abba, Father!"

Civil adoption imparts neither blood nor quality to the person of the child. A king may adopt a son, and constitute him the heir of his sovereignty. He may appoint him the best instructors—surround him with the wisest companions — set before him the most admirable example; but he cannot endow him with a royal spirit, nor infuse into him the virtues which are at once the ornament and the safeguard of a throne. Notwithstanding every care his adopted father may take to qualify him rightly to wield the sceptre he may inherit, he may become the victim of pleasure, the slave of lust, or the tool of the ambitious; and thus his reign prove a curse rather than a blessing.

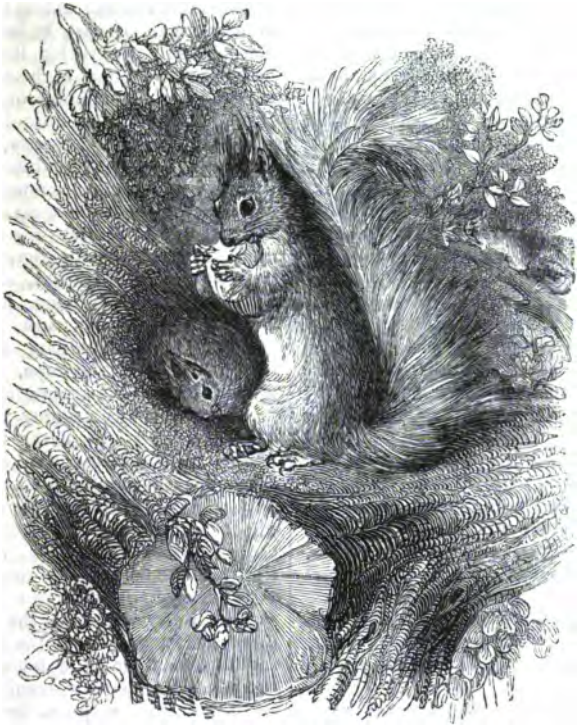
But when God adopts his children, he qualifies them for their inheritance: when he gives them a new name, he imparts to them a new nature. Their birth, their teaching, their leading, are all from "the spirit of glory, and of God." They are all beautiful within, and are adorned with the graces of the Eternal Spirit, so that "God is not ashamed to be called their God," and Christ is "not ashamed to call them brethren." Thus, at our head, Jesus, the Son of the Most High; in our hands, his covenant of love and peace; in our eyes, his exceeding great and precious promises; underneath our feet, the world and its glory; and with our whole heart relying on that sure foundation laid in Zion, we are comprehended in the royal line of heaven. We are taken from the dunghill, and set among the princes of his people. If we admire anything in the world, in comparison with a dignity like this, we have no part in it: for "whom have we in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that we desire beside thee." G. D. M.

TRUE ZEAL.

True zeal is a sweet, heavenly, and gentle flame, which maketh us active for God, but always within the sphere of love.—*Cudworth.*

POVERTY.

All affectation is the vain and ridiculous attempt of poverty to appear rich.—*Lavater.*



The Squirrel.

THE SQUIRREL.

Few observers of nature can have entered the woody glen, or penetrated the forest retreat, without observing the squirrel, as, in the spring or during the warm summer nights, it climbs the trunks, or springs from branch to branch with astonishing agility, and peeps from among the dense foliage on the intruder below. "Their agility upon all occasions of motion is very great," says Mr. Swainson, "but when exerted to the utmost, it is truly surprising: so quick, indeed, do they bound from branch to branch, and so great is the rapidity with which they suddenly turn and wind about, that the eye, partly confused by the intervention of other objects, is frequently unable to follow their movements." Some consider the common species to form the fourth great division of the rodent animals, and that the American marmot is of the same group.

The nest of the squirrel, which is called by sportsmen a dray, is exceedingly curious in its structure, being generally formed among the large branches of a tree, where they divide into smaller ones. After choosing the place where the timber begins to decay, and where a hollow may more easily be formed, the squirrel begins, by making a kind of level between these forks, and then bringing moss, twigs, and dry leaves, it binds them together with such art as to resist the most violent storm: this is covered up on all sides, having but a single opening at the top, of sufficient size to admit the little animal, and which is defended from the weather by a kind of canopy, formed like a cone, so as to throw off the rain, however heavily it may fall. The nest is very soft, commodious, and strong.

According to Pliny, the squirrel closes its retreat on the side from which the wind is likely to blow, and opens it on

the opposite direction.* Here it sleeps during the greater part of the winter, and so soundly, that it can scarcely be awakened; though at other times it flies, on hearing any noise at a considerable distance. It has a great partiality for the higher branches of the stately oak, where it feels secure from every foe. It is sometimes attacked by men and dogs, the former throwing bludgeons at it; but as its back-bone is very strong, it is difficult to injure it, unless struck on the head. When its enemies have gone away, however, it delights to leave its retreat, and find shelter in the hedges and smaller trees.

It is very difficult to shoot a squirrel in motion. These animals have been observed, when hard pressed, and when the distance to the next tree was too great, to throw themselves off, spreading abroad their limbs, so as to make their body as parachute-like as possible, in order to break their fall, and reaching the ground unharmed, to bound along, for the few intervening paces, and ascend the tree with the utmost celerity. The tail, which is nearly as large as the body, is composed almost entirely of hair; and if the little creature falls from an eminence, it is greatly relieved by the supporting power of this part, which many would be inclined to regard as an useless ornament.

Pennant says the squirrel never leaves its food to chance, but secures, in some hollow tree, a large magazine for winter provision. In the summer, it feeds on the buds and young shoots, of which it is particularly fond.

Squirrels have been frequently domesticated, and rendered extremely docile. Mr. Mackie, who resided in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, reared one, which was exceedingly playful, familiar with all in the house, and very fond of its master, by whom it was generally carried about in his coat-pocket, made for its accommodation. It used to watch every movement of its protector; and whenever he was preparing to go out, it ran up his legs, and entered his pocket, whence it would peep out at passengers in walking the streets. But though it was extremely timid among strangers, the outskirts of the city were no sooner reached, than leaping on the path, it ran along the road, ascended the tops of trees and hedges with extreme rapidity, nibbling the leaves and bark; and if he walked on it would descend, scamper after him, and re-enter his pocket. Thus it would amuse itself, during walks of considerable length; but on the approach of a carriage or cart, it became much alarmed, and always hid itself till they had passed. When at home, it would amuse itself by nibbling or licking his hand for hours, like a little dog. A dog, which was in the same house, was treated only with a limited confidence; and a desire to tease each other was frequently discovered by these animals. When the dog was asleep, Filbert—for that was the name of the pet—frequently made a rapid descent from his box, and scampering over the dog's body, to the great annoyance of Ponto, and having thus excited the indignation of the dog, quickly ascended the rope, and quietly peeped through the grating of its box.

A squirrel was caught, in the year 1814, in Leadstone Park, near Ferrybridge, and put into a large wooden trap, which had been used for catching rats. In this prison it was kept for some weeks, till at length it contrived to effect its escape, through a window, to its native woods. The family were much annoyed at the loss of their sportive pet, and the servant was desired, in the evening of the same day, to remove the trap, so that the loss of their little favourite might not be called to their recollection; but to his joy and surprise, he found the squirrel, all wet and ruffled by the storm which had taken place during the day, snugly reposing in the corner of the trap.

The colour of the squirrel varies with the climate of the country in which it is found, becoming grey in the northern regions; and Linnæus states, that the inhabitants of the Lapland Alps contrive, by means of their wooden bows, to procure, during the winter, a considerable number of these animals, for the sake of their skins.* In this country, a certain degree of change takes place in the colour of the fur; and Mr. Bell was informed that, in the summer, the fur is much coarser, and more uniformly red; while in the winter, the sides of the body assumes a greyish tint.†

In North America great injuries have been committed on the plantations by these animals, and the maize has particularly suffered; for they climb up the

* Plin. Hist. Nat., lib. viii. c. xxxviii.

* Lachesis Lapponica, translated by Smith, ii., p. 49.

† Bell's British Quadrupeds.

stalks, tear the ears in pieces, and eat only the loose and sweet kernel that lies in the interior. They have frequently come by hundreds from a forest to a maize-field, and destroyed the whole crop of a farmer in a single night. To prevent their depredations, every person in Maryland was compelled to procure, and exhibit, annually, four squirrels, the heads of which were given to the surveyor, to prevent any deception; and in other provinces, twopence was paid by the public treasury for the head of every squirrel. In the year 1749, six hundred and forty thousand were thus killed in Pennsylvania alone, for which eight thousand pounds sterling were paid by the government.

The American squirrel, says Dr. Richardson, "is an exceedingly active little animal, and very industrious in storing up provision, being generally observed with its pouches full of the seeds of leguminous plants, bents, and grasses. It is most common in dry sandy spots where there is much underwood, and is often seen in the summer-time sporting among the branches of willows and low bushes. It is a lively, restless animal, troublesome to the hunter, and often provoking him to destroy it by the angry chirruping noise that it makes on his approach, and which is a signal of alarm to the other inhabitants of the forest. During the winter it resides in a burrow, with several openings, made at the root of a tree, and is never seen on the surface of the snow at that season. When the snow disappears, many small collections of hazel-nut shells, from which the kernel has been extracted by a minute hole, gnawed in the side, are to be seen on the ground near its holes." Mr. Say states, that its nest consists of an extraordinary quantity of the burrs of Xanthium, portions of the upright cactus, small branches of fine trees, and other vegetable productions, sufficient, in some instances, to fill a cart. These squirrels bite exceedingly sharp when taken. The tails, of the males especially, are often mutilated in their contests with each other, and are liable to be broken off in the attempt to capture them, so that it is very rare to obtain a specimen with a perfect tail.

The striped squirrel is very common in the forests of North America and Northern Asia, and has been found, though rarely, in some parts of Europe. It differs very much in its habits from other tribes, as it burrows in the ground instead of living in trees; and hence it has acquired the name of the ground-squirrel. In his subterraneous retreat, which is formed with much art, and worked into long galleries, which branch off on each side and terminate in a large cell, it lays up various stores for winter use—as maize, nuts, acorns, and grain. A Swede was, on one occasion, constructing a mill-dyke, late in the autumn, and he accidentally discovered an abode of ground-squirrels, which he traced to some distance, and found a gallery on one side, like a branch diverging from the main stem, nearly two feet in length. At the further end was a quantity of fine white acorns, and he soon discovered another gallery, diverging from the other side, which contained a quantity of maize; a third was filled with hickory-nuts, and a fourth contained a large quantity of chestnuts, all of which had been stored up for the winter. This squirrel seldom leaves the ground from choice, but on being alarmed, which is easily done, it runs up the nearest tree with great agility. These animals are killed for their skins, which are not of much value, and are principally taken to the Chinese market.

The flying squirrels are equally arboreal in their habits. As their name implies, they have an expansive skin, forming a sort of sail, between the fore and hind feet; and examples of this structure are also found among the *marsupial*, or pouched, quadrupeds of New Holland. There are six species of *pteromys* found in India, three in America, and one, common in Siberia, is an inhabitant also of Lapland. Of the habits belonging to the Oriental species little is known; but those of Siberia have been recorded by Pallas. Like the common squirrels, they live principally in trees, sit erect, feed themselves with their fore paws, and take prodigious leaps, assisted greatly by the expansive membrane between the legs, which acts as a support to break the force of the descent. It appears, however, that they are nocturnal animals; in which respect they differ essentially from the tree-squirrels. The *pteromys albinus* lives on the pine-forests of the Rocky Mountains, and seldom ventures from its retreat, except in the night.

The palm-squirrel is found among the Indian villages, dwelling about the roofs of houses and old walls; the female choosing the latter for her nest. Though

great destroyers of fruit, they are very familiar, and enter the houses in pursuit of crumbs. F.

EFFECTS OF TRAVELLING.

"Travelling," said lord Bacon, "is to the younger sort a part of education." Neither are its advantages confined to the season of youth. They may act strongly upon the ripened character, in higher forms, than through the pleasure derived from the works of art, or the excitement of sublime scenery, or the deepened knowledge of the topography of this little planet, or the varied languages and customs of those who inhabit it. They may be made to bear upon the moral sentiments and innate charities, that "more excellent kind of knowledge," in which the most advanced pupil may always find something to learn, though the snows of threescore years and ten have gathered upon his temples.

Among the satisfactions of travelling, which are not limited to any particular period of life, are the emotions with which we traverse the spots which antiquity has hallowed. The pyramid in its sandy vale, the column of Pæstum, with the moonbeam upon its broken capital, the Parthenon, the Acropolis, the Coliseum, the Tiber flowing so quietly, while the decrepit mistress of the world slumbers amid the relics of departed greatness, touch new sources of feeling and of contemplation. This pleasure is, doubtless, more acute in the bosoms of those who inhabit a land where such vestiges are unknown; whose history points not beyond the roving Indian with his arrow, or the savage court of Powhatan, or the storm-driven sails of the May Flower. To us there is inexpressible interest in the monuments of the motherland, a portion of whose fame we are pleased to claim as our own birthright. We are never weary of pursuing the mouldering traces of the wall or aqueduct of the Romans, and collecting the fragments of their hypocausts and altars. We love to muse amid the low-browed arches and ruinous cloisters of the Saxons, the ivy-crowned turrets of the Normans, the cathedrals and baronial halls, which, surviving the lapse of ages and the shocks of revolution, teem with the traditions of a buried race.

Another unutterable gratification to the enthusiastic traveller, is the sight of the living, who, by their deeds or writings, have made mankind wiser and happier. We seek this privilege with the greater zeal, from the consciousness that it must be fleeting, and the apprehension that it may not be accorded to us again. Grey hairs are seen sprinkling the heads of the masters of the lyre, and we feel that another year might have been too late to clasp their hand, or catch the music of their voice. The statesman, the hero, the philanthropist, bend beneath the weight of years, and we thank God that we came before the cold marble should have told us where they slumbered. We find clustering roses blooming in the garden of the man of genius, who so oft led us captive, while time passed unheeded. But where is he?—Where? No reply save a sighing sound through the trees that he planted, and we drop the tear of the mourner in his deserted halls.

Among the advantages of travelling, it is common to allow a high place to the knowledge of human nature. A still higher accession might be mentioned,—the knowledge of ourselves. By remaining always at home, we are involuntarily led to magnify our own importance. Our daily movements may be points of observation to the villagers who surround us; our footsteps be listened for by the ear of love; the casual paleness of our cheek be painfully noted at the hearth-stone. Marked attentions and fond observances create a habitude of expecting them, which may become morbid; perhaps a belief that they are fully deserved, and, of course, a dissatisfaction when they are withheld. But you, who are thus unconsciously garnering yourselves up in exclusiveness and self-esteem, go pitch your tent among a people of strange language, walk solitary along their crowded streets, be sad, be sorrowful, be sick, where "no man careth for your soul." Go forth among the millions, and weigh yourself, and carry the humbling result onward with you through life, atom as you are in the mighty creation of God!

This increase of self-knowledge often brings an enlargement of mind, and deepening of charity. Dwelling long in one nook, viewing the same classes of objects through the same narrow mediums, trifles assume undue magnitude, prejudices fix, dislikes become permanent, sickly imaginings take unto themselves a body, trains of morbid thought cut their way deep into the heart, and the mental tendencies take a colouring like monomania.

A natural antidote for these evils is, to try a broader horizon, and become an interested observer of masses of mankind, as modified by clime, circumstance, and varieties of culture. Perceiving all to be partakers of a common nature, whose springs are touched like our own, by joy or sorrow, by suffering, decay, and death, we enter into more affectionate brotherhood with the great family of God, and live more "tremblingly along the line of human sympathies." We discover goodness where we had least expected it, disinterested kindness in those who were denounced as heartless votaries of fashion, warm attachment and lasting gratitude among menials, and learn, with the heaven-instructed apostle, not to call any one "common or unclean." Ere we are aware, some polemic or militant feature, which, as an excrescence, had deformed our faith, exfoliates, and we find it possible to love those of differing creeds, and to respect every form in which the Supreme Being is worshipped with sincerity.

Travelling teaches the value of sympathy. The smile of welcome, the caress of affection, are never prized according to their worth, until we feel the need of them in a foreign land. Suffering, and the dependence of sickness, among those who, without any tie of natural or national affinity, serve you but for money, are lessons never to be forgotten. If from the coldly-rendered service, meted out by the expectation of reward, you were transferred to the care of those who, though born under a foreign sky, had been taught by the spirit of a Christian's faith to be "pitiful, be courteous," then in those periods of convalescence, when the events of a whole life sweep in vision through the soul, did you not resolve, if the Merciful Healer restored you to your own home, to obey more faithfully his precepts, to "use hospitality without grudging," and to "love the stranger," since you had thus learned to know the heart and the solace of a stranger?

Travelling should incite to a warmer and more enduring patriotism. The depth of the *amor patriæ* is never fully disclosed, till we see the misty line of our native hills recede, or, after long absence, thrill with ecstasy, as they again gleam upon the horizon, like the wings of a guardian angel. Then, when every remembered cottage seems to stretch towards us a greeting hand, all the pleasures we have tasted, all the knowledge we have acquired during our wanderings, we long to pour out at the feet of our own blessed land. Every usage of order and beauty, which distinguish other regions, we desire to transplant to her forests, or to see blossoming around her firesides. We feel willing to have borne an exile's pain, if we may bring back, as a proof of our loyalty, one germ of improvement for her humblest child—one leaf of olive for the garland that encircles her brow.

Travelling unfolds to us the love of home, and the length and breadth of the domestic charities. While a sojourner in the tents of strangers—perhaps while gazing on the glowing canvass of some ancient master—the clustered columns of some gorgeous temple—how often has the green vine, that waved over our own door, interposed itself; or the chirping of the callow nest among its branches, overpowered for a time the fullest burst of foreign minstrelsy. As these modes of feeling gain ascendency, we pursue our researches more for the benefit of others than our own, and selfishness yields to the exercise of the disinterested affections. We sustain fatigue with the spirit of a martyr—we adventure ourselves upon the mouldering tower—we thread the mazes of the labyrinth—we explore the mine—we ascend the cloud-crested mountain—not so much for personal enjoyment, as that we may be enabled to enliven our own fireside, to gratify the friend, or to hold, spell-bound, the wondering and delighted child.

Travelling ought to advance the growth of piety. Especially do those who, in visiting foreign regions, leave behind the objects of their warmest attachment, find the separation a deep and perpetual discipline. Amid the outward semblance of joy, it acts secretly as a balance-check to all exultation or vanity. There may be gaiety through the day, but at nightfall comes the home-sickness. Who can say, amid his most earnest and fortunate pursuits, whether the hue of the tomb may not be spread over some face dearer than life itself. Thus is he driven to an intensity of prayer, that he never before knew; his risks, his perils, his uncertainty of their fate from whom so many leagues of fathomless ocean divide him, force him to a stronger faith, a deeper humility, to more self-abandoning dependence on the Rock of Ages! Thus, amid the gains of the reflecting traveller, may be numbered that which is above all price—a more

adhesive and tranquil trust in the "God of our salvation, who is the confidence of all the ends of the earth, and of them that are afar off upon the sea."—*L. H. Sigourney.*

PLYNLIMMON AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

The reader will probably recollect that a short time since we halted at Rhaiadr, with the promise of pursuing, in due time, our course to the Devil's Bridge. We will now start for that purpose.

After leaving the town of Rhaiadr, the aspect of the country so completely changes, that the tourist might imagine himself to be in an entirely different region, but for the mountains, which, though so diversified, retain their characteristic features. The road onwards winds along the side of a steep, rocky hill, more than four miles in length; on one side rises a high rampart of earth and stone, and on the other a precipitous bank goes down to the bed of a brook. This has made for itself a passage over huge fragments of earth, stone, and rock, which for years presented formidable obstacles to its free course; but at length, as "the waters wear the stones," they yielded to persevering efforts, and still the brook rolls on, still continues its silvery murmurings, which often serve to beguile the tediousness of the lonely ascent—perhaps to lull to repose the agitated bosom.

On pausing after the ascent, with the full expectation of being rewarded with the sight of a broad expanse of valley, there appears instead an endless range of wild and barren hills, presenting their stern shapes and dark ridges, with here and there patches of vegetation, thin and poor, on which hundreds of sheep are grazing. But while some are disappointed with this scene, which scarcely bears the sign of a human dwelling, or even a tree or shrub, others can look upon it with great delight. Those especially enjoy it, who take this route early on a fine morning, just as the mist, which during the night had slept upon the mountains, is rolling off, and gradually baring their grey and pointed summits, or broad and bold points, to the rising sun, when the sky above is clear, and its rich deep blue knows not a cloud, and when the blithesome lark is up, and warbling in strains of sweetest melody. No wonder if, at this hour, thoughts like the following should bubble up from the heart's fountain:

"God of the mountains, whom to praise
At early morn the lark doth rise,
Soaring and singing as he spreads
His airy pinions towards the skies.

"Sweet bird! I feel thy gladsome notes
Floating aloft in balmy air,
As thou a messenger wert sent
From distant clime to soften care.

"Waking the song of other birds,
The aerial symphonies to swell,
Till universal nature lends
Her sweetest notes thy praise to tell."

There is another route, which conducts from Rhaiadr to the Devil's Bridge, which, by some, is preferred: it would, however, we think, be difficult to decide whether to continue winding round a range of mountains of every variety of height, breadth, and colouring, some presenting the most fantastic shapes; or the route over the hills—they are both beautiful. Along the latter, at every turn of the road, after rain has fallen, we see springs gushing forth, or gently trickling down between chasms of mountains, whose dark surfaces serve well as a background, to display these white sparkling streams, which, when catching the sun's rays, resemble strings of liquid diamonds. Along the base of this range of mountains, exceeding twenty miles in length, runs the Wye, here widening, there narrowing, as the outspreading or retiring mountains allow, until nearly within reach of Plynlimmon, the mountain in which it takes its rise.

Plynlimmon is situated about two miles from the road, and is rarely ascended, on account of the wild and rugged nature of the land around. It is the highest, as well as the most picturesque of the chain, being almost entirely covered with a kind of soft mossy turf, whose smoothness renders the footing very insecure: and from concealing the morasses which more or less abound in all high mountains, its ascent is yet more hazardous.

The summit of Plynlimmon has two peaks, on which are piled heaps of stones, which fancy, through the dim shades of evening, might easily transform into the walls of some stately edifice. But when the spell which such scenery weaves around us is dissolved, we recall the sober facts associated with that giant among his tribe, and remember that it was once the stronghold of the far-famed Owen Glendwr. As the height of the mountain is two thousand four hundred

and sixty-three feet, it is not difficult to believe, that at its summit he considered himself secure.

The next object of interest before us is the Devil's Bridge, perhaps one of the most romantic spots that can be visited. It is situated in Cardiganshire, and not far from the roots of the mighty Plynlimmon: it is thrown across a deep rent or chasm in the rocks, through which, a hundred and eighteen feet below the arch, the river Mynach forces its way; and after flowing onward a few yards, dashes down in a succession of cataracts, into a deep abyss, which, though almost hidden from view, is more than three hundred feet below the level of the bridge. There are two arches which span the chasm, one above the other. The upper arch is a fine carriage-road, leading to Plynlimmon; the lower bridge—to which a legend has given the name it bears—was built in the year 1187, by the monks of Starflower Abbey, an important house of the Cistercian order, where many of the Welsh princes were buried; and the mouldering remains of which are still to be seen in the neighbourhood of Haford, or Havod. This bridge, of which many graphic descriptions have been given, though insignificant enough as a modern work, was important and extensively used in former days; and, indeed, even now, forms the only direct medium of communication between those who live on the opposite side of the long, deep chasm, or bed of the Mynach.

The new arch, we are told, was built above the old one in 1753, the expense of which was borne by the county. After passing through the narrow funnel-shaped passages under the bridge, the impetuous Mynach makes four leaps or falls: the first is about forty yards south-west of the bridge, when, after roaring over a rough ridge, it is projected into a fine rocky basin, at the depth of eighteen feet. It then encounters rocks of prodigious size, and of the most boldly picturesque forms, through which it rolls, dashes, roars, and hisses, till it reaches the edge of a tremendous cliff, a sheer precipice, down the face of which it throws itself, to the depth of a hundred feet. Thus the falls together are two hundred and eight perpendicular feet. "After its fourth and greatest leap," observes an acute writer, "the vexed Mynach still pouring over an oblique and rocky bed, rolls as a rapid to the bottom of a broken and more open chasm, where it joins its waters with the Rhydol,—another impetuous mountain stream. Having flowed during part of its course, through a narrow chasm, like that under the Devil's Bridge, and made a fine fall, it meets the Mynach, nearly at a right angle: the encountering streams, particularly at the seasons when their waters are the most abundant, clash and roar, rush upon and retire from each other, like enemies in deadly conflict; but after a while, becoming friendly on a better acquaintance with each other, and finding more room to move in—for the chasm extends into a fair valley, and allows of a wide and level bed—they flow on in gentle unison, like one and the same river:

> "May our hearts, like their waters,
> Be mingled in peace."

The falls of the Rhydol are seen to the best advantage from the opposite side of the stream. The rocks on either side of this rude chasm are from six hundred to eight hundred feet high, in some parts wild and barren, and in others adorned with fine trees, whose roots are seated in their crevices; while their wide-spreading branches throw a solemn shade over the deep dell beneath.

On a level with the bed of the stream, just below the cave, called in story "The Robber's Cave," a fine view of the stream may be obtained. The water pours down from the summit of a lofty hill, into a deep receptacle formed by nature in the rock, like an immense basin; and in several parts of the hollow between are huge portions of rock, which look as though some convulsion of nature had severed them from the parent mass, giving a wildness and sublimity to the spot rarely equalled in the same class of scenery.

This cave is in part a natural chasm, near to the basin of the first fall. It is said, that in the fifteenth century it was inhabited by a family of robbers, and hence its name. Two brothers and a sister, as the story tells, carried on here a system of plunder, so lucrative in its acquisitions as to be without parallel. Whether this be true, or a mere fabrication of an ingenious fancy, or whether it arose out of the superstition which at that time was rampant, and which even now is fostered in many parts of the principality, we cannot say; certainly its locality and difficult access would favour the probability of its having been used for a retreat from the pursuit of hostile forces.

Much might be said, had we space, in extenuation of the credulity which still characterizes the Welsh peasantry, and which by many is thought to be an inherent condition of mind; but by comparing what they were with what they are, in reference to this subject, we shall discover, that education has, to a considerable extent, expanded the intellects of the people; so that in no part, wearing the wildest and most savage aspect, would the stories associated with their earlier history now find credence.

It has always been admitted, that the scenery of a country has a considerable influence on the minds and habits of the natives. Hence the hardihood and open hospitable disposition of mountaineers, in contrast with the lowlanders;—their imagination,

> "Darken'd by their native scenes,
> Create wild images and phantoms dire,
> Strange as their hills and gloomy as their storms."

Superstition is little less apparent in the mountain inhabitants of Albion, Hibernia, and Caledonia, than among Cambria's sons, whose customs, habits, and opinions, have been sometimes regarded as exposing them particularly to that species of credulity which creates a greater readiness of belief in the marvellous. But we will not anticipate what it is our intention to dwell more fully upon in our next: but having conducted our readers over the Devil's Bridge, we will leave them to revel amid the enchanting scenery by which they are surrounded, while we inquire into the probable origin of that superstition at which we have only glanced, giving them the promise, however, of returning, ere long, to pursue our intended route to Aberystwith. S. S. S.

THE SPOLIATION OF DESPOTISM.

"When a native of Louisiana," says Montesquieu, "wishes to obtain the fruit of a tree, he lays the axe to its root." Behold the emblem of despotism! It is in this striking remark, says Alison, that the explanation is to be found of the extraordinary difference between the progress in the national resources, during the contest of the French revolutionary war, in two states, which began with advantages preponderating in favour of the one which was ultimately exhausted in the strife. Democratic despotism, the most severe and wasting of all the scourges which the justice or mercy of heaven lets loose upon guilty man, had laid the axe to the root of French internal prosperity, and forced her people, by absolute necessity, into the career of foreign conquest, even before the war commenced with the British empire. Spoliation had extinguished capital; the assignats had annihilated credit, confiscation ruined landed property, general distress destroyed industrial wealth. Judging from past experience, the British government not unnaturally imagined, that a nation in such a state of general insolvency would have been unable to maintain the contest for any considerable time; and this, doubtless, would have been the case, if it had depended on its own resources alone for the means of carrying it on. But they did not anticipate what experience so soon and fearfully demonstrated—the energy and almost demoniac strength which a nation possessing a numerous and warlike population can, in such desperate circumstances, acquire by throwing itself in desolating hordes upon the resources of its enemies, after its own have been destroyed. It was this withering grasp which the French revolution first laid upon the whole property of its own people, and then upon that of its opponents, which constituted, from first to last, the real secret of its success; and the energy which it so long developed was no other than the passions of sin turned into this new and alluring channel. But despotic spoliation, whether at home or abroad, is still laying the axe to the root of the tree which bears the fruits of industry; and no different result can be expected, in the long run, from the one than the other. The exhaustion of the French empire in 1814, when it had drained away the resources and exasperated the hearts of all Europe, was as complete as that of the republic of France had been in 1795, when it had effected the destruction of property of every description within its own bounds. Whereas, in England, where property during the whole strife was religiously respected, and the hand of the spoiler was withheld alike from the mite of the widow and the palace of the peer, the resources provided for the strife, though infinitely less considerable at the outset, were far more durable in the end, and, instead of declining and withering up as the contest rolled on, daily became greater and greater with the growth of the protected industry of her people, until they acquired

a decisive preponderance over the gains of violence.

"I shall not," said Gibbon, "be readily accused of fanaticism; yet I must admit that there are often strong appearances of retribution in human affairs." Had he lived to the present times, and witnessed the extraordinary confirmation of this truth which the revolutionary contest afforded, his innate candour would probably have exhibited a still more unqualified testimony to Supreme superintendence from the great sceptic of the eighteenth century. On the 16th of October, 1793, at nine o'clock in the morning, Marie Antoinette ascended the fatal scaffold, and revolutionary crime reached its highest point by the murder of a queen and a woman, the noble and unoffending daughter of the Cæsars. On that day, and that hour, twenty years—on the 16th of October, 1813—the discharge of three guns from the allied head-quarters announced the commencement of the battle of Leipsic, and the infliction of the greatest punishment on a nation which the history of mankind had exhibited. On the 19th of October, 1805, revolutionary ambition beheld its greatest external triumph consummated by the surrender of Mack, with thirty thousand men, to its victorious leader, on the heights of Ulm; and on that day eight years—on the 19th of October, 1813—the final blow was struck for Germany's deliverance by the swords of the fatherland: thirty thousand prisoners lowered their colours to the victors within the walls of Leipsic; and the mighty conqueror, sad and dejected, was leading back his broken and defeated host to the Rhine. On the 20th of October, 1805, Napoleon, as the brilliant array of Austrian captives defiled before him, said to those around him, "Gentlemen, this is all well; but I must have greater things than these. I want ships, colonies, and commerce." On the very next day after these memorable words were spoken, on the 21st of October, 1805, the united navies of France and Spain were destroyed by the arm of Nelson; the maritime war was finished by the thunderbolt of Trafalgar; and "ships, colonies, and commerce" had irrecoverably passed over to his enemies. Whether these marvellous coincidences were the result of accident, —of that accumulation of great events in the years of the revolution, which rendered almost every day prolific of historic incident—or formed part of the general design of Providence for the more striking manifestation of its judgments upon the world, they are equally worthy of attention. Whatever may be thought of the coincidence of days, it was no accident which directed the march of events; it was no casual combination of chances which led revolutionary ambition to expiate its sins on the Saxon plains; which let fall, in due season, the sharpened edge of German retribution, and, at the darkest period of the contest, sunk the fleets of infidelity in the deep, and righted amidst the waves the destined ark of Christian civilization.—*History of Europe.*

GIGANTIC FLOWERS.

In these colder regions of the globe, where our largest trees—the oak, the elm, the beech, and the fir—seldom exceed fifty feet in height, on an average, and where the sunflower and the dahlia, the rose and the water-lily, are the most ample, in their dimensions, of Flora's offerings, we have little conception of the gigantic scale on which the vegetable productions of some of the inter-tropical portions of the world are formed.

Sir Stamford Raffles says, "There is nothing more striking in the Malayan forests, than the grandeur of the vegetation. The magnitude of the flowers, creepers, and trees contrast strikingly with the stunted, I had almost said pigmy, vegetation of England. Compared with our fruit-trees, your largest oak is a mere dwarf: here we have creepers and vines entwining larger trees, and hanging suspended for more than one hundred feet, in girth not less than a man's body, and many much thicker; the trees seldom under one hundred, and generally approach one hundred and sixty to two hundred feet in height."

Of many of these gigantic trees the leaves are in due proportion—those, for example, of the talipot tree, a native of the island of Ceylon, are of such a size as to cover eight or ten men, and defend them from the rain; they are very light, and travellers are in the habit of carrying them from place to place, for the purpose of forming temporary huts, in which to take repose. We say nothing of the celebrated banian tree, called Cubbeer-bur, on the banks of the Nerbuddah, which has not only sheltered the native chiefs, with their magnificent tents, ar-

ranged as saloons, dining-rooms, drawing-rooms, baths, kitchens, etc., together with their carriages, horses, camels, guards, and attendants, but has even received an army of seven thousand men beneath its pavilion.

This tree is indeed one of the wonders of India: but it is of flowers, not of trees, that we are now about to speak—and of these, one of the most remarkable is the krubut, or gigantic flower of Sumatra, named, by botanists, *Rafflesia Arnoldi*. This most extraordinary vegetable production was discovered by Dr. Arnold, who, in writing with reference to it, says, "At Pulo Lebbar, on the Manna river, I rejoice to tell you, I happened to meet with what I consider the greatest prodigy of the vegetable world. I had ventured some way beyond the party, when one of the Malay servants came running to me, with wonder in his eyes, and said, 'Come with me, sir, come!—a flower, very large, beautiful, wonderful!' I went with the man, about a hundred yards into the jungle; and he pointed to a flower growing close to the ground, under the bushes, which was truly astonishing. My first impulse was, to cut it up and carry it to the hut. I therefore seized the Malay's parang, (a sort of instrument like a woodman's chopping-hook,) but finding that it sprang from a small root, which ran horizontally, about as large as two fingers, or a little more, I soon detached it, and removed it to our hut."

The *krubut* is a parasite, like the mistletoe; it is found in the dense woods, growing on the roots and stems of those enormous climbing plants, which, like vast cables, twine up the largest trees of the forest. The flower, with the exception of the part rooted on the climbing plant, constitutes the whole of this vegetable, there being neither leaves nor stems. From the plant on which it grows it derives its nutriment, as a grafted twig from the stock on which the pruner has implanted it, receiving the sap into its own vessels.

Mr. Loudon observes, that the modes of union between a parasite and its supporter, or stock, vary in different genera and species of this class of vegetables. Some, as the mistletoe and *rafflesia*, depend upon the stock for nourishment, during the whole of their existence; others, as the common broom-rape, are originated in the soil, and afterwards, when they have attached themselves to their stock, the original roots die. Other parasites, again, are originated in the stock, and in their more advanced state produce roots of their own. In some cases the nature of the connexion between the parasite and the stock is such, as can only be explained on the supposition that the germinating seed of the parasite excites a specific action in the stock—the result of which is the formation of a structure, either wholly or in part derived from the root, and adapted to the support and protection of the undeveloped parasite; analogous, therefore, to the production of galls by the puncture of insects. On this supposition may be explained the connexion between the flower of the genus *rafflesia*, and the root whence it springs."

This singular parasite the *krubut*, is *dioecious*, that is, each flower is respectively male or female; and specimens of the former only, we believe, have reached England. The diameter of this flower exceeds three feet; and the nectary or central cup, round which the petals are ranged, will hold about twelve pints of liquid. The weight of the whole is about fifteen pounds. The substance of the petals and nectary is thick and succulent, and of a firm, fleshy consistence. The colour of the huge petals, five in number, is of a buck-red, varied with numerous white protuberances; the inside of the central cup is of an intense purple, varied with yellow, and having round the edge depressed dots of pure white. The scent of this flower is disagreeable, resembling that of tainted meat; and swarms of flies are generally seen hovering over the nectary, and apparently laying their eggs in its substance. In this flower, wonderful as it is, there is nothing lovely, nothing attractive,—it offers nothing to gratify our senses, whether of sight or smell: in these respects it is completely a contrast to a gorgeous flower of the water-lily tribe, which, for beauty and fragrance, and the grandeur of the huge floating leaves, may be classed amongst the most enchanting productions of the vegetable world. This plant is the *Victoria Regina*, a native of the rivers of Guiana.

It was discovered, in 1837, by the celebrated traveller and botanist, Dr. R. H. Schomburgh,—whose description, in a letter to the Botanical Society of London, we shall give in his own words:—"It was on the 1st of January, this year, while contending with the diffi-

culties nature opposed in different forms to our progress up the river Berbice, in British Guiana, that we arrived at a point where the river expanded and formed a currentless basin. Some object at the southern extremity of this basin attracted my attention; it was impossible to form any idea of what it could be, and, animating the crew to increase the rate of their paddling, shortly afterwards we came opposite the object which had raised my curiosity—a vegetable wonder!—all calamities were forgotten: I felt as a botanist, and felt myself rewarded!—a gigantic leaf, of from five to six feet in diameter, salver-shaped, with a broad rim of light green above, and a vivid crimson below, resting on the water. Quite in character with the wonderful leaf was the luxuriant flower, consisting of many hundred petals, passing, in alternate tints, from pure white to rose and pink. The smooth water was covered with them, and I rowed from one to the other, and observed always something new to admire. The leaf, on its surface, is of a bright green, in form almost orbiculate; its diameter measured from five to six feet; around the whole margin extended a rim from three to five inches high; on the inside light green, on the outside a bright crimson. The ribs of the leaf are very prominent, almost an inch high; they consist of eight principal ones, with a great many others branching off from them: these are again crossed by a raised membrane, or bands at right angles, which gives the whole the appearance of a spider's web; they are beset with prickles; the veins contain air-cells, like the *petiole*, (leaf-stalk,) and flower-stem. The diameter of the *calyx* (outer leaves around the blossom,) is from twelve to twenty-three inches; on it rests the magnificent flower, which, when fully developed, covers completely the *calyx* with its hundred petals. When it first opens it is white, with pink in the middle, which spreads over the whole flower the more it advances in age; and it is generally found the next day of a pink colour. As if to enhance its beauty, it is sweet-scented. The petals next to the leaves of the *calyx* are fleshy, and possess air-cells, which must certainly contribute to the buoyancy of the flower. We met these flowers hereafter frequently; and the higher we advanced, the more gigantic they became; we measured a leaf, which was six feet five inches in diameter, its rim five inches and a half high, and the flower across, fifteen inches."

Such is Schomburgh's description of this splendid flower, the *Victoria Regina*, a tenant of the sequestered pools of the river Berbice. How glorious must it have appeared to the eyes of the astonished botanist! And even we, who see the flower only in the details given, must admire; but while we admire, we should also adore!

"Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruit, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to Him whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints!"

M.

UNBELIEF IN CHRIST.

When the Spirit of God came to convince the world of sin, what was the sin he began with convincing men of? If any of us had to convince a person of the sinfulness of the world, how should we set about it? We should talk—should we not?—of the intemperance, and licentiousness, and dishonesty, and fraud, and falsehood, and envy, and ill-nature, and cruelty, and avarice, and ambition, whereby man has turned God's earth into a place of weeping and gnashing of teeth. These, however, are not the sins of which the Spirit of God convinces the world; because all these might be swept away, and yet, unless far more was done, the world would still continue just as sinful as before. All these sins, this whole terrible brood of sins, were indeed to be found in every quarter of the earth, so far as it was then peopled, in our Lord's days, no less plentifully than they are now. They have swollen themselves out, and rose up on every side in the face of heaven, like huge mountains; they flowed from country to country, from clime to clime, like rivers; they spread themselves abroad like lakes and seas, lakes of brimstone and dead seas, within the exhalations of which no soul could come and live! Withersoever the eye turned, it saw one sin riding on the back, or starting from the womb, of another. Nevertheless the Spirit of God, when he came to convince the world of sin, and to bring that conviction home to the hearts of mankind, did not choose out any of these open, glaring sins, to taunt and confound them with. He went straight to that sin, which is the root and source of all others—want of faith, the evil heart

of unbelief: "When the Comforter is come, he will convince the world of sin, because they believe not in me."

Now this is a sin, that the world till then had never dreamt of as such; and even at this day, few take much thought about it, except those who have been convinced of it by the Spirit, and who, therefore, have been in great measure delivered from it. The chief part look solely to their sins of commission; mainly, to the evil deeds they may have done; then to the evil words they may have spoken; sometimes, it may be, to their evil thoughts. Yet our excellent confession should make us equally mindful of our sins of omission;—these are far the larger and more numerous half of the two, and no less deadly than the other; even as hunger, if unfed, is no less deadly than sickness. As for those who are not endeavouring earnestly to walk in the law of God, and seeking the help of his Spirit that they may be enabled to walk therein, their sins of omission eat up the whole of their lives; the whole of their lives is one black blot, one vast sin of omission, broken here and there by sins of commission flashing through it. As in positive sins, in sins of commission, we sin in deed and word and thought, so in negative sins, in sins of omission, do we likewise sin not only in deed and word, but also in thought. And this last head of sins—the sins of omission in thought—contains the great prime sin, of which the Comforter came to convince mankind, —the sin of unbelief, the sin of want of faith, the sin of living without God in the world. Laws, inasmuch as by their nature they deal only with that which manifests itself outwardly, in deed or in word, take no cognizance of this sin. Conscience, which only sounds when some positive sin is trampling upon it, is silent about this. Therefore, if we were to be convinced of it at all, pressing was our need that the Spirit of God should graciously vouchsafe to convince us.

Faith in God, we have seen, is the source of all spiritual life, which can flow only from communion with him; and the want of that faith is the barrenness out of which all sin springs. Without that faith we have nothing to stand on, nothing to hold by; our reason has no assurance of an all-controlling law, our life no heavenly archetype, our heart no eternal home. From that faith, however, we have departed so far, that of ourselves we can never regain it. We can no more bring ourselves to believe in God, than we can mount after the eagle up the crystal stairs of the sky. In Christ, on the other hand, we may believe; that is to say, the Godhead is brought down to us, in Christ, in a manner which does not surpass the reach of our hearts and minds. Nor is there anything in Christ to frighten us away from him; all his words are full of mercy and love, and he is ever calling us to come to him. Although we are sinners, the shame of our sins need not make us afraid to approach him; for it was to sinners he especially came, to call them to repentance and newness of life. Therefore, if we will not believe in Christ, there must be some deep-rooted power of sin within us, that keeps us away from him.

Of every form of sin, by which men are withheld from believing in Christ, the Comforter came to convince the world. "The Comforter." Does it seem a strange name to any of you, my brethren, for Him who came on such an errand? Does it seem to you, that in convincing you of your sins, instead of comforting you he must needs cover you with shame and confusion, and make you sink to the ground in unutterable anguish and dismay? No; it is not so. Those among you, whom the Spirit has indeed convinced of sin, will avouch that it is not; they will avouch, that in convincing them of sin, he has proved that he is indeed the Comforter. If the conviction and consciousness of sin arise from any other source, then indeed it is enough to crush us with shame, and to harrow us with unimaginable fears: but when it comes from the Spirit of God, it comes with healing and comfort on its wings. Remember what the sin is, of which he convinces us—that we believe not in Christ! All other conviction of sin would be without hope: here the hope accompanies the conviction, and is one with it. If we have a deep and lively feeling of the sin of not believing in Christ, we must feel at the same time that Christ came to take away this along with all other sins. He came, that we might believe in him, and that through this faith we might overcome the world, with all its temptations, its fears, and its shame, as well as its pleasures and lusts. And, oh! what comfort can be like that which it yields to the broken and contrite spirit, to feel that the Son of God has taken away his sins; that, if he has a true living faith in Christ, they are

blotted out for ever, and become as though they had never been? What joy, what peace can be like this, to feel that we are not our own, but Christ's? that we are become members of his holy body, and that our life has been swallowed up in his?—that we can rest in his love with the same undoubting confidence with which a child rests in the arms of its mother?—that, if we believe in him, we have nothing to fear about the feebleness and falling short of our services? for that he will work out our salvation for us; yea, that he has wrought it out. Who, then, is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died for us, to take away our sins, and is risen again for us, that we may be supported under every trial and danger, and strengthened against every temptation, and delivered from the sin of unbelief and all other sins, and girded with the righteousness of faith, and crowned with all the graces which spring from faith, and at length may be received into the presence of that Father, into which our elder Brother has entered before us.—*Archdeacon Hare.*

SIR ASTLEY COOPER.

No. I.

Sir Astley Cooper was the fourth son of the Rev. Dr. Cooper, formerly of Brooke and Yelverton, and afterwards perpetual curate of Great Yarmouth, Norfolk. His birth-day was the 23rd of August, 1768. Distinguished by a manly, animated, and ever cheerful countenance—a generous, frank, and open disposition—and, most of all, by a bold and daring intrepidity, he was the constant subject of the admiration and applause of the companions of his boyish days. In every juvenile enterprise of danger, he is said to have been unanimously fixed upon to hold that position which he maintained in after life, when his competitors were men. He would frequently ride horses which others were afraid to mount, guiding them without a bridle, only with a stick. Occasionally he might be seen driving out of the field a neighbouring farmer's cows, mounted on the back of the bull,—sometimes running along the eaves of barns of great height: in short, in any undertaking which offered unusual risk in its accomplishment, he appears at once to have engaged with the utmost recklessness of consequences. His attention was first directed to the profession, in which he afterwards attained such celebrity, by a remarkable incident, the particular period of the occurrence of which is not exactly known; but it must certainly have been before his fourteenth year; for it happened at Brooke, whereas his father was presented with the living of Great Yarmouth, to which he removed, in the year 1781. A poor lad, rather older than himself, the son of a person by whom he had himself been nursed, while conveying coals, by some accident fell down in front of the cart, one wheel of which passed over his thigh; and, among other injuries, the principal artery was lacerated. The unfortunate boy was hastily carried home: all was alarm and confusion,—when young Astley hearing of the circumstance, promptly arrived, and perceiving the necessity of instantly preventing further loss of blood, had the presence of mind to encircle the limb with his pocket-handkerchief above the wound, and afterwards to bind it round so tightly, that it acted as a ligature upon the wounded vessel, and stopped the bleeding. It is highly improbable that he had ever heard the proper method of acting on the occurrence of such a calamity; but he did, at once, precisely that which science would have taught the most expert surgeon to do, had he been present; and thus the boy's life was preserved; for the flow of blood was effectually arrested till the arrival of a surgeon, who had been sent for.

During the few following years of young Cooper's life, spent under his father's roof, he continued to be distinguished by the same spirit of daring as formerly, except that it had now increased to such an extent, that scarcely anything was able to divert him which was not accompanied with personal risk. On one occasion, while the church was undergoing repairs, with the progress of which he used to amuse himself, he ascended by a ladder to the ceiling of the chancel, (a height of seventy feet,) and with foolish temerity walked along one of the joists. While thus employed his foot suddenly slipped, and he fell between the rafters of the ceiling. One of his legs, however, happily remained bent over the joist on which he had been walking, while the foot was caught beneath the next adjoining rafter, and by this entanglement alone he was preserved from instant destruction. He remained for some time suspended, with his head downwards, and

it was not till after repeated and violent efforts that he succeeded in jerking his body upwards, when, by catching hold of the rafter, he was enabled to recover his footing. On another occasion, he determined to put to sea in one of those frail barks peculiar to the river Yare, known by the name of gun-boats,—the only design of which is to carry a man, his gun, and dog, over the shallows of Braydon, in pursuit of wild-fowl. Astley, however, conceived the pleasure would be enhanced by the novelty and risk of such an excursion, and, with a sail set, a large stone placed in the centre of a boat as ballast, and favoured by a strong ebb tide, he commenced his voyage down the river. All went on prosperously till he reached the bar, or that part where the meeting of the salt and fresh water occurs. Then the boat's head was immediately thrown up by the first wave; the stone came rolling down on the adventurer's legs, for he was sitting at the bottom of the boat, there being no seat in it; it became half filled with water, and it was only with the most imminent peril to life that he reached the shore. In practical jokes of all kinds he took especial delight, and evinced inimitable dexterity; not, however, that he could be accused of want or callousness of feeling, for he appears to have been ever distinguished by a heart susceptible of tender emotions, and fearful of giving pain to others.

Mr. William Cooper, then senior surgeon to Guy's Hospital, used, at this period, frequently to visit his brother, Dr. Cooper, and by his conversation and advice it was that young Astley was finally induced to direct his thoughts towards the metropolis, and to select that profession which, from his uncle's position and influence, offered him an advantageous opening. He was received, by his uncle, as an articled pupil, but took up his residence with Mr. Cline, then a surgeon at St. Thomas's Hospital. At first, he does not seem to have devoted himself to the acquisition of professional knowledge with any greater zeal than he had manifested with regard to his literary pursuits in the country; his social habits and love of adventure unhappily rendered him a favourite amongst associates by whom he was easily led into all the haunts of dissipation. But in the second year of his residence in London a marked alteration in his conduct took place: he now became a diligent student, and devoted himself in particular with earnest activity to a knowledge of anatomy. His medical education was subsequently prosecuted at Edinburgh, under the then eminent professors of that university.

So early as in the year 1789, we find Mr. Cooper appointed demonstrator of anatomy at St. Thomas's Hospital, and the amount of knowledge he had then acquired, the connexions he had formed, his popularity with the students, and his now established character for industry and enterprise, all led Mr. Cline to perceive the advantages which were likely to accrue, no less to the school than to his pupil, by associating him with himself in the anatomical lectures; a proposal which was at once accepted, Mr. Cline offering to give him 120*l.* per annum, to be increased 20*l.* annually, until he gave him one-half of the lectures, when the proceeds should be equally divided. Mr. Cooper, about this time, formed an attachment to Miss Cock, the daughter of a gentleman who had acquired a considerable fortune as a Hamburg merchant, and who was, in every respect, worthy of his choice. Her father, after a long declining state of health, died on the very day that had been fixed for their union. The marriage was, after a short interval, solemnized in a private manner, and the new married pair took up their abode in a house which Mr. Cock had, a short time before his decease, purchased and furnished for them in Jeffrey's-square. Not long afterwards, during the summer of 1792, they crossed over to the continent, and paid a visit to Paris.

The advantages which Mr. Cooper had derived from his intimacy with Mr. Cline had, unhappily, not been of an unmixed character. He had been exposed to a danger which at one time threatened to blast all his future success in life. This was the prevalence of principles in Mr. Cline's mind which brought him into constant communication and the closest intimacy with Horne Tooke, Thelwall, and others—men of the fiercest revolutionary principles, who were watching with eager interest the progress of the French revolution, and endeavouring to agitate a similar movement in our own country. No sentiments were more opposed to those in which Astley Cooper had been educated. But, possessing the charm of novelty, he embraced them with all the ardour of his naturally sanguine mind, and his present visit to the

French capital was a source to him of much anticipated pleasure. It was just the period when democracy was threatening to shake the government of France itself to its very foundations. Here he witnessed enough, it might be imagined, to sicken him for ever of opinions which were advocated by such miscreants as the principal leaders of the movement at that time were. He attended the meetings of the National Assembly; he heard Danton, Marat, Robespierre, and others of the party, address the assembly, and the tenor of their remarks was to exasperate the mob still further to revenge the death of what they termed the victims of the 10th of August. The violent contortion of their features and the gestures with which their harangues were accompanied, gave to them a fiendish expression which sir Astley, in later years, described as having produced in his mind a horror hardly less than that which was excited by the bloody scenes perpetrated at their instigation, many of which he witnessed: and yet, extraordinary as the fact may seem, he continued, for a considerable time after his return to England, to manifest the same political bias. On the 10th of August itself, he was attending the practice of Depault and Chopart; for he had determined to allow nothing to deter him from the prime object of his ambition—the acquirement of professional knowledge; and the latter was operating when the first cannon was fired.—"I was present," says he, "but at once rushed out of the hospital. I ran to the Pont Neuf to see what was going on, and saw the Swiss Guards at the windows of the château, firing upon the mob at the bridge and along the quay of the Louvre. The streets were all confusion, from persons running, and others coming out of their houses to shut up their shops, and falling over each other. I ran back to the hospital, but the surgeons were all fled. I, therefore, was obliged to pass over one of the bridges, but higher up than the scene of conflict. On my way a woman called out, '*Voilà un aristocrate!*' pointing to me. I said, '*Je suis Anglais.*' She said, '*Ah! donc vous êtes en sûreté.*' After crossing the bridge, the scene was terrific—cannon fired constantly, volleys of musketry in every direction, the tocsin sounding from every turret, women crying, litters conveyed along the streets, bearing the wounded and the dying; but at last I reached my hotel, in the '*Passage des Petits Pères,*' in safety. In the evening, the gardens of the Tuilleries were full of dead men, close to the château; and there they lay naked, having been stripped of their clothes by the mob. On the next day, Ann and I went to the Hôtel d'Espagne, and passed through the mob which were escorting Louis XVI. and his queen to the Temple. The cruelties committed now became more frequent; but the reign of terror was never more full of horror than on the morning of the 2nd of September, when the prisoners of the Abbaye were murdered by the infuriated populace, led on to the blood-thirsty act by Robespierre and his associates. The doors of the prison were thrown open, and as the poor wretches rushed out, some of the least suspicious, in the hopes of freedom, were butchered by the people, many of whom complained to their reckless leaders that they had not been placed prominently enough to stain their swords, and to claim the reward which the committee of the municipality had offered them in proportion to the havoc they committed."

On Mr. Cooper's return, he again diligently devoted himself to the acquirement of every branch of professional knowledge. Possessing an income which rendered him independent of practice, he was not particularly anxious at first to obtain it, but devoted nearly the whole of his time to the hospital, and was indefatigable in demonstrating to the students, and assisting them in dissecting, as well as in the care and time he bestowed in lecturing. His intimacy with his former associates was, however, still kept up. Mr. Thelwall, although not in the medical profession, was at this time a conspicuous member of the Physical Society of Guy's Hospital, and took an active part in its proceedings, and he was thus thrown into frequent connexion with him. The length to which Thelwall carried his notion of materialism may be inferred from the fact, that he maintained one evening at the Society, that the execution of a man for murder, which he had committed ten years before his detection, was not only criminal in a religious point of view, as the Almighty had given him so long an opportunity for repentance, but was also an act of great injustice; for, as he was ready to prove, there was not a particle of the being who had committed the crime now existing in the man who was executed for it!!

The intimacy which at this time existed between Mr. Cooper and Thelwall is evident from a letter written by Mr. George Johnson, many years secretary to the Physical Society, in which is the following remark:—"The situation which I held at Guy's necessarily brought me in contact with him, (Astley Cooper,) as he was one of the six presidents, at least every Saturday night; which, after the Society was over, we frequently finished together with citizen Thelwall, John Walker, and a few other freethinkers, by whom we were tolerably republicanised."

The maintenance of such opinions, a few years afterwards, nearly proved fatal to Mr. Cooper's election as surgeon to Guy's Hospital. Mr. Harrison, the respected treasurer, by whose interest he obtained the appointment—and who was especially anxious, on account of his unrivalled talent as a surgeon, that he should succeed—hesitated much as to the propriety of supporting a man whose intimate associates were such as those above mentioned. This led to an avowed renunciation of his opinions; and, whatever might have continued to be his real sentiments, he certainly from that time broke off all connexion with his former friends, and, as far as politics were concerned, maintained a studious reserve during the remainder of his life. It would have been pleasing, were it in our power to have traced the influence upon his mind of principles of a better and higher order. Soon after this, he plunged into the vortex of active professional life, and, as far as that was concerned, verily he had his reward. In his deportment he was ever manly and generous in the highest degree; his character was adorned by many social virtues, and, in the latter part of his life at least, he was a believer in the truths of Christianity.

But to proceed with our narrative. In the year 1794, Mr. and Mrs. Cooper were called to a severe trial—the loss of the only child they ever had, who, after having been long in a delicate state of health, died of an acute attack of water in the head, at the early age of twenty-three months. The grief occasioned by this event was deep and pungent; and, with respect to the mother, time itself is said to have been very slow in alleviating the bitterness of her distress. In 1798, Mr. Cooper's own life was despaired of, in consequence of a severe concussion of the brain, occasioned by a fall from his horse. He was confined to his room for five or six weeks, and did not himself expect to recover. Mr. Cline attended him with the utmost care during this period. The following anecdote is related by Dr. Farre, as highly characteristic of both parties, exhibiting a curious contrast between the eager aspiring ambition of the young patient, and the philosophic *sang froid* of his preceptor. Mr. Cooper was lamenting the event, and its probable termination in his death, not so much on his own account, as because it arrested a train of professional inquiry in which he was then engaged, and which he thought would prove of the highest public benefit. "Make yourself quite easy, my young friend," replied Mr. Cline, "the result of your disorder, whether fatal or otherwise, will not be thought of the least consequence to mankind."

A short time before this occurrence, Mr. Cooper appears to have left Jeffrey's-square, and to have removed to a house, formerly occupied by Mr. Cline, in St. Mary-Axe. He here indulged the hope that he should derive benefit from the patients who were formerly in the habit of attending Mr. Cline, and who would rather consult him than take a lengthened walk to Mr. C.'s new residence in Lincoln's-inn Fields. One of the first patients, however, who sought his advice under these circumstances, soon gave him to understand that with Mr. Cline's house, he was not to expect Mr. Cline's fees. "Soon after I got into my new residence," sir Astley Cooper relates, "a patient gave me a half-guinea, saying, 'I give Mr. Cline a guinea, but as you were his apprentice, I suppose half-a-guinea will do for you?' Mr. Cline made it a rule to take whatever was offered him; so I did not refuse the proffered fee." Sir Astley likewise mentions another curious anecdote, in connexion with his change of residence. "When I went into St. Mary-Axe," he says, "I was sent for by a Mr. Woodyer, who succeeded me in Jeffrey's-square, on account of a viper making its appearance before the fire at breakfast-time, — for I had kept many snakes, vipers, and frogs, to watch them through the winter; and one of them which had escaped, roused by the warmth, had crawled out, and excited great terror. I quieted his fears by thus accounting for its appearance; and he no longer entertained his suspicions of the frequent occurrence of such visits.'"

THE GREAT CHANGE.

In one of the humbler neighbourhoods of a large town in England there resided a poor family, consisting of a father and mother, in middle life, and several children. Theirs was not one of those dwellings to which, if the adornments of wealth are wanting, yet care and industry can give an air of comfort. It was not one of those cottages where the neatly-swept hearth and well-cleansed walls and floor bespoke that woman's hand had done all that humble means can do to make it one of the happy homes of England. The rooms had an air of squalid wretchedness; the broken windows, in which rags were placed to keep off the keenness of the winter's wind; the cheerless, dirty, unswept floors; the shattered furniture; the garden palings, falling to pieces, around the little plot, full of weeds, proclaimed at once that this was no house of comfort or industry. Alas! it was the drunkard's home; and the children who rose daily from their comfortless beds to spend their hours in rags and dirt, and to while away the time in revelling among the muddy pools around the doorway, knew little of a father's teaching or a mother's care,—for both father and mother were drunkards!

The father of this family was a basket-maker, and could have supplied his household with the necessaries of life, if he had been disposed to work steadily at his employment. Now and then he would go on with his work diligently; but the sight of the public-house which he frequented, or the voice of one of his companions urging him on to the scenes of intemperance, was seldom without its effect, however busy he might have been. In one moment away went the work on which he was engaged, and no consideration of the loss of trade and the consequent poverty and suffering, could preserve him from the temptation. He did not flee from it as the wise man counselled, when he bade the tempted man "Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup:" and so the words came to pass, "The drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty; and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags;" and in his sober moments he experienced the truth of that scripture, "At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder," Prov. xxiii. 31, 21, 32.

Sad it was for this family that the mother, too, imbibed the same love of drinking; and oh, how unlovely and unwomanly does this habit render a woman! Once her heart had been full of tenderness, and her words of sweetness and propriety; but "wine is a mocker, and strong drink is raging," and words which in her better moments she would have shrunk from uttering, would often now, when she was under the influence of strong drink, frighten her children, and disgust the more respectable families who dwelt in the neighbourhood. Even in this world vice must bring sorrow; and godliness has the promise of the world that is, as well as of the world to come. Any Christian who might visit this home and contrast it with some of the dwellings near it, where humble trust in God soothed the ills of life, and the patience, and care, and thoughtful sense of duty which sincere love to God will ever bring, did so much to lessen or remove them, would consider, with a sigh, the curse of vice and the blessings of godliness, and feel a pang of pity as he looked on the drunkard's family!

One evening, when the father was, as usual, at the public-house, the mother, who happened to be sober, set off thither to bring him home. It was on a Thursday, and on that evening a weekly sermon was preached by the clergyman of the parish. The evening bell was calling on many who loved the service of God to join in the duties of prayer and praise. To some its sound was very sweet, for it seemed as an invitation to listen to the message of mercy. It was heard by some who were surrounded by the cares of life, and it called upon them to come now into the presence of their heavenly Father, to spend an hour with God, and to cast those cares upon him, which might else have bowed down their spirits. It came to some who felt painfully that they were sinners; who longed for salvation from sin; and who gladly welcomed the scripture declaration, that the Saviour came even for the chief of sinners. It fell on the listening ear of some, whose enfeebled limbs and emaciated frames forbade the thought, that they should ever again tread the earthly courts of the Lord's house. To them it brought memories of past hours spent in the sacred worship, when they went with the multitude that kept holy-day, and they thought how those hours of solemn

service, in which they had then united, had helped to fit them for the long days of present sickness, and for the hour of death, which was fast approaching. If for one moment a sad thought came, that on earth they could never more join the assembly of worshippers, yet the evening bell awakened chords of gratitude in their hearts, that God had sent rivers of water in the wilderness, and streams in the desert; and that prayer and praise, and sabbath and weekly meetings, were among the blessings for which they might soon thank God in heaven.

Mary, on her way to the public-house, met with the people who were going to the church. Her attention was arrested by the tolling of the bell; she almost wished that she was going to church too, and she paused and looked at the building. She turned, and was proceeding on her way, but as the bell kept tolling on, its sound haunted her mind. She said afterwards, that it seemed to say to her, "Go in here!" Not that she really imagined that these words were expressed. They were, indeed, the voice of conscience—that voice which God has given to all. It may slumber long, it may be drowned in the cares and pleasures of life,—it may never assert its full power till its possessor lies on his dying bed, and sees, with a "death-bed clearness," the past and the future, or till he stands before God's judgment-seat; but God's spirit can, at any moment, awaken it to its work. Mary had not a happy mind; no one can have one in a course of sin. There may be hours of mirth and temporary enjoyment, but a calm and stedfast happiness belongs to him only whose heart is at peace with God. The sight of those who were on their way to a sacred service brought a pang to the heart of this poor woman, who knew that she was living as if there were no God; and ere the bell had ceased its evening duty she had turned back, and was seated within the walls of the church.

Mary had been long unused to frequent the house of prayer, and there was something which seemed to be very impressive in the devout manner of the minister, who now commenced the service. She felt that he was in earnest; and when he read the text and began the sermon, she listened with great attention. As he proceeded, she trembled much at the solemn truths which he uttered; and so greatly agitated did she become during the discourse, that she could never afterwards remember the text from which it was delivered, nor give much account of the sermon itself. But there is no doubt that the man of God told his hearers how God hated sin,—that his justice demanded that it should not be passed unpunished. Doubtless he told how God had given up his only Son to die for sinners,—that he laid upon him the iniquity of us all; that Christ made atonement and intercession for transgressors,—that he was, in fact, the sin-offering which was needed, that God might be just, and yet pardon sinners. One like poor Mary, who daily lived in open sin, would perhaps see more distinctly that she was a sinner than a person who had passed her life in the outward observances of morality; and yet there was not one in all that congregation who did not need the mercy of God in Christ even as much as this poor woman. To those unused to look into their own hearts, this may seem a strange doctrine; but God has declared of all in their natural state, that the heart of man is evil, and only evil, from his youth; and yet it is by the feelings of the heart, and by the conduct, as influenced by those feelings, that God judges every man. The man who rises from day to day, and goes on into the world created and sustained by God, and never utters one prayer to his Maker, or sends one of his busy thoughts towards Him who gave him life, and breath, and all things, can he be a child of God? God has given to us all a revelation of his will; the inspired holy men of old do declare it. Can he who never reads that word, who never listens to the truths of the Bible, who has no taste for its holy commands—can he be a servant of God? The man who despises that great sacrifice for sin which God offers to the sinner; who never humbly confesses before God his sinful nature and his sinful thoughts, and words, and deeds—does he not hourly prove that great and sad truth, that the carnal mind is at enmity with God, for it is not subject to the law of God? Does not such a man reject and offend God as fully as if he were a drunkard or a profligate man, and revelled amid the haunts of vice? There may be much in his character which his fellow-men may love and admire, much which every right-minded person may approve; but holiness of heart is wanting—and without holiness none can see God!

Poor Mary! how tremblingly did she receive God's word by the mouth of his minister; and when the service was ended, how humbly and dejectedly did she seek her home! She thought often on what she had heard, and felt dissatisfied and sad. Her husband, who had been long accustomed to drown all unwelcome thoughts in the forgetfulness produced by intoxication, urged her to go with him to the public-house; but this she resolutely declined. She had learned that the wages of sin is death, and reflection told her, that in her own case the way of sin had proved the way of misery. Again the Thursday evening came round, and the bell called the worshippers to the house of prayer, and again Mary joined with the assembly. From that time, whenever the doors were opened for service, there she might be found. And the Lord gradually opened her mind, and taught her by his Spirit, and gently led her to come and cast her burden of sin on the Lord Jesus, who has said to the tried and sorrowing, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly of heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." One day the clergyman preached from those words of the psalmist, "Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." It was a sermon which Mary could never forget. She determined that henceforth her trust should be in him only; she prayed that her weak faith might be strengthened, and that God would fit her for those duties, to the performance of which she now felt herself to be called. She did put her trust in God; and when she prayed, "Lord, keep me from evil, that it may not grieve me," the Lord granted that request.

A change soon came in the once wretched home. Mary read the Scriptures daily. She read there that God commands his children to provide for their own households; to be sober; to be not slothful in business; to train up their children in the way they should go; not to neglect the assembling of themselves together for public worship; to search the Scriptures; to love God, and to love their neighbour as themselves. She had never before felt that these things were her duty. Now she strove diligently to follow all the commandments of God, from love to the Saviour who had done so much for her. She took her children regularly to the house of God, and sent them to the Sunday-schools; and she felt a deep, an earnest anxiety, that her husband should forsake the ways of the foolish, and live. With frequent words of tenderness she urged him to accompany her on Sundays to the church; and there he learned, too, as she had done, to love and serve God. He forsook the habits of vice, became sober and industrious; and the once miserable family were now clothed, and fed, and taught, and their humble fireside became a happy one.

Who can say what present and future good may not have been effected by the change wrought in Mary? Who shall tell where it may end? Children's children, and generations yet unborn, may, through this event, have received countless blessings. The eternity of good is a delightful thought, and may well stimulate us all to work heartily in God's cause. One soul is converted—one profligate person called from darkness into light; and then, through his means, others are induced to walk in the ways of God: and so the good may go on and on through untold ages. The first good may seem but as a grain of sand, but it may roll onwards, and gather as it goes, until it is as the great mountain.

The family of whom this account is given are living now. Worldly circumstances have prospered: they are respectably situated in life, the parents keeping a shop in the same town in which they have always lived, and maintaining their family in comfort; their children are rising up to call them blessed, and, beyond their home on earth, they are looking to those mansions in heaven which God has prepared for those who love him. Mary one day remarked to a lady who had long known her, "Oh, ma'am, God has opened my heart! how different are my feelings from what they once were! what a miserable life was I leading! now mine is indeed a happy one." Her leisure time is now spent in visiting the sick, and poor, and afflicted, and in endeavouring to bring the drunkard and the sinner into the fold of God.

A change of character like this is a grand testimony to the truth of the Bible; and it is a testimony which may be marked by all. We have large and valuable works on the evidences of Scrip-

ture; and all that learning could do has come in aid of these evidences. The historian has brought forward the records of ages to show us how the prophecies of holy writ have received their literal fulfilment in the rise and fall of nations, in the desolation of great kingdoms, in the ruins of proud cities, in the dispersion of the Jews, and in the barren condition of the once fertile Palestine. Learning and talent have been employed to show how the words of Scripture have proved themselves, and how completely that sentiment of holy writ is verified, "The testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy." God has greatly blessed the labours of good men in works like these. But those who have not leisure or learning to investigate for themselves the authenticity and genuineness of the holy writings—those whose minds have not yet been trained to argument—can yet mark and understand facts which occur before them. The truths of God's word have been brought by God's Spirit to bear upon the consciences and affections; and then the drunkard has become sober, the thief honest, the liar truthful, the wrathful gentle, and the proud humble; the promises of God have supported the living and cheered the dying; and millions, who once lived in vice and depravity, have, at length, exclaimed, with David, "The law of thy mouth is better unto me than thousands of gold and silver." "I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness." P.

ANTS OF THE WEST INDIES.

"THE works of the Lord are great;" and as this may be seen in what we are accustomed to pass over as little things, the attention, not only of the sluggard, may be arrested, but that of all who have pleasure in seeking out the workings of God's hand, when Solomon says—"Go to the ant;—consider her ways, and be wise: which having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest."

As these wonderful little creatures abound most in tropical climates, they are found in great variety and abundance in the West Indies. They swarm almost as numerously in the houses as in the open air, besetting every article of food to which they can possibly gain access, and overrunning every part of the house, in quest of anything which they can carry off as prey. Their indefatigable activity renders it necessary for housekeepers to adopt many contrivances to preserve everything eatable from their intrusive rambles.

The smallest tribe is the sugar ants, which are so minute, that no precaution can effectually guard against their persevering attacks. They may be often seen forming a busy stream along the wall or floor, each bearing his load of sugar, or eagerly pressing on towards the scene of plunder, of which they have obtained some intimation. The rapidity with which they convey to each other information respecting any newly-discovered prize is very remarkable. No sooner is a small portion of sugar, or anything of a saccharine nature, dropped, than it is found by some of the ramblers; and, when carrying away their load, they may be observed to stop, as they meet with others, and apparently communicate to them some information where the treasure is to be obtained, and shortly others will be perceived, streaming in that direction from the nest. It is, however, rather singular that these minute beings cannot bear the glare of the sun; for when the sugar-basin is taken out for use, and placed in the sun for a few seconds, the intruding swarm may be seen scampering away in the greatest haste—this being well known as the best course to get rid of them. There is a larger tribe, which beset not only everything sweet, but all other articles of food. On this account, pantries and safes are provided with various means for preserving cold meat, and all kinds of confectionery, from their invasions. One common mode for this purpose is, to place the vessel, containing the substance to be protected, in a larger one, half-filled with water, like surrounding a castle by a moat. But frequently this will be unavailing; for either by accident, or design and self-sacrifice, a bridge of dead ants will soon be formed across the moat, over which the living ones carry forward their marauding expeditions. Another method is to suspend a large safe by a single cord; and as their only access to its contents must be by the cord, that is covered with chalk or oil, to which they seem to have an anti-

pathy. In a short time, however, these difficulties will be surmounted, as the oil may become dry, or the chalk will have lost its offensive properties; and then they readily make their way down the cord, in pursuit of their plunder.

Having for some time exerted his ingenuity in vain, to withstand these little marauders, the writer was at length successful in invention, by making use of the half of a calabash, which forms a bowl, and when the cord was passed through the centre and the orifice rendered air-tight, filling it with oil; by which contrivance I effectually resisted their course, until the oil evaporated—a fact of which their persevering vigilance rendered them aware, before I became cognizant of it, only by finding them swarming in the safe, and rioting on the spoil.

Though these tribes are very annoying, by their incessant obtrusions, there are others which are still more so, being properly called "stinging ants." Of these there are two varieties: a small red ant, and a larger black one. They are sometimes found in houses, though they most abound in the open air; and the person who accidentally treads on their nest, is made to smart for his incaution.

There are several families, which chiefly attach themselves to particular plants, and seem to feed upon the minute creatures which are found on the leaves and branches. Some swarm very much among the sugar-cane, and are said to be so far beneficial, as to defend that valuable plant from the destructive inroads of the rats; but others have been known to come down in such numbers from the woods in the mountains, as to do great injury. This was the case in the island of Grenada, about 1777, when they descended from the hills in such torrents, that several parts of the country were literally covered by them. Neither fire nor water could stop their progress; for they were so swept onward by their living tide of numbers, as to extinguish the fires which were kindled to impede their course: and they so rushed into the streams of water, that those which were drowned constituted a floating causeway for the great body of their invading army to pass over. Rats, mice, serpents, and every kind of reptile were destroyed in their course; and at length they beset the growing canes, and rendered it necessary for the standing crop to be burned down — as the only apparent means of clearing them from the country. Their ravages, at last, were effectually checked, in the course of a kind providence, by the welcome fall of a succession of heavy rains.

This was an extraordinary case in the West India islands; but along the northern shores of South America, from Surinam to Honduras, ants occasionally make similar incursions from the interior. There they are gladly hailed by the inhabitants, who throw open their houses for their free ingress; as on such visits they destroy rats, scorpions, cockroaches, serpents, and all other reptiles, and then retire from the coast.

The remarkable instincts of these minute creatures most wonderfully display the wisdom of God. We are accustomed to view him as soaring far beyond the flights of thought, when we contemplate his power in the planetary world; but when we see him controlling the inconceivably small movements of animal life, by the unerring laws of instinct, we behold both his goodness and wisdom. Let us look at an ant's nest, and what wonders do we discover!—its formation—the busy life it displays,—the division of labour, the order, the fixed laws, and activity with which the different classes of workmen carry on their operations, and the seeming forethought, design, and intelligence which directs all the movements!

The white, or wood ants, perhaps, display this most wonderfully. Naturalists have asserted, that in their works they surpass bees, wasps, or beavers, as much as European nations excel savages; while the construction of their apartments may be placed in comparison with the celebrated works of man. They have their royal apartments, nurseries, magazines, arched chambers, and covered galleries. There are three orders in a nest; — the workers, the smallest and most numerous; soldiers, which are a larger size; and the royal pair, the parents of the race. Royalty only is privileged with wings; and as these carry the queens but a short distance, and then fall from their bodies, they seem, when thus bereft, in a very helpless condition. If, however, a queen be found by a few straggling workers, they elect her as their head, and carry her off in triumph, to form a new settlement.

In this case, the first object is to construct the royal chamber, where the queen is duly inclosed, while the approaches to it will only admit her required attendants, which are much smaller than herself. The workers then proceed in the construction of the other apartments. The eggs of the queen are carried away, and carefully deposited in the nurseries, where the most watchful attention is given to them.

These ants form their constructions and derive their food from decayed trees, or any wooden buildings, on which they can prey without being disturbed. In Africa, where they abound to a greater extent than in the West Indies, they destroy abandoned huts or whole villages, and raise their nests ten or twelve feet above the ground, one after another, till, at a distance, they appear almost like a negro village. In the West Indies, their nests are seldom more than three or four feet high, and generally placed at the root of a large tree. They carry on their depredations through a covered way, which they extend to a considerable distance, when they have discovered a decayed tree, or some dry wood, on which they can go to work without interruption. The writer once had an opportunity for observing their ravages on a wooden edifice, which, standing near a wood, had been unoccupied, and left shut up for some time. When this building was examined, it was found that these little depredators had reduced the doors, windows, and the boards in the roof, as well as many of the beams, to little more than thin crusts. As the roofs of houses in the West Indies are generally formed entirely of wood, the ants will sometimes there carry on their depredations to a great extent before they are discovered.

The nests of these ants are conical, and covered with an incrustation, which sufficiently protects them from the heaviest rain. Should this covering be broken, it is interesting to a close observer to notice the alarm which is immediately spread through the whole community. First are seen the soldiers, rushing to the breach, eager to repel the assault; and should an enemy be discovered, he is fiercely attacked. But if no adversary be in sight, the soldiers retire, and the workers directly commence the required repairs. Should there be, however, fresh cause of alarm, the workers precipitately fall back into the nest, and the soldiers as quickly again mount the breach.

The loyalty of these diminutive citizens is also remarkable. It has been ascertained, that if the nest be broken into, and the royal apartment be opened, the little creatures will defend it as the point of most interest, and then their next efforts will be to commence its reparation.

How wonderful, then, are the instincts with which these minute beings are endued! Think of the body of one of these, and its several parts,—the eye, the mouth of the worker, formed for one purpose; that of the soldier armed for another; the limbs and the sinews and nerves for their movements; and then, the seat of that law of seeming intelligence which so regularly guides them to fulfil the ends for which they were created! Oh! the depth as well as the height of the Eternal Mind! And does God thus care for ants? What, then, must be his care for beings whom he has endowed with powers to serve him, and made capable of immortality!

B. L.

"BE NOT AFRAID, ONLY BELIEVE."

No condition can be so deplorable but Christ has a plenitude of grace to give; nor can any objection be made so forcible, but what is fully answered in the sweet invitations, strong encouragements, and precious promises of the gospel. If a soul should object the high aggravations of his sin, they cannot be higher than those everlasting hills from whence the blessings of grace and salvation flow, Deut. xxxiii. 15. If he should complain of the cursed depths of sin, it cannot be deeper than the eternal counsels of God, Eph. i. 9. If he should object the long continuance of sin, it cannot be longer than the streams of God's everlasting love, Jer. xxxi. 3. If he should complain of the number of his sins, they cannot exceed the multitude of God's mercies, Psa. li. 1. If he object how extensive his sin is, it cannot be more so than the place of broad rivers, which is God himself, Isa. xxxiii. 21. Has he been a rebel against God? Christ has received gifts for the rebellious also, Psa. lxviii. 18. Is he the chief of sinners? Christ came into the world to save the chief of sinners, 1 Tim. i. 15. Is his

soul lost? Christ came to seek and to save that which was lost, Luke xix. 10. Is he bound under the tyranny of Satan? Christ came to deliver those who were subject to bondage, Heb. ii. 15. Is he dead in sin? The Son of God quickeneth whom he will, John v. 21. Is he far off from God? Those who were sometimes far off, are made nigh by the blood of Christ, Eph. ii. 13. Is his conscience wounded by sin? Christ healeth them that are bruised, Luke iv. 18. Is he defiled, so that no part is clean? The blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin, 1 John i. 7. Is his heart as hard as adamant? A believing view of a pierced Jesus will melt it down, Zech. xii. 10. Is he an alien from all good, without God, and without hope? The streams of Divine grace are sufficient to enrich him, and make him possess all things; therefore the poor, the maimed, the halt, the blind are called, Luke xiv. 21. And every one that thirsteth is invited to come to these living waters, and for their encouragement Christ hath given this strong assurance, and saith unto all, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out," John vi. 37. What can the soul desire more? Here is ample provision for every want, a succour for every need, an adequate satisfaction for every desire; therefore, to every soul that is seeking the Lord, the words of Christ addressed to the woman who besought him to heal her daughter, may be well applied: "Be not afraid, only believe."—*Herrick.*

ALAN QUINTIN'S INQUIRIES.

HOW DO YOU MEAN TO ACT?

How do you mean to act? is a plain inquiry, but not a prudent one,—it promises everything and performs nothing,—it is "all cry and little wool,"—it is like a cipher, that is of no value by itself, though of much worth with other figures,—it is a winged arrow, too light in the head to fly, and too blunt to enter the heart it is aimed at. I must sharpen and give it weight; I must make my question not only a plain question, but a proper question, a prudent question, and a practical question, by pointing out the exact circumstances under which it is proposed.

The inquiry, How do you mean to act? means nothing, without the case being stated to which it applies. How do you mean to act? is a general question, and cannot call forth a particular answer. Now I mean to be precise, pointed, and particular; my inquiry, then, shall be made precise, pointed, and particular also.

It is an excellent thing to know how to act in critical cases, and to be prepared for events of importance. A famine, a flood, or a fire, is bad enough, with every arrangement that forethought can make to meet it,—but for it to come upon us unawares would be fearful indeed. Famine, and flood, and fire, it is true, are not sure to come upon us, but if these evils are uncertain, others are certain; and it is with regard to these certain evils that I mean to ask you, How do you mean to act? Trifling and putting off, and making excuses, will not answer your purpose here. The evils to which I allude are assuredly coming: How do you mean to act?

If we live, old age, with its infirmities, is sure to come upon us. Labour and sorrow attend an old man as his shadow. The aged stand in need of great consolation. David, no doubt, thought so, when he prayed to the God of his fathers, "Cast me not off in the time of old age," Psa. lxxi. 9. Are you prepared for the grey hair, and the feeble frame, and the failing sight, and the tottering tread? Can you bear, think you, to be left alone, hour after hour, musing on the past and the future? A patient, cheerful, grateful, and pious old age has many consolations and enjoyments; but an impatient, desponding, repining, and ungodly old age is fearful to contemplate. Old age will come, if life be allowed you: how do you intend to provide for it—how do you mean to act?

Though now we may be in health, by-and-by we shall be visited with sickness. This, also, may be regarded as a certainty. The tooth-ache, the ear-ache, and the head-ache, will most likely be yours, and perhaps more painful visitations. Job must needs have been in a sad case, when he was afflicted "with sore boils from the sole of his foot unto his crown," Job ii. 7. Nor was David in a much better condition when he cried out, "I am weary with my groaning; all the night make I my bed to swim; I water my couch with my tears." It may not be thus with you, though the fever may burn you, the ague shake you, and consumption waste

your frame. This is a matter that should come home to your heart. In what way do you intend to treat it? How do you mean to act?

Death is certain,—for life is "even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away," Jas. iv. 14. "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return," Gen. iii. 19. You cannot even hope to escape death, though, whether you may be called away in a year or an hour, a month or a moment, you cannot tell. To some, death is calm and peaceful; to others it is very terrible. One cries out, "The terrors of death are fallen upon me,—and horror hath overwhelmed me," Psa. lv. 4, 5. Another, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me," Psa. xxiii. 4. While, then, one is fearful in death and another fearless, while one desponds and another takes courage, how do you purpose to prepare for it? How do you mean to act?

There will be a day of judgment, for "God hath appointed a day, in the which he will judge the world in righteousness," Acts xvii. 31. "The Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him:—and before him shall be gathered all nations; and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats: and he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left," Matt. xxv. 31—33. If this be true—and it is true, for God's word declares it—then I say it is intelligence of the most alarming kind. It concerns me, it concerns you, it concerns all. You have heard it before. Have you taken it to heart? thought of it? pondered on it? wept over it? and prayed over it? Are you prepared for it? How do you mean to act? This is not a thing to be neglected for a year, a month, a week, or a day, for we know not what a day may bring forth. Take the subject into consideration at once, so that you may be able to reply to my question, How do you mean to act?

There is a place of endless anguish to avoid, and a state of endless happiness to secure. "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God," Psa. ix. 17. "These shall go away into everlasting punishment: but the righteous into life eternal," Matt. xxv. 46. Read these texts of Holy Scripture over again, and pause upon them. Think for a moment on all they involve,—endless darkness and endless light! endless hell and endless heaven! What a thought! what an overwhelming consideration! And can we, with the choice before us, hesitate between gnashing of teeth and songs of praise? Reader! how is it with you? Have you decided? How do you mean to act?

Alan Quintin has led you on from one solemnity to another, and now he must leave you—but not without a parting word. He would throw a rainbow, if he could, over your cloudy sky, and a glow of exultation in your hearts. Now he will tell you how to accomplish many ends by one act. If you fear the grave, learn to look beyond it! If you dread death, seek Him with all your soul, whom to know is eternal life! With a well-grounded hope of heaven, through Him who hung upon the cross, you will be able patiently to endure, and gratefully to enjoy. He that is ready for heaven is prepared for all the evils of earth; he is ready for joy and sorrow, light and darkness, health and sickness, life and death, time and eternity.

THE GIFT OF TONGUES.

The apostles, speaking on the day of Pentecost to the people, in their respective languages, was to us a plain intimation of the mind and will of God, that the sacred records should be preserved by all nations in their own tongue; that the Scriptures should be read, and public worship performed in the vulgar languages of the nations.—*M. Henry.*

TRUTH APPLIED.

I want to be better acquainted with God's holy word; to have its inestimable truths lodged in my memory, its heavenly doctrines impressed upon my heart; that my tempers may take their fashion from it, and my public administrations be enriched by it.—*Hervey.*

BE KIND.

Hard words are like hail-stones in summer, beating down and destroying what they would nourish were they melted into drops.—*Anon.*

Modern City of Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, called by the Turks Allah-Shehr, or "the City of God," is a town of Lesser Asia, situated beneath the snowy Mount Tmolus, distinguished in Scripture as containing one of the seven churches to which the apocalyptic epistles were addressed. It stands about twenty-five miles to the south-east of Sardis, in the plain of Heronus, and was originally built by Attalus Philadelphus, the brother of Eumenes, after whom it was named. It was the second city of Lydia;* but the inhabitants were constantly in apprehension of injury, as it was subject to earthquakes, in consequence of its vicinity to the Catakekaumene.† Eleven hundred years after Christ, the Greek general, John Ducas, took Philadelphia, with Sardis, by assault. In 1175, the emperor Manuel falling into an ambuscade of the Turks, not far from the sources of the Mæander, retired to Philadelphia. In the division of the conquests of the sultan Aladin, in 1300,

* Ptolem. v. 2; Plin. Hist. Nat. v. 30.
† Strabo, xiii., p. 628.

ne. This is a matter tha
ne to your heart. In w
ntend to treat it? How
act?
is certain,—for life is
that appeareth for a lit
n vanisheth away," Jas.
thou art, and unto dust s
' Gen. iii. 19. You can
escape death, though,
y be called away in a y
month or a moment, y
To some, death is calm a
others it is very terrible.
'The terrors of death a
me,—and horror hath ove
Psa. lv. 4, 5. Another, "
through the valley of the
, I will fear no evil: fo
me; thy rod and thy staf
me," Psa. xxiii. 4. While
arful in death and anoth
le one desponds and an
rage, how do you purpose
it? How do you mean to
There will be a day of ju
iod hath appointed a day, i
will judge the world in rig
ts xvii. 31. "The Son o
ne in his glory, and all the
th him:—and before him
ered all nations; and he sl
em one from another, as
rideth his sheep from the
shall set the sheep on his
the goats on the left,"
—33. If this be true—a
God's word declares it—
intelligence of the mo
d. It concerns me, it con
cerns all. You have hea
e you taken it to heart
pondered on it? wept o
ed over it? Are you
How do you mean to a
thing to be neglected
, a week, or a day, for
hat a day may bring fo
ject into consideration
u may be able to
, How do you mean
is a place of end
d a state of endl
"The wicked
and all th
ix. 17.
asting
nto life
hese
nd

been found at Cæsarea, .l letters, which is held in ı in the neighbourhood, always send for it when ek upon his oath. There en four strong marble pil- upported the dome of a has fallen down, but its e observed, and it is seen as of brick. On the sides . are inscriptions and some ornaments in the form of saints.

dell was in the neighbour- lelphia, an incident occur- ibly impresses on the mind of Asiatic society. "At we were on horseback," and quitted Bulladan with tion than poor Memet, who, to local attachment, had last cted a marriage with a young of course he had never seen, see till after the marriage and perhaps had never before The female relations only are to see the selected object, and to their report, the bridegroom makes up his mind to marry n marry. Memet had lost his his only sister was in Smyrna, therefore trusted to the report of man."

siting Asia Minor, the traveller fail to meet some encampment omans, who infest the country. pearance of these men is anything asing, presenting all the dull and eful traits of their Tartar origin bits of sloth and cruelty, combined ne homeless and predatory life of ab. Though the races are not to sidered identical, yet the habits of urcomans of the present day are ely those described in the Old Tes- nt. Their black tents would fully ne simile of Solomon—"I am black, omely, as the tents of Kedar, as the ains of Solomon," Sol. Song i. 5, e their pastoral life is in every respect ar to that adverted to by Ezekiel in denunciations of destruction against re: "Arabia, and all the princes of ar, they occupied with thee in lambs, rams, and goats; in these were they merchants," Ezek. xxvii. 21.

In turning over the page of history, e name of Philadelphia appears about n years after the date of the apocalyptic essage—a letter being sent to the church Ignatius, in acknowledgment of a visit paid him at Troas. He alludes in terms of high commendation to the Philadelphians, and also to their pastor, as one who had "obtained the ministry not by any selfish or worldly means, but for the common good of saints." He warns them of those "evil herbs, which are not of the planting of the Father;" and particularly of the opinions of the Judaizers. "If any one," says he, "shall preach the Jewish law unto you, hearken not unto him; for it is better to receive the doctrine of Christ from one who has been circumcised, than Judaism from one who has not. But if either the one or the other do not speak concerning Christ Jesus, they seem to me to be but as monuments and sepulchres of the dead, upon which are written only the names of men. Flee, therefore, the wicked arts and snares of the prince of this world, lest at any time being oppressed by his cunning ye grow cold in your love." Some remarks in this letter seem also to intimate that Ignatius had once visited Philadelphia, for he alludes to having been among them; and speaks of some suspecting, that during his stay he had been informed of some dissensions existing, which he contradicts: —"But He is my witness, for whose sake I am in bonds, that I knew nothing of any man. But the Spirit spake."*

An ancient writer claims for a member of the Philadelphian church the honour of prophetic inspiration, yet he wrote against Montanus and others who had aspired to a similar power. The history of imposture furnishes numerous illustrations of the difference between the frantic gestures and distorted looks of those possessing the pseudo-prophetic character, and the conduct of those "holy men" who "spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." The Omniscient alone knows the end from the beginning; and coming events can only be foretold by his inspiration.

The epistle addressed to the angel of the church in that city bore the high authority of "Him that is holy," and of "Him that is true," and therefore demanded the devout and careful examination and practical application of the church at Philadelphia. It was as follows:— "And to the angel of the church in Philadelphia write; These things saith he that is holy, he that is true, he that hath the key of David, he [illegible] and no man shutteth; and [illegible] no man openeth; I kn[illegible]

* Ignat. ad Philadelph

the inner parts of Phrygia, as far as Cilicia and Philadelphia, fell by lot to Karamân. The town was soon afterwards besieged by Alisuras, who took the forts near, and distressed it, but retired on the approach of the Roman army. The Tripolines requested succour from the general, on his way to Kliara, and he defeated the enemy at Aulak. It is related that the Philadelphians despised the Turks, having a tradition that their city had never been taken; but after this exploit, the grand duke Roger returned hither, and exacted money. It continued a place of strength and importance down to the Byzantine age, and singly withstood Bajazet the First, in 1392; but wanting provisions, it was obliged to capitulate.

The town occupies a considerable extent of surface, running up the slopes of four hills, or rather of one hill with four flat summits. Viewed from one of them, the country presents an extremely magnificent appearance, gardens and vineyards lying at the back and sides of the town, while before it one of the most extensive and beautiful plains of Asia does not fail to elicit the astonishment and admiration of the beholder.* The town, however, is both ill-paved and dirty—in these respects resembling oriental cities in general. A wall runs across the summits of the hill behind the town, and the small valleys, strengthened by circular square towers, forming also an extensive and long quadrangle in the plain below. Smith says it was a city formerly of as great strength as beauty, having had three strong walls toward the plain, a great part of the inmost wall yet standing, though decayed and broken down in several places, with several bastions upon it.† A mile and a half out of the town to the south is, or was, according to the same authority, a thick wall of men's bones, confusedly cemented together with the stones, in all probability raised by the command of Bajazet the First, to express his revenge and furious rage against the distressed citizens, for daring to withstand so long his victorious arms. "These bones are so entire," says Ricaut, "that I brought a piece thereof with me from thence." And yet Chandler discovered that this wonder is merely the remnant of a duct, which conveyed water of a petrifying quality, as at Laodicea. "This incrusted some vegetable substances, which have perished," says Arundell, "and left behind, as it were, their moulds."

Hartley mentions, in his journal, that he saw the town to peculiar advantage. For several days he had been contending with rain, cold, and adverse weather; but "to-day," he writes, "on arriving at Philadelphia, 'Lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land,' Cant. ii. 11—12. The voice of the turtle charmed me greatly during our stay here. This favourite bird is so tame, that it flies about the street and comes up close to our door in the khan."

When the American missionaries, Fisk and Parsons, visited the place in 1820, they were informed by the Greek archbishop, Gabriel, that there were five churches in the town, besides twenty which were either old or small, and not then in use. He estimated the whole number of houses at three thousand, of which two hundred and fifty were inhabited by Greeks, the rest by Turks—all of which are embosomed in the foliage of trees. They counted six mission minarets; and one of the present mosques was pointed out to them as the church in which the primitive Christians assembled to whom John wrote! One of the most remarkable of the ruins is a single column of great antiquity, and which had evidently belonged to another structure than the present church; which, taken with the present name of the town, forcibly brings to mind that part of the apocalyptic message to the church of Philadelphia, which says—"Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God; and he shall go no more out," Rev. iii. 12.

A ruined wall appears, probably erected by those who so manfully defended the city previously to its final fall. There was a public school of the Greeks when Hartley visited Philadelphia, at which thirty or forty children were present, and they were learning Greek, Romaic, and Turkish. The master complained that the neglect of the parents was an obstacle to improvement: as soon as a child could write sufficiently for the purposes of commerce, he was removed, and employed in business. A manuscript copy of the Gospels was kept here, but it was neither ancient nor valuable. Another,

* Richter, Whalfahrten, p. 518. Schubert, Morgehlande, i. 353—357.

† Smith, Sept. Ecclesiarum Asiæ, p. 138.

however, had been found at Cæsarea, written in uncial letters, which is held in such veneration in the neighbourhood, that the Turks always send for it when they put a Greek upon his oath. There may also be seen four strong marble pillars, which supported the dome of a church which has fallen down, but its remains may be observed, and it is seen that the arch was of brick. On the sides of the pillars are inscriptions and some architectural ornaments in the form of the figures of saints.

When Arundell was in the neighbourhood of Philadelphia, an incident occurred which forcibly impresses on the mind the condition of Asiatic society. "At half-past nine we were on horseback," says he, "and quitted Bulladan with more satisfaction than poor Memet, who, in addition to local attachment, had last night contracted a marriage with a young lady, whom of course he had never seen, (nor would see till after the marriage ceremony) and perhaps had never before heard of. The female relations only are permitted to see the selected object, and according to their report, the bridegroom expectant makes up his mind to marry or not to marry. Memet had lost his mother; his only sister was in Smyrna, and he therefore trusted to the report of an old man."

In visiting Asia Minor, the traveller does not fail to meet some encampment of Turcomans, who infest the country. The appearance of these men is anything but pleasing, presenting all the dull and ungraceful traits of their Tartar origin and habits of sloth and cruelty, combined with the homeless and predatory life of the Arab. Though the races are not to be considered identical, yet the habits of the Turcomans of the present day are precisely those described in the Old Testament. Their black tents would fully suit the simile of Solomon—"I am black, but comely, as the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon," Sol. Song i. 5, while their pastoral life is in every respect similar to that adverted to by Ezekiel in his denunciations of destruction against Tyre: "Arabia, and all the princes of Kedar, they occupied with thee in lambs, and rams, and goats; in these were they thy merchants," Ezek. xxvii. 21.

In turning over the page of history, the name of Philadelphia appears about ten years after the date of the apocalyptic message—a letter being sent to the church by Ignatius, in acknowledgment of a visit paid him at Troas. He alludes in terms of high commendation to the Philadelphians, and also to their pastor, as one who had "obtained the ministry not by any selfish or worldly means, but for the common good of saints." He warns them of those "evil herbs, which are not of the planting of the Father;" and particularly of the opinions of the Judaizers. "If any one," says he, "shall preach the Jewish law unto you, hearken not unto him; for it is better to receive the doctrine of Christ from one who has been circumcised, than Judaism from one who has not. But if either the one or the other do not speak concerning Christ Jesus, they seem to me to be but as monuments and sepulchres of the dead, upon which are written only the names of men. Flee, therefore, the wicked arts and snares of the prince of this world, lest at any time being oppressed by his cunning ye grow cold in your love." Some remarks in this letter seem also to intimate that Ignatius had once visited Philadelphia, for he alludes to having been among them; and speaks of some suspecting, that during his stay he had been informed of some dissensions existing, which he contradicts:—"But He is my witness, for whose sake I am in bonds, that I knew nothing of any man. But the Spirit spake."*

An ancient writer claims for a member of the Philadelphian church the honour of prophetic inspiration, yet he wrote against Montanus and others who had aspired to a similar power. The history of imposture furnishes numerous illustrations of the difference between the frantic gestures and distorted looks of those possessing the pseudo-prophetic character, and the conduct of those "holy men" who "spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." The Omniscient alone knows the end from the beginning; and coming events can only be foretold by his inspiration.

The epistle addressed to the angel of the church in that city bore the high authority of "Him that is holy," and of "Him that is true," and therefore demanded the devout and careful examination and practical application of the church at Philadelphia. It was as follows:—"And to the angel of the church in Philadelphia write; These things saith he that is holy, he that is true, he that hath the key of David, he that openeth, and no man shutteth; and shutteth, and no man openeth; I know thy works:

* Ignat. ad Philadelph. Epist. viii.

behold, I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it: for thou hast a little strength, and hast kept my word, and hast not denied my name. Behold, I will make them of the synagogue of Satan, which say they are Jews, and are not, but do lie; behold, I will make them to come and worship before thy feet, and to know that I have loved thee. Because thou hast kept the word of my patience, I also will keep thee from the hour of temptation, which shall come upon all the world, to try them that dwell upon the earth. Behold, I come quickly: hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown. Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out: and I will write upon him the name of my God, and the name of the city of my God, *which is* new Jerusalem, which cometh down out of heaven from my God: and *I will write upon him* my new name. He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches." Rev. iii. 7—13. Though under unfavourable circumstances as far as its rise and maintenance as a city is concerned, yet religion found root in a good soil at Philadelphia; and the beauteous fruits it has borne have testified its firm adherence to its "first love," and the fulfilment of the promise, "I also will keep thee from the hour of temptation, which shall come upon all the earth." The distance at which Philadelphia was situated from the sea, and its little intercourse with surrounding districts, may have tended in the arrangements of Divine Providence to produce this happy result. The period at which the church was planted has been a subject of dispute; but at the era when the apostle John sent his inspired epistle, it was, if not the most extensive, the purest of the seven churches addressed. That letter declared at once that the Omniscient one regarded the works which had been performed by his faithful followers with approval, and they might therefore be assured, for their encouragement, that by his gospel he had "set before them an open door" of access into the family and kingdom of heaven, and to all the present and everlasting privileges of his people, which none could shut against them. Or, according to the views in which the passage is considered by some, he had set before them an open door of usefulness in spreading his gospel, nor could any one prevent the success of their "work of faith and labour of love." The reward of their efforts was not to be small or contingent, but great and certain; and as we turn over the volume of history, the remarkable fulfilment of this promise is fully declared. Holding fast the truth which they had received, they could not be deprived of the victor's crown. Infidelity itself declares the infallibility of God. "In the loss of Ephesus," says Gibbon, "the Christians deplored the fall of the first angel, the extinction of the first candlestick of the revelation: the desolation is complete; and the temple of Diana, or the church of Mary, will equally elude the search of the curious traveller. The circus, and three stately theatres of Laodicea, are now peopled with wolves and foxes; Sardis is reduced to a miserable village; the God of Mohammed, without a rival, is invoked in the mosques of Thyatira and Pergamos; and the populousness of Smyrna is supported by the foreign trade of the Franks and Armenians. Philadelphia alone has been saved." Though this writer sneeringly remarks that Philadelphia was "saved by prophecy, or courage," his opposition to the fact only makes the lesson more impressive. "At a distance from the sea," he continues, "forgotten by the emperor, encompassed on all sides by the Turks, her valiant citizens defended their religion and freedom above fourscore years, and at length capitulated with the proudest of the Ottomans, in 1390. Among the Greek colonies and churches of Asia, Philadelphia is still erect—a column in a scene of ruins!"

F. S. W.

THE BODY AND THE MIND.

In considering the connexion between the mind and the body, it is of the highest importance always to remember that the mind, or rather the being that thinks and wills, is the active agent. The body, with all its beautiful and wondrous adaptations, only supplies the means of perception and of acting. Nerve-matter is the evident medium and instrument of the being that perceives and acts through it. Physiologists appear to have demonstrated that an imponderable principle, akin to electricity, is evolved in the nervous system, and that currents of this kind are constantly traversing the different sets of nerves, according to their office and function, either as the media of sensation, volition,

or of vegetative life. There is, in short, an action going forward in all the nerves and their centres, similar to the electro-magnetic, and consequently every nerve is polarized. The soul appears to operate upon these electro-magnetic currents, and to be impressed by them. The imponderable *energia* passing in these currents is apparently the medium between the soul and the more palpable materials forming the body. This may be inferred from the fact, that whatever alters the force of these currents alters the condition of the mind in relation to the body. Thus the arrest of the current in a nerve subservient to voluntary muscular action, whether by chemical or mechanical means, prevents the mind from exercising will in the use of the muscle with which the nerve experimented on is connected. The same occurs, also, in the like case with any nerve through which we obtain sensation of the presence of any body which, in a natural state, would so affect the nerve as to produce feeling. Another evidence that the soul acts through this fluid is afforded in the circumstance that, by strongly directing the attention to any part, as, for instance, the eye, a new sensation is perceived in the organ; and if this kind of attention be persisted in, or frequently repeated, the eye becomes inflamed and painful. It is also evident, that those nerves that belong to parts, the natural functions of which are carried on without our consciousness—such as the stomach—may be rendered sensitive by a strong action of the will; and the operation of all the reflex, or ordinary involuntary system, is modified by mental emotion. In fact, every thought changes the nerve-current. Moreover, the brain itself, and all the nerves connected with it, are so far influenced by the will of the individual as to be not only directed into new modes, so as to effect an entire alteration in the habit of mental and muscular action, but also to such a degree, that "the completely organized brain is partly a creation of self-directing and self-repeating mental activity," (Feuchtersleben, p. 123.) It is, so to say, developed by the habits of the soul.

The rapidity of the mental processes seems to require an electric, or some similar medium, by which they may be effected in connexion with the body, since they result so instantaneously that the will to move for instance, and the motion, are simultaneous. Professor Wheatstone has proved that electricity, like light, travels at the rate of 192,000 miles in a second; and this appears to be an agency sufficiently subtile to answer all the purposes of the soul as an active being. Probably electricity and light are but one agent, acting under different relations. It is interesting to consider ourselves as operating, by each act of our will, upon embodied light; but whatever be the immediate agency between mind and muscle, it is vastly more interesting to know, that the willing being is something as really and distinctly existing as the light itself, but in its nature infinitely more subtilely and exquisitely constituted, since it is indivisibly and inscrutably associated with the Being who said, "Let light be, and light was."

If we advance further in contemplating our mental existence in connexion with the body, we shall more clearly perceive, that the body itself is not the cause but the instrument of mind. In order that it should be a ready instrument, it is, as we see, constructed on electro-magnetic principles, so that it serves the purposes of the mind in many spontaneous actions, without even awakening consciousness. Whatever is essential to the processes of life is carried on in the economy without our consent; and until some demand is made by the body, requiring our voluntary interference for the removal of inconvenience or for the supply of aliment, our attention is not so far attracted to the body as that our desires are distinctly perceived to arise from its state. Thus we feel hunger or thirst, and use means for their removal. But our emotions and affections are at all times influenced by bodily condition, and, in many respects, may be traced to a physical origin. They are so far involuntary, that their causes are in operation before we are aware, and they are apt to evince their power against our wills; yet reason is tested by their presence, and she prevails over them in proportion to the clear perception and experience of spiritual motives, or those moral convictions which arise from religious enlightenment. Were it not that our connexion with the body subjects us to feelings against which we are conscientiously and reasonably required to contend, we should be incapable of that self-consciousness by which we distinguish ourselves from our bodies. In fact, those who find no other inducement to thought and action than the body affords, are really incapable of apprehending any

other than bodily existence, and they live not according to spiritual but sensual motive.—*Dr. George Moore.*

SUPERSTITION IN WALES, AND ITS ANTIDOTE.

In our last paper on Plynlimmon and its neighbourhood, we promised some remarks on the superstition of the people: these therefore we proceed to make, before we describe Aberystwith, our next route.

But let it not be supposed, at the outset, that superstition is restricted to Wales: in some form or other, it has prevailed in all countries, varying, of course, according to climate, as well as to the characteristic features and education of its inhabitants. In Ireland we lament its fearful prevalence; in some parts of Scotland we still behold it; while in England also it may be detected in various circumstances.

To refer, however, particularly to Wales:—There is a well near Abergeley, consecrated to St. Elian, and celebrated in history and song, which has been the scene, for ages, of unnumbered and scarcely credible impostures. A few years ago, the county prosecuted one of the chief attendants, who, in consequence, was found guilty of fraud, and consigned to prison. For some time, the celebrity of St. Elian and his protegé died away; but it was subsequently revived by a person named Evans, who commenced business near the same spot. He had a shallow well on his premises, which he called Fflynnon Elian, and put into it a large quantity of pebbles, slates, and stones, inscribed with numberless initials and names. No sooner did he hear of the sickness of any poor person, or of any one visited by misfortune, than he contrived to let them know their names were in the well, and that nothing could relieve them, except they were taken out. Of course, this could not be done without money; and many hundreds of ignorant people were known to travel on foot thirty or forty miles to seek relief, and that in the most distracted state of mind. Nor was this all; he pretended that he had power to put any person into the well,—thus bringing upon them affliction and distress; and to take them out, for money, whenever he pleased. The consequence was, that ignorant persons were led to charge their misfortunes on the malignity of their neighbours; thus producing dreadful strifes; while hundreds of equally infatuated persons gave their money to this man, to gratify, as they thought, their own spite.

This impostor was, however, brought to justice. On his trial, a female, named Davies, stated as follows:—"She went to him, to know if her husband's name were in the well. He said he would see; and sent a girl out with a man, who soon returned with pebbles and slates on which various initials were written or engraved. He looked at them attentively, and said my husband's name was not among them. The girl was sent a second time, and she brought back a dish half full of small pebbles, which were thrown upon the table by the prisoner. I picked out one from among them, marked R. D., and asked him if that was meant for my husband. He looked at it, and said, 'Yes.' I said to him, 'Did you put my husband into the well?' He replied, 'No.' I was not satisfied, and told the prisoner I did not think it was my husband's pebble; but he insisted that it was, and the water should prove it. Both of us went to the well, and he took some of the water out in a leaden vessel, and bade me drink it, which I did. He then said there was no doubt that the letters on the pebble meant my husband, and that when I returned home I should find him better, and that 10*s*. was the lowest price he could charge for taking my husband out of the well. I said I had not so much money, but would procure it, and return as soon as I could. By his permission I took the pebble home. He cautioned me not to show it to any one; and in answer to my inquiry, what I should do with it, he said I must bruise it, mix it with salt, and throw it into the fire. He said he knew who brought the illness on my husband, and that he could, if he thought fit, put him into the well, and afflict him with any disease or misfortune. I said, 'Pray do no such thing, for I leave it with God to deal with the person who has punished my husband, and caused all my sufferings.'"

The testimony of the brother of the sufferer throws still further light on the movements of the impostor. He went with the last witness to him, and thus describes what took place:—"The prisoner took some water out of the well in a leaden vessel, and told me to drink it, and at the same time to thank God and

St. Elian for the cure of my brother. I did so; and then agreed to give him 7*s.* for a bottle of water to take home. He ordered me to throw the money into the well, which I did; but the prisoner took it out before it reached the bottom, and put it into his pocket. I then asked him how he knew that R. D. meant my brother? he said, 'By the colouring of the water.' He then began to discharge the water from the well, and I observed him to stir up the mud on one side with his right hand, which rendered it muddy. 'There,' said he, 'the water changes colour—to show you that the pebbles taken out mean your brother.' I asked the prisoner if he knew who had put my brother into the well. He said, 'No,' but there was a book in the house that would tell. I went into the house with him; he then put a book on the table and a pack of cards, and asked my sister-in-law if she suspected any one more than another; she said she did. He then told her to whisper who it was in my ear, and when she had done so, he opened a book, and there appeared two circles. My sister cut the cards, and there turned up three of diamonds; the prisoner then uttered a deal of miraculous words, and at last decided that the person suspected was not guilty."

Superstition, unhappily, has not been confined to the humbler classes of the principality, it has displayed itself more or less among those of the middle ranks; or what mean those endless stories of ghosts, hobgoblins, witches, and fairies, often gravely narrated by respectable persons? What means the attributing to some spell the death of a horse or cow, and such like marvels? All originate in superstition. The following fact will furnish a fair specimen of a numerous train of similar absurdities believed in by many among the Welsh:

The writer has some knowledge of a gentleman who thus tested their credulity, and on whose veracity full reliance may be placed:—"For the sake of experiment, I prepared a light which would burn blue, placed it among the boughs of a tree, and secured it against the trunk by a piece of thread and two small fish-hooks, when I was the inmate of a house not a hundred miles from Carmarthen. I had previously ridiculed the notions entertained, and heard that they were losing their influence, yet no one, on observing the light, had courage to inspect it; it consequently burned out as I wished, and was the innocent cause of much commotion in the neighbourhood. Soon after this some person died, and, strange as it may seem, my blue candle was pointed out as the 'corpse-light' of the departed! Doubtless many a glow-worm, or *ignis fatuus*, has given rise to similar imaginations; and some effort was necessary to restrain my feelings, when I heard the light in the tree declared, in respectable society, to be the certain premonition of that individual's decease.*"

In the more retired and pastoral counties of Caernarvon and Merioneth, there was, some few years since, scarcely a glen, a dingle, a mountain, or a wood, that was not considered to have its full number of fairies and spirits. It is worthy of notice, however, that there is almost always to be found a moral lesson, incorporated with the legends of the Welsh. Hence there have always been two distinct species of fairies, recognised in their fables: the one denominated Tylwyth Teg, signifying "the fair family;" the other Ellyon, the elves or goblins. These are supposed to have a malicious influence upon the human race; while the former are believed to possess a spirit of kindness and benevolence, rewarding industry, cleanliness, and obedience, with riches and happiness.

"They were not," says tradition, "to be impeded in ingress or egress: a bowl of milk was to be placed at night for them upon the hearth, and in return, they left a small present in money, if the house was kept clean; if not, they inflicted some punishment upon the negligent, which, as it was death to look upon them, the offenders were obliged to endure; and many mischievous tricks were, no doubt, played upon these occasions.

"Our simple ancestors," it has been remarked, "reduced all their whimsical notions respecting these fabulous beings, to a system as consistent and regular as many parts of the heathen mythology; a sufficient proof, by the way, of the extensive influence and great antiquity of the superstition. Mankind, indeed, and especially the common people, could not have been so unanimously agreed respecting these arbitrary notions, had they not prevailed among them for many ages.

* The "corpse candles," as they are called, are fully explained in a volume recently published by the Religious Tract Society, entitled, "Magic, Pretended Miracles, and Remarkable Natural Phenomena."

So ancient, indeed, is the superstition, that, so far as regards its origin among the Saxons, we can only discover that long before this people left their German forests they believed in a kind of diminutive demons or spirits, which they denominated *Duergar*, or dwarfs, and to which they attributed many wonderful performances, far above all human art and capability. These attributes did not degenerate as they floated down the stream of time, but, gathering increase in their progress, they were for a long time implicitly believed and recorded by the simple and untutored peasantry."

But although we cannot trace the origin of fairies among the Saxons to any precise period, we can to the Britons, among whom we have no doubt they were indigenous and of very ancient standing. The oldest of the British bards alludes to them; and both Taliessen and Merddin mention the two species that have been alluded to. There can be no doubt, we think, that their existence is deduced from the Druids. The customs of the fairies are so systematic, so peculiar, so distinct, that the conclusion is almost inevitable, that they were a body of people compelled to live by themselves, and delighted in a mysterious mode of living.

It is matter for gratitude that superstition in Wales is declining with the progress of sound knowledge and Christian instruction. The present high sheriff of Glamorgan says:

"A residence of thirty years in Glamorganshire has made me acquainted with the condition of the mining and manufacturing population of a great part of the county. Their domestic accommodation of late years is greatly improved, and each succeeding year improving. Habits of sobriety are, on the whole, well cultivated. Habits of providence and economy are, in my opinion, as well observed by the population of Glamorganshire, as by that of any part of the United Kingdom. Their religious feelings and observances are very marked in this Welsh county: witness the almost universal orderly observance of the sabbath—the large attendances at weekly prayer, and other meetings—the careful maintenance of the churches and chapels—and the sacred reverence for the churchyards and depositories of the dead. Their care for their children, and sense of parental responsibility, are exemplary in the extreme; particularly so in comparison with other mining and manufacturing districts. When kindness and protection are manifested and extended by their employers and superiors, respect, with unreserved confidence and attachment, is returned. Their moral and mental condition is still improving, as evidenced by the banishment and absence of political discontent—the increased indulgence in domestic comforts—the growing neatness and smartness of dress and furniture—the avidity to give education to their children—and generally wherever opportunity is afforded by local institutions, or influential encouragement, to make provision for a reverse of times and for old age. The women are kindly, tenderly, and respectfully regarded. Their 'character' is chaste, but confiding, honest, and industrious. Their influence is great, and on great emergencies powerfully exerted. The duties of wife and mother are naturally and well understood, and fulfilled."

Equally, if not still more, cheering is the statement of the Rev. W. Jones, of Nevin:

"In an important sense, and to a very great extent, the Welsh are a religious people. Religion has been so far disseminated in all parts of the principality, as to give the Bible a universal reception. The people at large are able to read the Scriptures. True, there are exceptions; but those are limited to children under ten years of age, and to old people above seventy. One of the loveliest features of the moral condition of the principality is seen in the careful manner in which the sabbath is observed. It may be doubted whether the seventh day is so scrupulously observed in any land on earth. It is just that I should say, that this arises, in a great measure, from the labours of the Welsh Methodists, and on account of the dissemination of their principles among the great mass of the people. The same views are entertained by other denominations, and they order the members belonging to them to observe the Lord's day in a similar manner. The Welsh may claim a character for being honest. That much deception is practised by the most depraved part of the people, is a fact not to be denied; but the wicked acts of a small number must not be held as forming the character of the whole nation, whilst the majority of the people lead a life of virtue."

The statements of the Rev. Thomas Phillips, in reference to the purchase of

Bibles, and contributions to the Bible Society, are highly gratifying. He says:

"The highest average of Bible distribution in Wales, for the last three years, is in that county; that is, in the proportion of 1 to every 3¾ of the entire population. Nor are these all the Bibles circulated in Wales. There are many issued by the Christian Knowledge Society, besides what are sold by private booksellers. In addition to which, he states, that of the Rev. Peter Williams's Bible, which is a large quarto, with annotations, the price from about 20s. to 30s. a copy, there have been sold, in eighty years, 40,000 copies in the principality. It should also be remembered, that the whole of these Bibles, from the Bible Society and elsewhere, were not given away, but sold; so that this immense supply was fairly created by the demand.

"The free contributions sent from Wales to the Bible Society, in the last three years, in addition to paying for large numbers they required themselves, are 10,062*l.* 13s. 2d.; proportion to the number of inhabitants, 2½d. to every man, woman, and child throughout the country. Free contributions from England, during the same period, 81,645*l.* 10s. 11d.; proportion to the number of inhabitants, 1½d.,—just one-half of what the Welsh have contributed. In England, the highest average of free contribution to this noble Society has been in Rutlandshire, which was 4½d. to each person. In Wales, the highest average has been in the Isle of Anglesea, which was 11½d. to each person."

To these facts, may be added the testimony of the Rev. H. Richard:

"The Welsh have, in their own language, and in extensive use among them, translations, in whole or in part, of the following eminent English commentators —Matthew Henry, Thomas Scott, Adam Clarke, Samuel Clark, Dr. Gill, Dr. Coke, Guise, Burkitt, Brown of Haddington, Campbell, and Barnes. In addition to these, there are six or seven original commentaries on the whole Bible, some of them very able and elaborate, with many more on separate books of Scripture. As an evidence of the extent to which they are in request, I may say, that one commentary on the New Testament, which has only been published a few years, has sold 8,000 copies, and a new edition was issued from the press about a twelvemonth ago. Later still has been the appearance of Barnes's admirable work, the demand for which has been still greater—I may say, indeed, enormous—if what I have heard of its circulation even approaches the truth.*

"I find that, in the department of theology, the works, in whole or in part, of the following eminent divines, ancient and modern, have been translated into Welsh:—Calvin, Baxter, Owen, Charnock, Goodwin, bishop Hall, Fisher, Brooks, Bunyan, Gurnal, Boston, Watson, Flavel, Fleetwood, Poole, Brown of Haddington, Colquhoun, Samuel Clarke, Mason, Harvey, Doddridge, Watts, Jonathan Edwards, (all his principal works,) Cole, Fawcett, Maclean, Keach, Burder, (Eastern Customs,) Wesley, Robert Hall, Dr. Chalmers, Dr. Dick, Abbott, Finney, Angell James, Gurney, and Jenkyn, together with many of the works of the Christian Knowledge Society and Religious Tract Society."

Let, then, such means be increased, the Spirit of God accompanying his own truth with Almighty energy, and the superstition of Wales will be speedily extinct. S. S. S.

AN ARRAWAK CHIEF.

JOHN, an old chieftain of the Arrawak nation, in Guiana, says the Rev. J. H. Bernan, was heard by me to say that he would never set his foot within the settlement at the Grove; he kept his word, till affliction made him seek for those consolations which the gospel alone can afford when the hand of the Almighty lies heavy upon the sinner. I used to visit him often for the space of nearly five years, when, as usual, I read to him, and prayed that God would make him and his people see the things which belong to their peace. To all the questions which I put to him he would answer neither more nor less than yes and no. On one occasion I put my questions so as to draw out his feelings; when he observed, "I have often wondered why you should trouble yourself about us, and molest us by your visits. We do not want anything from you; if we have enough to eat and to drink, what more do we want?" To this I observed, "John, if you and your people had only this body, and no souls

* "We have upwards of five hundred volumes of religious works, and of those, forty-two are Commentaries on the Bible."—*Rev. W. Williams's Lecture on the Welsh as a Nation.*

to be saved, then, you may believe me, I should never have left my country and friends to come to you." "I never called you to come," he replied. "I know that you did not call me, and yet I have come to tell you of the love of God, because the love of Christ constrained me to tell you how to become happy." "Well, well, we do not want that; when you come you only trouble us. You had better come no more, and—I now tell you, be off at once." It would not be prudent to remain when an Indian speaks thus. I therefore arose, and having taken up my hat, intended to depart. On turning round, however, I observed a dog asleep near the fire, and asked, "Whose dog is that?" "That is my dog," replied John. "He seems to be a very lazy dog," I said. "No," he answered, "he is a very good hunter." "Suppose he were lazy," I asked, "what would you do to him?" "I would give him a flogging." "And suppose," I replied, "you did not cure him of his laziness, what next?" "Then I would shoot him." "Ah, John, take care," I said, "lest you get such a flogging." Upon this, I stepped into my canoe, and departed.

About that time the small-pox made its appearance in the colony, and committed great ravages among the negroes. Not many weeks passed, and cases were reported to have occurred in the Essequibo. I now endeavoured to procure the vaccine matter, and, through the kindness of the colonial surgeon, I obtained a small supply. I tried it upon the children, and was thankful to see it take effect. I next prevailed upon the adult Indians at the settlement to consent to be vaccinated, and succeeded beyond my expectation. All the people at the Grove, without an exception, submitted to vaccination; and although strangers, affected by the malady, mixed with the people, not even a single case occurred among them. Some weeks after the vaccination, however, the children generally were affected by the chicken-pox, but in a very mild form; and this I looked upon as affording a proof that the plan had been effectual. As soon as the Indians were restored, I sent them abroad to tell their people of the remedy, and the effects it had produced upon them; and to invite them generally to avail themselves of it as a preservative from that dire disease. Many had already fallen victims to it, and a still greater number were just at this time suffering from it. This had the effect of causing them to come from a great distance, and from places which I had never known before. Some of these Indians looked upon my mode of proceeding, when vaccinating them, as a kind of charm; and others submitted to it with suspicion. On other occasions I invariably administered a little medicine, so as to prepare the system for a more favourable reception of the vaccine matter; but with these savages this was altogether out of the question. When the arm became inflamed, attended with considerable fever, they used either to go up to their necks into the water, or annihilate the pustule that was forming, and walk off to be seen no more. Others, again, would come to me, and addressing me with indignation, inquire what I had been doing to their arm, seeing it was so inflamed and caused them fever! It was no easy matter to quiet them and persuade them that in a few days they would be well again; but on inquiry they were told by others that this very circumstance of seeing their arms thus inflamed, was a proof that they would not catch the small-pox, as others had who were not vaccinated. By degrees they felt confidence in the doings of the Dominie; and those who had destroyed the pustule, and others who had run away from me, returned and submitted themselves to a second vaccination.

It may be conceived that this circumstance of showing them kindness mightily operated upon their hearts; and when addressing them on the state of their souls, describing their real condition, and pointing out the only remedy for our spiritual diseases, I was always listened to by them with great attention. As in former days they betrayed great fear, lest, in touching the Dominie, or being touched by him, they should die, so now they crowded around me to shake hands, or have a little chat with me.

One of our people came, at this time, to John, the captain just spoken of. He found the place deserted of its inhabitants, and was about to quit it again, when he thought it advisable to give a shout, loud enough to be heard all round. A faint answer proceeded from one of the huts, which was observed to be surrounded by palm-leaves. He went and found the captain, his wife, and two children, in a deplorable condition, covered all over with small-pox. "Where are your people?" inquired Simeon. "They have all run away, and left me

here; this is the third day that we have had no bread to eat, and we are all so sick." "I will go at once, and call the Dominie," replied the Indian. "The Dominie!" he said, "I am sure he will never come again, for it is not long ago that I sent him out of the place." "Oh," said Simeon, "but I know that he will come;" and away he went to call me. On being informed of the captain's condition, I set off, without loss of time, carrying with me some medicine, and a large supply of provisions. "I am very sick," said John, on my entering the small hut; "and my people have left me to myself; there is my wife, but she cannot go to the field to fetch cassava; and look at the poor children." I advised him what medicine to take himself, and what quantity to give to the others of his family; and having ordered the provisions to be brought and placed before him, I departed. A few days after, I again went, and was thankful to see that all were much better. The captain said, "Ah, Dominie, I have got a flogging." "Have you?" asked I; "see, God loves you yet, and let me hope this affliction will bring you to him." "Yes, Dominie, you are my friend; here is my son, take him." "I have been all along your friend, John; and when the boy is better, I will take him." I then set before him the long-suffering and forbearance of God towards sinners; and magnified the love of Him who "willeth not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should be converted and live." John promised that if he and his family should be spared, he would give himself up to his God and Saviour. It pleased God to restore him again, by the use of means; and no sooner was he able to move about than he paid a visit to the house of God, in which he previously had never set his foot. When his people, who had fled to a distance of several miles to the hills, returned, he forgave them most freely, and encouraged them to go up with him to the house of God. They followed him; and having been fully instructed in the truths of our holy religion for the space of eighteen months, they have all been admitted into the fellowship of Christ's church. And being made conformable to his death, I hope that they will be found also in the likeness of Christ's resurrection. They are, without exception, communicants, and their children are instructed in schools at the Grove. They still live at a distance of five miles from the station, but are most regular in their attendance on the means of grace.

I can never forget the remarks the old man made about his friends; as they so aptly illustrate the nature of the friendship of the world, nay, and even that of worldly friends in the days of adversity. "Ah, Dominie, you came to see me; a stranger to me, as I am to you. My own people have forsaken me in my distress, but you bring me provisions and medicine. Yes, you are my friend." "Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils: for wherein is he to be accounted of?"

OLD HUMPHREY'S ASCENT OF BEN-Y-GLOE.

The mountain's side is rude and steep,
  And its top is in the sky;
But that ancient man has a lightsome foot,
  And a calm undaunted eye.
I said that years were on his brow;
  I said that his hairs were gray:
Yet onward still, with patient step,
  He toils his upward way.

Ben-y-Gloe is a high and dreary mountain, a few miles to the north-east of Blair Athol. It has several heads, the highest of which attains an altitude of 3724 feet, and as these heads are distinct mountains of themselves, many mistakes are made in ascending one for another. Ben-y-Gloe is near the Grampian range of mountains, and not far from the vast and sterile tract of ground called the Forest of Athol; it forms the southern screen of Glen Tilt: "You will find it about half a dozen miles, sir," said one of the waiters, as I set off on my mountainous expedition.

My road lay along the high and steep banks of the Fender, and fearful are many of the precipices that rise from the bed of the river. Not far had I proceeded, before a cottager, to my great satisfaction, for the day was burning hot, announced the distance to Ben-y-Gloe to be no more than four miles; but this cup of consolation was soon dashed from my lips, for a boy that I met assured me it was ten.

It is not in great things only, but in trifling affairs also, that we find our earthly path is not a bowling-green. The ins and outs, and the ups and downs of life are grown into a proverb. A broiling walk of ten miles, and such a mountain as that of Ben-y-Gloe to climb, was no light undertaking. "If four miles are too little, ten miles may be too much,"

said I, trying to console myself. "Who can tell?—truth may lie between?"

A garrulous countryman, who was going a short distance in the same direction as myself, amused me for some time, mingling as he did English and Gaelic in about equal proportions. After he had left me I fell in with an old Highlander, in a low cap and grey kilt, from whom I obtained some useful information. Just before we parted, I mentioned my project of ascending Ben-y-Gloe: "Tak a guide wi ye," said the old Highlander; I civilly thanked him, and walked on.

How rarely do we prize unsolicited advice! If it harmonises with our opinion, and recommends the course we intend to pursue, there is nothing in it that is offensive or distasteful, but otherwise we too often regard it as a liberty or a reproach. The old Highlander knew what was before me, but I knew it not; and, to speak the truth, I rather coveted a few difficulties. It may be all very well for the lover of ease to walk along the plain road and across the green grass, but when in our heroics we are bent on achievement, then welcome difficulty and danger!

In crossing a strip of cultivated ground on which turnips were growing, I took the liberty of moistening my mouth by eating one; and as I by no means expected to find turnips growing on the top of Ben-y-Gloe, I ventured to put another in my pocket, satisfying myself with the reflection, that as the owner was not there, I could not ask his permission; and that had the field been mine, instead of his, he should have been heartily welcome to a dozen turnips under the same circumstances.

After many difficulties I found my way to a burn, or brook, that I had to cross. The rift through which it flowed was narrow and full, a hundred feet deep, and beautifully adorned with grasses, mosses, flowers, shrubs, and pendant plants. I ought to have found the brig, or bridge that crossed it; but it mattered not. Descending one side of the rift I crossed the waters, and then scrambled up the other. Weary with heat and toil, and with the effort of descending and ascending the rift, I threw myself at full length on the sunny slope, now regarding the sparkling brook, broken into a hundred miniature cascades, now looking at huge Ben Vracky, lifting his giant shoulders in the air, and now gazing delighted on the clear, bright, beautiful sky.

On approaching a mountain that hid Ben-y-Gloe from my view, I all at once found myself in a bog. This was an unexpected, and an unavoidable difficulty. In the best way that I could, I waded on through the marshy ground, till, quite beset with puddles of black mud, I had no alternative but that of going back or leaping over a broad quagmire to a suspicious patch of reddish moss, which I feared might not bear my weight. At this juncture, and while I meditated the course to be pursued, a butterfly fluttered over my head, and a solitary water-fowl, scared by me from the boggy brink of a little rushy tarn, winged its affrighted way in an opposite direction. "Oh!" thought I, "He that has given the bird and the insect wings, has given me understanding." Thus encouraged, I examined the patch of red moss afresh, and then took the leap. There was but little harm done, as my feet were already wet; the mossy patch, on the whole, bore me up bravely, so that I sank not deeper than my ankles.

To avoid the bog—for in one place I had well nigh plunged into a hole of black peat mud, that I could not bottom with my stick—I mounted the side of a hill, but found it heavy walking among the deep heather. The swamp had softened the soles of my boots, so that I keenly felt the loose, sharp stones that lay hidden beneath my feet; but when I stopped to look around me on the bushes decked with gorgeous flowers, the glorious garden of glowing purple heather, the distant mountains and the kindling skies, I thought but little of the toil, and the soft boot, and the sharp stones. Even as I note down these remarks, my heart glows with thankfulness at the recollection of the many sunny seasons and the many bursts of delight I was mercifully permitted to enjoy. I know there are those who think but lowly of the joyous revels called forth by the glowing creation, but surely they have never felt them, or it is not given to them to understand how much a heart duly impressed with the goodness of God is moved by the lowliest efforts of his wonder-working hands to thankfulness and praise.

The hills were, here and there, strewn with huge blocks of what appeared to me, to be white marble. Grouse, by twos and threes, were continually springing up from the heather almost under my feet, and large hares, that I fancifully regarded as young kangaroos, bounded off to a dis-

tance, and then sat upon their haunches as if to defy me. Now and then I fell in with a sheep-tract, and this greatly assisted me in my onward course. The heat was intense, so that the distant prospect waved incessantly in the rarefied and tremulous air.

Hard work it was to get southerly round the base of the vast mountain that intervened between me and Ben-y-Gloe; but at last this was accomplished. "Keep away from the high pass to the northward," said a sportsman, before I left Blair Athol, for if you take it, the fall on the other side is so stony that you will not have a bit of shoe-leather left on your foot." With Ben-y-Gloe before me, I began the ascent of what I took to be its southern shoulder in right good will, the fiery sunbeams falling upon me. There was Old Humphrey with his hat in one hand and his hazel stick in the other, toiling up the mountain, a yellow silk handkerchief thrown over his head, and his coat thrown loosely over his shoulders, the sleeves hanging down before like the paws of the skin of a tiger.

As I mounted the steep, the surrounding eminence in the bright sunlight and contrasting shadows assumed strange shapes. In one direction the hollow of a hill in the shade, covering many acres, resembled a gigantic moor-fowl, with head, breast, tail, and one leg as perfect as if drawn by the hand of a limner, while on the left a half-illuminated mountain had an appearance like that of the white bear of Spitzbergen. Up, up I climbed, now using my hazel stick, and now fain to lay hold with my hands on the craggy projections in my path. My toil was great, and my thirst hardly endurable. What was my joy when I suddenly came to a running stream and bubbling fountain of crystal water!—Oh, it was exquisite to partake of that delightful stream! I could not satisfy myself in drinking; and even after I had left the place, again I returned to renew my gratification.

In taking an upward survey, a part of my work was fully before me. I had a spongy tract of ground, another of black peat, and a third of loose stones to traverse, before I could reach the top of the mountain on which I was; but I had drunk "of the brook by the way." I had eaten with a relish the turnip with which I had provided myself, and being greatly refreshed, with a buoyant spirit I renewed my interesting enterprise. On arriving at the desired summit of the mountain, nothing could exceed my astonishment and mortification. My heart nearly fainted within me when I saw that all my labour had been in vain, I had ascended the wrong mountain. The dip to the north of the eminence on which I stood was awful, while beyond it Ben-y-Gloe towered towards the skies. I paused for a moment, heaved a sigh, and then began to descend to the northward, still fully determined to reach the proudest summit of Ben-y-Gloe.

And reach it I did; but my achievement cost me much. At one time I climbed a hundred paces before I rested; eighty were afterwards as many as I could accomplish; these were by degrees diminished to sixty, forty, and even twenty. I then threw myself, quite exhausted, at full length on the ground, stretching out my arms as though I could not lie flat enough to rest me; I wanted my very fingers to obtain a temporary relief. These things, however, only heightened my joy when I stood erect on the summit of the giant mountain.

Was it nothing to witness the difficulties I had overcome!—to look down on the proud head of Ben Vracky!—to find myself above the two other summits of Ben-y-Gloe, and to gaze on Ben Mac Dhui, who, with the snow wreaths in the folds of his garments, seemed to stand so near me that I felt as if I could almost have shaken him by the hand! Was it nothing to look round on the Grampian Hills, on Spittle of Glenshee, Schiehallion, and more distant Ben Lawers; to range with my eager eyes over the great Forest of Athol, where the red deer hides in the shadowy woods, glens, and mountain fastnesses his antlered head! And was it nothing to see from that commanding height the glorious sun gathering around him his garments of crimson, purple, and gold, as he withdrew himself from the world, and to feel that the goodness of his Almighty Maker had sustained my strength, with the gray hair upon my head, and spread before me a boundless banquet of intellectual delight! Oh yes—it was much: much to be enjoyed at the moment; and much to be afterwards remembered with gratitude and praise!

The stony top of Ben-y-Gloe was too cool to remain long upon it, and yet I was in no haste to descend. To the west was the Caledonian Canal and Loch Laggan, over which the Queen was about for

a season to reside—while to the east, a grand accompaniment to the extended prospect, rolled the waters of the Northern Sea. Mighty ocean! even seen from afar thy form arrests the eye, but when we approach thee we feel thy might and majesty!

"Thy voice is like the thunder, and thy sleep
Is like a giant's slumber—loud and deep:
Thou speakest in the east and in the west
At once; and on thy heavily laden breast
Fleets come and go; and shapes that have no life
Or motion, yet are moved and meet in strife.
I love to wander on thy pebbled beach,
Marking the sunlight at the evening hour,
And hearken to the thoughts thy waters teach—
Eternity, eternity and power!"

As I descended, I passed over a tract of ground covered with myriads of dark-coloured roots; they looked as if they were the surface veins of the mountain. In one place I stumbled and fell; and had my body been round like a ball, Old Humphrey must of necessity have bounded and rolled two thousand feet before he had been arrested in his career. I clearly saw my danger, and I deeply and gratefully felt my preservation.

As I descended lower, and looked around me—how sternly still, how solemnly silent, were those mountain fastnesses and gloomy glens! There was neither sound nor living motion—not a bird seemed abroad, not a single bee was buzzing on the purple heath beside me. There had the plover often wailed in the air, the swift-winged falcon pursued her prey, and the screaming, hook-billed eagle launched himself on the timid leveret; but the sun had set, evening was coming on, and the feathered race had sought their accustomed retreats. By degrees my mind became solemnized by the dreary solitudes and oppressive stillness, and I mused on the shadowy theme of Scotland's persecutions:

"There came a shadow o'er the land, and men
Were hunted by their fellow-men like beasts,
And the sweet feelings of humanity
Were utterly forgotten; the white head,
Darken'd with blood and dust, was often laid
Upon the murder'd infant, for the sword
Of pride and cruelty was sent to slay
Those who in age would not forego the faith
They had grown up in."

My pulse quickened, and I drew my breath shorter as I thought on those days when many a sequestered Scottish glen was the theatre of bloody tragedies. Many a Cain then rose up against his brother and slew him. Oh! that season was a dark page in the book of time, a black brand on the brow of humanity, when the ribald and cruel trooper, with a curse, hewed down the Covenanter with his sword, cleaving him as the woodman cleaves a billet; and when the unrelenting Covenanter, with a text from holy writ in his mouth, drove the cold steel through the turbulent heart of the struggling soldier. Peace and mercy were then exiled; persecution shook her scorpion scourge; pale-faced fear fled to the rocks and caves; revenge and cruel war, and red-handed murder panted with their speed, hunting for the precious life. Good men fell on their knees: the land was filled with lamentation; and could glorified spirits weep, angels had wept in heaven!

The moon gliding on over the summit of Ben Vracky was my only guide on my return from the base of Ben-y-Gloe, for I had occupied much time in my descent. The wild district traversed by me, different to that I had before trodden, was full of deep holes of black mud and water, and when I gained the road it led me more than a mile through a dark wood. The distance from the brow of Ben-y-Gloe to Blair Athol can hardly be less than ten miles.

As I trudged along, sometimes gaining a glimpse of the moonbeams, and then again walking in deep shadows, I mused on the adventures that had befallen me. The plains, the mountains, and the skies had all contributed to my delight. The clouds of heaven had that day assumed many shapes: now they were like "robes of light of all colours, crimson, and ruby, and emerald, and purple, and yellow as the topaz:" now like "rocks of coloured crystal and diamond glittering on the brink of a lake of molten gold:" now in tufts scattered over a part of the fair face of heaven, like "sheep that had wandered from the fold:" now like "mountains of the purest snow piled one above another, even to heaven;" and at last they were heavy and black, like "a dark curtain stretched across the sky."

Between ten and eleven I reached my hotel; weary it is true, but not the less delighted with the treat I had enjoyed, nor less grateful for His Almighty care who had guided me in great difficulty, and preserved me in great danger.

THE PURPOSES OF GOD.

THAT God does purpose, is certain. No believer in revelation can deny this. The sacred writers show that nations, families,

and individuals all owe much to the purposes of God who governs them; and that the salvation of men is the fruit of his sovereign purpose: "Who hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began," 2 Tim. i. 9. In the nature of things it is impossible that he should decree an evil. All his determinations—his positive decrees—have good for their object, unmixed good. He cannot act contrary to his perfections. He is under no obligation to decree the deliverance of any sinner from the misery which his transgressions have entailed upon him; but he is bound by the laws of his own existence so to purpose, and so to act, as to secure the introduction of those events which will promote his own glory. Christ came down from heaven not to do his own will, but the will of Him that sent him: "Of his own will begat he us with the word of truth." His will, therefore, must bear a benevolent, a gracious aspect, towards the children of men. It is the sole cause of all the spiritual good which they enjoy in time and eternity; and, when understood, it is always attractive, never repulsive. It centres in Christ. Salvation is its object. It is the fountain from which have flowed all the streams of life and purity that have ever enlivened and sanctified our fallen world: "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ: according as he hath chosen us in him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before him in love," Eph. i. 3, 4. "Whom he did foreknow, he also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of his Son, that he might be the firstborn among many brethren. Moreover whom he did predestinate, them he also called: and whom he called, them he also justified: and whom he justified, them he also glorified," Rom. viii. 29, 30.

The terms "election," and "predestination," fall harshly upon the ears of some, who, nevertheless, are themselves the very proofs of the truth they will not, or are afraid, to admit. But their denial of a fact is not its annihilation; nor are evasive reasonings conclusive arguments. Salvation originated with God, or with man; and it must be ascribed either to the Creator, or to the creature: "If by grace, then is it no more of works: otherwise grace is no more grace. But if it be of works, then is it no more grace: otherwise work is no more work," Rom. xi. 6. "But we are bound to give thanks alway to God for you, brethren beloved of the Lord, because God hath from the beginning chosen you to salvation through sanctification of the Spirit and belief of the truth," 2 Thess. ii. 13. Deliverance from the guilt of sin, restoration to the Divine image and to the enjoyment of the Divine favour and friendship, both in this world and in the next, are the fruits of God's sovereign purpose. He gives both grace and glory; and the glory he gives beyond time is only the manifestation of the grace he gave before time began. But for their having been chosen to salvation, none of the children of men would ever seek, or would ever obtain salvation: "Ye will not come to me that ye might have life." "No man can come to me, except the Father which hath sent me draw him." As to its nature, grace is free; as to its influence, it is efficacious; and viewed, both as devising and operating, it may be considered as the gift of love unmerited, and the action of love uncaused. God loved man, because it seemed good in his sight to do so; and the clustering blessings of the everlasting covenant flow from a purpose to which love gave birth—a purpose from which proceeds "the river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God."

Now, can this representation of truth offend or distress any one? Humble us it may, and must; but are we, can we be, displeased with it? In God's will, as revealed in the Bible, and with this only have we to do, there is love—only love. We are lost, and we know it—deserve to die, and we feel it; and if we are not saved by grace, we must perish! Shall we, then, be afraid of the moving cause of our salvation and felicity? Had not God purposed to save us, hell must have been our portion. But we are delivered from death; we have a blessed hope of heaven. How much are we indebted to the good-will of God who delighteth in mercy! Of this will we ought not to think "without transports of joy:" of this will we ought not to speak "without shouts of praise." Not to adore it, is ingratitude. Not to rejoice in it, is insensibility. Not to ascribe our salvation to it, is sin.—*Mannering.*

THE BUNGALOW.

My house (says the Rev. T. Acland) is called a bungalow, which I chose as being the most economical. A bungalow is a thatched cottage, with only one ground story. The floors of the rooms are not made of wood, but a sort of cement, which looks like stone. The house stands in the midst of a large field called a compound, which belongs to me, and the servants' dwellings are scattered around.

I have a flower and kitchen-garden, fowl-house and place for goats, kitchen, stable, cow-house, and a banyan-tree. The pathways through the grass are of fine gravel, and the hedges are composed almost entirely of aloes and cactuses, mixed with a very sweet-smelling flowering shrub, and here and there a bamboo, which is a most beautiful tree, resembling a very tall weeping-willow. The sensitive plant grows wild about the compound, and bears a very pink flower, resembling that of the red cloves. The banyan-tree is abundant here. Each branch projects stalks downwards, which take root in the earth, and after a few years one tree resembles a cluster, and covers a large space of ground. I have several aloes in my garden which are just flowering. They have thrown up a straight stalk about twenty feet high. A large cactus is now in bloom. It is about ten feet high, and each stem or leaf is thicker round than my leg. This kind bears a very beautiful large white flower, which opens only at night.

In my kitchen-garden are the mango, the plantain, Indian corn, pine-apple trees, and many others. Carpets are not used here, but the floors are covered instead with India matting. In each room is a punkah, which I have before described. We procure water for drinking from a large tank or pond; and as we cannot purchase meat, I have provided myself with thirty-five ducks, sixty fowls, four goats, and three kids, which last are almost ready to eat; the goats we shall keep for their milk. The judge made me a present of a beautiful fawn of the spotted deer, which is becoming very tame.

I am just going to join a mutton-club. Four persons enter into partnership, and agree to keep a small flock of sheep; one of which is killed twice a week, and then each partner is provided with a quarter of mutton, and each in turn has the liver, heart, and head. A gentleman yesterday sent me four guinea-fowls, and another has promised me six pigeons, as soon as I have a place to keep them in.

I have just begun to make a collection of insects, snakes, and butterflies, and moths of the most beautiful kind. The chameleon is very common, and changes its colour according to the temper it is in. I have one which is generally of a brilliant green; but if its anger be roused, it becomes covered with large black spots, and when hungry with white spots. These are the only changes in its colour I have as yet observed: but I have seen others yellow; others, again, black, with yellow spots. It is said that each chameleon has ten different variations of colour. There is to be seen here a light-brown lizard, called the bloodsucker, which is constantly running about the walls in the rooms.

Whenever we take up a paper or a book, we are sure to find two or three cockroaches under it—not such cockroaches as you may see in England, but great ones three or four inches long. The grasshoppers come into the house in numbers, and grow to an uncommon size. You may hear them chirruping half a mile off. The ants, of which there are three sorts, are a great nuisance. Every house swarms with them; and unless the legs of tables, drawers, etc., are kept constantly standing in jars of water, they attack the dinner-cloths, and in fact everything they can reach: first, there is a very small red ant, whose bite causes a very hard red swelling, which continues very painful for some days; second, a great black ant, about the size of an English wasp, which bites, but does not sting; third, the white ant, rather larger than the common English ant, which come in a swarm, and in one night will devour a table or a shelffull of books. You may come down in the morning and find your table and books apparently all right, but no sooner do you touch them than they all crumble away to powder.

MISJUDGMENT OF PROVIDENCE.

We are too apt to misjudge the dispensations of Providence, when we wish them with our own wishes.—*Skelton.*

THE NAME OF JESUS.

In the name of Jesus the whole gospel lies hid: this name is the light, food, and medicine of the soul.—*Glassius.*

The Sheep.

THE SHEEP.

'Tis evening,—the fiery energy of the sun is exchanged for the soft and placid calmness of a summer's eve, and as we ascend the verdant hill, or recline on the flower-bespangled mead, we call to mind the words of Cowper:

"Come, evening, once again, season of peace;
Return, sweet evening, and continue long!
Methinks I see thee in the streaky west,
With matron step slow moving; while the night
Treads on thy sweeping train; one hand employ'd
In letting fall the curtain of repose
On bird and beast; the other charged for man
With sweet oblivion of the cares of day."

Thus have we often dwelt on beauties which a lover of Nature's works will not fail to detect in every scene; but how delightful were the emotions which association produced, as the gentle tinkling of the sheep bell was wafted to us on the breeze from the distant fold. Oftentimes have we trod the winding way, and

"Oh, that path
Is pleasant, with its beds of richest moss,
And tufts of fairest flowers;"

but though we revelled in the beauties thus presented, that simple and rural sound added a charm which nothing else seemed to afford.

Pleasing, too, is it to observe other rural scenes to which sheep add so much interest. Thomson has sketched their "washing," after which,

"Heavy, and dripping, to the breezy brow
Slow move the harmless race; where, as they spread
Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray,
Inly disturb'd, and wondering what this wild
Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints
The country fill; and, toss'd from rock to rock,
Incessant bleatings run around the hills.
At last, of snowy white, the gather'd flocks
Are in the wattled pen innumerous press'd,
Head above head: and, ranged in lusty rows,
The shepherds sit, and whet the sounding shears."

The boldness and agility with which the sheep of the Welsh mountains leap from crag to crag, is truly surprising. The hazardous and precipitous rocks of the southern coast, the bare perpendicular surfaces of which are but slightly indented

here and there with ledges just sufficient for a sheep to stand on, are also the frequent resorts of these sure-footed beasts. Mr. Bell states that he has seen on the rocks of the south-western coast of the Isle of Wight, where they rise perpendicularly to a height of several hundred feet, many of these wanderers, which have descended from the high downs on the summit, and which, leaping from ledge to ledge, have approached in some instances very near to the base, which is lashed by the billows of the channel. Viewed from the sea, they appear to be fixed against the flat surface of the rock, and are with difficulty distinguished from it. Yet they reascend, bounding upwards with a sureness of step and a strength of spring which remind the spectator of the movement of the goat or the chamois. This accomplished naturalist mentions having seen a ewe, with her lamb, standing more than half-way down the rock, grazing on the sweet but scanty herbage which gives an occasional spot of green to the white face of the cliff: how the poor little frail thing could ever regain the summit, was a problem of no ordinary difficulty; but the boatmen, who were accustomed to witness such freaks, stated that there was no danger; and, surely, the same instinct which prompted the mother to lead her tender charge to such a place, would dictate how far the descent might be attempted with safety to its weakness.*

In mountainous districts, where the liberty they enjoy is so great as to render them very wild, sheep do not always collect in large flocks, but sometimes graze in parties of from eight to a dozen, of which one is stationed at a distance from the rest, to give notice of the approach of danger. When the sentinel observes any one advancing at the distance of two or three hundred yards, he turns his face to the enemy, keeping a watchful eye upon his motions, allowing him to approach as near as eighty or a hundred yards; but, when the suspected foe manifests a design of coming nearer, the watchful guard alarms his comrades by a signal, the meaning of which they know, when the whole party instantly scours away with great agility, always seeking the steepest and most inaccessible parts of the mountains.

The principle of imitation is often shown by sheep, and Dr. Anderson gives of it a ludicrous example:—"A butcher's boy was driving some fat wethers through Liverpool, but they ran down a street along which he did not want them to go. He observed a scavenger at work with his broom a little way before him, and called out loudly to him to stop the sheep. The man did accordingly what he could to turn them back, running from side to side, always opposing himself to their passage, and brandishing his broom with great dexterity; but the sheep, much agitated, pressed forward. At last, one of them came right up to the man, who, fearing that it was about to jump right over his head while he was stooping, grasped the short broomstick in both hands, and held it over his head. He stood for a few seconds in this position, when the sheep made a spring, and jumped fairly over him, without touching the broom. The first had no sooner cleared this impediment than another followed, and another, in such quick succession, that the man, perfectly confounded, seemed to lose all recollection, and stood in the same attitude till the whole had jumped over him, not one of them attempting to pass on either side, though the street was quite clear."

The broad-tailed sheep does not differ in general appearance from the European races. The tail, however, is so large, that it is said sometimes to weigh nearly one-third of the whole carcass. It is entirely composed of a substance between marrow and fat, which has been used in culinary purposes instead of butter, and when the sheep is young it is scarcely inferior to the best marrow.

"Wild rove the flocks; no burdening fleece they bear
In fervid climes: Nature gives nought in vain.
Carmenian wool on the broad tail alone
Resplendent swells, enormous in its growth."

Sheep having tails of this extraordinary size are usually kept up in yards, so as to be in little danger of injuring them as they walk about; but in the fields, in order to prevent injury from the bushes, the shepherds, in some parts of Syria, fix a thin piece of board on the under part, and to this board are sometimes added others; whence it is not surprising that we have the story of the Oriental sheep having carts to carry their tails. Their fleeces are exceedingly fine, long, and beautiful, and in Thibet are worked into shawls, which form a considerable source of wealth to the inhabitants. These sheep are also found in the neighbourhood of Aleppo, and in Barbary. The

* Bell's British Quadrupeds.

sheep of Palestine are all of the broad-tailed species; the broad part, according to Robinson, being a mere excrescence of fat, with the proper tail hanging out of it.

Mr. Youatt, in his work on sheep, says: — "The hatter takes a certain quantity of wool into short lengths, and, with an instrument, he beats and tosses them about till he has completely separated them from each other, and they lie in all kinds of directions, and he has got a layer of them of sufficient thickness for his purpose. He then moistens them, and covers them with a cloth, and presses them, and moves them about backwards and forwards in every direction, until he finds that they are working themselves into a compact mass. In proportion as this mass is formed, he increases the pressure, until it acquires the firmness that he wishes.

"The cloth-merchant weaves his cloth; but he has been compelled to use a considerable quantity of oil in the manufacture of it, which must be got rid of; and, at the same time, his fabric is too open, and the threads are too apparent, to suit with the fashion of the times, or to be as smooth, and soft, and comfortable in wearing as it is required to be. He sends it to the fulling-mill. It is put into a large trough with water, in which some argillaceous earth has been dissolved, and which combines with the oils, and gets rid of it in the form of soap. In order that the argillaceous earth may penetrate every part of the cloth, and every particle of the grease be removed, the fabric is passed rapidly and repeatedly through tight rollers, and then, fresh water being let in upon the cloth, (the process through the rollers still continuing,) it is washed perfectly clean. The cloth is now put into the fulling-mill or stock, a certain quantity of soap being first carefully and evenly laid on it. By the joint influence of the moisture and the pressure, certain of the fibres of the wool are brought into more intimate contact with each other; they cohere, not only the fibres, but, in a manner, the threads cohere, and the cloth is taken from the mill shortened in all its dimensions: it has become a kind of felt; for the threads have disappeared, and it can be cut in every direction with very little, or no unravelling; it is altogether a thicker, softer, warmer fabric." The washing of flannel is well known to cause the shrinking of the fabric, while in every direction it becomes thicker. This is from its property of felting, and has been attempted to be accounted for in various ways. Some say that it is because of the scaly surface of each woolly fibre, which, being imbricated, and all placed in one direction, act as so many barbs, hooking on to each other as the fibres are pressed into mutual contact; and, as they can only move in one direction, when these scales have taken hold, the more the felted wool is beaten or rubbed, the more intricate the web becomes.

The Scripture references to sheep are numerous. It is scarcely necessary to allude to the exquisite appeal of Nathan to David, to the still higher and prophetical allusion to the character of the Messiah, or to the sublime illustration of the beneficence of "the great Shepherd of Israel," in the beautiful and well-known pastoral psalm. In patriarchal times the flocks were tended not only by the daughters of their owners, but by the sons; which shows that it was an honourable employment: "Rachel came with her father's sheep: for she kept them." Gen. xxix. 9. "Thy servants are shepherds, both we, and also our fathers," said the sons of Jacob to Pharaoh, Gen. xlvii. 3; but at a later period, hired servants and menials were employed: "He that is an hireling, and not the shepherd, whose own the sheep are not, seeth the wolf coming, and leaveth the sheep," John x. 12.

It was customary for the Jews, like the Arabians of the present day, to give names to individual sheep. Polybius, writing of the Isle of Corsica, has a passage which might be quoted as a striking illustration of the words in which Christ illustrated the love his followers bore to him, by the analogy found in the customs of the shepherds of Palestine. He observes that the island is rugged and rocky, and also covered with woods, so that the shepherds are not able to follow their cattle into the places in which they are dispersed; but when they have found a suitable pasture, and are desirous to bring them together, they sound a trumpet. Upon this signal, the whole herd or flock immediately run together, and follow the call of their own shepherd, never mistaking one for another. Thus it happens, when strangers come upon the island, and attempt to lay hold of the goats or oxen, which they see feeding by themselves, the cattle, unused to the appearance of strangers, immediately take to flight; while if the shepherd, perceiving

what has happened, at the same time sounds his trumpet, they all run towards him with great haste. "That the cattle should be thus obedient to the sound of a trumpet," adds the historian, "is no very wonderful thing. In Italy, those who have the care of swine, never inclose them in separate pastures, nor follow them behind, as is the custom among the Greeks, but go always before them, and, from time to time, sound a horn. The swine follow, and run together at the sound; and are so taught by habit to distinguish their own proper horn, that their exactness in this respect seems almost incredible to those who have never heard of it before."

The practice of giving names to sheep was common among the Jews as among the Arabs, by which they were called to drink or to be milked; and it is known that eastern shepherds could individualize most of the members of their large flocks. It was also an usual practice among the Greeks; and thus Theocritus* makes the shepherd Lacon address some of his flock by name, desiring two, Conarus and Cynætha, to leave the oak, and feed, like Phalarus, towards the sun-rising. The plan, too, of leading, instead of driving the flocks, was illustrated by the Hebrews, who attracted them by the call; it at present exists in Spain, having been probably introduced by the Arabs, and is also found in Russia, in the villages of which may be seen a peasant marching through the street playing on a pipe; on hearing which the sheep come out from their various cottage homesteads, and follow him to their pastures. They are brought home in the evening, and assembled to be milked in the same manner. Nor is it unknown in Germany; for "a shepherd lately told me," says Dr. Barth, "that in half a year he could easily train a flock of two hundred sheep to answer each one to his own name." An interesting illustration of this practice, and of the scriptural allusion, is contained in the journal of the Rev. John Hartley:—"Having had my attention directed last night," he says, "to the words in John x. 3, I asked my man if it were usual in Greece to give names to the sheep? He informed me that it was, and that the sheep obeyed the shepherd when he called them by their names. This morning I had an opportunity of verifying the truth of this remark. Passing by a flock of sheep, I asked the shepherd the same question which I had put to the servant, and he gave me the same answer. I then bade him call one of his sheep. He did so, and it instantly left its pasturage and its companions, and ran up to the hands of the shepherd with signs of pleasure, and with a prompt obedience which I had never before observed in any other animal. It is also true of the sheep of this country, that 'a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him.' The shepherd told me, that many of his sheep were still wild—that they had not yet learned their names, but that by teaching them, they would all learn them. How natural an application," continues Mr. Hartley, "does this description of the sheep admit of! The good Shepherd laid down his life for the sheep: but many of them are still wild; they know not his voice. Others have learned to obey his call, and to follow him; and we rejoice to think that even to those not yet in his fold the words are applicable—'Them also must I bring!'" F.

* Idyl, v., 103, 4.

JUSTIFICATION.

Evangelic justification considers man as liable to punishment, and, as consequently or implicity estranged from Divine favour. Its purport, viewed doctrinally, its efficiency viewed beneficially, is to destroy the necessity of this punishment and of this perpetual estrangement. Pardon releases the first, but does not touch the second. Penal consequences being absolved, it cannot follow, of any necessity, that the forgiven one shall become the object of complacency. The prison does not open into the palace. The alternative from the grasp of the deathsman is not the embrace of the prince. A new connexion of things is wanted. Acceptance, or more properly acceptableness, must be supplied. These two elements are inconsistent, their combination is impossible, in any instance of human impleading. The charge is confirmed or disproved. If confirmed, the guilty may be pardoned, but never can be justified: if disproved, the innocent may be justified, but never can be pardoned. These are perfect incongruities. Both are secured, as both are needed, in the justification of the sinner with, and before, God. But justification, in this treatment of the sinner, has a moving cause or reason; it is unmixed mercy. Nor less does it demand a satisfactory

ground; it is the entire moral effect, compensative, expiatory, and meritorious, of the incarnation and death of Jesus Christ, the Eternal Son, the One Mediator, who on the cross—in the completion of his mission — offered an atonement, and paid a ransom; so that, indebted to the whole, we are most peculiarly "justified by his blood."

This virtue, this desert, this influence, of his advent and sacrifice, is his "righteousness," in respect to which "God who justifieth," not only remits sin, but favours and accepts the sinner, that being accounted to the sinner the moment he believes, that being imputed to him at once, so that it cannot be reckoned more or less. All this is ensured by a substitution. The just is for the unjust. There is no change of character: "He was made sin for us," as we are made "the righteousness of God in him;" showing that it was but a transposition of relations; Christ no more personally becoming sinful, than we personally become righteous. There is no confusion of distinctions. He died for our sins, and was treated as if accountable for the consequences of those sins, not being for a moment, or by any fiction, identified or mixed with them. We receive the benefit of the death, as endured instead of us, and are treated according to its merits, not however by any supposition that it is our death, not by any virtual challenge which we have on it—it being only capable of construction into an act of independent and authoritative grace, and being for ever reserved unto the government and purpose of that God who was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself.—*Dr. Hamilton.*

REDEEMING THE TIME.

Be not prodigal of your time on earth, which is so little in your power. Because you are not to expect much, make the best use you can of your little. It is so precious a thing, that it is to be redeemed; it is therefore too precious to be embezzled and trifled away. The connexion of those two precepts, Eph. v. 15, 16, of walking circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise, and that of redeeming the time, more than intimates, that to squander away time is a foolish thing. Of the several sorts of things that we make ourselves, their shape and frame show their use and end. Are we to make a less judicious estimate of the works of God? If we therefore contemplate ourselves, and consider what a sort of production man is, can we allow ourselves to think that God made a reasonable creature on purpose to play the fool? or can we live as if we thought so, without reproaching our Maker? But whereas he who hath been the Author to us of such a law, requiring us to redeem time; the reproach will be wholly turned off from him upon ourselves, and our consequent ruin be upon our own guilty heads. And he will find some among ourselves, who, by the advantage only of the reasonable nature which is common to us and them, shall be instructors to us not to waste our days in vanity, and will be witnesses against us if we so foolishly consume what we cannot command. Some such have unanswerably reprehended the common folly of those that dread the thought of throwing away their whole life at once, who yet have no regret at squandering it all away by parcels and piecemeal; and have told us, "A wise man can find nothing of that value, for which to barter away his time." Besides, we ought to consider, that as we are reasonable creatures, we are accountable; that we are shut up in these bodies as in workhouses; that when He that keeps the keys lets us out, we are to receive the things done in the body, according to what we have done, whether good or evil, 2 Cor. v. 10; that it belongs to Him who measures our time, to consume it too, and the use we have made of it.—*Howe.*

THE TARANTULA SPIDER.

Among those creatures popularly called insects, there is one, a species of spider,* not found on the British isles, the venomous properties of which have rendered it an object of great fear and aversion on the continent of southern Europe; we allude to the tarantula, a spider of large size, and capable of inflicting a severe and painful wound with its sharp mandibles, but not fatal, as far as man and the larger animals are concerned, although perhaps a small animal, as a mouse or sparrow, might perish from the effects of the poison; not that such are in any danger, for it is upon the larger insects that the spider feeds.

* In modern zoology, spiders are not classed with true insects: they are placed in a distinct class termed *Arachnida.*

The name tarantula was given to this spider, (*Lycosa Tarentula*,) from its having been formerly observed in considerable numbers in the neighbourhood of Tarentum, in Italy; and from some cause or other the effects of its venomous bite were supposed to be curable only by music and dancing. Hence has arisen the name of the national dance of the Neapolitans, namely, the Tarentella, a most violent exercise, accompanied by shrill screams and rude music, in which the peasantry take extraordinary delight. In Spain the tarantula is common, and it was in that country that M. Leon Dufour instituted a series of observations on its habits and manners, described in the "Annales des Sciences Naturelles."

According to this naturalist, the tarantula gives preference to barren and uncultivated places exposed to the torrid sun. When adult, it resides in underground galleries or burrows, which it digs for itself in the dry soil. These burrows are cylindrical, and often penetrate to a depth of more than twelve inches from the surface. They are not, however, simply perpendicular; for though a deep shaft be necessary for safety and concealment, yet as prey must be watched for, and rapidly pounced upon, a means of quick exit must be provided, as well as a place of observation, in which to lurk concealed from the quick sight of victims. Admirably is all this accomplished; for the first four or five inches the shaft runs down perpendicularly, it then makes an obtuse angle, and runs horizontally, but soon re-assumes the perpendicular direction, and so continues till it terminates. The exterior orifice of this singular burrow is frequently, but not always, surmounted by a sort of funnel, or circular funnel-shaped wall, about two inches in diameter, and rising about an inch above the surface of the soil. It is a true piece of skilful architecture, and is composed principally of fragments of dried wood, united together by a little clay; the whole being built up in a most workman-like manner, so as to present externally the appearance of a short column, the interior resembling that of a funnel. This circular wall of wood and clay is moreover strengthened by a lining of taffety, formed by the threads of the spider; and this tissue is continued throughout the whole length of the excavation.

The use of this lining is manifest; it keeps the habitation of the spider clean, it prevents the falling in of particles of earth from the sides of the shaft, and it gives a tenacious foot-hold to the animal in ascending or descending, thus enabling it not only to accomplish its purpose with celerity, but without the risk of slipping. With respect to the elevation around the mouth of the burrow, it seems to serve many purposes; it prevents the shaft from receiving dust or dirt when drifted by the wind, and, in rainy weather, from being flooded by little rills of water running over the barren ground; it offers an inviting resting-place for insects, and, above all, it enables the spider to give the necessary extension to its legs, at the instant it is in the act of darting upon its incautious prey.

This outer fortification of the burrow of the tarantula does not indeed always exist: and the reason of this difference is not very obvious; in some instances, where no traces of a wall are to be seen, it may have been destroyed by wind or rain, or the footstep of some passing animal; in others, perhaps, the necessary materials for its construction have not been attainable—or the spider may not have had time to complete its labours: and doubtless it must be regarded as the finishing-stroke to the work; often, perhaps, not commenced till long after the shaft has been bored and lined. In this shaft we have described an angle, at about four inches from the surface of the ground. It is at the commencement of this angle that the spider keeps watch as a sentinel, never losing sight of the entrance above its head. "It was at this angle," says M. Leon Dufour, "that I perceived, when looking into the burrow of the tarantula, his eyes glittering like diamonds, and rendered bright as those of the cat by the darkness."

Wishing to obtain specimens of this spider for the purpose of carrying out his examination, M. Leon Dufour set about the accomplishment of his desire, and at first met with no success. But here he must tell his own story. After premising that the months of May and June are the most favourable seasons for searching for it, he adds:—"The first time that I discovered the holes of this spider, and had satisfied myself that they were inhabited, by perceiving him stationed at the first stage of his dwelling, namely, the bend already described, I thought the best way to take possession of him would be to attack him by open force, and to follow him to the termina-

tion of his burrow. I passed whole hours opening the intrenchment with my knife, in order to sack his domicile. I dug to the depth of more than one foot, over a space two feet in width, without meeting with the tarantula. I recommenced my operation on other holes, and always with as little success. I ought to have had a pickaxe to attain my end; but I was far from any house, and in Spain. I was then obliged to change my plan of attack; and I had recourse to stratagem. Necessity, they say, is the mother of invention. It occurred to me to take, by way of a bait, a stalk surmounted by a spikelet, and to shake it and rub it gently against the opening of the burrow. I was not long in perceiving that the attention and desire of the tarantula were awakened. Tempted by this lure, he advanced with a slow and irresolute step towards the spikelet; and upon my drawing back a little from the hole, in order to leave him no time for reflection, he frequently used to throw himself, at one spring, out of his dwelling; the entrance of which I instantly closed. In this case the tarantula, greatly disconcerted to find himself unable to gain his domicile, was very awkward in his attempts to elude my pursuit, and I obliged him to take up his quarters in a fold of paper, in which I instantly shut him up." It was not, however, always that the cunning tarantula was thus to be lured out; for often the animal would approach near the mouth of its retreat, and there remain without stirring a step farther until the patience of the naturalist was exhausted. Under these circumstances, the same writer tells us that, after having well observed the direction of the burrow and the position of the spider, he forcibly and in an oblique direction drove in the blade of his knife, so as to take the creature by surprise and cut off its retreat by stopping the burrow; and then causing the knife to make a sudden sweep upwards, he threw out both the earth and the tarantula; and by this method he has, as he says, sometimes taken as many as fifteen in an hour. Occasionally the tarantula took no notice of the spikelet, except to play with it, or push it back, when introduced into his domicile.

According to Baglivi, the peasants of Apulia often amuse themselves by capturing these spiders, effecting their plan by making a buzzing noise on an oaten stalk like that of a bee, or large fly, which lures them from their retreat; when, instead of capturing prey, they are themselves made captives.

The tarantula, fierce and shy as it is, is nevertheless capable of being, in some degree at least, rendered tame and familiar.

"During my stay at Valencia, in Spain," says Dufour, "I took, without hurting him, a tarantula of tolerable size, which I imprisoned in a glass covered over with paper, in which I had made a square opening. In the bottom of the glass I had fixed the roll of paper in which I had carried him, and which was to serve him for a dwelling. I placed the glass upon a table in my sleeping room, that I might have frequent opportunities of watching him. He quickly accustomed himself to his cell, and ended in becoming so familiar as to eat out of my fingers the living fly that I brought him. After having given his victim the death-wound with his jaws, he did not content himself like most spiders with sucking the head, but bruised all its body, plunging it successively into his mouth by the manipulation of his feelers. He then threw away the mangled remains, and swept them to a distance from his hiding-place. After his repast he seldom omitted attending to his toilet, which consisted in brushing, with the tarse of his anterior legs, his feelers and mandibles, without as well as within; having done this, he resumed his attitude of immovable gravity. The evening and night were his times of walking and attempting to escape. I often heard him scratching against the paper of his prison. These nocturnal habits confirmed my opinion that the greater number of spiders have, like cats, the faculty of seeing by night as well as by day."

Like other spiders, the tarantula at certain periods moults his outer skin. It also endures long fasting without apparent inconvenience. In disposition it is extremely unsocial; and when two are enclosed in the same vessel, the weaker invariably falls a prey to the stronger, and is not only killed but eaten.

M. Dufour gives the following account of their conflict:—"In the month of June I chose two full-grown and very vigorous male tarantulas, and put them together in a large vase, that I might witness the spectacle of a mortal combat. After having many times made the circuit of their arena, in the endeavour to shun each other, they hastened, as at a given signal, to set themselves in a warlike attitude. I saw them with sur-

prise taking their distance, and gravely rising upon their hind legs, so as to present to each other the buckler formed by their chests. After having looked each other in the face for about two minutes, and without doubt provoked each other by glances which I could not discern, I saw them throw themselves upon one another, entwine their legs, and endeavour in an obstinate struggle to wound each other with the hooks of their mandibles. Either from fatigue or by mutual consent the combat was awhile suspended; there was a truce for some seconds; and each wrestler retiring to a distance, resumed his menacing posture. The struggle was not long in re-commencing with more fury than before; and after victory had been for a long time doubtful, one of them was at length overcome, and fell, mortally wounded in the head. He became the prey of his victorious rival, who tore open his skull, and devoured him."

The limbs of the tarantula are remarkable for thickness; the male, as is usual in this class, is much inferior in size to the female. M.

THE CHRISTIAN SABBATH, A DELIGHT.

We mark in the calendars the days on which we have received any fresh deliverance or blessing, and hail their return with pleasure. With what pleasure, then, ought we to hail the return of this day! On the sabbath it was that God rested from his work, looked upon it with a father's eye, and pronounced it very good. And, like his Father, let the Christian rest, and contemplate the works of God. On the sabbath, how many of our Saviour's gracious miracles were wrought! And on the sabbath how many spiritual miracles doth he still work! The eyes of the understanding are opened, the man that was deaf to all offers of mercy is made to hear, the tongue that was dumb in the praises of its God is unloosed, the withered hand is stretched out in prayer and in acts of kindness towards the people of the Lord; yea, the dead are raised up,—those that were dead in trespasses and sins are quickened.

On our sabbath it was, (for the day of the week has been altered,) that our Lord burst the bonds of death, because it was not possible that he should be holden of them. Is not here matter of pleasurable meditation? Salvation is finished! the great work accomplished! man restored to the favour, and presence, and image of God! Oh, let not the Sunday pass without thanksgiving, and triumph on this great occasion. Contemplate not only a dying, but a risen Lord; sympathise with him not only in his sufferings, but in his triumphs; congratulate with him, that being risen from the dead, he dieth no more, death hath no more dominion over him. He died for our sins; he is risen for our justification; risen to show us that the work is complete; to ascend up into heaven, there to manage the concerns of his brethren with the power of a God, with the tender sympathies of a man; risen as the pledge and first-fruits of his people's resurrection, and with the gracious and all-sufficient promise, that where he is there his people shall also be.

On the sabbath, too, it was that, according to their Master's promise, the Holy Spirit first descended on the disciples, in cloven tongues like as of fire; and, on this day the Christian still expects, when gathered together with the people of God, the same Divine Person to new-create, to instruct, to enlighten, and to comfort.

Such are the recollections which the sabbath brings with it. But to one without Christ, to one not a partaker of the Spirit, what delight is there in these?—*C. Neale.*

GUTTA PERCHA.

No. II.

Gutta Percha is usually prepared for transmission in oblong masses, of a convenient shape, composed of thin layers, pressed or rolled together while in a soft state. It has frequently been found, on cutting open one of them, that an unpleasant odour has been given out, sometimes that of anything in a state of putrescence. An acetic flavour is always more or less discoverable at such times; it is supposed to be attributable to a vegetable acid, found in combination with the sap of the tree, which, during the process of concretion, experiences various changes, besides others to which it is subsequently exposed. This acid, however, is entirely soluble in water, as is seen by its removal from the gutta percha during the processes necessarily undergone in the course of its manufacture.

As imported, owing to the careless manner in which the juice is collected—which most of our readers will recollect is by the natives, who treat the tree very roughly—the gutta percha is mixed with fragments of bark, wood, leaves, and other impurities; but when pure, it is in thin slices, semi-transparent, of a colour which varies from a yellow-brown to a pinkish-white, and excessively tough, having much the appearance of horn. At ordinary temperatures it is non-elastic and as hard as wood, but capable of being indented by any pointed body. At an elevated temperature it becomes slightly elastic; but it will not, like caoutchouc, after being extended, return to its original size. From 200° to 212° Fahr. it is rendered exceedingly ductile; and in this condition, it can be kneaded or pressed into any form, which it retains without contraction, upon cooling; when it again acquires its original hardness. Chemical examination has shown, as already stated, that its ultimate composition is similar to that of caoutchouc, and the artificial product which arises from the oxidation of linseed oil—a hydro-carbon combined with oxygen: the one differing from the other only in the relative proportions of its constituents. The gutta percha is soluble in turpentine and the essential oils, and in naphtha from coal-tar, which is indeed its best solvent; but, unlike India-rubber, it is insoluble in linseed or any of the fixed oils, and scarcely affected at all by any unctuous substance.*

It is at once seen what advantage this latter property affords in its application to many of the purposes for which machinery is employed. In driving-bands, for instance, which necessarily occasion much friction, especially when they cross each other—as those who have had opportunities or curiosity enough to watch the workings of those wonders of human skill, cannot fail to have observed—such as are made of gutta percha will, if greased, be securely preserved from wear.

Other properties will be easily seen in the course of those processes which gutta percha undergoes in its manufacture, and which we will now proceed to describe:

"The crude gutta percha," says an intelligent writer, "is, in the first place, cut into thin slices in a very ingenious manner. Upon an iron disk, which is connected by gearing to the shaft of a steam engine, are fixed three radial knives which are capable of being placed at any degree of projection. The lump of gutta percha being pressed against this iron plate is cut to any desired thickness, by its revolving in a very rapid manner. The slices are afterwards collected and put into a vessel filled with hot water, in which they are left to soak till they feel soft and pliable to the touch. The thoroughly softened pieces of gutta percha are then exposed to the action of the 'breakers and mincing cylinders,' which make from six hundred to eight hundred revolutions in a minute. It is thus broken up into shreds and fragments, and considerable quantities of earthy and other extraneous matters are beaten out and disengaged from it, the whole falling in a mingled mass into a vessel of cold water beneath, where the different materials assort themselves according to their specific gravities. Such pieces as are of pure gutta percha, or in which that substance predominates, float on the surface of the water, whilst most of the earthy and woody matters sink to the bottom. Being subjected to this process several times, the gutta percha is eventually freed from all extraneous substances, and is in a fit state for being moulded again into a mass. To effect this object, the soft and ductile material is submitted to the operations of 'the masticating machine,' by which it is kneaded into a perfectly uniform mass; after which it may be employed for any purposes of utility or ornament."

Another valuable additional discovery is now in practice, in which a variety of colouring matter is added to the original substance in the masticating machine; thus giving it quite a different appearance. It is also found that the surface of gutta percha will bear a beautiful polish, almost as brilliant as that of silver, by exposing it for a few minutes to the binoxyde of nitrogen, obtained by the solution of mercury or copper in nitric acid; or by plunging it into a boiling concentrated solution of chloride of zinc, for a longer or shorter time, in proportion to the strength of the solution, washing it afterwards in any one that is alkaline.

Gutta percha is, moreover, susceptible, under different modes of treatment, of softness and rigidity; it may be moulded into a graceful and delicate appearance, or an uncouth and unsightly mass: it may be dark or light, bright or dull, at the will of the moulder.

There is another yet more curious ap-

* Art Union Journal.

plication of this singular substance in the granular application, the processes of which the patentee thus describes:

"I take the gutta percha, either plain, or sulphurised, or coloured, and rasp it down to a powder. I then apply it in this state to the taking of casts of busts, cornices, and other works of art, in round or curved forms, and to the producing of impressions in relief from surfaces engraved in intaglio, or perforated through and through of any given pattern. When casts of busts, etc., are to be taken, the mould is filled with the grains or powder of the gutta percha, and then heated till the gutta percha becomes reduced to a mass sufficiently ductile to be pressed into all parts of the mould.

"When impressions in relief from flat surfaces, engraved or perforated as above, are to be taken, the surface is laid upon a flat table, and the powder sprinkled rather thickly over it; a straight edge is then drawn across the surface, which causes all the sunken parts or holes to be filled up, and removes any superfluous powder from the raised parts. The surface is then subjected to a heat sufficient to soften the gutta percha, when the piece of cloth, leather, paper, or any other substance or material which may be desired to take the impression or relief is laid upon the surface, and pressure applied to it by a roller or otherwise; the gutta percha leaves the broken parts, or holes, and attaches itself to the cloth or other substance, which then exhibits an exact copy, in very bold and durable relief, of the original subject."

A recent specification is that of a patent for cloth, and other similar fabrics; it runs as follows:

"A strong and perfectly waterproof fabric is formed by simply laying a number of gutta percha threads side by side upon a foundation of cotton, or linen, or other textile fabric, and passing the two materials between heated rollers, which has the effect of cementing the threads firmly to the cloth and to one another; and such fabrics may, by using threads of different sizes and colours, have every variety of striped appearance given to them.

"An article resembling diaper, or mosaic work, is made of gutta percha threads of different colours or shades, very rapidly and economically, in manner following:—The gutta percha threads are laid in rows one above the other, in the order of juxta-position and superposition required by the pattern determined on, and each row cemented to that beneath it by a solution of gutta percha, or any other suitable cement. When a mass or block of sufficient magnitude has been thus built up, it is cut transversely into sheets of any required thickness, by means of a vibratory cutting-machine, similar to that commonly used in the cutting of caoutchouc blocks into sheets."

A paper very difficult to rend, and which will therefore be found extremely suitable for documents exposed to much tear and wear, as bills of exchange, share certificates, etc., and also for wrappers and envelopes of all sorts, is formed by interposing between two sheets of paper pulp, threads of gutta percha, laid crosswise, like net-work, at the distances of an inch or two, (more or less,) apart, and combining the two sheets of pulp by means of the machine, for which Mr. John Dickinson, of Nash Mill, obtained letters patent for England, of date 17th October, 1839, or of any other suitable machinery.

"The gutta percha thread may be also plaited, either in the naked or sheathed states, into hats, bonnets, and caps, or into bags, baskets, and basket-work, or into coverings for chairs, as a substitute for cane, or into whips, bridles, and reins, or into any other similar articles."

The use of gutta percha in the binding of books is likely to prove a valuable preservative from the incursions of many of the insect tribe, whose tastes are attracted to the glue or paste ordinarily employed for the fastening down the "end-papers and joints," or in sizing, previously to marbling and gilding; also as a substitute for vellum, paper, and cloth, which for so many years have been commonly used for covering books, for which purpose it is employed in the sheet state. As a substitute for pasteboard in the covering of books, it is also rendered available in combination with other ingredients, such as paper, pulp or leather-dust; in short, any fibrous material whatever cemented together by gutta percha. It may readily be seen what advantages such appropriations ensure. The saving of time and expense must be very considerable, since it appears that sewing and stitching may be dispensed with, while durability is also secured, and also embossing or ornamenting the surface of each article separately.

It is grateful to find that benevolent

purposes are not overlooked, in the employment of this production. Maps and letters are provided of gutta percha, in combination with other substances, by which it is said individuals deprived of the most valuable of the five senses, sight, will be enabled to read with a facility hitherto unknown. "I employ," says Mr. Hancock, "for ordinary letter-press printing, sheets made of gutta percha, alone or together, with any other material or materials, preferring to have the gutta percha of a light colour, or made of a light colour, by mixing with it, while passing through the kneading machine, some flake-white chalk, or other white or light colouring ingredient, reduced to a fine powder. Sheets of gutta percha, or of any of its compounds, thus prepared, may be passed through the printing-press in the usual way, but without inking the form of types as usual. By the mere pressure of the dry surface of the type against the dry surface of a sheet of gutta percha, or its compound in the press, distinct and legible impressions of the types will be produced on the sheet.

"I also employ sheets, prepared as last aforesaid, in printing by means of engraved or otherwise figured copper or steel plates or cylinders, and the presses usually made use of for working the same, and by printing upon such sheets without inking the engraved or hollow parts of the plates or cylinders. Plates or cylinders being pressed upon or against sheets by presses in the ordinary way, distinct impressions of the engravings, or other figures, upon such plates or cylinders, will be obtained.

"I also impress on such sheets, as last aforesaid, all such letters, figures, images, and marks, as are now commonly produced on surfaces, by means of engraved blocks or rollers, or dies, or stamps, or punches, or types, whether the same are engraved or cast in relievo or intaglio, or cut through and through; and this, also, by bringing such blocks, or rollers, or dies, or stamps, or punches, or types, into dry contact as aforesaid with such sheets, and, under more or less pressure, employing, for the purpose of such pressure, any of the well-known means of printing, pressing, striking, stamping, or punching, now in common use. And in this case I vary the thickness of the sheet subjected to the operation of the said blocks, rollers, dies, stamps, or punches, or types, according to the degree of high or low relief, or intaglio intended to be produced.

"Sheets of gutta percha, punched or cut through and through, according to any pattern which may be required, may be fastened or cemented upon other sheets, or upon blocks of gutta percha, by means of heat, or by solution, in manner hereinbefore described, so as to form either sunk or raised figures of the required patterns or designs, upon the sheets or blocks upon which the perforated sheets may be fastened or cemented; and the different sheets or blocks may be made of various colours, so as to make raised figures or patterns of different colours from the blocks or sheets upon which they are to be fastened or cemented, and to produce various other effects.

"In order to produce impressions of a still more distinctive and striking character than are to be obtained by any of the preceding processes, I prepare the sheet, or piece of gutta percha, in such a manner that the raised or sunken parts shall be of a different colour from the rest, or, as it is technically called, the ground, on a surface of cloth paper, or other suitable material, of a colour as opposite as may be to that of the gutta percha. For example, the ground may be black, and the gutta percha white, or *vice versâ*; I then pass a sheet or piece of the gutta percha so prepared or combined, with its gutta percha surface uppermost, through an ordinary printing-press, as aforesaid; or I subject it to the pressure of a figured block, or roller, or die, or stamp, or punch, or type, also as aforesaid, whereby an impression is produced thereon, in which the figurated or distinctive parts are of the colour of the ground, and the rest of the colour of the gutta percha."

"Of all the purposes, however," says Mr. Oxley, "to which gutta percha may be adapted, none is so valuable as its applicability to the practice of surgery. Here it becomes one of the most useful auxiliaries to that branch of the healing art, which of all is the least conjectural. Its easy plasticity and power of retaining any shape given it when cool, at once pointed it out as suitable for the manufacture of bougies, and I find many advantages in the use of this substance. It also answers very well for the tubes of syringes, which are always getting out of order in this country, when made of caoutchouc. But my late experiments have given it much higher value, and

proved it the best and easiest application ever yet discovered in the management of fractures, combining ease and comfort to the patient, and very much lessening the trouble of the surgeon. Its utility in fracture of the lower jaw must at once strike any surgeon. So well does it mould itself to every sinuosity, that it is more like giving the patient a new bone, than a mere support. A man lately brought into hospital, who had his lower jaw broken by the kick of a horse, and which was so severe as to cause hemorrhage from the ears, smashing the bone into several fragments, was able to eat and speak three days after the accident, and felt so well with his gutta splint, that he insisted on leaving the hospital within ten days. My mode of applying this substance to fractures of the leg is as follows:—The gutta percha having been previously rolled out into sheets of convenient size, and about one-fourth of an inch in thickness, is thus kept ready for use. When required, a piece of the necessary length and breadth is plunged into a tub of boiling water. The limb of the patient is then gently raised by assistants, making extension in the usual manner. The surgeon having ascertained that the broken bone is in its place, takes the sheet of gutta out of the hot water, and allows it to cool for a couple of minutes. It is still soft and pliable as wash-leather. Place it whilst in this state under the limb, and gently lower the latter down on it. The gutta is then to be brought round and moulded carefully to the whole of the back and sides of the leg, bringing the edges close together, but not uniting them; if there be any superfluous substance, it can be cut off with a scissors, leaving an open slit down the front of the leg. You have now the leg in a comfortable, soft, and smooth case, which, in ten minutes, will be stiff enough to retain any shape the surgeon may have given it, and which will also retain the bone *in situ*. Place the bandages around the whole; let the foot be supported by a foot-board, and a case of gutta put over the dorsum of the foot, to bear off the pressure of the small bandage generally used to secure it to the board. Having done this, the surgeon need not cause his patient another twinge of pain, until he thinks he can use the leg, or he deems the bone sufficiently united to bear the weight of his patient. The most perfect cleanliness can be maintained, as the gutta is not affected by any amount of ablution; neither is it soiled or rendered offensive by any amount of discharge, all which washes off as easily from the gutta case, as from oil-cloth. It combines lightness and smoothness, durability, and a capability of adjustment not possessed by any other known substance. I am at present trying the effect of it on ulcers, by inclosing the ulcerated limb in a case of gutta, so as to exclude all atmospheric air; and, so far, the experiment promises success.

"I have had an official intimation from Penang of the vaccine virus, transmitted in the gutta capsules, having been received in good order, and of its having succeeded most satisfactorily. I have also opened a capsule containing a vaccine crust, that has been kept here for one month; and it also seems to have lost none of its efficacy, as the case inoculated has taken. This will appear the more striking, when it is recollected that to preserve the vaccine virus hitherto in Singapore, only for a few days, has been almost impossible; that this settlement, notwithstanding every exertion on the part of both private and public practitioners, has been without the benefit of this important prophylactic, for an interval sometimes of two years; and that, at all times, the obtaining and transmitting this desirable remedy has been a cause of trouble and difficulty to all the medical officers I have ever met with in the Straits."

Here we must pause; for were we to enumerate all the purposes to which gutta percha has been applied, we might write a volume, instead of an article restricted to a few short columns. There are some salutary reflections, however, which naturally arise from a review of the subject. One is the harmony of design perceptible in all the works of God; adaptation to the various wants of man is discoverable in all the productions of the earth; and no less strikingly is this fact brought out in the constitution and qualities of his mind. But for the power of analyzing the essential properties of substances, and of applying them to their several uses, they would not thus subserve his interests; but possessing this gift of that beneficent Being, who has made nothing in vain, it greatly contributes to improve his condition, and to promote his happiness. Another thought is suggested, which it were well could it be ever present,—that knowledge makes more room for knowledge; every fresh

acquisition, whether in nature, art, or science, does but strengthen our mental optics, and extend the sphere of our usefulness, and prepare for the investigation of nobler subjects. What, then, will be our attainments in that world

"Where knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die?"

S.

KINDNESS OF SERVANTS.

We must have been very inattentive to what is passing around us, if we have not been struck with the kindness of affectionate female servants and nurses. How often you find servants of this character so attached to the family that they evidently form one of its integral parts, and feel just as deep an interest in its welfare, prosperity, and happiness as any relative or intimate friend. They weep when the family weeps, and rejoice when it rejoices. All the resources of the house are husbanded by them with the greatest economy; the order of the family is preserved with the strictest regularity; the children are regarded with the affection of a mother; and if any member of the family is ill, every comfort is studied, and night after night the sleepless domestic is seen watching with unwearied tenderness. I know it will be said, "that such servants are rare." But then they are not rare because there is any want of native affection in the heart of any female servant, but in consequence of a bad education or bad treatment. Servants are too often expected to learn their duty by inspiration, and hence we have an outcry against education and servants at the same time; ay, and our age is so discerning, that not a few have made the wonderful discovery that education is the cause of the evil! If by education they mean a bad education, the coherence of their argument would be indisputable; but when, by some marvellous perversion of mind, they attribute the defects of their servants to the efforts that are making to train the people aright, the intellect of a child is sufficient to detect the fallacy of their reasoning. Vice, as well as virtue, is, in too many instances, the offspring of education. Human beings are always learning.

Imitation is one of the most active principles in children, and if we will not give them good rules and examples, they must of necessity follow the bad. This want of proper training and proper treatment, therefore, is the reason of servants not being what we might wish them to be; and, considering how little has been done to improve the intellect, and cultivate the affections of female servants, the existence of so much kindness among this very neglected part of the community must be traced to the native tenderness of the female heart. Would the wealthy only do their duty to the poor, there would be very few unkind or untractable servants in the land, especially female servants. It would tend greatly to modify the wrath of the rich respecting the imperfections of the labouring classes, if they would only consider that nearly every crime and defect may be traced to the influence or parsimony of their superiors. I have often seen female servants, whose treatment was not the most Christian, and whose lot was not the most enviable, display no common degree of attachment to the interests and prosperity of the family.

We have a striking example of this in the Scriptures. It is said that "The Syrians had gone out by companies, and had brought away captive out of the land of Israel a little maid; and she waited on Naaman's wife. And she said unto her mistress, Would God my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria! for he would recover him of his leprosy." This narrative furnishes a beautiful instance of female kindness. The "little maid" was a captive and a slave; she had been torn from her home by the merciless Syrians; and it is not unlikely that they had committed great depredations on her country, and probably slain many of her beloved friends and countrymen; and yet the leprosy of her master awakened her sympathy, and prompted her to seek a remedy. The mighty Naaman had, perhaps, exerted his valour against her dear native land; but if he had done so, she forgave him, and sought to do him good by introducing him to the prophets and the God of her country. This fine manifestation of female affection and piety in a servant was deemed worthy of remembrance, and therefore the Holy Spirit has recorded it in a memorial more durable than solid marble, or imperishable brass.

The affection of aged and kind-hearted nurses is proverbial. There is something so kind and complaisant about the very features of many of these aged women, that one might almost single them out amidst a crowd. Their benignity finely

illustrates that passage which says that "It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting." These have been literally schooled in the house of affliction. They have seen human suffering in numerous forms; they have had to nurse it, and bear with all its peevishness, caprices, petulance, and impatience, and to do so under circumstances that required the entire suppression of everything unkind, vehement, or querulous in themselves. What watchfulness, control of temper, and persevering tenderness are necessary to constitute a good nurse; and yet how many invaluable nurses our country can furnish at the present time! The patience and self-control of nurses afford an example of the perfection to which woman can arrive; and proves that there can be no reason assigned for the impatience or bad tempers of either men or women. By self-culture nurses have learned to subdue the ebullitions of a hasty spirit. The Bible, which has erected so many monuments to record the worth of distinguished virtue, has not passed by the pious nurse. The sacred narrative says, "But Deborah, Rebekah's nurse, died; and she was buried beneath Bethel, under an oak; and the name of it was called Allon-bachuth," (the Oak of Weeping.) There is something very beautiful in this short piece of biography, and far more valuable than many volumes of the wars, the political intrigues, and follies which are generally the staple of history. We should notice that it was "Rebekah's nurse." She had nursed Jacob's mother, and had now lived in the family upwards of sixty years. She had left Mesopotamia many years before, to accompany her young mistress. She had nursed and waited on Rebekah, and probably had closed her eyes in death, and, having laid her in the grave, had returned to her native country again, and had taken up her abode in the family of her young master, Jacob; and now behold, although her head was gray, she had a second time quitted her native land for ever, that she might end her days in a family to which she was so much attached. It may be that she hoped for a grave near that of her mistress, but God's providence ordained otherwise, and she died on the road; and while her worth gave immortality to *Allon-bachuth*, "the Oak of Weeping," the new appellation of the oak gave immortality to her virtues. I can conceive of no epitaph equal to this. Its brevity, pathos, and comprehensiveness cannot be surpassed. It tells us that there was great weeping in the house of Jacob. Deborah had the affections of all. Jacob wept for her as for a mother; his surviving wives and children wept; and even the other domestics wept when the aged Deborah died and was carried to her grave. "The oak of weeping" therefore became an appropriate monument for the venerable Deborah. Her name signifies "a female oracle," and it is not unlikely that she was the chronicle and the prophetess of the family. When our love of novels and fiction shall give place to the more beautiful and interesting realities of truth, and we shall become an intellectual and moral age, so that the lovely and touching narratives of female virtue, as exhibited in the affection and piety of tender-hearted daughters, mothers, wives, and female attendants, shall be more captivating than the sentimental woe of some love-sick dame; then the pious historian and biographer will be able to enchant his readers with the memorials of many a Deborah and *Allon-bachuth*. —*Parsons*.

"A SHORT LIFE, AND A MERRY ONE."

SUCH is the motto of the man of pleasure. "A short life, and a merry one"—that is the life for him. So have I often heard my near neighbour Hart, in the fulness of his fancied happiness, exclaim; and as he ceased, I have as often replied, "Give me rather a long life, and a holy one."

My neighbour Hart was a man "well to do in the world." He had an excellent trade, and plenty of money at his command. There were few tradesmen, within at least a circuit of ten miles from his house, who could count out as much ready money as he. His was the house where you might always reckon upon getting change for a ten, or twenty, or even a fifty or hundred pound note. The sun of prosperity seemed to shine upon him in all its pleasing lustre. And yet happier had it been for him if, now and then, a dark cloud of adversity had crossed his path. And why? Because then he might have been led to the Source of all true and genuine happiness "the truth as it is in Jesus." He might then have been enabled to have sung, with heartfelt joy:

"Sweet afflictions! now I own
You were blessings in disguise.
Grand enlighteners! you have thrown
Lustre o'er my darkest skies;
You have stripp'd, by clearer light,
Life of all its gaudy dress;
And have brought me, with delight,
To the Fount of blessedness."

Prosperity is a rich blessing, if man but knew how to use it aright; but then he often converts it into a curse. Such was the case with my neighbour Hart. It was prosperity that caused his adoption of the constant exclamation, "A short life and a merry one."

It was not in words only that neighbour Hart used this significant exclamation. It was proclaimed in his life. Who was more jovial than he? Were there any party of pleasure, Hart was sure to be one of them. Money and time were both at his command, and he used them freely in scenes of pleasure. The tavern, the race-course, and the social meeting of "good fellows," would scarcely have been considered complete without him. "A short life, and a merry one:" that was the life for him.

And yet there were times when my neighbour Hart had his misgivings as to the propriety of leading such a life. Conscience is a powerful and troublesome monitor; endeavour to stifle it as we may, it will now and then speak out in a voice resembling thunder. So my neighbour used to hear it; but then he always had something at hand which would stifle it —the bottle, and the merry companion. There is nothing so potent as these to stifle the loud and condemning voice of conscience: and when this was effected he would exclaim, as joyously as ever, "A short life and a merry one."

Nor was it conscience alone that lifted up its warning voice in the ears of my neighbour Hart. Often did he hear the heavy bell toll for the death of some of his choicest companions; some older, and some younger than himself. At such times I have seen a shade of seriousness upon his countenance. I have watched him peering over the old wall of our churchyard, as they have been conveyed to the grave; and have indulged a hope that he would at length see and take to heart the gloomy end of "A short life and a merry one." But that hope, as often as it was indulged, was as often disappointed. He has gone from the old wall to the "Crown and Anchor," or the "Rodney's Head," where all reflections on death and eternity were set aside by the bottle and merry companion.

Well has it been said by the poet Young:

"Sure as night follows day,
Death treads in pleasure's footsteps round the world,
When pleasure treads the path which reason shuns.
When against reason, riot shuts the door,
And gaiety supplies the place of sense,
Then, foremost at the banquet and the hall,
Death leads the dance, or stamps the deadly die;
Nor ever fails the midnight bowl to crown.
Gaily carousing to his gay compeers
Inly he laughs, to see them laugh at him,
As absent far; and when the revel burns,
When fear is banished, and triumphant thought
Calling for all the joys beneath the moon,
Against them turns the key; and bids them sup
With their progenitors."

It required no prophetic eye to foresee the end of my poor neighbour Hart's course of life. They who "sow to the wind," must "reap the whirlwind;" and they who "sow to the flesh," must of "the flesh reap corruption." This is one of the immutable laws of God. A few short years, and then comes the end of pleasure. And what an end that frequently proves! Memory calls to mind some whose lives have been cut short by suicide; others by sudden and untimely deaths; and others by lingering and painful disease. Reader! what fearful ends are these! Would you like to have your life terminated by any one of them? If not, avoid pleasure as you would a serpent. The end thereof is death, both temporal and eternal!

"I have not seen my neighbour Hart go to the 'Crown and Anchor' or the 'Rodney's Head' lately," I remarked the other day to our village doctor.

"Nor will you see him go again," was the reply: "he has led 'a short life and a merry one.' The bottle has done its worst; or at least it will in a few short days. He is on his dying bed."

Even so it proved. The bell soon tolled the knell of poor Hart's departure; and the grave soon closed over him. A stone erected to his memory records that he died at the age of forty years. Such was the end of "a short life and a merry one."

"A merry one!" Far from it. The Preacher says:

"As the crackling of thorns under a pot,
So is the laughter of the fool: this also is vanity."
Eccl. vii. 6.

"The vine," remarked one of the Greek sages, "bears three grapes: the first of pleasure; the second of drunkenness; the third of repentance." He might have added a fourth—of misery! Often does its grapes prove "grapes of gall." In the mouth they may be "sweet

as honey," but when they are eaten they make the "belly bitter."

As I write, I drop a tear over the memory of my poor neighbour Hart. I recollect the time when our youthful feet walked in company to the house of God: when we took sweet counsel together concerning the things that belonged to our everlasting peace. What a strange contrast was there between his character then, and his character in after years! It was as though two minds had animated the same body: the first composed of amiable and promising qualities; the second of qualities of a most debasing nature. He who seemed to be asking the way to Zion, had learned not only to take no heed to the word of God, but had become so hardened as to profess a disbelief in his existence. Such is the seductive and hardening nature of pleasure when indulged in to excess.

"By the unhappy excesses of irregular pleasures in youth, how many amiable dispositions are corrupted or destroyed! How many rising capacities and powers are suppressed! How many flattering hopes of friends and parents are totally extinguished! Who but must drop a tear over human nature, when he beholds that morning, which arose so bright, overcast with such untimely darkness; that good humour, which once captivated all hearts—that vivacity which sparkled in every company—those abilities which were fitted for the adorning the highest stations—all sacrificed at the shrine of sensuality; and one who was formed for the fair career of life in the midst of public esteem, cut off by his vices at the beginning of his course, or sunk for the whole of it into insignificancy and contempt! These, O sinful pleasure, are thy trophies!—it is thus that, co-operating with the form of God and man, thou degradest man, and blastest the opening prospects of human felicity!"

Reader! lay the fate of the subject of this sketch to heart. Let not thy motto be "A short life, and a merry one;" rather let it be, "A long life, and a holy one." E. F.

WORDS IN SEASON.

In the early period of the late Dr. Joseph Fletcher's ministry at Stepney, as he was sitting in his study one Saturday morning, busily occupied in preparing for the public duties of the sabbath, he was disturbed by a gentle rap at his study-door, and was informed that a lady wished to have an interview with him. "I cannot see any one this morning," said he, "as I am particularly engaged. Tell the lady so, with my respects, and say that I shall be happy to converse with her on Monday morning, or this evening, if she requests it."

After she had gone, he felt fearful lest he should have sent away some anxious inquirer; and, ringing for his servant, asked if she knew who the lady was. On learning her name, that she looked much depressed, and recollecting that this was one of his hearers who was in a very anxious state of mind, he immediately desired his servant to go after her, even to her residence, which was at some distance, and to say that he would see her then, if she would please to return. She did so, and it was well for her that she was requested to return,—as the subsequent account will prove. Encouraged by the kindness of Dr. F.'s manner, she unfolded to him a heart not only in the greatest spiritual distress, but in a state of the utmost despair. He faithfully, yet tenderly, told her of the greatness of a Saviour's love, and gently led her to the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness.

After commending her by prayer to the Friend of sinners, she arose from her knees, with a gleam of hope in her heart, and before she left, with great humility of spirit on her own account, but with devout thankfulness to God, for his merciful interposition at this critical juncture, divulged to her minister a fearful resolution, to which the anguish of despair had led, and which his refusal to see her had confirmed. She stated that she had left his house resolved never to see the light of another sun; that the time, the place, and the means, were fixed upon, for terminating an existence which was insupportable; but that his requesting her to return, the kindness with which he had received her, the great truths he had placed before her, as with a new light, and the supplications he had poured out for her, had overwhelmed her with confusion and devout thankfulness to God for his unspeakable mercy; and she hoped to be allowed to live to praise him. After a period of eight or ten months she joined the church, and was a consistent, devoted, though often greatly afflicted member, till some years afterwards she removed her residence into the country.—*Life of Dr. Fletcher.*

TRAVELLING TRADES OF CHINA.

In addition to the shops, the frequented streets and populous villages are supplied with travelling trades of every kind besides; the tea-gardens and squares are filled with astrologers, necromancers, fortune-tellers, peep-shows, jugglers, Punch, dentists, quacks; in short, all the drags on the purse to be found in other countries. The most useful of these is the walking *restaurateur*. His apparatus is of the most compact order, all lightly balanced on his back with one hand, while with the other he teazes a fire, and goes from place to place crying his various prepared dishes, until his progress be arrested by some hungry traveller. His whole apparatus, which may be six feet high by nine feet long, is almost entirely made of bamboo. Besides the one in which he walks, there are two perpendicular divisions; on the top of that before him are the basins, plates, etc.; then the supply of wood, below which is the fire-place and kitchen, consisting of an iron pan, covered over by a wooden tub, and let into a light plaster-work upon the fire; thus he boils, stews, or fries, according to the taste of the customer; in the other division are the meats, vegetables, etc., besides a quantity of gaudy chinaware, containing the dried herbs, peppers, etc. required; for a trifling sum the labourer can here procure a hearty meal without leaving his work, as the *restaurateur* hovers about all places where most needed. Besides the above are tea-stalls of the same kind, in which are kept hot and ready the various kind of Bohea for public convenience.

The itinerant barber's apparatus is complete, the water always boiling on a fire over his head, while in his rear on a pole, balanced over his shoulder, are water, basin, razors, towels, etc.; if he be in requisition he picks out a convenient spot, shaves the head, cleans the ears and eyes, cracks the joints, and shampoos the body, in an incredibly short space of time. Hair is only worn on the crown of the head in shape of a queue. The shaving is a matter of necessity to the mandarin and gentleman, while scarcely a labourer goes more than three or four days unshorn. This trade is in constant exercise, but the death of the emperor is a sure holiday to the barber, shaving and mourning being inconsistent with each other.

Tinker, tailor, and shoemaker, each has his pack, and, basking in a sunny spot, plies his trade, finishes off one job, and utters his peculiar cry for another. The dentist no sooner pitches his tent on arriving, than he unfolds to the admiring crowd a huge scroll, on which, at the left side, are set forth his home, place of birth, etc.; the rest of the scroll speaks of his fame and skill in cleaning, curing, and extracting teeth, and knowledge of the mouth in general; if this fail to obtain a customer, he opens box after box, producing hundreds of human teeth, on which he lectures, declaring each large and more decayed tooth to have belonged to a prince, duke, or high mandarin, who honoured him with his patronage, and saved himself from the most terrific tortures. Should a bystander at last be attracted and offer his mouth for inspection, the instruments are produced, and if extraction be required, it is done with much expertness; he shows the instrument to the crowd, describes its use and power, and, as an illustration of it, draws the tooth, while the sufferer imagines he is merely going to show how he would do it. If cleaning is required, he exhibits his instruments one by one, and using each, keeps up a chant and lecture alternately; after the operation is performed he recommends his powders; I tried several, and detected a strong mixture of camphor in all. Thus he continues, until having remained a short space without a customer, he packs up, and moves to another convenient spot.

The fortune-teller is a cunning, mysterious-looking rascal; he is seated at a table under an awning, before him his magic mirror, book, pencils, ink, etc. So intent is he on his studies, that the vociferations of a country-looking bumpkin, which have attracted a crowd of gazers, have failed to awaken him. Slowly he rouses himself from the trance of his meditations, and with a mysterious shudder and start he excuses himself hastily, shuts his book with an air, talks of the spirits having deceived him, in causing him to believe that a poor man, destined to fill a high office, humbly awaited him at the gate of celestial bliss; is much suprised when his clownish customer calls upon him to unfold his prophetic powers, and relate what heaven may have in store for him. Having asked him if he is sure they have not met before, which question confirms the bumpkin in the

opinion that he must have been the cause of this extraordinary vision, he places a stool for him opposite, and then commences the divination of futurity. After asking a few questions, he places his mirror so as to reflect the heavens, and inscribes thereon certain mystic signs; these he continually changes, (having referred to a number of books, and talking all the time aloud,) writing now and then on a slip of paper; he at last fills up all he requires, and hands it to the delighted and deluded simpleton; then falling into a reverie awaits the arrival of another, who is not slow in arriving. One fool makes many, and the trade is a good one.—*Lieutenant Forbes.*

SIR ASTLEY COOPER.

No. II.

NOTWITHSTANDING all his advantages, Mr. Cooper had as yet acquired little reputation as a professional adviser, nor did he gain the confidence of the public for many subsequent years. His receipts during this early period of his practice, of which he has left an account, exhibit, it is true, a steady and comparatively considerable increase, but form a striking contrast with the large sums he afterwards annually derived in the same pursuits. "My receipts," says he, "for the first year, were 5*l.* 5*s.*; the second, 26*l.*; the third, 64*l.*; the fourth, 96*l.*; the fifth, 100*l.*; the sixth, 200*l.*; the seventh, 400*l.*; the eighth, 610*l.*; the ninth, (the year he was appointed surgeon to the hospital,) 1,100*l.*—although I was a lecturer all the time on anatomy and surgery." From some memoranda which he left respecting the character of his colleagues at the hospital, it would seem that, from their not having devoted so much time to the science of anatomy as he had, they opened advantages to him which he would not otherwise have attained. "I was always of opinion," says he, in one place, "that Mr. Cline and I gained more reputation at the hospitals by assisting our colleagues, than by our own operations, for they were always in scrapes, and we were obliged to help them out of them."

In the year 1809, Mr. Cooper published his celebrated work on "Hernia." The time he had devoted to the completion of this task was immense, and it attracted the notice of the whole profession, not only in this country, but abroad, and at once placed its author in the highest rank among the surgeons of Europe. It will probably ever continue a standard work on this important branch of surgery. He now removed into Broad-street; where he continued for many years in the zenith of his reputation. This was, at that time, a locality in which most of the first merchants in the city had town residences—a circumstance which had an immense influence upon his practice. Amongst other patients by whom he was paid most munificently, was Mr. Hyatt, a West Indian merchant, upon whom he operated for the stone. This gentleman manifested his satisfaction and gratitude in no ordinary manner. The operation and subsequent treatment had been perfectly successful; and congratulating his patient upon his recovery, Mr. Cooper was about to take his leave, and had reached the door, when Mr. H., who was sitting at the fire, took off his night-cap, and jocularly flung it at him; saying at the same time, "There, young man, put that in your pocket." Guessing the contents of this missile, Mr. Cooper inserted his hand, and took out from it a piece of paper; chucking back the cap to his patient, and saying that he would not rob him of so useful an article, he put the paper into his pocket, and took his departure. The paper, on examination, proved to be a cheque for one thousand guineas. Another of the first merchants of the day—Mr. William Coles, of Mincing-lane—paid him annually, for many years, the sum of 600*l.* for his attendance, his visits being chiefly made to the seat of that gentleman at Croydon. The extent of his practice during his residence here may be sufficiently inferred from the fact, that in the last year of it, before he moved to the west-end, his professional income, including hospital-fees, has been proved, from his banker's book, to have amounted to above twenty-one thousand pounds! The following is an abstract of the account given by his nephew, Mr. B. Cooper, of his ordinary day's work at this time:—"His custom was to rise every morning at six o'clock, even during the winter. He then went into his private dissecting-room, where he worked till half-past seven or eight. After seeing the gratuitous patients, who came to him in large numbers at this early hour, breakfast occupied him but a short time, and having taken leave for the day of his family party, he immediately repaired to his consulting-room,

to which a continued stream of patients would be pressing till one o'clock. Two large rooms to the right-hand of the hall were occupied by gentlemen, while two drawing-rooms above were appropriated to the reception of ladies. The attempts and manœuvres of these unhappy tenants of the waiting-rooms to be admitted at once, and out of their turn, are said to have been sometimes extremely ludicrous; to all which his servant was accustomed to lend a deaf ear, till that organ was rendered less obdurate by the chink of some more solid appeal, and then an excuse was sometimes found to allow him, for this once, to break through the usual plan. When one o'clock came, it was announced to Mr. Cooper that the carriage was at the door, while at the same time, in quite a different tone of voice, it was whispered that the house was still crowded with patients. Sometimes Mr. C. would listen to this intimation, and say, "I will see one more;"—then, perhaps, "I think there is time for a second;" or he would at once jump into his carriage, blaming his servant for having detained him so long, and leaving him to make his peace as best he could with the remaining patients. Sometimes the people in the hall and ante-room were so pressing and importunate, that he dreaded the ordeal of passing through them, and, under such circumstances, he was in the habit of escaping through the back-yard into his stables, and so into the passage by the side of Bishopsgate churchyards; and then running round by his front door into Wormwood-street, was followed by his coachman, and driven off to the hospital. On these occasions, the dilemma of the servant left behind was not a little increased, who, on ushering the next patient with all due importance into the consulting-room, would exclaim, "I'm hanged if he is not off!" the open door being a sufficient indication that the bird was flown. By the time of his arrival at the hospital, one hundred pupils would be waiting for him on the steps. After going through the wards with these, and delivering his daily lecture on anatomy in the theatre, about half-past three, he usually left the hospital, taking in his carriage with him one of his articled pupils, or dressers, either for the purpose of assisting him in some private operation, or to write for him while he dictated, in the course of his professional circuit. He was thus occupied till half-past six or seven in the evening. After dinner, on two evenings in the week during the session, he repaired again to the hospital, to lecture on surgery. On other evenings, his carriage was ordered at eight o'clock, or half-past, but he generally kept it standing at the door until half-past nine or ten; during which time he was accustomed to unbend in easy and affectionate conversation with his family, when, suddenly looking at his watch, he would stand up, exclaiming, he had three hours' work yet to do; and away he would drive off, and not return till twelve."

One motive for Mr. Cooper's removal from Broad-street to New-street, at the west-end of the town, was undoubtedly that he might be near at hand to the connexions he was forming with persons of authority about the court; but the circumstance which chiefly determined him in taking this step, was a wish to escape from the immense fatigues of this enormous practice, under which, although his spirits never seemed to flag, his health was beginning to give way. Symptoms of congestion made their appearance about the head, and he was occasionally seized with a sensation of vertigo. On one occasion, when the duke of Manchester had called to consult him, he was seized with one of these attacks, and fell prostrate at his grace's feet.

In the year 1820, he was called to operate for the removal of a tumour on the head of George IV., although he was not at that time holding any official situation about the king's person. "I called on lord Liverpool," says sir Astley, in the account he has left of this occurrence, "and requested him to persuade the king to let Home do the operation, as that was the usual etiquette, he being serjeant-surgeon. Lord Liverpool said it was very difficult to interfere respecting the choice of a medical man. I was very averse from doing it; I had always been successful, and I saw that the operation, if it were followed by erysipelas, would destroy all my happiness, and blast my reputation. On the next day, Home wrote to me that he should do the operation on Wednesday; and I suggested that Cline might be present, to which Home consented. On the Wednesday we all met,—Halford, Tierney, Home, Cline, Brodie, and myself. Mr. Cline said, 'Who is to do the operation?' I said, 'Sir Everard.' Soon afterwards, sir Harry Halford was called out of the room; and almost immediately returning, said to

me, 'You are to do the operation!' I was thunderstruck, and felt giddy at the idea of my fate hanging upon such an event. I said, 'I have not come provided with instruments.' There was no time for parlance, for the king directly entered the room, and said, 'Where am I to sit?' I replied, 'Here, sire,' taking a chair to the window; and begging an instrument of Home, I made an incision into the tumour, and emptied its contents. Then I found that it adhered strongly to the scalp, and upon the side on which I stood, which was about three-fourths of its size, I with difficulty detached it from the skin without cutting the skin itself. On that side on which Cline stood, I begged him to detach it, which he did, but it took up a great deal of time on the whole. The edges of the wound were brought together, and lint and plaister applied. The king bore the operation well, requested that there might be no hurry; and when it was finished, said, 'What do you call the tumour?' I said, 'A steatome, sire.' 'Then,' said he, 'I hope it will *stay at home*, and not annoy me any more.' The king went on well until Saturday; when he came in to us he said, 'I have not slept all night—my head is sore all over.' I immediately thought that erysipelas was coming on, and that we should lose him. I called in the middle of the day at Carlton-palace, and again in the evening, and he was much the same. The next morning when I went, the king was on the sofa,—his great toe was red with gout,—and his head had lost all its soreness, and all its unpleasant feelings. From this time the wound healed in the most favourable manner. In a fortnight afterwards he said, 'Lord Liverpool has promised to make you a baronet, but I will not suffer it—I shall do it myself.' I thanked him, and said, 'Since your majesty is so kind, let me say, if it is not entailed on my nephew, Astley, whom I have adopted and educated, it will lose much of its value.' He immediately said, 'It shall be made out as you wish.' He afterwards, in six months, sent me a beautiful epergne, for which he gave the plan himself, and which cost him five hundred guineas; and we continued the best friends until the relation of the anecdote I have mentioned. I used frequently to go to the cottage at Windsor, sometimes called on him at Brighton," etc.

It should be mentioned that Mr. Cooper had already signalised himself by his celebrated operation of passing a ligature round the aorta—the largest artery in the body, arising immediately from the heart—perhaps the most memorable undertaking in the whole annals of surgery. When its performance became known to the profession, it filled them with surprise and amazement, no less from its daring nature than its novelty. The case was one of aneurism of a large size; under which the patient must have perished, had nothing been done for his relief. Mr. Cooper therefore determined he would give him this only hope of safety, however unheard-of such a procedure might be. The bold undertaking—all the manual part of which was necessarily performed without any assistance or direction from the eye—was in a short time accomplished without any embarrassment or interruption. The patient, it is true, did not recover; but his life was prolonged for a sufficient period to prove that, under less unfavourable circumstances, the operation might have been attended with the desired result.

Towards the latter end of the year 1824, sir Astley's health became impaired, his attacks of giddiness were more frequent, and they were occasionally accompanied with difficulty of breathing. After this he gave up the exertion of lecturing, and his situation as surgeon of Guy's Hospital, and retired occasionally to his estate at Gadesbridge, where he amused himself with the occupation of farming. His visiting list, however, still contained some of the most important personages in the realm. At the end of 1826, he was in close attendance upon the duke of York, during his last illness, besides frequently visiting the king, (at that time confined with gout,) lord Liverpool, lord Chatham, lord Bathurst, etc., etc. In the following year, his health and spirits were severely shaken, by the loss of lady Cooper, who died of erysipelas, after a short illness. "Nothing could surpass the grief of my uncle," says Mr. B. Cooper, "when death deprived him of all hope. Until the scene was closed, he seemed never to have believed that he was to sustain such a loss; but when the fact came in all its reality into his mind, he sank into a state of despondency. A few months after he determined to retire from practice entirely, to give himself up to a country life, and to end his days upon his estate; and the resolve was no sooner taken than it was carried into effect, and announced to all his friends."

For a short time he felt gratified with this change, but the novelty soon passed away. He did not hesitate to complain of the *ennui* which began to attack him, how much he yearned again for his professional occupation, and how he lamented the loss of the excitement of his former busy life; and as his health was becoming re-established, he returned; and again entered into the practice of his profession, a few months after he had resolved to leave it for ever. At first he purchased the lease of a house in Dover-street; but finding this unsuitable, he removed to Conduit-street, where he remained up to the period of his death.

In July, 1828, sir Astley again entered into the married state with Miss Jones, a member of a family with whom he had been acquainted from the earliest period of his residence in London. In the same month he received the distinguished appointment of serjeant-surgeon to the king. Towards the latter end of this summer, he made a tour of considerable extent on the continent, and took another similar excursion in 1834.

It was not till the year 1835, that he found leisure to devote himself to a task which he had long had in contemplation —a comprehensive work on the "Anatomy of the Breast,"—but he then exerted himself to accomplish it with all the activity and ardour which had characterised him in his earliest youth. "Great as was our anticipation of the merits of this work," says one of its reviewers, "we must confess that it has surpassed our expectations. In the importance and interest of its matter, the extent and accuracy of its details, the fidelity and elegance of its illustrations, and masterly style of its general execution, sir Astley Cooper will always be the standard authority on this subject." This was his last work; it was published only in the year before his death, when the author was considerably above seventy years of age. Towards the end of 1840, sir Astley began rapidly to decline; and on the 12th of February, 1844, he breathed his last.

Perhaps no one ever possessed so many qualifications calculated to render him an eminent and successful surgeon, as did sir Astley Cooper. He exhibited a happy union of boldness and caution; his person and manners, and unaffected cheerfulness, all tended to recommend him as an attendant upon the sick, and above all, his treatment was always based upon principles which were the result of observation and experience, and an accurate knowledge of practical anatomy, acquired by the most indefatigable industry. Hence he possessed a perfect confidence in his own ability, and a determination as to the method of treatment he had to pursue, which were productive of much benefit and comfort to his patient. To members of the profession, and to patients who, he apprehended, could with difficulty remunerate him in the usual manner, he was always liberal and kind in the highest degree. D. W.

SUBMISSION TO THE RIGHTEOUSNESS OF GOD.

Ever since the apostasy of man, God has been dealing with our world as a fallen world, in the exercise of sovereign mercy, through a Mediator; and the first thing required of its guilty inhabitants is submission to the Divine scheme of mercy. The character of the race being that of sinfulness, and its state that of guilt and condemnation, the peculiar constitution under which it has been placed is a mediatorial administration of grace; and in these circumstances the consequence is unavoidable, that there can be no acceptable obedience rendered to God, without the primary requisite of an unconditional surrender of the mind and heart to the principles and provisions of this Divine constitution. In this lies the grand distinction between the moral system of the Bible, and the various theories of the wise men of the world, by whom this constitution is not recognised. On this point we dare not yield our ground: we dare not attempt a compromise. We could not do so without renouncing all that is peculiar in revelation. The gospel is "the power of God unto salvation" as being the Divinely adopted method by which the guilty may be pardoned and reinstated in favour, without any compromise of the glory of his righteousness:—but it is more; "it is the power of God unto salvation" as being also the Divinely devised means for the purification of the sinful — for restoring the rational and immortal nature of man from its moral and spiritual ruin — for re-enstamping upon it the lovely features of the Divine likeness, and bringing it anew under the sway of those principles that ruled and blessed it

while it "kept its first estate." If there be one end which God purposes to effect by the mediation of his Son more sublimely excellent than another, it is this, —the recovery of man's nature to its pristine purity and love, and so to its original honour and joy. Pardon is precious; but, in a very important sense, pardon is but a means to an end. It is itself, indeed, a part, and a most essential and precious part of salvation; but it is subservient to something still higher, even to sanctification. God forgives sin; but the end of the atonement has not been fully answered when sin has been forgiven. God forgives sin, that, by the grace displayed in its full and free remission, the heart may be subdued and won to himself: that it may be purified by the faith of the testimony which reveals his mercy—"the word of reconciliation:" that its enmity may be conquered, and generous, grateful, holy love implanted in its room.—*Dr. Wardlaw.*

ALAN QUINTIN'S INQUIRIES.

HOW DOES THE SUN AFFECT YOU?

When I ask how does the sun affect you, I mean not to inquire what effect is produced on your health by the sunbeam falling on your head, but rather what influence has the sight of the glowing and glorious luminary of the skies on your heart? how does it affect your feelings and your faith? It is in this respect that I make the inquiry, How does the sun affect you?

If we fear God, love God, and desire to glorify God, we shall neither disregard his word nor his works. Would it be right?—could it be right?—nay, must it not be absolutely wrong, to think but lightly of the most glorious object of the creation, made by the wonder-working hands of the Eternal? The sun in its rising splendour, its mid-day brightness, and its setting glory, is a sight on which angels may gaze with joy.

Can you see the sun careering through the skies in his triumphant chariot, declaring the glory of his great Creator, and conferring a thousand benefits and blessings on the earth, without admiration, delight, and thankfulness? Solomon the wise man says, "A pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun." Eccles. xi. 7; and so, indeed it is. Is it so to you? Do you regard the sun merely as a shining ball, or as the source of light and heat and fertility and beauty? How does it affect you while it is burning its way through the heavens;

"To mountains, woods, and waterfalls, imparting golden dye,
And steeping all the clouds in fire—a gorgeous pageantry?"

The sun goes not forth as a conqueror to do evil, but to do good. It is not a destroyer, but a preserver; it mars not, but mends; disfigures not, but adorns. Hardly can we regard it with too much attention. Hardly can we estimate it too highly; so long as we regard and estimate it as the workmanship of its almighty Maker. How does it affect you? Do you see in it the power of God, the wisdom of God, the goodness of God? and does it increase your love for your heavenly Father? What a flood of light does the sun fling upon the earth, gilding its mountains and its valleys!

"It glows upon the crimson bells that deck the moorland hills,
And teemeth molten gold among the waters of the rills."

He who created the heavens and the earth, made the sun to rule by day and the moon by night; "He made the stars also." What would the sky be without the sun? What would the earth be without the sun? What should we do without the sun? It is the light and the life of the world! The sun begins his labours early, opening the windows of heaven, awakening the singing birds, spangling the dew-drops, expanding the petals of the flowers, calling forth their beauty and giving their perfume to the balmy breeze. How does it affect you? As for me it thrills through my very frame. How it brightens the white bark of the birch; glitters on the glossy holly, bathes with light the foliage of the forest, and twinkles amid its myriad leaves!

"It pierces through the dusky pines, thick mass'd with bristling wire,
And glares beyond as if all space were one vast furnace-fire."

On, on, goes the sun, crying to the peopled world "Awake, thou that sleepest, and begin thy daily labour!" It warms and rejoices the earth; drives

away the mist and the noxious vapour; calls myriads of insects into joyous life; mellows the fruit on the trees, ripens the grain of the field, and proclaims a general jubilee around. How does the sun affect you? for surely it does affect you, or you must have a heart of stone. The sun goes everywhere. In Nature's loneliest solitudes where silence dwells with beauty, it sheds its gladdening influence, brightening the entrance to the gloomy glen, beaming on the broad-breasted rock, and giving a golden archway to the cliffy cave,

"Where sleeps the lake among the hills, lull'd with its trees and flowers,
It paves a path of golden light deep down to crystal bowers."

We can no more describe the sun than we can endure its burning rays. What is human pomp and magnificence when compared with it! How does it affect you? Do you regard it with tameness, apathy, and unconcern, or with vivid emotion, increasing wonder, and intense admiration? It is not only the sky that is beautified by the sun, nor the tall cliff, the tree, the lake and the waterfall, but the temples and dwelling-places of man also. It beams brightly on the dome and minaret, tips with a star the weather-cock on the village spire, and sparkles on the glass bottle in the garden:

"It burnishes the window panes of marbled, pillar'd hall,
And smiles on blushing eglantine by peasant's cottage wall."

On, on, goes the sun, hour after hour, year after year, and age after age, warming, fructifying, gladdening and beautifying the world. Spring comes, and summer comes, and they find him in the sky; autumn comes, and winter comes, and still he is there. Myriads of old worshipped the sun; and myriads, under one shape or other, may worship him still. Happy are they who worship the Sun of righteousness in spirit and in truth, while they look around with joy on the goodly creation! How does the sun affect you? Whether at home or abroad, on sea or on land, the sun is a delightful companion. Childhood delights in the sunshine, and old age has a new life in its influence. Even the unhappy smile in the sunbeam, though it be but faintly, and it calls up remembrances in every breast:

"The lonely exile sees it gild his own loved, native sky,
And his heart is like a little child's—a tear is in his eye."

How does the sun affect you? for it brings tears into my eyes, not only by its unbearable beams, but by its beauty, its glory, and the delight it wakens in my heart. I see in it a proof of God's power, a pledge of his promises, a confirmation of his holy word, and a monitor to remind me of my daily duties. Pilgrims to the skies, look at the sun in thine earthly pilgrimage, admire it, love it, thank God for it. Regard it as set in the skies for thy good, and turn its light to advantage: it is the goodly, glowing and glorious gift of thy heavenly Father; let it gladden thy heart here, and beckon thee above—where "the sun shall be no more thy light by day; neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee: but the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory." Isa. lx. 19.

ROMANTIC SCENERY.

After crossing the Eau Noire, says Mr. John Sheppard, a torrent flowing from the Glaier du Buet, our progress was among huge stones, left nearly as Nature placed them; but where any art has been used, forming rude flights of steps. Here the rock-loving quadruped was quite in his element again; but though I had gained sufficient confidence in his climbing talents, I preferred trusting only myself to go down stairs, and enjoyed more when on foot these truly romantic scenes. A very pleasing variety of flowers adorn the sides of the path; nor is there any want of cataract and forest, and all the characteristics of alpine landscapes. We now passed the limits of Savoy, and soon after through a gateway in a thick ancient wall built across the defile, and designed to guard the Valais. The ascent along the front of the pine-covered mountain called the Tete Noire, is little less precipitous than that of the Montauvert. The traveller will not pass without notice a detached stone of enormous size, which is named Barmerossa. The torrent here roars at a great depth under a hanging wood of firs; the village of Finio is seen perched on the brink of the opposite cliff; many cascades were at that time streaming from these heights, and the mountains

towards Chamonni, covered with snow, still bounded our prospect; so that I felt at the moment, and am still disposed to think, this view in its kind, (as a mixture of wild grandeur within a close ravine,) is scarcely to be equalled. We had next to descend towards the torrent of Trient, by what is called the Mauvais Pas, not because rougher than the rest, but from being more directly on the edge of a precipice. The cold hamlet of Trient, which is half buried in snow during winter, has but few inhabitants. In order to attend mass they travel three leagues to Martigny, and carry the dead thither for interment, on roads which must be laborious even to mountaineers. Near Trient the path from the Col-de-Balme joins that which I had taken, and we had next to ascend to the Forclase, from whose summit the valley of the Rhone begins to open, and at length the whole course of that river, with the towns of Sion and Martigny, and alps of the Haut Valais are placed before the eye in most beautiful perspective. The descent is so rough and rapid, that I found it afford no great relief at the close of this day's exertions. Successive kinds of vegetation are passed through, from the firs on the brow, and walnuts of the middle region, to the vineyards of Martigny, which produce a white wine of considerable value.

INGRATITUDE TOWARDS GOD.

It is plain, to any one who considers the doctrine of redemption, that it represents to us such infinite love—such incomparable tenderness and condescension—that, as God's conduct towards us is an incomprehensible mystery of kindness, so our conduct towards him is, if we may so speak, an incomprehensible mystery of ingratitude. There are, indeed, many mysteries in human nature, but they come all far short of this; for if we consider that human nature, corrupt and perverse as it is, is not yet wholly lost to all sense of gratitude in other cases, but that frequently the hearts even of the worst of men are softened with a kindly sense of singular favours—especially that the coldest and hardest hearts are sometimes melted with undeserved favours; if we consider that, in other cases, our acknowledgments rise naturally in proportion to our obligations, and that, after all, the greatest temporal favours, when compared with eternal ones, are but trifles; and yet, insignificant as they are, they beget sometimes a very high degree of gratitude, and swell men's hearts with such generous sentiments towards their benefactors, that they take pleasure in nothing in the world more than in serving them; if we consider all this, and compare it with the returns we make to our greatest (yea, in effect, our only) Benefactor, for the greatest benefits he could give, or we receive, or imagine;—if we compare these things together, it may be a question, whether we have more reason to be astonished at God's love, or at our own unthankfulness; or, which of them is the greatest wonder? To think that we should be so strongly affected with earthly favours—favours, from worms like ourselves; favours, of so little importance—of so short continuance; favours proceeding from such imperfect love, and oftentimes mixed with many injuries; that we should be so strongly affected with such favours as these, and so little with the love of God in Christ—*that* love which is so perfectly pure, and disinterested in the grounds of it—so free as to its motives, that it is exercised towards objects who had neither merit to deserve it, nor power to requite it, nor used importunity in seeking after it—a love that is so infinitely tender in its nature, so inestimably precious in its effects, so rich and abundant in its fruits, so constant, so lasting, yea, everlasting, so glorious in all its manifestations — that this should be the only friendship to which most men make no returns, the only kindness of which they have no grateful feelings, is such a miracle, or, rather, monster of stupidity, that it might seem incredible, if there were any arguing against experience.—*Maclaurin.*

PRIVATE DEVOTION.

A man may pray with others from a variety of motives, but he will never love praying by himself until he feels his constant need of the Divine care, and views God as the chief good. Some professors are very deficient in this duty, in which they ought to abound. They are known by a sickly languor in other duties, and are proofs that none relish public ordinances so well, as those who keep up a constant correspondence with heaven in private. Remissness in duty is always attended by a deficiency of comfort. We can only climb the mount of communion on the knee of prayers.—*Herrick.*

The Limehouse Docks, and the Entrance to the Regent's Canal.

THE DOCKS OF LONDON AND THE THAMES.

A visit to the docks of London by way of the river will amply repay the time and trouble of those who desire to appreciate the commercial power and wealth which have been the means of raising our much-loved country to an unparalleled eminence in the history of nations.

The means of conveyance include the train, the road, and the boat; but we would recommend the latter. "London oweth its greatness," said old Fuller, in his usual quaint but forcible style, "under God's divine providence, to the well-conditioned river of Thame, which doth not (as some tyrant rivers in Europe) abuse its strength in a destructive way, but employeth its greatness in goodness, to be beneficial for commerce by the reciprocation of the tide therein. Hence it was that when king James, offended with the City, threatened he would remove his court to another place, the lord mayor, boldly enough, retorted, that he might remove his court at pleasure, but could not remove the Thames."

Long before the time of steam-boats and railways, and even high-roads and coaches, people went by the Thames from one part of London to another. Not only did the humbler orders take "the silent highway," but the nobles prided themselves on the splendour of their barges, the number of their watermen, and the gayness of their liveries,—while for the monarch and his family it furnished "a royal road."

The river has long been considered under the special jurisdiction of the corporation of the metropolis, its authority extending from Staines, which is about thirty-seven miles above London-bridge, to a stone on the Essex shore, in the estuary,—including a navigation of more than eighty miles; and hence we hear of the lord mayor as the conservator of the Thames, in his civic barge, attended by his principal officers, proceeding to inspect various parts of the river, and ordering many advantageous changes to be made.

The first object which strikes the attention, in leaving one of the "City piers" by "the boat" is the bridge. The removal of old London-bridge, and the erection of the new one, was a work of great importance to the commercial community of London. Owing to the contracted arches, and the great space occupied by the buttresses, there was a waterfall, when the tide was going down, of several feet, which rendered it

dangerous either to ascend or descend the river. The erection of the new bridge has reduced this from five feet to two inches, and there is a freedom of access above the bridge never before enjoyed; the bottom of the river, which before was thick and muddy, is now in many places being washed away, and instead of the water gradually becoming shallower and fouler, there is a clear gravel bottom which is gradually deepening.

Immediately on passing the bridge, the Adelaide wharf is seen; alongside of which a Hull steamer will commonly be observed, preparing for her "north'ard voyage," with others engaged on more distant trips. The Custom-house is next observed, which was first constructed in the fourteenth century; the river front of the present edifice, which cost 440,000*l.*, is nearly five hundred feet in length: the well-known "long-room," where public business is despatched, is one hundred and eighty-six feet in length, and sixty in height and width. London may truly be styled "the emporium of all the lands of the earth," since the total value of its exports and imports is estimated at eighty millions sterling. The customs of this immense port will necessarily amount to a large sum; and at this establishment one-half of the amount collected in the whole kingdom is received,—exceeding ten millions sterling annually.

The Tower of London, long the chief palace and fortress of the English sovereigns, has from time immemorial been the depôt of arms and accoutrements. It was encircled by a wide and spacious ditch, running round the walls and to the river; but the water has latterly been drained off, and the space is occupied as a garden. In the centre is the most ancient and conspicuous portion of the edifice,—the citadel, or keep,—called "the White Tower," originally the Tower of London, and occupied as a royal palace. It is a massive quadrangular building, and has a turret at each angle, rising considerably above the roof: the turret at the north-east angle, which is the highest and largest, forms an irregular circle, projecting from the walls, and contains a great staircase, which communicates with the whole building. It was used in the reign of Charles II., as an observatory by Flamstead, the celebrated astronomer-royal.

What "a forest of masts" is there in the Pool, awakening diversified thoughts and feelings in reference to the commercial relations of this empire with all parts of the globe! The flags of almost every civilized nation may be seen. The clumsy and grotesque, though sometimes bright and gaudy craft of the Dutchman, the "tight" American, the piratical-looking Spanish schooner, the smart Frenchman, the suspicious Mediterranean trader, the dingy collier, the dashing steamer, the Kentish hoy, and the stately Indiaman, with a host of other vessels of various countries and classes, aid in composing a scene which, for variety and extent, is unequalled in the world.

In 1840, there belonged to the port of London nearly three thousand ships, of the total burden of five hundred and eighty-one thousand tons, manned by thirty-two thousand seamen. This, which is by far the largest amount of shipping that ever belonged to a single port, is the more remarkable when it is recollected that nearly all the colliers belong to Newcastle, Sunderland, and other northern ports. The number of barges employed in the loading and unloading of colliers is immense. There are, also, numerous steamers lying in tiers alongside one another, while others are continually passing, bound to all parts of the river, the kingdom, and the world. There is the series of "Watermen," the "Sylph," the "Ariel," and others, for those who would like a trip to Woolwich; while the more substantial "Star," "Gem," or "Ruby," which last was long the fastest vessel on the river, will convey the traveller to Gravesend. Nor need the trip be limited for want of conveyance: on the Thames' bosom are floating vessels of strength and speed, not only to Margate, Ramsgate, Hull, Ipswich, Dover, and other English ports, but to Calais, Boulogne, Antwerp, Rotterdam, Ostend, Hamburg, Havre, Oporto, Lisbon, the Mediterranean, and other parts of the world. Time and money, and business or leisure, are all that are required to convey the voyager to the most distant regions; while, to show that the opportunities are not lost, it has been estimated that twenty thousand persons are frequently passing up and down the river in steam vessels at the same time; and the boats of a single Company have carried in one season millions of passengers.

Among the largest steamers that have been built on the Thames, were the "British Queen" and the "President,"—the former was sold to the Belgian

government, the latter—who can tell her fate? The "Jane," constructed by Mr. George Blaxland, now of her majesty's dockyard at Woolwich, was the smallest steamer built on the banks of the Thames. She is only twenty-seven feet long, and rather more than five wide,—the cylinder of her engine being but of five inches diameter, and having an eight feet stroke.

But we must now exchange the waters for the land; for the docks claim our attention. Their erection is traceable to acts of piracy, at the present day scarcely credible, but which were continually perpetrated as late as the close of the last century. On the river and the quays were thieves of no ordinary audacity. During the day, they would mark the barges which they intended to pillage at night; these they would cut adrift, and follow them till the tide carried them to some convenient place, to make sure of their booty. These marauders had different names, according to the various kinds of pillage in which they were especially skilled, as "light and heavy horsemen," "coopers," "bumboat-men," "rat-catchers," "scuffle-hunters," "mud-larkers," and river-pirates." The depredations thus committed were enormous; and they are estimated to have been half a million sterling annually. The articles thus obtained were designated by other terms: coffee was called *peas;* sugar, *sand;* and rum, *vinegar*. In one instance, the master of a vessel was asleep below, when a party of robbers were weighing its anchors and cables; and on waking with the noise, he went on deck to inquire the cause, when the pirates courteously wished him a very good morning, and rowed off with the prize.

Such practices were frequently connived at by the authorities, and officers connected with the wharfs were found to gain considerable profit from the share they took in the nefarious traffic. In October, 1798, a lighter was robbed of five sacks of American ashes, of the value of 50*l*. The contents were carried to the house of an opulent "receiver," who sat up two nights for the purpose. The thieves were remunerated by receiving about a quarter of the value, besides being regaled with a supper, and the watchman had half-a-crown for his civility in taking no notice of the transaction. Many of the "light-horsemen" made regularly five guineas a night; and an apprentice to what was called a "game waterman," is said to have been known to keep a country-house and a saddle-horse.

A check was put to the proceedings of these marauders by the establishment of a marine police, which was so successful, that, during the first year, the saving to the West India merchants alone, was computed to amount to 100,000*l*., and two thousand two hundred culprits were convicted of misdemeanours during that period. The evils which thus followed the exposure of goods, at last induced some persons to try to find a remedy. In 1793, the complaints of the merchants were brought prominently under the consideration of parliament: and in 1796, a formal inquiry into the real state of things was instituted by the government. During the war, the inconvenience was much increased; instead of ships entering port singly and regularly they came in large fleets, under the convoy of men-of-war, in order to prevent their capture by the enemy.

It was not, however, till 1799 that the West India merchants, who had been the greatest sufferers, took up the subject more warmly than ever, and gained their object; for a bill was obtained in parliament, and the West India Docks built. Other merchants obtained a bill in the year following, which was followed by the erection of the London Docks. Shortly afterwards the East India Docks were constructed; and towards the end of 1828, the St. Katherine Docks were added to the number.

The latter are situated immediately below the Tower,—the lock that leads into them being one hundred and eighty feet long, and forty-five broad, and is so constructed that vessels of more than six hundred tons burden may pass in and out three hours before high water. The space included within the outer walls is about twenty-four acres, about half of which are occupied by water.* A clear channel of not less than three hundred feet in width is at all times kept in the Pool, for the accommodation of vessels going in or out. The warehouses are exceedingly well-contrived and commodious; and owing to their being built partly on pillars, within which what is called the quay-work of other docks is transacted close to the water's edge, goods are hoisted direct from the hold of the vessel, without its being necessary, as is commonly the case, to land them on the quays; thus affording a great

* M'Culloch.

saving of time, room, and labour. A cargo which could not be placed in the warehouse in less than fifteen days, in one of the earlier-constructed docks, can be raised from the ship's hold in one-fifth of the time. The whole establishment is exceedingly complete, and reflects the greatest credit on the public spirit, enterprise, and skill of those by whom it was projected and executed.

The London Docks are separated from the St. Katherine's by Nightingale-lane, and are about a mile and a quarter from London-bridge. The establishment comprises an area of more than a hundred acres, and cost about 4,000,000*l.* sterling. The Tobacco-dock lies between the eastern and western docks, and exceeds an acre in extent, being exclusively used for ships laden with tobacco. The great tobacco-warehouse is the largest and most magnificent building of the kind in the world, being adapted to contain twenty-four thousand hogsheads of tobacco, averaging twelve hundred pounds weight each; it covers five acres. The vaults situated beneath this and other warehouses, include an area of more than eighteen acres, and will contain sixty-six thousand pipes of wine and spirits. Towards the north-east corner of the warehouses is a door, inscribed "To the Kiln," where damaged tobacco is burned; and the long chimney that carries off the smoke is called "The Queen's Chimney."

The first entrance to the West India Docks is at Limehouse, about a mile and a half below the London Docks. Their construction proved a very successful undertaking to the proprietors, and not less beneficial to the original shareholders than to the trade of the port. During twenty years after their completion, all the West India ships frequenting the Thames were obliged to use them. The dividend on the Company's stock was limited to ten per cent., and after making dividends to the full amount, with the exception of the first half-year, they had, in 1819, an accumulated fund of 400,000*l.* At the suggestion of a Committee of the House of Commons, they diminished their charges; and having still more reduced them since, the surplus has been absorbed. These docks stretch quite across the isthmus of the Isle of Dogs, and originally consisted of an Export and Import Dock, each communicating, by means of locks, with a basin of five or six acres in extent, at the end nearest Blackwall, and with another of more than two acres next Limehouse. To these the South Dock was added, in 1829; it was formerly the City Canal, which had been intended to facilitate navigation, by enabling ships to avoid the circuitous course round the Isle of Dogs. It was, however, but little used for that purpose, and has been appropriated to the wood trade; for the greater accommodation of which, a pond of nineteen acres has been formed on the south side, for the reception of bonded timber.

The West India Docks are about a mile and a half below the London Docks. The immense ranges of warehouses which divide the Export and Import departments are well worthy of notice, and convey an impressive sense of the vast importance of commercial intercourse. The docks are chiefly filled with rum, and other colonial produce; while in the buildings partly surrounding the Import Dock, there is stowage for one hundred and sixty thousand hogsheads of sugar, and immense quantities of coffee and other commodities. In these warehouses, and under the spacious sheds surrounding the quays, have been deposited property of the value of twenty millions sterling, comprising, in round numbers, one hundred and fifty thousand casks of sugar, eighty thousand barrels and four hundred and thirty thousand bags of coffee, thirty-five thousand pipes of rum and Madeira wine, fourteen thousand logs of mahogany, and twenty thousand tons of logwood. The Docks, including the City Canal, which, though originally intended for a different purpose, is employed, in connexion with them, comprise nearly three hundred acres, of which about fifty are water. The Export and Import Docks will contain five hundred sail of large merchantmen at a time.

Lying on the right, and some distance before the Queen's Dockyard at Deptford is approached, the entrance to the Commercial Docks will be observed. These are of large extent, and are principally intended for the reception of vessels laden with timber, corn, and other bulky commodities. The prominent idea which occupies the mind of a foreigner first observing these sights is that of immensity. His astonishment when the scene breaks upon his view seems to be capable of little increase, as one object after another rapidly arrests his attention; on every hand, he observes intelligence and perseverance displayed,—the triumph

of the intellectual over the material world. The remarks of the Parsees, on beholding the objects which we have thus attempted briefly to delineate to the reader, contain much that is both natural and true:—"We thought it a great wonder," said they, "that such a small and insignificant speck as England appears on the map of the world can thus attract so many nations of the world towards her; and we asked ourselves, why should not those mighty rivers and countries, which have naturally much better accommodations for commerce than England, be frequented as much? But a moment's reflection satisfied us on this point: the answer presented itself; and we will tell our countrymen that it is the persevering habits of the English, it is the labour and skill of that people that is the cause of such attraction. They are never satisfied with any one thing unless it is brought to perfection, it does not matter at what sacrifice. They are ever ready to receive improvements; and thus they have attained that celebrity in their manufactures, that countries which grow materials bring them here to be converted into useful things, which are distributed all over the world; and while other countries were satisfied with what they had, England was eager to augment her resources." F. S. W.

EXETER HALL MEETINGS.

Never do the labours of Christian vitality, says Merle D'Aubigné, appear in England in a more imposing form than in the great public meetings which are held in London, especially in the month of May. If the world, if the despisers of the Sunday, have their monster trains; the worshippers of Jesus Christ have their monster meetings, if I may call them so; and these are no doubt the most remarkable manifestations of the religious spirit of Britain. Certainly, the thing most worthy of admiration is not the meetings of these societies, but their labours and their acts. The Bible, Missionary, Tract, and Christian Instruction Societies, with many others, are the highest glory and the chief strength of England. Not only has she taken the lead, but she has nowhere been outstripped. The reports of these societies are everywhere; you have read them over and over again. It will therefore be more interesting to give you a description of their meetings.

To speak in that immense area of Exeter Hall, to four thousand auditors,—nay, four thousand impassioned auditors,—who reply by acclamations to the least word that finds an echo in their hearts, is no trifle, especially to foreigners. The remarkable capacity of the English and the Scotch for speaking well, clearly, and eloquently, is known to every one. This is in some degree a natural gift, but it is partly also an acquired one. Every son of Britain grows up in the midst of public life. Every one accustoms himself to think clearly, and to express forcibly, whatever is essential in all things. Besides this, the English, those at least who speak in these meetings, are familiar with the two great treasuries from which all elegant diction and eloquence is drawn; the one is the Bible, the other is the Greek and Latin classics. The art with which these assemblies are prepared, the continued progress, the animated, onward march which the leaders seem to impress upon them; the appearance, at one time of a Syrian, at another of a North American Indian, now of a New Zealander or of a Chinese, in the full costume of their respective countries, and each making a speech in his turn, like others (I was myself confounded with these orators from the different parts of the world;) the art with which the most powerful speakers are generally reserved for the conclusion—all these things render the meetings overpowering and wonderful. If I were asked which affords the most exquisite enjoyment to the mind; the intimate conversations in a German study, where three or four eminent theologians assemble, with whom the mind freely ranges over the highest regions of thought; or these stupendous meetings, in which the souls of the auditory are drawn on by an orator as in a race, are subdued with him, and then on a sudden carried away amidst shouts and acclamations,—were I to be asked which of these two enjoyments I prefer, really I should not know on which side the balance would incline; but were I to judge of the intensity, or rather the enthusiasm of enjoyment, I think I should decide in favour of the London or Scottish meetings. Oh, how much do we live in those few hours! how do our hearts burn within us! And yet, after those volcanic explosions, and those streams of burning lava which flow in torrents, it must be owned, something more calm and more intimate is salutary, and we love to return to "the waters of Shiloah that go softly," Isa. viii. 6.

CREDULITY: A DIALOGUE.

"Well met, Maurice. I wanted to see you, but hardly expected to fall in with you so soon."

"Why did you want to see me, Michael? was it about the conjurer that I spoke of?"

"Oh no! I want to hear no more of him. It was about a book that I have been reading, for I wish you to read it too: it is called, 'Magic, Pretended Miracles, and Remarkable Natural Phenomena,' and published at No. 56, St. Paul's Churchyard, London. I think it will open the eyes of many people to the superstition of the credulous, and to the frauds which are practised in the world."

"If I do read it, I shall never disbelieve a great many things that have been told me."

"Perhaps not. I have heard say that 'seeing is believing;' but with you, hearing is believing. For myself, Maurice, I have no belief at all in tokens, omens, ghosts, fortune-tellers, fire-eaters, witches, magic, nor in any kind of conjurations, regarding them as no more than a tale of a tub, a handful of froth, and a bagful of moonshine; and I think it would be more to the credit of your understanding if you were not so credulous as you are."

"Will the book about magic that you speak of tell me how to find out an impostor?"

"In many cases it will. It shows very clearly that in one instance we may be deceived because the hand is quicker than the eye; in another because the deceiver has a confederate; and in a third because the table before him, on which he plays his tricks, is furnished with trap doors. Then again we are liable to be deceived by truths being magnified as in the old tale of the three black crows, and by falsehoods which are difficult or impossible to be disproved. A very simple thing may be represented as a miracle, and you would be one of the first to believe it."

"Perhaps not, Michael, perhaps not."

"Was not that an odd affair of the man who took a boat out to sea that he might drown himself? Though he jumped headlong into the water, strange to relate, in five minutes after he found himself sitting upright in the boat."

"Oh, the waves must have tossed him into the boat, or a great fish; that must have been the way of it: but it certainly was very wonderful."

"Very wonderful, indeed, as you will hear. When the man found himself in the water he did not at all like drowning, so being a swimmer he quietly swam back again to the boat, and got into it. Now was not that a very wonderful affair?"

"I see, Michael, that you are laughing at me."

"Whether I am or not, you certainly deserve to be laughed at for your extreme credulity."

"I certainly do believe in fortune-telling, say what you will."

"No doubt you do; and till you make up your mind to use the reason that God has given you, fortune-telling will appear very reasonable in your eyes."

"But you cannot deny that fortune-tellers tell truth sometimes."

"When a silly servant-girl has her fortune told, and one thing is mentioned to her that comes true, she cries up the reputation of the old woman, the fortune-teller, even though she has been told twenty things which are all false."

"But how can a fortune-teller, if she does not know it, tell any one even of one thing in twenty that is true?"

"Maurice! Maurice! do use your understanding. If you were to put nineteen black stones in a bag with one white one, and I undertook to put my hand into the bag and pull out the white one, would you be satisfied if I kept pulling out a black stone every time I put my hand in the bag till I came to the last, and then hold up the white stone as though I had performed some wonderful feat?"

"No, I should not."

"And where is the difference, then, between the fortune-teller being wrong nineteen times out of twenty, and my being in the same situation? If you reflected a moment on the matter, you would feel ashamed of believing such nonsense. It is the same with tokens. If, during the illness of any one, the little insect called the death-watch is heard, or indeed an unusual sound of any kind, and death follows, then the death-watch and the unusual sound are talked of far and near, as true tokens of the death which has taken place; but if no death follows you hear no more of either the one or the other. Many a time have I brought the death-watch by merely imitating the sound it makes, when no doubt the insect has mistaken my gentle tapping for the sound of one of its tribe."

"But if a token happens at the very moment, surely I may believe it then.

My uncle Zachary died at York as the clock struck twelve at night, and just at that time I was awakened by some plaster falling from the ceiling. Now these two things happened at the very same moment, and therefore I do believe the falling of the plaster was a token."

"I do not wish to jest, Maurice, about so solemn a subject as death, but I must try to cure you of your credulity by showing you its folly. One windy night I was up very late, and was cutting my nails just as the clock struck twelve. Now I read in the newspaper afterwards, that as the clock struck twelve a large high chimney was blown down at Stoke. Do you think, then, that the good people of Stoke would be justified in regarding their falling chimney as a token of my cutting my nails, because the two things happened at the very same moment?"

"That is a different thing."

"It is different, but my account depends on the same evidence as yours. Every time the clock of St. Paul's Cathedral in London strikes twelve in the daytime, ten thousand different things are taking place in the world. Some are being born, some are dying, some being baptized, some buried, some are going journeys, some returning home, but surely you do not regard the clock striking as a token of these things because it happens to take place at the same time! Well you may look puzzled, Maurice, for you must feel that it is not the wisest thing in the world to believe in tokens."

"But you say that you have no belief in ghosts; now I do believe in them, and I have heard very astonishing things about haunted houses."

"So have I, and they were as silly as they were astonishing. I was once present myself at what was called a haunted house, and for two or three days and nights pranks enough were played there. The windows were broken; brick-ends were thrown against the door; red-hot coals fell down from the ceiling, and when a large sheet was hung up outside the window the panes of glass came jingling down as fast as ever, without a single hole being made in the sheet!"

"Then that house must have been haunted. Red-hot coals falling from the ceiling, and the windows broken without a hole being made in the sheet! If ever house was haunted, that house must have been!"

"So everybody said, and hundreds went to see it. One wise man would have it that the stones and brick-ends were thrown from a great distance by a cross-bow. The burning coals, however, puzzled him; and when the windows were broken without the stones making a hole in the sheet, he had not another word to say."

"Well, then, the house was haunted after all."

"That it was, sure enough; but it was something more substantial than a ghost that haunted it. The whole secret was this, for it was afterwards found out. A little wilful servant girl, who had taken offence at her mistress, did all the mischief. As no one suspected her, she threw the stones when people were looking another way. At night, she crept up through the cellar window to throw the brick-ends at the door, and in the daytime she took burning coals from the fire, and threw them up to the ceiling over the heads of the people, when their backs were towards her. No wonder that the people set on the top of the house to watch could not see the stones that broke the windows; and no wonder that no holes were made in the sheet, when the windows were broken from the inside. When the girl was safe in prison, the haunted house was as quiet as it was before."

"I never heard a stranger account than that. What a wilful little hussy that servant must be!"

"There is an exhibition in London in which fleas appear to act important parts; for instance, four, like chestnut horses, draw along a small mail-coach, while two others play the coachman and guard. Two dance together, while a lady-flea plays the pianoforte. Many other things are performed. All this appears very astonishing; but one with a quick eye, who uses his reason, sees through it all. The fleas harnessed to the coach do nothing but crawl along, and of course the coach follows them. The coachman and guard are fleas fastened upright, with a little whip before the one, and a small horn before the other, so that when they struggle to get loose, they touch and move the whip and horn; one appearing to wave the whip, and the other to blow the horn. The two dancers, dressed as a lady and gentleman, are fastened at each end of a small bar, the middle of which rests on a pivot: when the fleas stir about, the bar moves up and down, and this is called waltzing. The lady at the piano does nothing but struggle, for the music comes from a musical-box, with which the flea

has nothing to do. He who looks at this exhibition with his eyes only, will go away believing that the fleas do all which they appear to do, but he who regards them with the eyes of his understanding, will see that they do nothing at all but struggle and crawl."

"That must be a very curious exhibition though, for all that."

"Yes; but it is rather more curious than it is humane. The book that I spoke of, about magic, explains how the modern feat is performed in which a conjuror engages to wash and iron a number of pocket-handkerchiefs in an incredibly short space of time; how he apparently destroys articles and puts them together again; how he makes coffee all at once for a dozen people, and many other such like things."

"I will be sure to buy that book."

"And if you do, I hope it will cure you of your credulity. It tells us of an Egyptian magician who was famous for the wonders he performed. He used to put a drop of ink in a double magic square, and then profess to enable a boy to see in it the figure of any one in the world that the company might mention."

"That was very wonderful. Did he describe the figures?"

"Indeed he did, and some of his descriptions were laughable enough. Now and then, when perhaps the magician happened to know the person named and could help him by his remarks, he was tolerably correct, but, at other times, he was sadly at fault; for instance, on one occasion he was required to look on the ink-blot when queen Victoria was called for, and he described the figure he saw to be that of a man, rather short, in black trousers, a white hat, black shoes, white gloves, red coat with lining, and black waistcoat, with whiskers, but no beard nor moustaches, and holding a glass tumbler in his hand."

"That was a mistake. I wonder that people should be silly enough to believe such a magician as that."

"There are people, Maurice, silly enough to believe anything. It is an excellent rule, in trying to discover the cause of any unusual circumstance, to regard it in the simplest way we can first. If this rule were observed, discoveries would be sooner and more frequently made. The book that I spoke of says:—One day at Yarmouth, to the great astonishment of the inhabitants, the market-place was strewn with feathers. Such of the people as were of a timid disposition regarded it as an omen of some great calamity, while others, who were curious in natural history, sagely supposed that a gale of wind from the north had brought the feathers from the wild fowl on the island of St. Paul's. Both of them were wrong: they should have tried the simplest way of accounting for the matter first. The truth was, that a frolicksome boy, well known in after-life as sir Astley Cooper, had taken two of his mother's pillows to the top of the church, and, after he had climbed up part of the spire, ripped them both open, scattering the feathers to the winds. I wonder what you would have thought of these feathers, Maurice?"

"I should never have thought of the pillow-cases."

"In the book, too, you will read of shameful deceptions in the Romish church, which are a disgrace to all who had anything to do with them. Of cheating friars, snake charmers, fire-eaters, magnetic swans, magical mirrors, making ice in red-hot vessels, and fifty other things, that I do not now remember."

"Trust me for getting that book, Michael."

"The thought is a serious one, that so many who believe in the mummeries of men, should so lightly regard the oracles of God. Oh! for a steadier belief and a firmer faith in God's holy word, that we may 'embrace and ever hold fast the blessed hope of everlasting life, given us in our Saviour Jesus Christ!' Get the book, Maurice, as soon as you can, that you may, also, get rid of your credulity."

FACULTIES OF ANIMALS.

"HIM they lov'd
Ev'n in his meanest creatures; reverenc'd HIM
In the rook's instinct, and the emmet's craft."

THE more I consider the subject the more difficult it appears to fix any limit to the faculties of the animal creation. Under peculiar circumstances, animals will frequently evince a degree of sense truly surprising, and also extricate themselves from difficulties and dangers which man, with all his reasoning powers, would never have accomplished. They have perseverance, strong affections, fidelity, and a degree of memory both as to time and persons, which only those who have been in the habit of attending to these faculties in animals would give them

credit for. A few instances may serve to illustrate these remarks.

The late duke of Hamilton had a favourite bull-dog, called Dumplin, who was in the habit for some years of accompanying the duke in his carriage to Hamilton. While he was still very healthy, and far from an old dog, a younger favourite was selected as the companion of the duke, and Dumplin was left behind. The dog saw his rival get into the carriage and depart, and from that moment he became indifferent to his food, rejected it, and drooped and pined. The servants, in whose care he was left, sent for a dog-doctor, who, however, was not able to ascertain that anything was the matter with the poor animal. At length, he inquired whether any unusual event had occurred, likely to occasion the state in which he found the dog. The servants then related the above circumstance of his not having been allowed to accompany his master as usual. "Oh!" exclaimed the doctor, "I can do nothing for him; the creature is broken-hearted, and will die." This appeared to be the case. The poor affectionate animal died very shortly afterwards.

A gentleman, well known for his kindness and benevolence, but whose name I am requested not to mention, was, in consequence of his fondness for reading, almost constantly in his library. While residing in London, he was disturbed one day by a cat coming down the chimney, and jumping upon his knees, as if to claim his protection. The animal was wounded, and had evidently been much ill-treated. It came, however, to find a friend, and found one. The kind-hearted owner of the house allowed the cat to remain in his lap, and soothed it with his voice, while it licked its wounds. A mutual attachment was the consequence. The cat showed her gratitude by following her protector wherever she was able to do so, and was his companion into Italy and various other countries; and seemed to have lost that fondness for one locality which is so peculiar in these animals. Unlike many favourites, the cat lived to a good old age, evincing her attachment to the last moment of her life.

A friend of mine, who resided much on the continent, had a fine Newfoundland dog at his country seat in England. On one of his occasional visits to this place, he was accompanied by a courier, who amused himself with the dog, teaching him to jump over a stick, to fetch logs of wood for the fire, and other tricks. During the absence of the master of the house, the dog was kept chained up in the yard, and the person left in charge of the house was ignorant of the dog's accomplishments. At the end of nearly four years, Mr. S. returned to England, and sent his courier to the house to await his arrival at it. The dog, on hearing the courier's voice, immediately recognised it, and showed his delight in a manner not to be misunderstood. On being let loose, he began to jump as he had formerly been taught to do; and on the courier's seating himself by the kitchen fire, the dog went into the yard, without any signal whatever having been given, and brought log after log of wood, and deposited them at the feet of his former instructor; thus showing the retentiveness of his memory after so long a period of time.—*Jesse.*

ABERYSTWITH AND ITS ENVIRONS.

In our last paper our readers will remember that they were left in the neighbourhood of the Devil's Bridge, to await our return to accompany them to Aberystwith. Having furnished ourselves in the interim with a few particulars relative to superstition in Wales, and others showing the intellectual and moral advance of the people, we will now pursue our intended route.

How various are the tastes of individuals in respect to scenery! We find one describing with enthusiastic admiration the majestic mountains, or the vast and boundless ocean; another dwelling on the loveliness of the rich, deep glen, or the murmurings of some distant brook; while a third dilates with peculiar interest on the farm-house, with all its homely accompaniments. A like variety is observable with regard to personal beauty. One is in ecstasies with the figures of Guido, another with those of Rubens, a third with Rembrandt's, and a fourth with Murillo's.

With this fact before us, how ought we to be struck with the wisdom and goodness of God, so visible in those diversities which equally exist in the natural world. Were it otherwise, one half of his creatures would know nothing comparatively of those enjoyments which the other half experience. But his benevolence has adapted the world of nature to the world of mind, and thus munificently provided

or the tastes of all mankind, while he is glorified in the universality of his love.

The road from the Devil's-bridge to Aberystwith is considered by many one of the most lovely of either North or South Wales, whilst there are others who pronounce it to be dull and uninteresting. This is one of the instances which illustrate our statement as to the diversity of tastes existing among men. To the writer, every advance in the road referred to presented fresh interest. It is encompassed with scenery that might well be described as "a blending of all beauties," a combination of all those exquisite charms and inexpressible wonders which Nature, with an unsparing hand, hath, from her abundant stores, scattered alike throughout the mountains and valleys of this rich and magnificent country.

After leaving the Havod Inn, the road crosses the hills which flank Cwm Rheidiol, on the south; and for some miles there is little more to be seen than extensive plains, which stretch themselves out to an immense distance, wearing no signs of the abode of man, save, perchance, the lonely hut of some shepherd, with which the blue curling smoke from its chimney alone acquaints us, and the sheep browsing on the surrounding mountains.

It is easy to imagine that solitude so profound as his who has charge of them must be, would ill suit the generality of mankind, who prefer the warehouse, or the exchange, or the more cheerful scenes of towns and cities, where they luxuriate amidst objects more proximate and tangible. It would be difficult, however, for those of a more sombre caste to conceive it possible to turn away from those scenes and occupations which yield to their bosoms such indescribable satisfaction:

"The shepherd's hut beneath the mountain's brow
Presents to me more charms than gilded dome,
There health, and peace, and sweet contentment dwell,
And honest love adorns his humble home."

Such probably would be the estimate which a few would attach to the life of a Cambrian shepherd; and perhaps some of these would be governed in their choice by a mere transient preference, produced from the admiration which only a partial knowledge of his condition might awaken, rather than from any deliberate conviction of the mind: and it is always well to guard against the delusive influence of excitement, lest we should deceive ourselves on more important and vital subjects. To the beauties of nature, however, we conceive none can be wholly insensible; and we should pity any who could not, in the midst of some of her fairest and sublimest works, indulge in something like the following reflections, on Him who made them all:

"Oh, who can grasp the mighty mind of God!
High, high his thoughts, above a mortal's ken;
My soul as from a long enshrinement wakes,
And close in mute devotion's mantle wrapped,
Walks forth to commune with him in his works.
Ye murmuring rills, ye rivers with your tides,
Ye towering mountains and ye valleys rich,
Ye distant oceans with your giant waves,
Say, is there not enough to fill the heart,
To awake the chords of the poetic lyre,
And make it vocal to the praise of Him
The great, the master spirit of the place!"

And yet, amid scenery like that which we have been describing, there is much more to be felt than expressed; no prominent objects being visible, to delineate which we might ask the pencil's aid. So uniform, harmonious, and extensive is its character, that it defies alike the painter's and the poet's skill; and must be seen to be fully appreciated. The writer, while passing over this, to her taste, delightful, enchanting tract of country, and associating its loneliness with the little hut referred to, could not but feel anxious to learn something of its inmates. It might be they were a pious family, recognising in all around them the God of nature, and that there, amidst his own works, they might often worship him in the "beauties of holiness." And so it was, often from that humble abode arose the devout supplication, and the song of praise, in strains analogous to those which are known to have issued centuries past from one engaged in a similar occupation—

"My God, who hearest thy children call
Amidst the mountains wild and gray,
And from the humblest tent as well
As where in palaces they pray.

"What though no human eye observe,
No mortal ear our accents catch;
Thine eye can reach beyond our ken,
Thine ear beyond this lowly thatch.

"The ethereal arch our canopy,
The roof-work of this silent plain,
Our choral band the vesper notes
Of birds, that gladden our domain.

"Our lamps the myriad brilliant stars
That light the blue expanse above,
Wrought by the great Eternal's hand,
Excite our wonder and our love.

"We ask no earthly temple's light
To serve the Deity of heaven;
The altar of our heart's the shrine
Whence we would plead to be forgiven.

"Amidst creation's beauteous works,
When far from temples made with hands,
We in the volume of his love
May read, and reverence his commands.

"Both speak his grace, nor will we doubt
The shepherd's honest prayers shall be
Regarded by the sinner's Friend,
And answer'd wheresoe'er he be.

"On high, no rugged mountains there
Will form a boundary to our home,
Nor space, nor limit shall be traced
Beneath that ampler temple's dome!"

The scenery for the remainder of the journey until Aberystwith is reached, on account of a view of the ocean, is of quite a different description. That town is beautifully situated at the lower extremity of the valley of Rheidiol, amid lofty hills, and on a bold eminence, overlooking the bay of Cardigan, which bounds it on one side, while on the other it is environed by the Rheidiol, over which is thrown a neat bridge of five arches, which forms an entrance to it from the south.

Aberystwith is now a fashionable watering-place, having of late years been rendered more accessible, in consequence of improved roads, and more desirable as a resort, from the superior accommodations and increased number of amusements which it boasts, together with its excellent sea-bathing. The houses, for the most part, are well-built, and those especially which are new have a very respectable appearance, being large and handsome, and are entirely of stone. The streets are regular and well-paved, and the roads are Macadamised. Water is supplied to the inhabitants, from the river Rheidiol, in carriages resembling small carts, each of which contains two barrels, and is sold at a low rate.

The beach is composed of small fine pebbles, free from sand; in consequence of which the water is always clear, and thus a pleasant and interesting promenade is afforded. There are, moreover, many valuable stones to be found, which repay the lapidary's skill for making them into ornaments of every description. The shore is very picturesque, consisting of lofty and precipitous rocks of dark-coloured slate, portions of which resemble caverns, being worn by the continual action of the waves upon them.

The public buildings of Aberystwith are numerous. On the other side of the castle-hill, separated only by the churchyard, are the new public rooms, of Grecian architecture, from a design by Mr. Repton, built by subscription, in shares of 10*l.* each: the ground being given by W. E. Powell, esq., of Nant Eōs. They consist of an assembly and promenade-room, and others, forming together a very handsome suite of apartments. In the new market-place, a spacious theatre was built, and opened to the public in 1833: the writer would rather it had been a literary and scientific institution, but in the description of a place the real buildings must be given. The church, dedicated to St. Michael, was raised by subscription in the year 1787: it is a plain edifice, situated within the precincts of the castle, and separated from the walks along its ruins by a stone wall, erected at the expense of the inhabitants. Subsequently to the completion of the church, a gallery was erected in it, which cost a considerable sum, which was defrayed by Mrs. Margaret Pryce. Service is performed here morning and evening in the English language, and in the afternoon in Welsh. There are also weekly services in both languages.

There is also another church or chapel, in the modern gothic style, after a plan of Mr. Haycock, of Shrewsbury, which was erected by subscription, and a grant from the Parliamentary Commissioners of 1,000*l.*, and 400*l.* from the Society for the Enlargement of Churches and Chapels. It was "consecrated" in 1833, and shortly afterwards opened for public worship.

Beside these, there is the parish church, situated about a mile from the town. In connexion with this church, the writer recalls a circumstance at which many would smile, but which nevertheless affords to her mind an agreeable reminiscence. Placed in one of those dilemmas which sometimes befall travellers, especially in districts where rain is prevalent, from the severe injury sustained by that article of dress termed a bonnet, she was humbly solicited by the landlady of her temporary abode to wear her Welsh hat, which she assured her had never been put on, but was quite a new one. One of those clean white bordered caps, too, usually worn under the hat, was likewise tendered, and both were kindly pressed on the service of her English sojourner. Mrs. Evans felt it an imperative duty to attend a place of worship, and therefore thought to remove any obstacle in this case, by volunteering the loan of her Welsh hat, scruples to the wearing of which on the part of another she could not at all imagine. The pious zeal thus displayed was not without its effect, and although the Welsh hat was kindly declined, the rain-disfigured bonnet was once more put on, and the owner in consequence brought under the sound of a good gospel sermon, the benefit of which had

otherwise, to her at least, been lost. Dissenters have also their places of worship.

Among the attractions of Aberystwith is the chalybeate spring, situated a short distance east of the town; in their medicinal properties, its waters are said to resemble those of Tonbridge Wells. Archery and cricket, angling, salmon and sewin fishing, are among the sports of the place. There are many relics of antiquity in Aberystwith, which would, apart from history, tell of its having been, in olden times, a place of renown, and also the scene of some of the troubles which attached to the history of Charles I.

An immense silver mine was worked in the vicinity of Aberystwith in the reign of Elizabeth, by which a company of Germans enriched themselves; after whom, sir Hugh Middleton accumulated, it is said, 2,000*l.* a month out of one silver mine at Bwlch-yr-Eskir; by which produce he was enabled to defray the expense of bringing the New River to London. After his efforts, Mr. Bushell, a servant of sir Francis Bacon, gained from the same mine such immense profits as to be able to present Charles I. with a regiment of horse, and to provide clothes for his whole army. Besides this, he advanced, as a loan to his majesty, no less a sum than 40,000*l.*—which was considered however as a gift to supply his necessities; and when the king was pressed, this devoted subject raised a regiment amongst his miners, at his own charge.

A considerable trade is carried on at Aberystwith, which has greatly increased since the alteration in the harbour; it was formerly a bar-harbour, and therefore of dangerous navigation. Munificent donations were made by several noblemen on a representation of its state, and no time was lost towards its improvement. The town is a scene of much excitement on market-days. Not only the market-place, but the streets adjacent to it, are crowded with persons, buyers and sellers. The women, for the most part cleanly dressed, with their wares either upon stalls, behind which they sit, or in a basket over their arm, are clad in woollen or cotton gowns, with their black worsted stockings drawn up tightly and evenly, thick-soled black leather shoes or boots, without a speck of dirt or dust upon them, shining almost as brightly as if they had been varnished; a coloured or black square neckerchief crossed diagonally, pinned by the corner to the middle of the waist behind, exactly in the centre, and the head surmounted by a black beaver hat, with a narrow ribbon round the bottom of the crown, for which as a substitute crape is worn, if the individual be in mourning for any friend. Beneath this hat, which is precisely like that which the men wear, except that the crown is usually higher, is worn a white muslin cap, with broad borders, beautifully white, and laid in regular flutes round the face, altogether presenting a curious appearance to those who see the Welsh women for the first time.

The men are much less nice, and perhaps somewhat less bustling. They look as if each had deputed his other half to negotiate all bargains, at most, reserving to themselves the final decision. Here, too, may be seen, indiscriminately jostling each other, men and women, laughing, talking, and exposing their articles for sale, with a zeal which sometimes endangers their lives; for while thus engaged they seem regardless of everything besides, standing in the middle of the road, and even suffering the passing vehicles to roll up against them, and thus to force a passage along. This bustle will sometimes continue till six o'clock in the evening; at which hour those who occupy the regular market-stands, and come from a distance, pack up, and return to their several abodes, many carrying their little ones, who are fastened by a belt to their backs, and others knitting stockings as they walk along. Industry appears peculiarly to characterise the Welsh women. They are rarely seen unemployed, and might well be held up as a pattern to the humbler classes of the English, who in this respect are often sadly wanting.

We cannot leave Aberystwith without mention of the castle to which the town owes its origin, and which was, according to Leland, encompassed by walls, the last remains of which were some years since removed. The castle at Aberystwith, like most of those throughout Wales, owes its destruction to the civil wars; but from the eminence on which its ruins stand, and which faces the sea, are to be had some extensive and beautiful views of the coast, and of the far distant county of Carnarvon, as well as of the picturesque mountains in the immediate vicinity. Though now a ruin, it is not, however, on this account to be overlooked, but rather regarded the more carefully, since it gives rise to reflections of more than ordinary seriousness. The dilapidated condition of its once perfect towers serves well to remind us of the

change which ere long must pass upon the clay tenement which enshrines the spirit of each living, thinking, and accountable being, and of the need of an interest in Him who suffered and died to restore mankind from the ruins of the fall—for without an interest in Christ, though the body may be raised from the dust at the resurrection, it will still appear as a ruin, and not be transformed into the likeness of Christ's glorious body. Instead of becoming subordinate to the soul, and ministering to its enjoyment, as we believe the bodies of the righteous will do, its possessor, having sown to the flesh, will of "the flesh reap corruption."

May the ashes of the writer and the readers, with those of any who may have slumbered here for ages, or that may have been scattered to the wind, but which, at the fiat of the Almighty, shall in a moment be re-collected and become afresh the receptacle of the immaterial spirit, may we, at that day, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, be presented blameless before God the Father, again be recognised by relatives and friends who shall hail our approach to the mansions of the blessed, and then with them enter into the joy of our Lord!

Several interesting particulars which we had hoped to have given on the Welsh mode of sepulture, together with a description of their cabins, must be reserved for a future opportunity.

S. S. S.

CHANGES OF THE BUTTERFLY.

We will take as our example the beautiful butterfly called by collectors the Red Admiral (*Vanessa Atalanta;*) as it is very common, and the phenomena in question may be easily verified. No sooner have the unsightly and vindictive nettles thrown up their new shoots, and expanded their young leaves in the spring, than butterflies of this and other kinds may be seen hovering over them, occasionally touching a leaf with the tip of the abdomen. These are females ovipositing; the great business of life to them, which being performed, they die. At each contact, a little oblong egg is left, stuck on the plant by one end, and adhering by a gummy secretion. The egg is sculptured with elevated lines, running from top to bottom, like the meridians of a globe. A considerable number are deposited on one plant; for the caterpillars of this species are social, feeding and living in company.

A minute caterpillar, in a short time, proceeds from this egg, with a body beset with spines, furnished with six short, horny, hook-like feet near the head, and ten fleshy tubercles, which act as clinging feet, beneath the hinder parts. It grows rapidly, for it devours the substance of the leaves with incredible voracity; but at the end of about a week it ceases to eat, appears first restless, then feeble and languid, and the colour of the skin is withered and livid. After a day or two's inaction, it may be observed moving its head from side to side as in pain;—now stretching itself, now contracting, and now forcibly swelling the second and third segments of the body. At length, the skin of the back splits from these violent efforts, and a new skin may be perceived beneath, distinguished by the freshness and brightness of its colour; the caterpillar pressing its body into the opening thus made, speedily extends it down the back, and towards the head, and, at length, emerges from its old integument, which retains its form so unaltered, that it might, at first sight, be mistaken for the larva itself. Yet the exuviation has been so complete, that not only the skin that covered the body, but that of the head, the eyes, the jaws, the antennæ, the palpi, the legs, and, as insect-anatomists of the highest name declare, that which lines the gullet, the stomach, the interior of the tracheal tubes, and the intestines, is also left behind in the sloughed integument. The branded spines, however, are not hollow; those of the new condition being found lying flat beneath the old skin, the anterior pointing forwards, the other backwards, at the time of emersion, after which they are soon erected.

In a few hours, the insect again begins to eat greedily; and the skin, which at first is much wrinkled, in order to allow of considerable extension, gradually becomes plump as the body increases in size. The integuments of the head are, however, unyielding; and hence, probably, the necessity of these moultings; as this part is susceptible of increase only at stated intervals, and while the skin is yet unindurated. Three successive exuviations, at intervals of a week or ten days, bring our caterpillar to its complete growth; and now it prepares once more to cast its skin, to emerge no more a caterpillar, but a chrysalis. For this end

it frequently draws together two or three contiguous leaves of the nettle, and connecting them with a few threads of silk, forms a capacious tent, from the ceiling of which it must now hang suspended for many days.

It begins by spinning, from a peculiar organ in its mouth, a little conical knob of silk at the intended point of suspension. Into this it then insinuates the minute hooks with which the hindmost pair of clinging-feet are beset, and, suffering the anterior part of the body to fall, hangs with the head downwards. Meanwhile contortions, contractions, and swellings of the fore parts go on as at the former moults, and are attended with the same results; for, after about twenty-four hours, the skin of the back splits, and the chrysalis appears projecting through the aperture. By continuing the tumefaction of the now exposed portion, the skin of the caterpillar splits further and further up towards the tail, and by the alternate contraction and elongation of the segments of the chrysalis, is at length rolled up in folds around the posterior extremity, like a stocking pushed down to the ankle. "But now comes the important operation. The pupa, being much shorter than the caterpillar, is as yet some distance from the silken hillock to which it is to be fastened; it is supported merely by the unsplit terminal portion of the latter's skin. How shall it disengage itself from this remnant of its case, and be suspended in the air while it climbs up to take its place? Without arms or legs to support itself, the anxious spectator expects to see it fall to the earth. His fears, however, are vain; the supple segments of the pupa's abdomen serve in the place of arms. Between two of these, as with a pair of pincers, it seizes on a portion of the skin; and, bending its body once more, entirely extricates its tail from it. It is now wholly out of the skin, against one side of which it is supported, but yet at some distance from the leaf. The next step it must take is to climb up to the required height. For this purpose it repeats the same ingenious manœuvre; making its cast-off skin serve as a sort of ladder, it successively, with different segments, seizes a higher and a higher portion, until in the end it reaches the summit, where with its tail it feels for the silken threads that are to support it."* The anal extremity is produced into a little protuberance, which is covered with minute hooks; these it entangles among the silk, and confirms its hold by several rapid whirlings as upon an axis; and the same motions usually displace and throw off the rejected skin.

During the hours that the caterpillar remained suspended before the change, its form had gradually become more conical, the tail being the apex; and the newly-excluded pupa does not greatly differ from it in form; the abdominal segments being much extended, while the anterior parts, and especially the integuments of the future wings are corrugated and thickened. But in the course of a few hours the proportions of these parts are reversed; the wing-covers are lengthened, are freed from wrinkles, and have assumed the form of the anterior wings of the butterfly; the thoracic segments are extended, and the abdominal ones are abbreviated and made much more compact. The integument, also, which, at first exclusion, was soft and tender as wet paper, has hardened into a crustaceous shell; and the colour, which was a pellucid green, has become dusky brown, with some spots of gold. A practised eye can now detect in this swathed mummy, all the external parts of the future butterfly. The eyes are marked by two prominences in front of the head; the wings are brought down on each side, in an opposite direction to that which they will assume when erect: the antennæ and legs are stretched upon the breast, and the long sucking tube, not yet in its spiral curl, is extended between them. A few days before the birth of the butterfly, which may be, in summer, about three weeks after the assumption of the chrysalis state, the approaching maturity of the inclosed insect is announced by the increasing transparency of the pupa-skin, and by the appearance of the beautiful markings and colours of the butterfly's wing, perfect, but in miniature. If, at this time, we gently press the thorax with the thumb and finger, the skin will split down the back, and may be readily peeled from the insect; and this will display, in a very interesting manner, the beautiful arrangement of all the organs in the pupa, as in "swaddling bands." An insect thus prematurely brought to the birth will run briskly about, curl up its sucking-tube, and flirt its little wings up and down, but these will not increase in size; they will remain perfect in their

* Kirby and Spence.

colouration, but no larger than they were in the pupa.

But if it be allowed to remain till Nature's own moment of exclusion is arrived, the splitting of the now fragile and filmy pupa-skin, and the stepping forth of the new-born fly, drawing its limbs from their sheaths, will form one of the most interesting sights that a young naturalist can witness. The hollow nervures that pervade the wings receive a fluid from the body, which is impelled through their whole course, lengthening them, and at the same time expanding the membranes which are stretched over them. The effect is soon manifest: the wings, which at first were smooth, though thick and pulpy, presently begin to crumple up in a strange manner, so as to induce the fear, in one who watches the beautiful process for the first time, that they are hopelessly spoiled. But wait awhile: they grow wider and longer; and at the same time more and more crumpled; at length, their full dimensions are attained, and now, imperceptibly but rapidly, the corrugations one by one straighten and soon disappear, and the gorgeous wings are expanded in all their unsoiled and unruffled beauty; not a wrinkle marring their even surface, nor a single scale of the elaborate mosaic displaced. They are still, however, soft and flaccid, like a wet cloth, and incapable of being erected; but every moment strengthens them, and in about an hour from the time when the first crack appeared on the back of the pupa, the lovely sylph begins to open and shut its broad pinions in the sun, and gathers courage to try its new-born powers in fields of air.

We have described the metamorphoses of a common butterfly as an example of the phenomena. It must not be supposed, however, that the details are the same in all cases; variations occur in different species and genera; more conspicuously in the families; and when we compare the various orders we find a parallelism only in the great leading facts, but endless diversity in detail. Thus the entomologist has perpetually under his notice processes ever varying, and of the most interesting character. — *Eclectic Review.*

ALAN QUINTIN'S INQUIRIES.

IS THIS YOUR FIRM BELIEF?

REMEMBER, reader, that the questions I put to you are put to myself also. We both require them. A friendly tap on the shoulder to one out of the right road, may be a means of putting him in it; and another friendly tap when he is in, may be a means of quickening the pace at which he is travelling. Bear these things in mind, and you will not quarrel with Alan Quintin's inquiries.

There are very many books in the world—well written books, clever books, good books, excellent books—but there is one book worth all the rest put together—the Word of God, the Holy Scriptures, the Bible. This book contains what is most necessary for man to know. Do you agree with this? Is this your firm belief?

> The holy book of truth, all books above,
> Demands our faith, our judgment, and our love.

This book gives, as it were, a history of the ancient world, from the time of its creation. It tells us of our first parents, of the patriarchs, of the prophets, and of the apostles. It describes God's dealings with his favoured people, the Jews. It treats on death, judgment, heaven, and hell. It sets forth the power, the wisdom, and the goodness of God. Its contents are both important and true. Do you think so? Do you believe so?

It describes the sin of our first parents. It shows us that we are all sinners, and declares that the soul that sinneth it shall die. This is a sad state of things—an awful state, whether we believe it or doubt it. Do you believe it? Is it your firm belief that it is true?

In the Bible are these promises—"Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulder; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace," Isa. ix. 6. "But unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings," Mal. iv. 2. These promises allude to the coming of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Are you satisfied of this? Do you feel sure of this? Is this your firm belief?

The apostle John says, "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life," John iii. 16. Everlasting life is a great good—everlasting death is a dreadful evil; and this gift of the Saviour is the greatest gift that God ever gave to a sinful world. I hope you do not doubt

this! I hope you believe it! I hope this is your firm belief!

Do you read God's word with attention? Do you love and obey it? Do you ponder it in your heart? Is it a lamp to your feet, and a light to your paths? Are you thankful for it? Do you regard it as a treasure? Are you humbled by its reproofs, and refreshed and strengthened by its consolations? Do you believe it is able to make you wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus? Is all doubt on this point removed from your mind? Is this your firm belief? If so,

The word of God, though troubles round thee roll,
Will prove an endless blessing to thy soul.

Have you ever thought how much the word of God tells us, and how little we should know without it? Have you ever considered how adapted it is to our situation, our wants, our edification, our comfort, our peace, and our joy? What good is there that it does not move us to practise? What evil is there that it does not condemn? Without the Bible what should we know of God? What of our fellow sinners? and what of ourselves? It is above all price; we cannot estimate it too highly.

Many vainly imagine that God is too high to have respect unto the lowly—too much exalted in heaven to watch over and bless his servants on the earth; but this error is the offspring of unbelief. Let Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob say whether God did not abundantly bless them? Let Joseph, who was sold to the Ishmaelites—David, who was taken from the sheepfolds—Job, who lost all his possessions—and Daniel, who was put into the lion's den, declare the lovingkindness of the Lord? Nothing is more plainly set forth in God's word than his care and his kindness to those that fear him. We can neither love him nor trust him too much. Is this your firm belief?

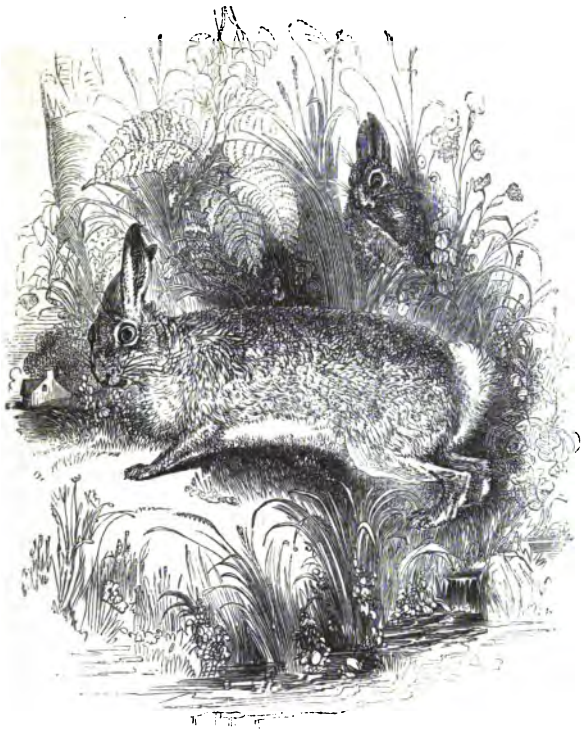
In all ages the wicked have deceived themselves, thinking that God would not punish them. "Tush," said they, "God will not see it, neither will the Almighty regard it." Cain thought so, but not when the curse fell upon him! Pharaoh thought so; but not when overwhelmed in the Red Sea! Korah, Dathan, and Abiram thought so; but not when the earth yawned and swallowed them up! Do you think Haman thought so on his gallows? or Gehazi, when smitten with leprosy? or Belshazzar, when he saw the handwriting on the wall? or Judas, when he went out and hanged himself? Oh, no! Much more likely were they to think that God would visit iniquity to the third and fourth generation of them that hated him, and show mercy unto thousands on them that loved him. Do you believe that God will punish sin? And is this your firm belief?

Though God is love, tempt not his holy ire,
Lest you should find him a consuming fire.

What God has ever been, he is now—the lifter up of the humble, and the caster down of the proud. His arm is not shortened that it cannot save, nor weakened that it cannot punish. Rejoice in his favour, and tremble at his displeasure. There is not a promise in God's word that shall fail; for he that has promised is faithful and true: his faithfulness is unto all generations, and his truth reacheth to the clouds. God is not a man that he should lie, neither the son of man that he should repent. His covenant will he not break, nor alter the thing that is gone out of his lips. We have before us light and darkness, pardon and punishment, joy and sorrow, heaven and hell. Is this your firm belief?

What God has been, such will he ever be—
The same in time and through eternity.

If, then, God has all power to bless those who fear him, and to destroy them that hate him—if none have perished who have trusted him, and no one prospered who has rebelled against him—if everything is to be gained by his love, and all things lost by his displeasure—if he has given his Son to die, the just for the unjust, to bring us to him—if he has promised pardon to the penitent sinner, and declared his wrath against him who continueth in his trespasses—if he is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, and if he will assuredly manifest his mercy and execute his judgments—then are we bound, if we have any love for our own souls, to accept the ransom that he has found for our sins, and keep his commandments. If this be our firm belief, then shall we fear the Lord, trust the Lord, obey the Lord, love the Lord, and magnify the name of the Lord for ever.



The Hare.

THE HARE.

"THE pleasures of the chase" have formed a theme alike for poetry and prose, and coursing has been held up as a healthful and exhilarating pursuit. Arrian's eulogy is characteristic, not less in style than in spirit, of the times in which he lived. "Concerning coursing with greyhoundes, the which is doubtlesse a noble pastime, and as meet for nobility and gentlemen as any of the others before declared, especially the course of the hare, which is a sport continually in sight, and made without any great travaile; so that recreation is therein to be found without immeasurable toyle and payne; whereas, in hunting with hounds, although the pastime be great, yet many times the toyle and payne is also exceeding great; and then it may well be called eyther a painfull pastime, or a pleasant payne." But, however great may be the satisfaction with which we view any occupation, whether for the active exercise of the body or the relaxation of the mind, we must remember that, in all circumstances, the animal creation was designed for the use not the abuse of man. Though exalted in the scale of existence, and invested with power over the world of matter and the lower orders of that of mind, this but augments his high responsibility; and the unnecessary or wanton infliction of suffering on any member of the brute creation is unwarrantable and criminal. It may sometimes be difficult to draw the exact line of demarcation; but if a spirit of true benevolence pervade the character, the failing, if there be one, will be on the safe side.

The common hare (*Lepus timidus*) inhabits nearly the whole of Europe and Asia, and is also found in Egypt, Barbary, North America, and Chili. As all the species are perfectly defenceless has been arranged in the all-wise pensations of Heaven, that their pres tion should be adequately main

by an extraordinary degree of vigilance, acuteness of perception, and rapidity of movement. The locomotive faculty therefore has peculiarities which it will be well to notice. The fore legs are much shorter and more slender than the hind ones, which gives the hare peculiar facilities in the ascension of moderate acclivities, while the palms of the feet being covered with hair, are protected from injury from the hardness or roughness of the ground they may traverse, and accounts for the want of that elastic padding which is found in the dog and some other animals. The eyes, too, which are very prominent, are admirably suited to the habits and necessities of the animal, rendering the field of vision sufficiently large as to enable it to keep its pursuers in view without altering the position of the head. The great length of the ears moreover renders them most favourable for the reception of sound, and enables the hare to detect those which would not be heard by other animals.

The ingenuity of man, however, which enables him to rise superior to the sagacity of all classes of the brute creation, assists him here to pursue his wishes, and we are reminded of the well-known words:

"Yet vain her best precaution, though she sits
Concealed, with folded ears, unsleeping eyes,
By nature raised to take the horizon in,
And head concealed betwixt her hairy feet,
In act to spring away."

During "the season," she is in circumstances of peculiar peril, not less from the desire of obtaining the flesh of the animal, and to destroy that which is opposed to the interests of the farmer, than for the so-called "sport" that is supplied in the chase:

"The scented dew
Betrays her early labyrinth: and deep
In scatter'd sullen openings, far behind,
With every breeze she hears the coming storm;
But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads
The sighing gale, she springs amazed, and all
The savage soul of game is up at once."

However esteemed the flesh of the hare may be by the moderns as an article of food, yet Cæsar* informs us that our ancestors thought it a crime to taste it. Among the Romans it was considered as a great delicacy; thus Martial† highly praises it; and Horace, in the second satire of his Fourth Book, "extols the wing of the fruitful hare."

The hare feeds in the evenings, sleeping in its "form" during the day, unless disturbed, and may be detected lying closely concealed in the long grass to avoid discovery. On a moonlight evening, several may be seen sporting together; but the least noise alarms them, and they run off with a kind of galloping step, or a succession of short leaps. A low whistle, if not sounded too near them, seems to excite mingled alarm and astonishment, and they stand up perhaps with one paw raised from the ground, and with ears erect, intently listening. In the winter, they choose a form exposed to the south, that they may obtain as much warmth as possible, while in summer they change this for one with a northerly aspect, to avoid the hot rays of the sun.

They appear clearly to distinguish the barking of the shepherd dog, when collecting or driving sheep, and the baying of those in pursuit of game,—the one excites no apprehension, the other the greatest alarm. On one occasion, a hare that was watched rose from her form, as soon as the dogs were heard in pursuit, though at the distance of nearly a mile, swam across a rivulet, and concealing herself among the bushes on the other side, obtained effectual shelter. When a hare has been chased for a considerable time, she will sometimes adopt strange precautions. When hard pressed, one has been known to mingle with a flock of sheep, run up an old wall, and hide itself among the grass on the top of it, or cross a river several times at small distances.

Cuvier mentions that the voice of the hare, though never perhaps exerted except when the animal is irritated or wounded, is not a sharp cry, but rather strong, and like the human voice. Although silent and solitary, hares are not altogether so wild as their habits appear to indicate. Their disposition is gentle, and, if taken young, they are capable of being trained. M. Desmarest had one a considerable time about his house; it lost all its natural wildness, and its habits had become quite familiar, at least to all it knew, but of strangers it was still fearful. In winter, it sat before the fire between two large Angora cats and a sporting dog, with whom it lived on the best of terms. While at table it was generally close to its master looking for food, and if thwarted in its expectation, would beat with its fore paws in rapid succession on the hand or arm of the person so treating it.

The poet Cowper has written a very

* Com. lib. v. † Martial, xiii. 92.

interesting account of his favourites, which we may abridge: "I undertook," he says, "the care of three, which it is necessary I should here distinguish by the names I gave them,—Puss, Tiney, and Bess. Notwithstanding the two feminine appellatives, I must inform you that they were all males. In the day time, they had the range of a hall, and at night retired each to his own bed, never intruding into that of another. Puss grew presently familiar, would leap into my lap, raise himself upon his hinder feet, and bite the hair from my temples. He would suffer me to take him up, and carry him about in my arms, and has more than once fallen fast asleep upon my knee. He was ill three days, during which I nursed him, and by constant care, and trying him with a variety of herbs, restored him to perfect health. No creature could be more grateful than my patient after his recovery; a sentiment which he most significantly expressed by licking my hand, first the back of it, then the palm, then every finger separately, as if anxious to leave no part of it unsaluted; a ceremony which he never performed but once again, upon a similar occasion. Finding him extremely tractable, I made it my custom to carry him always after breakfast into my garden, where he hid himself generally under the leaves of a cucumber vine, sleeping or chewing the cud until evening; in the leaves also of that vine he found a favourite repast. I had not long habituated him to this state of liberty before he began to be impatient for the return of the time when he might enjoy it. He would invite me to the garden by drumming upon my knee, and by a look of such expression as it was not possible to misinterpret. If this rhetoric did not immediately succeed, he would take the skirt of my coat between his teeth, and pull at it with all his force. Thus Puss might be said to be perfectly tamed, the shyness of his nature was done away, and, on the whole, it was visible by many symptoms which I have not room to enumerate, that he was more happy in human society than when shut up with his natural companions.

"Not so Tiney; upon him the kindest treatment had not the least effect. Though he received an equal attention during sickness, when afterwards stroked by his master, he would grunt, strike with his fore feet, spring forward and bite. In his play, he preserved an air of gravity, and performed his feats with such a solemnity of manner that he formed an agreeable companion. Puss was tamed by gentle usage, Tiney was not to be tamed at all, and Bess had a courage which made him tame from the beginning. One evening, the cat being in the room to which they were all admitted after supper, had the hardiness to pat Bess on the cheek, an indignity which he resented so effectually that the cat was happy to escape." Each had a character of his own, and their expression of countenance was equally distinctive, so that their master at once recognised them by their faces. So apparent did he find the differences between them that the poet was persuaded that among a thousand of them no two would be found exactly similar. The "favourites" had a singular sagacity to discover the minutest alteration that had been made in the place to which they were accustomed; the examination being chiefly carried on by means of the organ of smell, which appears also to have directed them in the choice of their favourites. "To some persons, though they saw them daily, they could never be reconciled, and would even scream when they attempted to touch them: but a miller coming in engaged their affections at once; his powdered coat had charms that were irresistible. It is no wonder that my intimate acquaintance with these specimens of the kind has taught me to hold the sportsman's amusement in abhorrence; he little knows what amiable creatures he persecutes, of what gratitude they are capable, how cheerful they are in their spirits, what enjoyment they have of life, and that impressed as they seem with a peculiar dread of man, it is only because man gives them peculiar cause for it."

Cowper thus alludes to his favourite:

"One shelter'd hare
Has never heard the sanguinary yell
Of cruel man exulting in her woes.
Innocent partner of my peaceful home,
Whom ten long years' experience of my care
Has made at last familiar; she has lost
Much of her vigilant, instinctive dread,
Nor needful here beneath a roof like mine.
Yes, thou may'st eat thy bread, and lick the hand
That feeds thee: thou may'st frolic on the floor
At evening, and at night retire secure
To thy straw couch, and slumber unalarm'd;
For I have gain'd thy confidence, have pledged
All that is human in me to protect
Thy unsuspecting gratitude and love.
If I survive thee, I will dig thy grave;
And, when I place thee in it, sighing, say,
I knew at least one hare that had a friend."

The Alpine hare inhabits the mountains both of the north and south of Europe. It is found in the north of

Scotland, and occasionally on the mountains of Cumberland. It appears from the testimony of sir Robert Sibbald, that the species formerly inhabited the Orkney Islands,* but Low says it is no longer there. The colour of the Alpine species changes with the seasons, but in all kinds the tail is invariably white on the under and black on the upper side, and there is a spot over or around the eye; in many cases white, but always lighter coloured than the surrounding fur; and this spot, in the natural state of these hares is never wanting. The under part of the body is white, and the tips of the ears are black; while the body is in general covered with two sorts of hair, the one long and silky, the other short, fine, and woolly; the latter being extensively used in the manufacture of hats as a substitute for the hair of the beaver, but to which it is very inferior. In the countries of middle and southern Europe, which is comparatively thickly peopled and indifferently cultivated, immense numbers of hares are annually killed, so that their skins form an important article of commerce, being imported for the use of the hat-manufacturer, besides being locally employed for articles of clothing. In this way, Bohemia alone furnishes nearly half-a-million skins in the course of a year, Austria Proper nearly doubles that number, and Russia and Western Siberia a still larger number. F.

BE NOT DECEIVED.

Oh! be persuaded to think of Christianity for yourself, and with reference to yourself individually. Be not deceived. It is infinite condescension in God to invite you to believe and trust upon his Son. He now waits to be gracious, but he will not always do so. You are therefore without excuse if you die in your iniquity; since but a slender portion of true wisdom can at any time rend the veil which conceals the enmity lurking in every objection against repentance unto life. You may now dismiss the subject, and resolve, at least, never so to quarrel with Christianity, nor any who profess it; but even this is not a harmless, nor even a safe course. Indecision here is criminal; neglect is fatal; and with reference to the matter of acceptance with God in particular, it may be truly said, that,

"A soul without reflection, like a pile
Without inhabitants, to ruin runs!"

* Sibb. Scott. Illus. ii. p. 11.

THE TWO BUILDERS.

In a scriptural sense, every man is a builder. In their everyday motives and engagements, all are laying stone upon stone, and beam upon beam: all are building for eternity; and whatsoever kind of house a man rears while on earth, he must inhabit in another world, or perish with it, if it should not stand. In other words, "whatever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

In building, then, a house to shelter us, when the final storm shall come, it is of the last importance that the materials be of the right kind, the different parts properly adjusted, the rule of the Great Architect strictly observed, and above all, that the foundation be strong and enduring. In this consists the only wisdom of man, as given him from above. He is a wise builder who builds his house upon a rock, and all else is folly.

How many foolish builders there are among mankind! Their plans may be as diversified as their features; the objects they pursue, of every variety of character. Some build on worldly prosperity, glittering fame, or extensive influence; others even on poverty, penance, affliction, or reproach: but this is the light of their own fire in which they walk; this is that, upon which, with a great deal of assurance, they venture: but it is all sand, and too weak to bear a fabric so weighty as our hopes of heaven. Their foolishness appears in trusting to their own judgments or opinions, and not accepting the only foundation pointed out in the gospel: "for other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid, which is Christ Jesus."

All this while they may be professors of religion, attend a gospel ministry, and sit and hear as God's people hear; but they hear Christ's sayings, and do them not. The word, however, is not totally lost upon them: it may awaken a little anxiety, and show them the necessity of doing something. They begin to build—for man cannot live without some kind of hope; without some confidence, however delusive, as to the future; and therefore, a mere imperfect effort at reformation takes the place of a living faith, and works and devices of their own are substituted for evangelical obedience. They select the sand for a foundation instead of the Rock.

Nothing can be more expressive of the flimsy works of a man's own righteous-

ness, to build on for salvation, than the insecure and ever-shifting sand. The rain may wash it off, the wind may blow it away, and it will surely sink with any weight placed upon it. All mere outward profession of religion; such as trusting to the privileges they enjoy, the performance they go through in that profession, or the reputation they have obtained by it, is as sand—all reliance on their benevolent deeds, their liberality to the poor, or sympathy with the needy—all hope in the mercy of God, without a full realization of the merits of Christ's blood and righteousness; and all dependence on the obtaining a better spirit on their death-bed,—all this is choosing the sand on which to erect a structure, which is intended to last through all eternity!

What wonder if that house perishes! It will be undermined by the first desolating torrent that falls from heaven, in the shape of affliction, pain, or distress. The tempestuous wind of final trial will smite that house, and it will fall; while the floods of despair will sweep away every remnant of the ruin, which the wind and the rain may have spared. And this will be the more awful, as it will involve a disappointment of all fondly-cherished hopes. They looked for light, but behold darkness—for life, but death in its gloomiest covering surrounds them—for heaven, but they lift up their eyes in hell being in torments. On earth, many errors may be retrieved, many mistakes rectified, many scenes of wretchedness reversed; but this is the loss of all, and for ever! The time of building is gone; every means of restoration is removed; opportunity, the jewel on the ring of time, is fled; "the harvest is past, the summer is ended," and they are not saved.

The practice of the other class of builders is very different from that we have described. They are likened unto wise men, who build their house upon a rock. True wisdom consists in selecting the highest objects revealed to men for our pursuit; in anxiously seeking to attain that object, and in persevering in wisdom's way, until it is fully realized. A wise man looks to his soul, which he has been taught to esteem as the noblest part of his being. He has been enabled to form a true estimate of its danger, its pollution and its desolation by sin and apostasy: for the "sayings of Christ" have roused him to reflection. He begins to meditate intensely on the means offered in the gospel for his salvation; and then casts himself upon that only hope which can secure his eternal happiness. His dead powers are quickened into life as he moves to "do the word" he has heard. Like the prodigal son, who arose and returned to his father's house when he reflected, so the wise builder arises from his slothfulness and indifference, and goes to seek a right foundation for his hopes of mercy.

But this foundation lies low, and is hidden from the carnal eye by the things of the world. Many mistake even in their very search; but the wise at length discover it, for it is revealed to them who seek the Lord in truth. God shows it by his own light, for he has "ordained a lamp" for his Anointed. Christ is that foundation laid in Zion; the only sure foundation "chosen of God, and precious," and he is revealed to the faith of the penitent and inquiring sinner.

He is often set forth as a Rock, on which not only individual believers, but the whole church of God is built; and he is able to sustain the whole fabric of the happiness of the redeemed among men. He is "the Son of the Highest," "the Holy One of Israel," "the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of peace." His love in coming to seek and to save a dying world; his obedience, sufferings, and death; his rising and ascending to his Father's right hand, "far above all principalities and powers"—all this constitutes a perfect righteousness for the guilty, and forms the only foundation on which a sinner may build his hopes for time and for eternity! This is the Stone which the Jewish builders refused, which is now become the head of the corner: "This is the Lord's doing; it is marvellous in our eyes." To look, through the aid of his Holy Spirit, on Christ with an eye of faith, till we can appropriate his merits as our own, to bring our hearts to him as a willing sacrifice, and to suspend our immortal destinies on his cross, this is building on a sure foundation; and the wise can do nothing more. They hear his sayings, and do them; and this forms their security; for "if ye know these things," says our Lord, "happy are ye if ye do them."

If we look through the world, and search all nature for relief to a spirit wounded by an awakened sense of sin, what shall we find to give comfort but

God's own plan of mercy, as revealed in the gospel? The thoughts of men are not always confined to time and its concerns. The anxious gaze is often directed to a future world through the dark region of the grave; but the natural mind sees nothing but gloom, terror, and despair, till it is enlightened by that truth which comes from heaven, in the person, work, and atonement of the Son of God. It shines from the written word; it is proclaimed through a preached gospel; happy are those who come willingly to build their hopes on that sure and lasting Foundation! The waters of affliction cannot drown them, the floods of temptation cannot overflow them, the storms of persecution cannot remove them from the Rock on which they rest, and they shall not sink in the "swellings of Jordan," or that river of death which has to be passed over by all the living.

G. D. M.

OLD HUMPHREY AT THE FALLS OF THE TUMMEL.

The larch, the fir, and lady birch
Adorn the current strong,
While o'er the rude and rocky bed
The river sweeps along.
It sweeps along its upper course
With deep majestic flow,
Then, like a mighty avalanch,
Comes thundering down below.

The more I wandered in the neighbourhood of Blair Athol, the more was I captivated by the wild romance of the varied scenes that spread themselves before me. The dark dell, the long retiring vale, the wooded ravine, the rugged pathways that the mountain torrents had scooped out for themselves through the solid rocks, the gushing streams and thundering waterfalls, were mingled in the most attractive forms,—while the imposing loneliness around, gave them an added charm:

The hills are high, the rocks are rude,
And ever silent solitude
Impressive reigns, through every part,
And sheds an influence o'er the heart.

So interested was a young clergyman at Blair Athol with the account of my ascent of Ben-y-Gloe, that he prevailed on two other tourists to accompany him on the same adventure. Not many miles had they proceeded, before they were met by some of the rangers of the duke of Athol; who after proposing a few questions, and telling them they were on trespass, demanded their cards, that his grace might take what steps he thought advisable;—they were then allowed to proceed. Notwithstanding the care I had taken to prevent a mistake, they after all descended the wrong mountain.

Different opinions have been expressed on the subject of tourists being restricted from entering on those wild districts of Scotland, which until lately have usually been considered almost as common as the high seas. It is easy for a nobleman, on the one hand, to talk loudly of a whole herd of deer being scared for ever from his domain by the uproarious hilarity of a few tourists; and for a tourist, on the other, indignantly to declare that he is arbitrarily restricted in his liberty, and that he has an equal right with any nobleman in the Highlands to roam the forest, the mountain, and the moor. I have some reason to believe that for want of a kindly spirit, a mutual error has been committed; that the nobleman has often injudiciously refused what he should gracefully have granted, and that the tourist has frequently insisted on, as a right, what he should have accepted as a courtesy. The tourist who wantonly annoys a nobleman, and the nobleman who needlessly restricts the enjoyment of a tourist, are both alike deserving of censure.

Having formed the design of crossing the country from Blair Athol to Ben Nevis, by the Pass of Killiecrankie, Tummel Bridge, Loch Rannoch, King's House, Glencoe, Loch Leven, and Fort William—a distance of about ninety miles; I left my trunk to be forwarded by mail to Inverness, and thence by the Caledonian Canal to Oban—a course which afterwards I had abundant reason to regret. Could I have proceeded myself by mail to Inverness, I should have done so; but on account of the Queen being expected at Loch Laggan, all the places inside and outside the mail were taken for four or five days in advance.

My journey to the great mountain I determined to perform on foot, for the mere delight of rambling among Scottish scenery of a novel kind; for part of my route lay over wild, broken, and boggy ground, where no road had ever been known. Never do I remember to have felt such a lively sense of liberty, as at the moment when with a small carpet bag in one hand and my hazel stick in the other, I left Blair Athol, on my pleasurable pilgrimage to Ben Nevis. "Oh!"

thought I, "pedlars and gipsies in their roaming lives have enjoyments by no means to be despised!"

It was a frightful depth to look down to the stream, as I leaned over the balustrade of the bridge that crosses the Garry, and it seemed long before the stone, that I dropped sharply, cut its way into the deep waters of the river. The rocks on each side are fearfully perpendicular, and the water so clear that you see far down into the crystal current:

The traveller when he gains the bridge's brow,
And gazes on the dizzy depth below,
Holds fast the stony parapet in fear,
And almost trembles for his safety there.

Turning off to the left of the road through a gate, at no great distance from the bridge, with James Fergason for my guide, I was soon gazing with delight on the Falls of the Tummel. There are three good views of these falls: one from a point just above them; a second from a side rock; and a third from rudely-shaped stone hollowed out a little like an arm-chair, called the "Queen's Chair." James Fergason told me that every one who came to the Falls sat in the Queen's Chair; so, on purpose that he might remember me, I told him I would practise a little self-denial, and not sit there,—not, however, from disloyalty to the Queen, for I wished her all possible happiness.

Though the Falls of the Tummel are not of any great depth, they have this striking advantage over many other Scottish falls, that the body of water they contain is unusually large. Many cataracts that descend from a great height are trifling streams; but the Tummel is quite of a different character,—

Deep, swift, and strong, the river hurries on
With mighty force o'er beds of rugged stones;
Leaps forward from the crag with boist'rous bound,
And calls in thunder to the rocks around.

The whole river, divided by a rock into two parts nearly equal, plunges down in broad shining sheets of water, that fling up a continual spray, while the foam, after rain, is very similar to yellow snow. The sound of the cataract is deafening. Among other eminences, Craig Narlie and Ossian's Rock were pointed out to me by the guide; who seemed to be wondrously pleased by the interest that I took in everything he described to me. The cave, in the face of the stupendous cliff to the north-west of the Falls, can hardly be looked at without a shudder, connected as it is with a tale of unusual horror.

It was in this cave that a party of Macgregors were surprised by their enemies. They were all killed, except a few who succeeded in climbing a tree that grew out from the rock. This was a desperate alternative, and, after all, only subjected them to a dreadful death; for their implacable pursuers resolved to cut down the tree. What a pang must every stroke given the tree have imparted to their agonizing hearts! See the trunk partly severed, and mark the hopeless despair of the doomed Highlanders! The tree begins to bend. Now it hangs fearfully over the yawning bed of the river, deep, deep below;—and now, while a fiendlike yell of exultation rises from the triumphant party, with a loud crash it falls from that horrid height, over the dreadful precipice, with its load of human misery into the rolling river! What a value do these heart-thrilling instances of implacable cruelty give to the more kindly impulses of humanity! and how do they bind our affections to that blessed gospel, whose mercy-loivng spirit breathes nothing but love and forgiveness: "Love your enemies; bless them that curse you; do good to them that hate you; and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you," Matt. v. 44.

Below the Falls of the Tummel, and a little on one side, there was placed a huge wicker basket, the use of which James Fergason explained to me. When the salmon come up the river to spawn, they make the most desperate efforts to leap up the falls, when many of them, not being successful, are flung back by the cataract into the basket. How fish can throw themselves up the surprising height that many of them spring, is to me indeed wonderful, — but heavenly Wisdom has endowed them with powers suited to their necessities.

There seemed to me a strange mixture of sense and simplicity in the character of my guide. He told me that he "had the Gaelic and not the English;" meaning that he spoke the former language and not the latter. He said that he had no doubt England was "a large town;" and as he pointed to Ben Cracky and the hills around, he informed me the gentry believed that "a hundred and a thousand years ago, giants lived among the mountains." He appeared to have a very indefinite notion of distances; for he told me that twenty yards lower

down, the river Tummel joined the river Garry. To set him right, I bade him recollect that my stick was about a yard long; and then measured off twenty yards, so that he might see that the distance to the union of the two rivers must be nearer two or three hundred yards than twenty. I could not but attribute much of his apparent want of knowledge, in many things, to his lack of confidence in himself in speaking English,—for he was evidently a man with some strength of understanding.

On leaving the Falls, I again came into the road leading to the wild districts of the Tummel and Rannoch, entering the grounds of Bonskeid, at the opening of the valley of Fincastle, which is remarkable for many fine scenes, as well as celebrated for the great number of baronial edifices that once adorned it: the vestiges of fourteen or fifteen of these edifices are said still to remain.

On, on I rambled through the romantic and beautiful woods, with a goodly hill on my right, partly covered with picturesque trees, with here and there peaks and prominences of rugged and party-coloured rock. As I went along, now plucking a flower, and now gathering wild raspberries, which in many places grew in profusion, I picked up in my pathway a sealed newspaper, which had been dropped by the postman; but I had not carried it a hundred yards, before an opportunity was given me of sending it to the Highland farmer to whom it was addressed. I look back with much pleasure at the lovely woodland scenes through which I passed; hardly could hill, rock, wood, and water have presented to the eye a more delightful variety.

As I stepped into a small inn by the way-side, kept by one Peter Macdugald, to make some inquiry about the road, a carrier, who was going my way, came up to the door with a horse and cart; in the cart sat a pleasant-looking female, with her baby; I immediately joined them, and much enjoyed not only my walk, but my conversation also with the carrier and his agreeable passenger. The carrier put my carpet-bag into his cart, under cover, for a drizzling shower came on, and he wished me to ride; but I really thought that his poor beast had quite load enough, without being encumbered with my additional weight.

We soon came within sight of a mountain that had a deep rift in it, as though it had been cloven in twain. "Who made that cleft?" said I. "It was made by One above," replied the carrier,—"by the hand of the Almighty." As we journied on, the extended straths, the winding streams, the bold headlands, and long retiring bays of Loch Tummel, the wooded eminences and the more distant lofty hills of Lochaber diversified the scene: while the huge bulk of the giant mountain Schehallien was ever in our view. At last we came into the village of Bow Harlby, where the carrier lived. It was in vain that I offered silver in recompense for the carriage of my carpet-bag, for the friendly carrier would on no account accept it.

No sooner did the agreeable passenger alight from the cart with her baby, than a whispering consultation was held between the carrier, whose name was Alexander Walker, his wife, and her sister, Mrs. Stuart, the passenger before named; the result of which was a request on their part that I would, as a very great favour, oblige them with my company to tea. I cannot tell how I enjoyed the pleasant hour I passed with these friendly people. They were respectful, cheerful, and very hospitable; and what was still better, professed followers of "Him," whom to know is eternal life! In passing through things temporal, they were not forgetting things that are spiritual and eternal!

The carrier left us for a short season, and when he returned introduced a landed proprietor of the name of Macdirmid, who much interested me by the very striking relations he gave me of events which had taken place in the Highlands in days gone by. He was evidently a man of observation; he knew much, and took pleasure in relating it. I could have listened to him till the midnight hour.

It was no great distance from Bow Harlby to Tummel Bridge; but night was at hand, and it began to rain, so that I hastened onward, thinking it possible that there might not be a spare bed at the inn. I must confess that at one time, when the rain had drenched me on the weather-side to the skin, from my shoulder to the sole of my foot, I did think an umbrella would have its advantages; but this infirm thought, this heresy against the orthodox hardihood of a true tourist was soon renounced. I walked fast, crossed the bridge, and entered the inn.

The sitting-parlour was occupied by a smoking party, and had but little light

in it, so that it wore a dingy and forbidding appearance, the disagreeable effect of which was not a little increased by the prevailing odour of tobacco; but man, when in good humour, has great power of accommodation; and I was soon not only reconciled to my position, but grateful for it. The smoking party retired to the kitchen; the sitting-parlour was set in order, lights were brought, and in a very short space a hot supper was smoking on the table.

How amply is the toil of the weary traveller repaid by the rest he enjoys! and how sweet are his bits and drops rendered by his previous privations. I reviewed the events of the day, my departure from Blair Athol, my visit to the Tummel Falls, my delightful ramble through the woods, my pleasant hour at Bow Harlby, and the endless interesting scenes of wood, loch, river, strath, and mountain on which I had gazed. Grateful was my heart to my heavenly Father for all the pleasure I had enjoyed, and for all the comforts that surrounded me. As I retired to my dormitory, I felt that my head was, as it were, anointed with oil, and that my cup of enjoyment was running over.

LOCUSTS.

We read of John the Baptist, the great forerunner of Christ, that when he was preaching in the wilderness of Judea, his meat was locusts and wild honey, Matt. iii. 4. Many years ago there was a great contention about the meaning of the word locust in the New Testament. Some learned men thought that it signified the curob-tree, which, on that account, was called the locust-tree. This tree is very common in Palestine, and it bears pods, full of a thick sweet juice. Poor people live on these fruits of the curob now, and these learned men said that John the Baptist fed on them. They were very angry indeed with those who did not agree with them, and called them very ignorant; but they forgot that it is far more wrong to be in a great passion with people, because they do not think as we do, than to make a mistake about the meaning of a word.

There is no doubt, however, that the food which John did eat in the wilderness was the locust—an insect much like our grasshopper, but larger. There are several kinds of locust in Palestine, as well as in other countries, and they are a common article of food in the present day. When God told the Israelites, in the Jewish law, that they were not to eat of several animals and birds, as the mole and the vulture, he said that they might eat "the locust after his kind;" that is, any kind of locust, Lev. xi. 22. Dr. Shaw, who travelled in the east, says that the locusts, when sprinkled with salt, and fried, resemble, in taste, our fresh-water cray-fish. In Syria and Egypt, where corn is scarce, these insects are dried in the sun, and ground in mills, and bread and cakes are made of the powder or flour. Then a very nice dish may be made by boiling them and stewing them with butter; and the Hottentots of Africa boil the locusts and their eggs, and make a kind of brown soup. Some ancient writers mention a people of Ethiopia, who were so fond of this food, that they were called "eaters of locusts;" but we are not sure that all which they say of these people is true. It is, however, well known, that large armies have been saved from perishing with hunger, by feeding on these insects; and the ancient Greeks considered the locust a great delicacy. Some people who lived in the early times of Christianity, when the Bible was not so much read and understood, thought that the reason why John the Baptist ate so simple a kind of food, was to encourage holy men to live on poor fare; and many took up the idea that they could serve God best by depriving themselves of good food and good clothing, and the pleasure of society; so they went and lived in dreary places, and were called hermits; and they ate bread and roots, or herbs, and drank only water, and kept themselves quite away from their fellow-creatures, that they might pass their time in reading and thinking, and praying. But that was not acting at all like John the Baptist, for the wilderness of Judea was not a desolate place, but many people lived there; and John did not lead an idle life, but preached boldly to these people, telling them to repent. The reason why he ate locusts and wild honey, was not because he tried to get the poorest food which he could find, but because he was so earnest in his business of preaching to sinners, that he took just such meat and clothing as he could procure at the place without troubling himself. He did not care for the good things of this world, for his heart was so intent on serving God.

He thought meat and drink were as nothing compared to his great work; and having food and raiment, he was therewith content.

When God was displeased with the people of whom we read in Scripture, he sometimes sent locusts, as a punishment to the lands; and we find them among the plagues of Egypt, which God sent to afflict the hardened Pharaoh. You can see a description of this plague in the book of Exodus. When Moses stretched his hand over the land, the east wind brought locusts, we read:—"And the locusts went up over all the land of Egypt, and rested in all the coasts of Egypt. Very grievous were they; before them there were no such locusts as they, neither after them shall there be such. For they covered the face of the whole earth, so that the land was darkened; and they did eat every herb of the land, and all the fruit of the trees which the hail had left; and there remained not any green thing in the trees, or in the herbs of the field, through all the land of Egypt," Exod. x. 14, 15. Now this last verse is just a description of what the locusts do when they come in great numbers. They do, indeed, eat up every green thing. They seem to have a perfect rage for destroying all which they come near. The most poisonous plants, such as no animal will touch, and which even burn the skins of cattle; the loveliest flowers; the long grubs; the crops of corn, pieces of leather, garments of silk, or wool, or linen, are all devoured by these insects, or torn into shreds; and they will even eat the varnish off the furniture of houses. A spot of earth looks green and beautiful; but the locusts come, and it is made bare and desolate. The Scripture says that the whole land was darkened by them; and now, when a swarm of locusts takes its flight upon a country, it is as if a dark cloud had come over the land,—just as if an eclipse of the sun had taken place; and when flying low, render the air so dark, that people cannot see each other at the distance of a few yards. A flight of locusts is recorded which came from Arabia, and extended over five hundred miles. They beat their wings against each other, and make a noise from afar, like an immense flight of birds; and the Egyptians must have looked with terror on the coming locusts, which were sent by God as a consequence of his righteous anger.

The immense band of locusts is one among many means which the great God can employ as a scourge to punish the wicked. But in the usual way, locusts are not a curse to a land where they dwell,—they do much good. Besides being useful as food, they are the very scavengers of nature, clearing away many remains of animal or other substances, which putrefy in warm climates, and injure the air; and sometimes removing a choked-up mass of vegetable matter, which makes the air around damp and unwholesome. Very often the locusts will alight on a piece of land quite crowded with tall withered grass, and hard dry shrubs, and eat them all away; and then there spring up lilies and soft juicy grasses, and tender young shrubs, and make the spot a garden of beauty, and give a sweet pasturage to cattle. Often, too, men go to live on uncultivated lands, and the locusts are their chief food, till they have time to till the ground, and to reap the crop. Whole tribes of animals and insects are sustained by them; and many a bright bird of the air stoops to feed on the young locust, on the eggs, or half-formed insect. God has made them subject to such accidents, as that their numbers shall not increase too rapidly. The rain destroys multitudes of their eggs and young ones. They fly with the winds, and are therefore sometimes borne out in large swarms to sea, and myriads are drowned in the ocean, so that they are not allowed to desolate the world; for God can take care of all which he has made—of the lowliest flower, and the loftiest tree—of the tiniest insect, and the most gigantic animal—of the little child, and the gray headed man.

P.

TRUTH.

What piety without truth? What truth, what saving truth, without the word of God? What word of God whereof we can be sure without the Scripture? It is not only an armour, but also a whole armour of weapons, both offensive and defensive, whereby we may save ourselves and put our enemies to flight; it is not an herb, but a tree; or rather a whole paradise of trees of life, which bring forth fruit every month, and the fruit thereof is for meat, and the leaves for medicine.—*Translator's Preface to English Bible.*

THE CHRISTIAN'S APPETITE FOR ORDINANCES.

God makes his people to grow in grace by preserving their relish for ordinances. They that are not hungry cannot feed; the full soul loathes the honeycomb. It it is uncomfortable to come to a full table with a full stomach. Such persons look upon the dishes while others eat of them. These may talk of Christ and religion, but the others feed on them. A man's grace cannot grow strong unless he feed; and he cannot feed unless he is hungry. And, therefore, God adds strength to the saints' graces by quickening their appetite for his ordinances. Hunger, though it speaks want, yet there is a blessedness attending it: "They shall be filled." It may seem a strange promise that a man should be filled for no other reason but because he is hungry. Among men it is not so. In the gospel, the poor man's hunger is his blessing. In the world, the poor man's hunger is his misery, because men are not willing to feed him as often as he is hungry, and therefore the poor of this world wish they might never be hungry. But in divine things, through God's free grace and bounty, "Blessed are they which hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled." Their appetite makes them feed upon Christ—on the promises of the gospel—pardon of sin, etc., and eating makes them strong.

Their hunger, or spiritual poverty, makes them prize the ordinances of the Lord's house, and the provisions of the gospel. When they are called they come to the marriage-supper; they do not make excuses, but accept the invitation. And these guests are welcomed by the King of heaven, who carves unto them—consequently their graces must thrive. What made David's grace thrive so well but his relish for divine ordinances. "One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple.—O God, thou art my God—my soul thirsteth for thee; my flesh longeth for thee—to see thy power and thy glory, so as I have seen thee in the sanctuary." David had a keen appetite after the ordinances, and this made his graces strong; it made him relish the word: "How sweet are thy words unto my taste! yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth." And this made him feed so heartily when he came: "My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness."—*Froysel.*

A WALK ALONG THE COURSE OF THE WYE.

As we passed along the Wye, we observed at almost regular distances several pairs of dippers, or water-ouzels, conspicuous at once from their contrasted style of colouring, and their animated actions. The glens and dales through which the Wye takes its tortuous, ever-changing course, are the favourite resorts of this bird; it feeds on small fish, such as minnows, and on aquatic larvæ, which it procures by diving; and we watched for some time their proceedings with considerable interest. Their habits are detailed in the "Introduction to the Study of Birds;" and in a little work entitled, "Our Song-birds;" published by the Religious Tract Society; consequently we shall not now repeat them.

Nowhere is the Kestrel falcon uncommon, but in these glens it is more than usually common. During our walk, we saw three or four individuals gracefully circling in the air at a great elevation, or suspending themselves over one spot, with a quivering play of the wings scarcely perceptible, while the bird's keen eye was scrutinizing the ground below, in quest of frogs or mice. From this bird, the swallow-tribe have nothing to fear;—indeed, swallows and martins often combine to annoy it, pursuing it in the air for a great distance,—their rapidity and the quickness of their evolutions generally rendering them safe from retaliation.

The otter is occasionally to be met with in the secluded glens of the Wye, where it lurks in deep winding holes at the base of the rocks, washed by the stream. We saw not, however, this animal, but we startled a large polecat, which instantly disappeared in a fissure; most probably its habitual retreat. The polecat is common here; it preys upon rabbits, birds, and their eggs, and commits great havoc; nor is this all,—it appears to be, to a certain extent, aquatic in its habits, and occasionally destroys fish.

We read in Bewick, that "during a severe storm, one of these animals was traced in the snow, from the side of a rivulet to its hole, at some distance from it. As it was observed to have made frequent trips, and as other marks were to be seen in the snow which could not easily be accounted for, it was thought a matter worthy of greater attention. The hole was accordingly examined; the foumart (polecat) was taken, and eleven fine eels were observed to be the fruits of its nocturnal excursions. The marks

in the snow were found to have been made by the motion of the eels in the creature's mouth."

For the truth of this account the narrator vouches; and it is confirmed by a somewhat similar fact related in "Loudon's Magazine," (vol. vi. p. 206,) respecting a female polecat, which was pursued to her retreat, where five young ones, comfortably imbedded in dry withered grass, were lodged, and where, says the narrator, "in a side-hole I picked out, and counted most carefully, forty large frogs, and two toads. These were all alive, but merely so—capable of sprawling a little, and that was all—for the mother had contrived to strike them all with palsy. They were merely capable of sprawling, and not of moving away; and on examination, I found the whole number, toads and all, were bitten through the brain." This was indeed a wonderful example of instinct. The frogs were laid up for store; had they been killed outright, in a few days they would have been worthless and putrid; but by thus paralyzing them they continued to live, and yet were incapable of exerting their limbs in escape. But how did the polecat know how to execute the cruel operation, or where to implant its keen tooth? It was directed by that mysterious power, which we call instinct, which is ordained by the Almighty to supply, in the lower orders of creation, the place of reason and of experience!

The weasel is here even more common than the polecat, and we saw more than one, as it would seem, peeping at us from some crevice, and instantly disappearing. This flexible, agile, carnivorous little creature is well known to all; it possesses great ferocity and dauntless courage,—and will even attack man. There are instances on record in which, from a simultaneous attack by several of these animals, persons have been placed in no little jeopardy, for they aim at the veins and arteries of the throat.

"While fishing for perch on Loch Fitty, a beautiful and picturesque sheet of water, about a mile broad, and two long, situate about half-way between Kinross and Dumferline, I observed, (says lieut. J. Brown,) near the centre of the lake, a small object making its way for that part where I stood knee-deep in water. At first it struck me that it was a young wild-duck, with which this lake abounds, but on its nearer approach I discovered it to be a full-grown weasel, swimming with its head and back above water, in the same manner as a Newfoundland dog. I called to a friend at some distance from me, and as soon as the weasel neared us, we commenced an attack on him with our fishing-rods, and he in his turn gave us battle by biting at and clinging to the point of our rods, grinning and gnashing his teeth, and showed a determination to land at the very spot where we stood, in spite of our continued efforts to drive him off, by lashing him with the points of our rods. It was of no avail, for our punishment only increased his ire, and he quitted hold of my friend's rod and made directly towards me, seemingly with an intention of coming to close quarters. He was now too near us to strike at him with our rods, and my friend ran to the shore, seized a piece of paling, and made two or three unsuccessful strokes at him, which served but to increase his fury, and he seemed determined not to relinquish his intentions except with the loss of his life. As he stood so nobly to the contest, I thought it but humanity to call out —quarter, quarter! allow the brave animal to pass! He landed on *terra firma*, and seeing that hostilities had ceased, shook himself, and trotted quietly off. It was at the broadest part of the lake where he crossed; and from the time when I first saw him, to the end of our attack, he must have been little short of three quarters of an hour in the water."

Among other animals of the weasel tribe, the pine-martin is not uncommon in the glens of the Wye, and the pine-woods of the neighbouring hills: we saw one, a few days previously to our walk, which had been killed near the spot; and, though not on the present occasion, we once saw a pair of these beautiful creatures playfully disporting with each other on a little island or dry bank encircled by the Wye, which they crossed by swimming, the instant they were alarmed. The yellow of their breasts was very bright and pure. As we wandered on, sometimes stopping to look at the beautiful plants peculiar to these rocky glens, sometimes to break off the fossil shells with which the limestone is studded, we came to a spot where once a water-mill had stood—many years since a few ruins only remained, now scarcely a trace of them exists; but the river hurries over a rocky bed. Here a boy was looking after river crayfish, (*astacus fluviatilis*,) which are common. The river crayfish is a lobster in miniature, inhabiting fresh

water; it lives in holes under stones, and feeds on aquatic molluscs, fishes, and the larva of water insects, and on any putrescent animal matter it can obtain. We have seen this crustacean very abundant in the streams and rivers of Normandy. It is caught there in baited net-traps, or by means of bundles of rough and thorny sticks, among which portions of flesh are introduced; when the bundles are drawn up, numbers of crayfish are often found among the sticks, busy with their food. Like the lobster, the crayfish sheds its external crust at certain periods. Its flesh is delicate.

Regaining the road, we ascended Toply Pike, and pausing to gaze on the scene from its summit, surveyed the valley with its stream, deep below, where the latter turns off to leave the road and enters Miller's Dale. Opposite rose an abruptly steep mountain side, clothed with a plantation of firs; the prospect was very beautiful. While intent upon it, a rush of wings passed within a few feet of our head, and, looking up, we saw a small blue hawk shoot along with arrow-like velocity, and plunge into the opposite pine-wood. At first we thought it might be the sparrow-hawk, but its wings were very long and pointed, and the tail far shorter in comparison than in the sparrow-hawk; besides, as it glanced in the light, the leaden blue of its upper plumage was quite apparent, and we at once felt assured it was the hobby, (*falco sub-buteo,*) a beautiful species of falcon, which visits, (but not in great numbers,) our island in spring, for the purpose of breeding, and returns southwards in autumn.

The hobby, though small, is one of the most daring of its race, and in the days of falconry was trained to the pursuit of partridges, larks, and snipes. Among the smaller species of the feathered tribes, it is very destructive, and follows its victim with the utmost pertinacity. Mr. Selby says, "I have often admired the adroitness displayed by one of this species, in pursuit of a lark; the chase generally ending in the capture of the quarry, in spite of all the aërial evolutions and efforts to avoid the fatal blow." The hobby builds in trees; sometimes, however, it will appropriate the deserted nest of a crow.

This species of falcon is common on the continent of Europe during the summer months, passing southwards on the approach of winter. It is widely spread throughout Asia, and is found in India.

We stood some time, watching to see whether the falcon would again show itself, but it did not reappear; while waiting, however, we saw a kingfisher far below us, darting down the course of the river, and glittering in the sun. In the dales of the Wye, these brilliant birds are not uncommon; but the fisherman likes them not, for they commit great havoc among the young of the trout.

Such were the more interesting objects of animated nature which we met with during this short stroll by the Wye, through romantic scenery, which is well calculated to impress the mind, and lead it to the contemplation of Him who framed the great globe, diversified it with hill and valley, mountain and plain, rivers and seas, that man might have his portion therein, and look from Nature up to nature's God! M.

EARTHQUAKES IN THE WEST INDIES.

An earthquake is a convulsive motion, to which no other movement in nature bears a resemblance. It is sudden in its occurrence, sometimes most awful in its effects; against it no precaution can give security, and always appalling are the sensations to which it gives rise.

The first time I was conscious of this phenomenon was the silent hour of midnight, when, at Antigua, I was engaged in my chamber, on a Saturday night, in a course of reading, preparatory to the approaching day of sacred rest. All was stillness, and I was lingering to enjoy the serenity of the hour. What immediately broke the silence and arrested my attention, was something like a "rushing mighty wind," attended by a deep rumbling noise, of a character to me altogether unusual; and before I could command sufficient recollection to conceive what it might be, my inquiries were cut short by a shock which left no cause for doubt, but awakened a degree of awe to which till then I was a stranger. The house in which I was, being a wooden edifice, offered as much security as the open air; so that there was no necessity to attempt to seek safety by rushing out of doors,—which is commonly the course when the houses are built of stone or bricks. The shock was not repeated. Nor could I wish it: curiosity was satisfied,—and the impressions which it left upon my mind were those of a high sense of the Divine majesty, and of the fearful facility with which he can "shake not

the earth only, but also heaven," to "the removing of those things that are shaken."

Slight earthquakes frequently occur in most of the West Indian islands, especially those in which there are extinct volcanoes; and they are found in the whole chain of the Caribbean islands. Of these shocks a person may be unconscious when walking or riding; and sometimes a horse is affected, while the rider is not aware of the cause. In this case, the horse makes a sudden start or plunge, and a shuddering sensation seems to run through his whole frame, as though he felt some power exerted out of Nature's usual course.

I once witnessed a peculiar instance of the influence which an earthquake is capable of exerting over animated nature. About two o'clock in the morning, a succession of horizontal convulsions roused everybody from their deep slumbers; and such was their appalling effect, that the dogs made a noise partaking of a terrified howl and whine, horses plunged and neighed in the stables, and the fowls, roosting in a large tree, gave unusual indications of alarm. These frightful movements were felt in all the islands, and on the main land of South America about the same time. I was afterwards informed by the captain of a frigate, that he was so alarmingly conscious of this earthquake on board his ship, lying at anchor off Port of Spain, Trinidad, that he took up his night-glass, and looked in the direction of the town, almost expecting to find it swallowed up. Though it had escaped this calamity, the Protestant church and the Roman Catholic cathedral were much rent, and several inhabitants were severely injured by leaping from their galleries and windows to escape the apprehended danger of being crushed by their falling houses.

It is astonishing that, at these times, the same kind of shock which convulses the earth is felt at sea. If this were the case only when a ship was lying at anchor, it might be supposed that the cable was the medium of communication; but the effect is frequently as evident when the vessel is under full sail in deep water; and sometimes the concussion is so violent, that the crew are alarmed with the idea that they have struck upon some unknown sunken rock. In the recent earthquake at Antigua and other islands, the steam-packet was thus arrested on its course to the island, when going at its regular speed; and a vessel midway between the same island and Montserrat was so convulsed, that her timbers seemed rending asunder, and passengers in the cabin apprehended they were going to the bottom.

A terrific succession of shocks, which, were not very destructive in their effects, kept the inhabitants of St. Kitts and Nevis in great alarm for many weeks, early in 1833. On the evening of their commencement, the higher classes generally were ardently engaged in preparation for a public ball, which was to have taken place that night, in the former island. Many were eager in pleasurable anticipations, and assiduously occupied in the arrangements of the toilet, when the first shock, least expected, suddenly rent the spell of pleasure with a heart-sickening effect. After the appalling moment had passed, some endeavoured to rally from their fears, and rouse others to follow up their object; but another shock arrested the apparently stout-hearted—again there was an awful pause—several once more rallied, and rushed to the ball-room; no security was there—another shock cast a death-like paleness over every face. Still a few were bold enough to *seem* to brave God and the terrors of his might, and called for the exciting powers of music—again came the shock—terror seized the timid—appalled the boldest;—all obeyed the impulse for flight. Many who were personal strangers to every humble attitude before God were that night on their knees in the streets, imploring the mercy which they had long neglected, and which only could give them safety in their fears.

But awful was the night to all the inhabitants of the two islands—not only to those who had been under the excitements of the evening, but to them whose minds were previously in a sober state. None could enjoy sleep for the night; for no sooner were they able to gain something like composure, than again and again were they aroused by the terrifying convulsions; and though they gradually became less frequent, nearly two hundred shocks occurred within about two months. There are extinct volcanoes in both these islands, and as they are separated by a channel which is only about a mile broad, the circumstance may, in some degree, account for these earthquakes.

Exactly ten years later, and within the same month, February, occurred the most

awful earthquake which has been known among the Caribbean Islands. In Antigua, the morning of the eventful day was as lovely as imagination can picture, the usual trade-wind was sweeping over the island in its fanning freshness, most of the windmills were briskly playing in the strong breeze, the canes were yielding to the pressure of the massy rollers, and pouring out streams of juice for the boilers; all the life and activity of "crop-time" was fully awake, when, in an instant, the cheerful scene was changed by the deep and more than commonly fearful subterraneous sound which generally precedes these appalling visitations. Terror seized every mind, and almost before the arrested breath could relieve itself, that uplifting motion of the earth commenced by which the windmills, which might brave the hurricane, were crumbled into heaps of ruin, and almost all other large constructions of masonry were rent or thrown down in fragments.

The populous town of St. John's exhibited most distressing scenes of alarm. The peculiar rumbling noise which announced the dread event, so far exceeded what had been experienced on former occasions, that there was a simultaneous rush of the inhabitants into the streets. The undulatory motion became more violent every second, till it was scarcely possible for a person to stand upright. Stone houses and brick buildings were falling in all directions. The cathedral, standing on the highest point of the town, fearfully arrested attention, as an object of great interest, which was soon seen partially giving way, and coming down in separate masses of ruin. The large Wesleyan chapel, which had recently been completed, was involved in similar devastation; and the Scotch church, also a new erection, was much injured, as well as the court-house, the finest piece of masonry in the town. The spacious chapel of the Moravians, happily, in relation to this event, being constructed of wood, as well as their dwellings, remained uninjured, though all the brick buildings on their premises were in ruins.

It can be imagined that, amid these devastations the separated members of families must have been thrown into agonizing doubt, while ignorant of each other's welfare. This may be illustrated by the painful situation of a friend of the writer. At the commencement of the earthquake, he was engaged in the vestry-room of the cathedral, at some distance from his residence, and when he found himself safe beyond the reach of the falling walls of that edifice, his anxieties carried him with all possible rapidity in search of his family. Nor were his fears removed on gaining his threshold; for he had to fly from room to room, where he perceived every article in the utmost confusion, and the large pieces of furniture lying prostrate; but at length found all most dear to him, in safety, under a large tree, in a distant part of his premises; and it was about half an hour afterwards that he first became aware that he had been unconsciously all the time grasping in his hand a pen, with which he was engaged at the commencement of the alarm.

The suddenness and fearful effects of this event are well expressed by one of a small party of Moravian missionaries, who had been induced that morning to visit Monk's Hill, a rocky eminence, on the summit of which a fort is built, and from whence there is a beautiful view of the whole island, and of Guadaloupe and Montserrat in the distance. The morning was as lovely as the prospect was delightful. The narrator says, "We were all upon the ramparts, watching the approach of the steamer from England; and I was in the act of steadying a telescope on one of the great guns, when I felt it begin to vibrate; I knew at once what was coming, and seizing my wife by the hand, and calling to the others, I immediately rushed from the ramparts. We had not gone far before the motion of the earth became so violent that we were no longer able to walk, and were obliged to take hold of each other to keep our feet. It was a most awful moment, and our lives were in great peril. A little from us the houses were falling; just above, on a rising ground, a heap of cannon balls were heaving and rattling in a most fearful manner, and on our right the long signal-staff was bending from side to side, and threatening every moment to fall upon us. I believe the shock lasted about three minutes. When it subsided, we looked over the island, and towards Montserrat, and in every direction, we saw clouds of dust ascending, a sign of the widely-spread ruin. I then took the telescope and looked for Lebanon, (a Moravian settlement,) and you may imagine (for I am unable to tell you) what my feelings were when I saw

that the south gable of the church, just over the school-doors, had been thrown down. I knew that about 140 children would be in the school, and how many of these might have perished!" It was, however, found that only three out of this great number were killed. Every church and chapel was more or less involved in the general ruin, several of them being entirely thrown down; and the bells of some rang during the convulsions, as if for service. The recently-constructed negro villages having been generally built of stone, were the scenes of great devastation; yet scarcely a murmur was heard among the poor people who had lost their houses—all being under the impression that it was "the Lord's doing," and willingly acknowledging that mercy had been mixed with judgment; clearly seeing that had the event taken place in the night, many thousands might have perished, while only eight or ten had been actually killed. Antigua, at the same time, presented a remarkable instance of providential care when compared with Guadaloupe, in one of whose towns hundreds were buried in the ruins of their houses, and then hundreds more perished in a fire occasioned by the earthquake, which ravaged the town; so that from both causes the number of sufferers amounted to thousands!

It becomes us all to be grateful to God for our exemption from these awful visitations; but there is one event yet to be witnessed by all, which will involve

"The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds."

Let it, then, be our individual and anxious care to prepare for its coming!

B. L.

SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES.

A STUDENT of divinity should never imagine that our age is arrived at a full understanding of everything which can be known by the Scriptures. Every age since the Reformation has thrown some further light on difficult texts and paragraphs of the Bible, which had been long obscured by the early rise of Antichrist; and since there are at present many difficulties and darknesses hanging about certain truths of the Christian religion, and since several of these relate to important doctrines, such as the origin of sin, the fall of Adam, the person of Christ, the blessed Trinity, the decrees of God, etc., etc., which still embarrass the minds of honest and inquiring readers, and which make work for noisy controversy: it is certain there are several things in the Bible yet unknown, and not sufficiently explained; and it is certain there is some way to solve these difficulties, and to reconcile these seeming contradictions. And why may not a sincere searcher after truth in the present age, by labour, diligence, study, and prayer, with the best use of his reasoning powers, find out the proper solution of those knots and perplexities which have hitherto been unresolved, and which have afforded matter for angry quarrelling! Happy is every man who shall be favoured of Heaven to give a helping hand towards the introduction of the blessed age of light and love.—*Watts.*

LOADING A VESSEL.

THE operation of loading a vessel with tea is one of great excitement, from the rapidity with which chests, weighing three quarters of a hundred weight or more, are pitched about with as much ease and rapidity as if they weighed only a few pounds. The process of stowing it is also done with the same ease; and so accurately do the Chinamen fit them in their proper places, that it always appears that the chests were made on purpose to go into that very identical spot. Then there is the bustle which pervades the whole ship; and perhaps not the least consideration which renders all more willing at their work, is, that they are then employed in taking in the cargo which is destined for home, the many pleasing associations connected with which word is of itself sufficient to make the work go easily. Then there is the anxiety to know how many more days will finish the loading, and as it draws nearer to the close, the blocking up of each of the hatchways successively is a cause of additional joy; but when the last chest is on board, and about to be consigned to the place appointed to receive it, then the excitement is at its height, and its final fixture announcing the completion of the cargo, is hailed with a loud and hearty burst of unfeigned delight; and none but those who have experienced the feeling can form any idea of the joy which is felt by all who then join in giving their

"Hurrah for the homeward bound!"

—*R. N. Hutton.*

THE WOODLANDS.

Those who take much delight in the scenes of nature, who spend much time among the trees and flowers which grow up around us, have generally in each season some one particular plant for whose coming they watch with interest. We are most of us conscious of this feeling, though sometimes it would be hard to tell why the violet under our feet had a greater charm than the hawthorn hanging on the bough beside us, or why we should hasten by the oaks and pines to look reverently up among the boughs of the beechen tree, or to see if the delicate birch had as yet more green leaves than we could count. We know too little of the mode in which past trains of thought have told upon the present, and remember too slightly the incidents and associations of our early years to answer our hearts when they question us on this matter, but we are willing that the preference should continue as we find it.

In the few remaining forests which England has to boast, we see little of that dense shadowing, that sort of half-daylight which is found under the green boughs of more wooded countries. For this we must go especially to the thick forests of the tropics, where aged trees, almost as old as time itself, give their shade and their fruits to the present generation of men. Our woodlands of oaks and beeches, and the few spots still claiming the name of forests, give us no idea of the gigantic trees of equinoctial America. The girth of our largest trees is insignificant in size when compared with some of these. Our celebrated Cowthorpe oak, near Wetherby in Yorkshire, of the height of eighty-five feet, and twenty-six yards round the largest point in girth, is the wonder of our vegetable world, and believed to be nearly 1800 years old; yet the cypress tree, seen by Mr. Exter in 1827, at the churchyard of Santa Maria de Tesla, near Oaxaca, had a trunk of one hundred and twenty-seven feet in circumference, and was one hundred and twenty feet high, and yet appeared in its prime: while the primeval baobab of Africa is commonly ninety or a hundred feet in girth. Nor is it only in the size and height of the trees of hot countries that they differ from ours. Every traveller is struck with the amazing variety of these productions. When we look out upon our meadows we see them covered

> "With flowers whose beauty and whose multitudes
> Rival the constellations."

But we have no such varied multitudes of trees, even in those plantations where the trees of other lands are brought to mingle with those native to our own. We have scarcely more than thirty different genera of truly British trees, although some of these, like the willow, include several species; and we have besides many shrubs, which like the cornel and the buckthorn form the underwood of our copses, yet do not attain the rank of trees. Still there is a calm beauty in the solitudes of our woodlands, which enables us while ranging among their bowers to enter into the spirit of the American poet:

> "Father! thy hand
> Hath rear'd these venerable columns; thou
> Didst weave this verdant roof; thou didst look down
> Upon the naked earth; and forthwith rose
> All these fair ranks of trees. They, in thy sun,
> Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy breeze,
> And shot towards heaven!
> Thou hast not left
> Thyself without a witness in these shades
> Of thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace
> Are here to speak of thee!"

Of all the trees which grow in British woods and plantations, or which are scattered over the rustic lands of England or Scotland, there is not one, the sight of which gives us more pleasure than the graceful birch tree. The oak is truly the monarch of our wood:

> "The oaks which spread their broad arms to the wind,
> And bid storms come and welcome; there they stand,
> To whom a summer passes like a smile;"

yet for beauty, even this tree seems to us not to equal the "lady of our woods," as the poet well names the slender birch.

But there is a varied beauty in our native trees, on which while passing to the birch we may be permitted to linger for a moment. There is the magnificent beech tree, with its smooth rind rarely studded with the ragged lichen, on which the rustic carves his name, and

> "Whose boughs are dight
> With leaves of glossy green,"

or made even more beautiful by the gentle touch of autumn. And in southern

England especially, the Spanish chestnut stands up nobly among the trees of the wood, and seems to be of maturer growth. Some of the chestnut trees are the patriarchs of the vegetable kingdom. Evelyn says of the wood of the Spanish kind, "It hath formerly built a good part of our ancient houses in the city of London," but its wood is so like that of the oak that one is often mistaken for the other. It seems certain, however, that the roof of the church of St. Nicholas, in Great Yarmouth, which was built in the time of William Rufus, is of the wood of the Spanish chestnut.

The tall elms too, the common elm, and the wych elm, and some others, all much alike, with their corky bark and dark green leaves, are very handsome in form, though more sombre in their foliage than the oak and beech. The rooks love them well, and make their loud wild music among their boughs;

> "The century-living crow,
> Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died
> Among their branches, till at last they stood,
> As now they stand, mossy, and tall, and dark;
> Fit shrine for humble worshipper to hold
> Communion with his Maker!"

They are among the most picturesque of our trees when winter has scattered the leaves of the forest.

Then we have the great maple or sycamore, with its spreading branches, and ample leaves, growing wild in hedge and wood, and bearing the sea-breeze better than any other tree, unless indeed we call the tamarick a tree; and,

> "Over all the giant poplars, which maintain
> Equality with clouds half way up heaven;
> Which whisper with the winds none else can see,
> And bow to angels as they wing by them."

The poplar was called by the Romans, "Tree of the people;" and so esteemed during the French revolution. The great white poplar, and the black and gray poplars, are found in moist woods; and there, too, is the aspen, which has leaves that

> "Pendant hung,
> By stems elastic quiver at a breath:"

and which is beautifully described by Charlotte Smith:

> "The slender birch its paper rind
> Seems offering to divided love;
> And shuddering even without a wind,
> Aspens their paler foliage move,
> As if some spirit of the air
> Breathed a low sigh in passing there."

Nor is the useful ash-tree, common as it is in our woods, wanting in its own peculiar beauty, while its youngling shoots impeding us at every step are most delicately beautiful with their feathery leaves and smooth dark bark. It is late in coming into leaf, though not the latest of our trees:

> "Where feathering down the turf to meet
> Their shadowy arms the beeches spread;
> And far above our sylvan seat
> Lifts the light ash its wiry head;
> And later-leaved, the oak between,
> Extend their boughs of vernal green."

The hazel-tree is frequent, and if it has no remarkable beauty yet it has its attractions, whether in spring we search for

> "The hazel's crimson star,"

or for its yellow-green catkins, or look in autumn for that fringed hazel nut, to which the Anglo-Saxons gave its name; and the mountain-ash or rowan, and the whitebeam, and the service tree, are not wanting in our woods, especially such as cover the sides of mountains. In the Highlands,

> "Where clings the rowan to the rock,
> And through the foliage shows his head,
> With narrow leaves and berries red,"

many superstitions are connected with the tree.

It is in the spring-time that our wild fruit-trees are especially ornamental to the woods. Then we may see them in all the glory of their white or pink blooms; and the pear, and the apple, and the cherry, and the plum, are all common; and now and then we find the medlar with its downy leaves and white flowers:

> "What time the milk-white sloe
> Smiles on its leafless bough."

The hawthorn, too, is about to adorn our hedges; but it is more often a bush than a tree in size, for it grows very slowly. The old name of blackthorn, which the sloe bears in country places, was given to it because its flowers appear in the stormy, or as country people call them, the black winds of March. Carrington describes thus the spring hedge:

> "The hedgerow with its wild and wanton growth
> Hazel or snowy hawthorn, interspersed
> With the broad-spreading oak, or lofty elm,
> Or holly pointing to the moorland storm
> Its hardy, fearless leaf."

"Now when that haunter of green depths, the thrush,
Pours his full melody from brake and bush:"

the willows are looking very verdant in the woods, with their silvery or golden catkins. Many grow on fenny, swampy lands, and we have all seen the osiers and sallows growing on the shore, where reeds bow down with the wind to where the blue waters sleep. They are beautifully described by N. P. Willis, as seen on a summer day:

"The willow leaves,
With a soft cheek upon the lulling tide,
Forget the lifting winds; and the long stems,
Whose flowers, the water, like a gentle nurse,
Bears on its bosom, quietly give way,
And lean, in graceful attitude, to rest."

We have nearly seventy British species of willow. The kind called "palm" is the goat-leaved willow. Sir John Franklin saw the Esquimaux, on the shores of the Polar Sea, strike fire with two stones, and use a quantity of willow catkins as tinder.

"The alders dark that fringe the pool"

have a dull appearance, but they contrast with the brighter leaves of the willows, and the peasants strew them over floors, that their glutinous surfaces may attract and catch insects.

The spindle-tree rarely grows beyond a bush, but its rose-coloured berries are very handsome. It is however but a shrub, and must take its place with the privet and the rose-bush, the buckthorn and the golden furze, and not with our oaks and beeches. For far above this undergrowth of the forest,

"On yonder woody ridge
The pine is bending his proud top."

The Scotch fir is our only native pine. Vast natural forests of this tree grow on the Highlands; but in the south we have few pine groves,

"With their soft and soul-like sounds."

The common lime-tree, though sometimes found in our wild woods, is not indigenous; the only native species appears to be the small-leaved lime-tree of the woods of Essex and Lincolnshire. The flowers are very sweet in the evening:

"The evening air is fragrant now
With blossoms of the linden tree."

In our way to our favourite birch-tree, on which we need linger a little longer, we have glanced at the trees of the British woodland, if we except the elder, with its white flowers and dark purple fruits, and the hornbeam and box, and the old

"Archer yews, that solemnly
Keep aye uprais'd their desolate hands in praise
Of the old heavens and hoar antiquity;"

and though we cannot name any spot of our land, as Israel did of old Kirjath-jearim, the city of the woods, still we can find wooded spots enough to go forth with the poet,

"And see a beauty in the stirring leaf,
And find calm thoughts beneath the whispering trees:
To see, and hear, and breathe the evidence
Of God's deep wisdom in the natural world."

But we must now turn away from the other trees to the "fragrant birk," as the Scottish poet calls the birch. This is the white or common birch of the botanist, and the reader, if not familiar with the names of trees, may easily know it by the description. Its stem is small and slender in proportion to its height, and the gray white outer covering, "the silver bark," with which it is covered, shines conspicuously even afar off among the mossy green, or brown or copper-coloured trunks of the wood. Its main boughs are slender too, and from these hang thousands of delicate branchlets, so that it well deserves the description given of it by poor Pringle, when amid the wilds of Africa he had a day-dream of his Scottish home,

"Where the light birch above its loose tresses was waving,
And the willow below in the blue stream was laving
Its silvery garlands of soft downy buds."

The pendant variety of the common tree, more especially, reminds one of tresses, and suggested Scott's lines:

"Where weeps the birch, of silver bark,
With long dishevell'd hair."

This beautiful tree is more frequent in Scotland than in England, and is found throughout Europe from the most northern to the southern point, though in the latter regions it grows only on mountainous districts. It is indeed on the mountain soil that the hardy birch thrives the best, and often on heath lands it attains to great size and beauty, and is sometimes seventy feet high. As we come near to the Poles, the tree dwindles in size, and in some of the most northern regions the dwarf birch-tree is so small

that the whole tree, root, stem, leaves and all, might be laid out between the leaves of an ordinary book. In Iceland the trunks of the tallest birches rarely exceed ten feet in height, and three inches in diameter, though woods and thickets of both this and the dwarf birch give some variety to the scenery of that dreary land; and Dr. Mantell tells us that ancient forests of birch trees once existed on that island, which have been extirpated by the eruptions of its volcanoes, and the remains of which are found now in the midst of the masses of pumice-stone and other materials, which lie thick on the mountain of Hecla.

Barrow remarks of this tree in Iceland: "In going along this route, I observed that wherever the birch thrives the pasturage is remarkably rich, and very scanty among the fir-forests, unless they are mixed with birch, or that birch is growing plentifully in the immediate neighbourhood." It is pleasant, as we look at our beautiful tree, its sprays covered over with its quivering and delicate green leaves in spring, to think how valuable it is in regions less favoured with natural beauty, and more destitute of the sources of domestic comfort. The Laplanders make great use of the different parts of this tree. The huts on the mountains where they tend their rein-deer are made chiefly of its branches, among which a few grassy sods are placed to screen them from the storms which blow fiercely around them. Often the poor peasant of that country varies his simple vegetable food of sea-weeds and lichens, by eating strips of the young and tender bark. The fibres of the tree are woven into cordage, and a red dye is procured from the bark, which, as well as that of several lichens which encrust the rocks and trees, is much used in the northern regions. The young shoots serve as food for cattle, and are woven into baskets; and for many purposes in which lightness rather than durability is required, the large branches and stems of the birch are well adapted. The dwarf species of birch, usually about two or three feet high, which is rare in our country, but is found in the Highlands of Scotland, is, in some parts of Lapland, almost the only plant which has a woody stem, and frequently furnishes the Laplander with the only fuel available either for cooking his scanty meal, or for making those fires which he is glad to illume, in order to drive away the gnats so tormenting in the northern woods. At night he makes his bed of the twigs and leaves of this plant, over which he throws his covering of the rein-deer skin. The fruits of this birch were the favourite food of the ptarmigan.

In northern countries vinegar is made of the sap of this tree; and in spring, when the sap is rising, a very agreeable wine is procured from it. This is commonly made in the Highlands of Scotland, and it is said to be very medicinal and strengthening in its properties; but it must be drunk while fresh, as it is very soon injured by keeping. The mode of extracting is by cutting obliquely into the tree, in the month of March, under some well-spreading branch. The incision must be deep, even to the pith of the stem, and a stone is inserted to keep the orifice open: a bottle is then suspended under the opening, into which the liquid flows. The thin wine has a strong flavour of the tree when it is taken, and is also of a sweetish taste. A considerable quantity may be extracted without injuring the tree. White, of Selborne, says that one tree will afford two or three gallons a day, without losing its vigour, and observes that it seems probable that much of the moisture of the tree is at other times given off through its leaves, and that it requires an increased action to supply the extra quantity drawn from it by this process. The tree, however, may be injured by too great a demand on its juices; for in 1814, when the Russians besieged Hamburg, a number of beautiful birch trees which grew in that neighbourhood, were entirely destroyed by the extent to which they were bled, in order to furnish the birch wine to the Bashkirs, and other barbarian soldiers who were connected with the Russian army.

Even the leaves of this elegant tree are very useful in the northern regions of Europe, for the Finlanders make a tea of them, which is much valued in times of scarcity. The Finland women are said too, by Dr. Drummond, to form a sort of elastic couch for their infants of moss and the leaves of the birch; and he adds, that "Acerbi has given a specimen of a lullaby song, in which this is alluded to, and which seems to have been copied in these lines of Leyden:"

"Sweet bird of the meadow, oh, soft be thy rest,
Thy mother will wake thee at morn from thy nest:
She has made a soft nest, little redbreast, for thee,
Of the leaves of the birch and the moss of the tree."

The well-known Russia leather, so much used in book-binding, receives its peculiar odour from the degot or white rind of the bark of the birch-tree, which is used in tanning it. The bark of an American species, the paper birch, is used to make the canoes which glide over some of the majestic rivers of that country. These canoes are fastened by the fibres of the tree, and are so light that a bark capable of holding four persons may be carried on a man's shoulders. St. Pierre says that he has seen prodigious birch trees in Russsia, the bark of which resembles leather in suppleness. He adds, "It is so incorruptible by humidity, that I have seen some of it extracted from under the earth with which powder magazines were covered, though it had lain there ever since the time of Peter the Great. According to the testimony of Pliny and Plutarch, four hundred years after the death of Numa, the books which that great king had directed to be deposited with his body in the tomb, had been found at Rome. The body was totally consumed, but his books, which treated of philosophy and of religion, were in such preservation that Petillius, the prætor, read them, by the command of the senate. On the report which he made concerning them, it was decreed that they should be burned. They were written on the bark of birch. This bark separates into ten or twelve leaves, white and thin, like paper, and supplied the place of that material to the ancients." The bark of the paper birch tree, which grows on the hill-sides and in the valleys of America, is so durable, that old trees, long since laid low by age or weather, have their forms so well preserved that they have the appearance of perfect trunks of trees; but on examining them, it is found that all the interior part of the stem is completely rotted away, leaving only a firm case of bark.

The knobs often found on the birch tree, as well as those which grow on the sloe-thorn, are called by the Scottish peasantry witches knobs; like many other rustic names, preserving the remembrance of old superstitions, happily long passed away. On the large birch trees of Russia and Siberia they are not only frequent, but of considerable size. Professor Kalm says of them, that they are used in these countries to make different household bowls and utensils. He remarks of them:—"They are turned, made pretty thin, and covered with a kind of varnish, which gives them a pretty appearance; for the utensil looks yellow, and is marbled quite in a picturesque manner, with brown veins. The best kind of these vessels are made so thin that they are semi-diaphonous, and when put into hot water, they grow quite pliant, and may be formed, by main force, quite flat; but when again left to themselves, and grown cold, they return to their original shape. This kind of wood is called in Russia kap, and the vessels made of it kappowie-tchashkt. They are pretty high in price when they are of the best kind and well varnished."

In some parts of Denmark it is usual, on the occasion of a wedding, to suspend garlands upon poles, and also to make arches of the stems and branches of the green birch-tree, through which the bridal procession may pass. A. P.

CHRISTIAN RESIGNATION.

Resignation to the will of God is the duty of every intelligent creature towards the Creator; and in proportion to the degree in which this principle exists, will be the happiness of the intellectual being that exercises it. Angels are perfectly happy, because they are perfectly submissive to the will of their Creator—being fully contented with the station allotted them in the universe, and completely resigned to all the future services and allotments which Infinite Wisdom has ordained. He who is actuated by this noble principle, regards every providential event as the appointment of his Father in heaven. The devouring flames may consume his habitation to ashes, and scatter his treasures to "the four winds of heaven;" the ship in which his wealth is embarked may be dashed against the rocks, and sink "as lead in the mighty waters;" his friends may forsake him in the season of his deepest anxiety and distress; the wife of his bosom, whom he tenderly loved, may be snatched from his embrace by the cold hand of death; his children, dearer to him than his own soul, may fall victims, one after another, to some pestilential disease, and be for ever removed from his sight to the "land of deep forgetfulness:" his familiar friend in whom he trusted may "lift up his heel against

him," and load him with unmerited reproaches—but under all such calamities he bows submissively to the will of Him "who rules in the whirlwind and directs the storm:" not because he has fortified his mind with a stoical apathy and indifference towards the evils of life; not because he is incapable of feeling the evils he is called to suffer: but he is resigned, because he is assured that they are the appointment of his heavenly Friend—that they are parts of the plan of unerring wisdom—that they are intimately connected with the whole chain of Providence that runs through his present existence—that they are intended, in the scheme of infinite benevolence, to promote his happiness in a way which his limited faculties are unable at present to comprehend—and, that they have a bearing on the scenes and enjoyments of the eternal world! And, therefore, under the pressure of his most painful feelings, he is enabled to adopt the triumphant language of the prophet, "Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither fruit be in the vine: the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: yet will I rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation." While others murmur and rage, and toss themselves like a wild bull in the net, and curse the supposed authors of their calamities, he is enabled to possess his soul in patience, convinced of the rectitude of the Divine government and dispensations; and thus displays a nobleness of mind, and a heroism which is "above all Greek, above all Roman fame."—*Dick.*

SUPERSTITIONS OF BRITANNY.

No. II.

The demand, in 1828, for the suppression of the religious establishments under the direction of the Jesuits, gave Charles x. much uneasiness, especially with regard to that of St. Anne; but the deserved outcry against those wily religionists forced them to depart, as it had half a century before compelled the Carmelites to retire from Auray.

The appearance of the church and convent buildings around it is imposing, and would be interesting to the contemplative Christian mind were it not that the vain and soul-deluding doctrine of intercession through saints is associated with everything there. Our Saviour has emphatically said—"I am the way," and also—"I am the door; by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved."—"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." But here St. Anne is styled, "The traveller's way"—"The consoler of the afflicted"—"The light of the blind"—"The refuge of sinners"—"The deliverer of captives!" She is here exalted to sit in the temple of the Lord, as a mediatrix between the Creator and his creatures; and here stands the "mother of the queen of heaven," an "idol of silver and gold, the work of men's hands," while the deceived votary "falleth down unto it, and worshippeth it, and prayeth unto it, and saith, Deliver me." Through this saint, and not through the Saviour alone, "prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving," are daily offered at Auray.

From the litanies and other offices we have selected a few devotional expressions, which prove that special adoration is offered to her. One of the sentences at matins is—"The illustrious root of Jesse has caused a graceful stem to grow; this stem has produced a flower—that flower is Jesus! the stem is Mary; and the root is Anne." A hymn succeeds, ending thus—"Pray for us, blessed Anne, that we may be delivered from all evils." Again; at Prime, (the first canonical horn,) "Glorious daughter of Jesse, from infancy adorned with all virtues, who hast given to the world your daughter as the queen, reconcile us with the King of kings" Here Anne is intreated to do that which St. Paul tells us has already been done by Christ: "When we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son." Again; "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them,"—(see also Colos. i. 20,)—and dignified to the office of intercessor, though we are expressly told by the same apostle, (1 Tim. ii. 5,) there is "one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus;" and if this is not sufficiently plain, we add—"Let no man beguile you of your reward in a voluntary humility and worshipping of angels," or saints (Col. ii. 18). Yet, though the apostle clearly points out that Christians, under the colour of humility, or a pretended shame of not presuming to come

into God's presence through Christ, "the Head" which supports all spiritual life, should not worship angels or saints; men are spoiled "through philosophy and vain deceit after the tradition of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ."

But to continue the actual worship of St. Anne. One of the prayers runs thus —"O God, who hast been pleased to grant the joys of heaven to St. Anne, the excellent mother of your beloved mother, grant that we through your grace may *through her intercession* enjoy those eternal blessings." Another instance—"O God, who hast vouchsafed to render St. Anne the mother of your mother, grant, we intreat, that *by the merits of each of them* we may find a place near them in your heavenly kingdom," etc. Again—"Grant to us, we pray thee, inasmuch as we shall offer the tribute of our homage to her, that we experience the good effects of the protection of St. Anne." At vespers, a hymn concludes thus—"Withdraw us from the whirlpools of the stormy ocean, take us from this scene of disturbed banishment to the realms of the blessed. Blessed and powerful mother of Mary, hear the prayers of those who are in suffering; succour the weak who call upon you; recommend us to the King and queen of heaven—speak to your daughter and your Son." "I salute you, O mother of that mother of mercy who leads sinners to salvation, you who are near Jesus Christ, cease not to intercede with him for the faithful."

In every office and every prayer she is implored as one of infinite compassion, and able to obtain a favourable issue to the object sought. In the litany of St. Anne she is invoked, immediately after the triune God, under thirty-eight blasphemous appellations, to use her influence with the Almighty. Among those various epithets we have her styled, "Noah's Ark," "The Ark of the covenant," "Mount Horeb," "A fruit-bearing tree," "Progeny of royal blood," "Daughter of the patriarchs," "Oracle of the prophets," "Glory of the priests and Levites," "Mirror of obedience, of patience, and devotion," "Bulwark of the church," "Refuge of sinners," "Light to the blind, and a tongue to the dumb!"

It is mournful to recapitulate such awful violations of the word of truth, and to think of the millions who yet submit to hear them with pleasure. Oh that men would worship God in spirit and in truth, and put their trust in him alone. Oh that men would listen to the voice of Him who became the full sacrifice for his flock —of him who declared himself to be "the good Shepherd, who giveth his life for the flock," and through whose blood-shedding alone reconciliation is effected and freely offered to his straying people; for there are no other means of obtaining it, and they who seek it through saints or angels are but trusting to "a spider's web"—pursuing "a vain imagination," which will lead them further and further astray from "the Bishop of their souls," the only source from which a restoration can be obtained.

The chapel itself, on whose walls are hung the votive offerings of the diseased and infirm persons who have fancied themselves cured by St. Anne's mediation with our heavenly Physician, is handsome; the altar, where the remains of the miraculous statue are preserved, is however the principal object of attraction. Behind the grand altar is the sacristy, whose vaulted ceiling rests on marble columns which support the choir that opens on the church by a large arcade; the tower above reaches to the height of one hundred and fifty feet. The adjacent convent, with its façade towards a large garden, gives a grand idea of the former extent and magnificence of the whole assemblage of building. The chapel courtyard is of considerable size, and there are galleries within it, to shelter the pilgrims, which are connected by staircases over the three entrance-gates; and at that place is an altar, which is so placed that many thousand persons may simultaneously be spectators of the sacrifice of the mass. The staircases are known by the appellation of the Scala Sancta, whose numerous statues were demolished by the revolutionists, and all the fine court is now disfigured by ordinary buildings. In the open *place*, but surrounded by chestnut-trees, is the miraculous fountain, where Anne is reputed to have first appeared to Nicolazie; it has been rendered, from a spring trickling away with little notice, an ornamental fish-pond, eighty feet (English) in length, and about fifty in breadth, bounded by walls of cut stone, and containing within its area three basins, in the largest of which is a statue of St. Anne on a pedestal in the well.

On the summer festival days, especially at Whitsuntide and the fête day of St.

Anne, the number of pilgrim worshippers is very great, though it has greatly diminished from the enormous amount of attendants in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, which has been estimated on St. Anne's day at 80,000; yet the arrangements were so complete that this vast multitude halted in the cloisters, the courts, private houses, in tents, under the chestnut trees, or in the open air. The people of the different parishes, in their respective costumes, and with their distinctive banners, congregating together; the men forming a circle at a convenient distance round the females, who occupied the centre of each parochial division; and the groups singing in choruses through the night to the saint, and responding to each other in a manner which under all the circumstances must have had a solemn effect. The communicants, who were so numerous that they were sometimes counted by tens of thousands, and a proportionable number of priests, constantly attended on the previous day to hear confessions, preparatory to the administration of the sacrament on the Scala Sancta, on the grand day when the communicants going up one side of the staircase-gallery and descending the other, passed on without embarassment or unnecessary delay.

Besides the established annual processions not only from the neighbouring parishes, but from others at an amazing distance, occasional pilgrimages were made when plague, famine, conflagrations, or any other great calamities occurred in the country. Almost the whole population of the town of Pont l'Abbé, sixty miles from Auray, went there as pilgrims, at the suggestion of a Carmelite prior, in 1634, in consequence of a contagious disease which affected the inhabitants. It is not wonderful that by leaving the morbific air of the deserted town, and breathing a pure atmosphere on the march to Auray, the pilgrims found themselves free from the malady which had affected many of their townsmen before the change of location took place; yet this was of course attributed to the litanies and prayers chanted on the way in adoration of St. Anne, and to the merit of the visit paid at her altar. As on the summit of Croagh Patrick, in Ireland, where pilgrims crawl three times on their bare knees round the sacred altar-stone at which St. Patrick is said to have officiated, the religionists at Auray make the round of the consecrated place on bare and bleeding knees. In this self-tormenting and shocking exhibition there is an admixture of folly and knavery which call for the most unqualified reproach; some of the visitors being so credulous or so silly as to make the penitential rounds by proxies, while the latter are so eager after money that they make a trade of crawling (and that for a few *sous* only,) as the representatives of those whom infirmity prevents from thus humbling themselves, or who being indisposed to the humiliation in their own persons are willing to perform it vicariously, when the victim can be so cheaply purchased for the service and the merit transferred from the one to the other.

The power of healing various diseases, and of repairing broken necks and crushed bones—of giving sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, and swiftness of foot to the halt—of saving from fire and water, tempests, mad dogs, poisonous reptiles, and mortal wounds of all sorts—is claimed by the superstitious people of Auray and the country around for the statue of St. Anne, though they cannot avoid making the important admission that fewer people believe their assertions now than formerly, while they express their fanatical and ungrounded hopes that the sanctuary of St. Anne in these days may serve as a barrier against the progress of modern irreligion, as it was believed to be a safeguard against the heretics of Protestantism in the seventeenth century. We may at least express our desire that those who give such honour to the image of St. Anne as the Ephesians offered to their "great Diana," will cease to dream of approaching the eternal God in such an unwarranted manner.

The custom of lighting bonfires on the 1st of May, and the eve of St. John's day, at Midsummer, is observed by the Bretons and Irish almost exactly in the same way, and had its origin in the pagan fire-worship:—"Annually, at the time of the vernal equinox, the great festival of La Baal linne, or the day of the Baal fire, was celebrated * * * * The change of the period of the festival from the vernal equinox to the 1st of May was made soon after the introduction of Christianity, in order to guard against its interference with the holy season of Lent."*

M. D.

* Moore's History of Ireland.

View near Machynleth.

A RAMBLE FROM MACHYNLETH TO PONT ABERGLASLYN.

Before starting on our next route, we will redeem our promise to give a few particulars of the Welsh mode of burial, as well as to describe the interior of their cabins, with one of those singular abodes which the writer visited. In reference to burials, carrying the coffin is, in Wales, accounted a mark of distinction and endearment, and is always done by the nearest relatives of the deceased, or by the most dear and valued friends. If the departed is known to be of the pious dead, the minister walks from the house to the place of burial at the head of the train of mourners. This is esteemed an honour, and the hope of it is felt cheering to the secluded mountaineer during his sojourn in this vale of tears; he has no higher ambition than to be conducted to his earthly resting-place, where he is to mingle his dust with the clods of the valley, by him who with the blessing of God, first guided his feet into the way of peace.

In some parts of Wales, the procession is preceded by a select number of singers, chiefly women, who chant solemn hymns, as they move very slowly onwards; and singularly touching are those sorrowful notes, wafted on the breeze from some distant glen, and breaking upon the ear in soft and melancholy cadences. In many parts of the Principality, the minister prays over the corpse before it is "raised," and the omission of this act at the interment of the head of a family, is deemed a mark of disrespect. The Lord's prayer is also said by the minister at the porch of the churchyard, and repeated by the clerk when the grave is covered in.

In Flint and Denbigh, it is the practice of the relatives of deceased friends on the first Sunday after the burial, and previously to Divine service, to repeat the Lord's prayer over the grave. When the corpse has been brought into the

place of worship, and the usual service performed, a psalm is often sung; after which the mourners place offerings in a dish provided for the purpose, according to the means of the donors and regard entertained for the deceased. Afterwards, the humbler classes put in their mite, but never less than a penny. The collection ended, the body is interred, the remainder of the service is conducted, and the mourners retire.

It seems scarcely credible that after such solemnities the mind can so shortly return to its usual tone of feeling; and yet so powerful is custom here, that in very many instances, feasting and carousing follow a burial. Contributions of tea and sugar, etc., for this purpose, are sent by friends when the mourners cannot afford to purchase them, and the public-house is not unfrequently the resort for this purpose.

It is a practice in some of the upland counties to adorn the graves with turf and flowers immediately after the interment, but they are usually neglected afterwards. In some parts of Montgomeryshire, the people embellish them anew at Easter, and sometimes those beneath which have lain the remains of the deceased for above twelve years; and at this season the graveyards wear a very pleasing appearance. Thus much for funeral observances among the Welsh. We will now describe their cabins.

Most of our readers are doubtless aware that many of these are literally mud huts. One into which the writer had the curiosity to enter, had been built at that time by its proprietor forty years. It was dark and black from the exclusion of daylight, having no windows, and the latter from dirt and smoke, from having no chimney. In one corner, however, was a small log of wood burning, which cast a lurid glare over a portion of this wretched hovel, and revealed to sight an old woman seated in a high-backed chair, in the act of boiling for herself a little coffee. But that we do not believe in the existence of such beings, she was one who might have been taken for a witch, and had she lived in former days would have been in danger of apprehension, and being committed to the flames. Her clothes, if garments may be so denominated, that would scarcely hang together, were a short brown stuff gown, tucked up to her waist, a coloured striped woollen petticoat below it, but that short enough to display a pair of uncouth-looking feet, which were covered with a pair of leather half-boots, fastened in front with a lace of the same material as our carmen wear; a white cap, under the ordinary Welsh hat, was the only vestige of cleanliness discoverable about the person of this old woman; nevertheless she displayed an air of independence which ill-accorded with the utter destitution of herself and her abode. On money being offered, she reluctantly received it, and a physiognomist alone could judge what the cost was to the spirit of this high-souled creature. On being pressed, however, with a cautious consideration for her wounded pride, to reveal her real condition, she no longer withdrew her hand from the boon, but taking it with an expression of gratitude not to be described, her eye the while moistening with tears, she mentioned the fact of having that very morning spent her last penny. Our readers will believe that the writer retired from this cabin experiencing the truth of the saying, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

From Aberystwith to Machynleth, a journey of about nineteen miles, the road is less diversified than many, yet pleasing and acceptable, inasmuch as it affords a respite from excitement, which insures a higher enjoyment of the beauties in store for the searcher after the picturesque. After crossing the Dovey, which forms the boundary between Cardiganshire and Merioneth, we reach Machynleth, which is a good-looking town, situated near the confluence of the Dulas with the Dovey, and consisting of two wide streets—a sort of comfortable little place in which even the stranger feels himself at home. The houses are well-built, and more regular in height and size than is often the case in places of this description, which probably gives it the air of neatness that strikingly attaches to its appearance. The old house in which Owen Glendwr assembled the magi of Wales, as they were deemed, is still standing, at least it was a few years since, although more than four hundred years old.

There is a good cattle-fair held in the town, which is numerously attended both by men and women; and the latter, so far as the writer's observation goes, are by far the most active. To them it really appears to be a gay occasion. They have no fears, but drive about their black, little, long-horned and ferocious-looking animals, and offer them for sale

standing in the very midst of such a crowd of them as to stop up the thoroughfare, laughing and joking and as merry as if they were counting out sovereigns instead of oxen. The Welsh women—we speak more particularly of the peasantry—are very plain, short, awkward figures, and with feet and a gait not remarkable for elegance. Any defect, however, is not to be wondered at, their hard-working, as well as hard-walking habits, in some measure accounting for both. As a counterbalance, however, must be mentioned their expressive hazel eyes, rich dark hair and eyebrows, and beautiful teeth.

The Welsh peasantry have, however, far higher claims to regard than any that can be derived from personal appearance. The rev. H. Richards says:

"'Honest Welshman' is a proverbial expression, which has not yet lost its force, wherever the people are known. The following lines by Thomas Churchyard, an old poet of the age of queen Elizabeth, describing the inhabitants of Wales in his time, is, I believe, still fully applicable to them; while, since that period, many higher qualities of character have been added to those which he celebrates:

"They will not strive to roist, and take the way
Of any man that travailes through the land;
A greater thing of Wales now will I say;
You may come there, beare purse of gold in hand,
Or mighty bagges of silver stuffed throwe,
And no one man dare touch your treasure now;
Which shewes some grace doth rule and guyde them there,
That doth to God and man such conscience beare."

He also refers to others, "who, in their humble stations, exemplify the power and loveliness of Christian principle, and adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things—from whose stone hearths there ascends, day and night, the incense of a simple spiritual devotion, more acceptable in the sight of Him that reads the heart, than the glittering pomp of priestly pageantries, or the pealing swell of cathedral music; whose homely huts, though devoid of all pretensions to the elegancies, and even many of the comforts of life, are nevertheless adorned with the beauty of holiness? That there are hundreds and thousands of such, I know. Have I not stood beneath their humble roofs, whose naked rafters were polished and japanned by the smoke of the mountain turf? Have I not sat at their uncovered deal tables, to partake of their buttermilk and oatmeal bread, which, coarse fare though it be, they feel a hospitable pride in dispensing? Have I not knelt on the mud floor, beside the wretched pallets on which they were stretched, and learned from lips pallid with the hue of death, lessons of Christian resignation, and of holy and triumphant confidence in God, such as I never learned elsewhere?"

From Machynleth the road follows a small silvery stream, which creeps through one of the loveliest valleys that ever mountains bounded, presenting scenery, the softness and grandeur of which united, forms one of the choicest pictures of Nature's painting. After travelling over between eight and nine miles of scenery like this, the road meets that from Towyn to Dolgelli, and proceeds up the foot of Cader Idris, to the commencement of the pass where is a deep pool known as Llyn Tregraienen, or the "Lake of the Three Pebbles;" so called from three blocks of stone which tradition states dropped from the shoe of the giant Idris, who is supposed, in the superstitions of the Welsh, to have been a warrior in the olden time. This mountain was considered his stronghold and residence; Cader Idris, signifying, in Welsh, the Fort of Idris. That a British chieftain of this name did exist, the bards have left us ample testimony; but the gigantic attributes given to him are of course deduced merely from that natural idea of physical immensity, which a rude and barbarous peasantry invariably attach to persons of high renown, and warlike pre-eminence. Tradition has also given to this mountain the name of Bedd Idris, which signifies the grave of Idris, from the belief that here rest the bones of the hero whose name it bears.

The picturesque beauty and grandeur of this mountain as it is seen from the road, stretching itself across the whole valley and appearing to shut up every outlet, may be said to equal in Alpine majesty any one in Switzerland; and an excursion up this mountain well repays for the fatigue consequent upon the pleasure. A word of advice here, however, is desirable, namely, the importance of consulting those whose business it is to conduct to its summit, respecting the weather previously to an ascent, since it frequently happens that a morning promisingly bright becomes terrifically wet and stormy before the first reach is made, and with such changes only these men are fully acquainted. About a fourth of

the way up Cader Idris, when free from clouds, may be commanded a magnificent scene; an extensive and beautiful valley with numerous lakes and mountains spread out like a map and colouring the whole landscape, to which the soul may well respond in admiration of Him "who weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance;—that stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in," Isa. xl. 12, 22.

Ascending yet higher, and about midway, is a sheet of water, called Lyn-y-coe, which signifies, the inclosed lake. This would be thought by many the gem-spot of the mountain. It is a profound solitude, being surmounted and as it were shut in by lofty rocks and hills which hang over it, and cast a shadowy gloom over the little inclosure. From the summit there is not much more to be seen than from this second reach, the spectator only views the surrounding objects from a greater height, but, provided the clouds, which are very fitful in most mountainous districts, withhold their watery favours sufficiently long to enable the visitor to reach the top, it is a delightful task to accomplish. Woe be to a party, however, who may be here overtaken by storm and tempest—there is no alternative but that of sliding down to the bottom, the ground being rendered by the rain too slippery for the most firm footed biped to walk over. Many are the parties who have ascended on ponies in early morning, that have subsequently slidden down, leaving their Rosinantes at the top to return home at their pleasure.

Cader Idris is 2850 feet above the green at Dolgelle; its summit is cleft asunder, as it were, into three points,—Pen-y-Cader, which translated from the Welsh, signifies the highest peak or chain; Mynydd Moel, or the bald; and Craig-y-Coe, meaning the wooded.

Dolgelle, as a town, has not much to boast; it is situated in the midst of a finely wooded ground, is watered by the river Wnion, and embosomed with mountains. It is regularly built and of ancient date; the streets are narrow, and the houses very old; it is nevertheless a thriving little spot, and its inhabitants are quite alive to their principal occupation which is the manufacture of coarse woollen cloth and flannels, mostly made in the cottages of the poorer people.

There are several objects of interest in the neighbourhood of Dolgelle. Cymmer Abbey is an old Gothic ruin of the twelfth century, founded for a company of Cistercian monks. It is situated near the confluence of the Mawe with the Wnion, from which junction the abbey takes its name. There is so little left of this ruin that, apart from the scenery by which it is surrounded, there is not much to admire; the faithful ivy which still creeps over its crumbling remains, to the contemplative mind gives rise to, by far, the most agreeable sensations. There are several celebrated waterfalls, which, after much rain, are well worth visiting by the lovers of this description of beauty. Dolmelynlyn Fall, or Rhaiadr Dw, a small tributary to the Mawe, and which is hemmed in with rocks, and darkened by thick foliage, is a picturesque spot; but the fall itself is somewhat insignificant, being too low, and there being usually an insufficiency of water.

Pystyll-y-Cayne, on the opposite side of the road, about three miles from Rhaiadr Dw, and another tributary to the Mawe, is more striking, being singularly grand and imposing in height, though in breadth and force it is wanting, unless after long-continued rains. It is said to be 150 feet high. There is a third fall, Pystyll-y-Mawdach, which after floods is very fine, having considerable breadth and great force: its roar may be heard long before it is reached. The valley of the Mawe is narrow, its sides steep, wild, and rocky, but its banks mostly soft and richly wooded. From Dolgelle the road crosses the Mawe at Llanilltyd Bridge, following the northern shore of that river to the sea. About ten miles of lovely road having been traversed from this spot, Barmouth is reached.

The town of Barmouth is seated near the bottom of some high mountains, on the steep sides of which many of the houses are built. Viewed from the sea, the spectator is struck with its resemblance to a fortress, and so near to the sea is it built that it hangs immediately over the sands, and takes its name from its situation being at the mouth of the Mawe or Mawdach. The tide here at high water forms a fine bay about a mile across, but on account of the sand banks is rather a dangerous entrance, and is only accessible to large vessels at spring tides. Though this is the only port in Merionethshire, its commerce is not very extensive. Flannels and woollen stockings are its chief manufactures, of which, nearly seventy years since, Mr. Pennant observed, that of the former

£40,000 worth have been exported in a year, and of the latter £10,000 worth. Formerly, previous to the last French war, it traded with Ireland, and the Mediterranean, but the coasting trade is now the only one. It exports timber, bark, copper, lead, and manganese ores, and slates; and imports corn, flour, coals, lime-stones, hides, and groceries. There is a large turbary in the vicinity, through which a walled canal is formed, and by it and the Mawe, fuel is conveyed to both towns.

The public buildings are not numerous. There is the parish church about a mile and a half from the town, a chapel of ease in which service is performed principally in English, Wesleyan, Calvinist, and Independent Chapels, and a good national school on the Harlech-road. The population is about 2000. Of the beach, Mr. Bingley has given an accurate description. "It is," says he, "one of the most delightful walks I ever beheld. The wide river Mawdach winds among the mountains, forming many and elegant promontories, which rise to great heights on each side, some clad with wood, and others exhibiting their naked rocks, scantily covered with purple heath, while the summit of the lofty Cader Idris is seen above the other mountains in the back-ground." Excursions may be made by boat along the banks of the Mawe, or up the river seven or eight miles. A drive of from five to six miles may be taken along the beach. There is a projecting causeway from this place called Sarn-Badrig, running fourteen or fifteen miles into the sea, which is said to have once encircled a hundred cities; the upper part being still perceptible at low water. For this statement, however, we are indebted only to tradition.

Barmouth may be considered as comprising some of the most magnificent scenery in Wales. Harlech Castle, a distance of about ten miles, is a very imposing object from the road, bearing the appearance of a well-proportioned and perfect building. So much is this the case that unless previously acquainted with its ruinous condition, disappointment would result from a nearer approach. The castle is one of the finest things in North Wales, situated on a high perpendicular rock, and overlooking a rude marshy level, which intervenes between the town of Harlech and the sea. The ruin consists of a large square, each side measuring about seventy yards, with high walls and a tower at each of the corners, crowned with time-defaced turrets, and the walls, which are of immense thickness, are covered with ivy, from whence is a noble prospect of the sea and of the hills of Carmarthenshire in their circular sweep from the opposite promontory of Lyn to the loftier and more distant peaks of Snowdon. Below, at low water, may be seen the dangerous bank of sand and gravel which runs from this coast twenty-two miles into the sea. It is deservingly called Sarn-Badrig, or more properly, Badrhwyg, or ship-breaking causeway, from the number of ships lost upon it. This shoal is dry at the ebb of spring-tides, and marked in storms by horrible breakers. Tradition says that all this part of the sea had been habitable, but that it was overwhelmed by the sea about the year 500. The story runs that this tract, like Holland, was defended by sea-walls; and that the catastrophe took place by the negligence of one man, who, becoming inebriated, left open a flood-gate of which he had the charge.

We learn from history that the castle was built by Maelgwyn Gwynedd, prince of North Wales, about 530, and Edward I. founded the present fortress upon the site of the old building. In 1404, this castle with that of Aberystwith, was taken by Owen Glyndwr, during his contest with Henry IV. They were afterwards retaken by an army which the king despatched into Wales. In 1460, Margaret of Anjou, the queen of Henry VI., found an asylum in this fortress, whither she fled after the king's defeat at Northampton. In the civil wars of Charles I., Harlech Castle was the last in North Wales which held out for the king.

The scenery as we approach Caernarvonshire is very bold and interesting, though but partially cultivated. There are two pretty waterfalls near the road, Rhaiadr Dw, and the Raven; and near the village of Festiniog there are two others situated on the river Cynvael, all of which are objects of great beauty.

The upper fall of the Cynvael consists of several broken pieces of rock, over which the river rushes furiously; the banks on each side are steep and bold, supporting a considerable number of beautiful trees. Between this and the lower fall is an extraordinary-looking crag, called Hugh Lloyd's Pulpit, from which, as report goes, a madman preached. This is by far the finer fall: the river here

springs from a height of 30 feet in a broad gushing stream.

We must not pass by unnoticed Pont Aberglaslyn, which may be reckoned among the most extraordinary scenery in Wales. The rocks are 700 feet high, rent from the top to the bottom, to the very level of the stream, with scarcely sufficient room left for the roaring torrent and narrow road between. These lofty rocks present to the eye a series of the rudest precipices, pile on pile, as though aspiring to reach the clouds, while on all below they seem to frown defiance, and to cast a sort of shadowy gloom on every surrounding object. The bridge crosses the Glaslyn and unites the counties of Merioneth and Caernarvon. It measures thirty feet in the span, and is forty feet high from the water to the parapet. Much more might be said of this wonderful spot, but let us halt awhile and contemplate its beauties.

S. S. S.

ETRUSCAN ANTIQUITIES.

What thrilling interest would there be in the discovery of the inmates themselves, who were so long since interred in these sepulchres! But it could scarcely be expected that the remains of a people who do not appear to have possessed the art of embalming, should exist after thousands of years. Yet some such remains have been found. Within the last fifty years, six corpses have been discovered at Tarquinia. In the tomb which has been described as containing an inner chamber where a lady was interred, though no relics of the dead body itself were found, the exact position in which it had lain was to be traced by the relics of the funereal investment. In a recess at the extremity of the chamber were two stones, five feet apart, on which the honoured dead had lain. On the one stone lay a very remarkable gold ornament and two gold fillets, with which the head had been adorned; a golden breastplate half leaned upon the stone, while the other half had sunk upon the floor; on each side, where the hands must have quietly rested, were the broad golden bracelets which had girt the wrists, richly worked in relievo; near "the breastplate lay a clasp" of gold; and little lumps of gold were scattered about, which had evidently been interwoven with the fabric of her graveclothes. The flesh, and bones, and perishable portions of her dress had disappeared; but the incorruptible gold had fallen into positions indicating where the head, the body, and the limbs of the deceased princess had reposed. Scarcely could the ghastly spectacle of corrupting flesh have been so affecting, as this perfect vanishing away of every atom of her dust, just leaving the vain ornaments from which it had sunk away. Another case shall be related, confirmed by the Archæological Society of Rome, in which "a warrior had been found in his tomb, clothed in a full suit of armour, and crowned with gold." As the excavation proceeded, Avolta, in company with the late lord Kinnaird, gazed through a crevice which was made by the workmen. He saw the body, but it seemed "agitated with a sort of trembling, heaving motion, and then disappeared, leaving but a handful of dust and a few fragments of armour and ornamental gold. The contact of the external air, entering by the very crevice through which the eager observer peeped, produced immediate dissolution. This case is so remarkable, that it may be welcome to the audience to hear the words in which it is reported. The pickaxe of a workman having made a crevice in the roof, Signor Avolta says, "I stooped down, and what was my amazement to see through this hole a warrior lying in state, upon a bed of stone. He was clothed in full armour, and looked like a living man; but, whilst I gazed, his figure trembled, and he vanished away. I stood for some minutes, hoping the illusion would return; but when I saw that it was gone for ever, I got the workmen to enlarge the hole sufficiently to let me down into the tomb, that I might observe all the particulars of it before it was destroyed or emptied of its contents. When I went up to the stone bier, I found the armour and the body crumbled into dust, and nothing remaining but some bits of a yellow woollen garment and some fragments of bone. At the side of this lay two lances, ten palmi high, and eight javelins, which were oxydized together, and which broke into three parts when I attempted to separate them. In the hand had lain a sword, which was short, with a cruciform handle and golden hilt, which I gave to lord Kinnaird. Upon the ground, at the foot of the bier, stood a very large bronze vase, containing the warrior's biga, half burned and half broken. Upon the right side of the tomb were six large

bronze shields, having upon them, either chiselled or stamped, processions of men, horses, and other animals, in basso relievo. Near these lay a bronze vase with four handles, also chiselled, a cup of bronze, and an urn of bronze full of ashes. All of these had hung upon the wall, and had fallen when the nails which held them had given way, perhaps upon the making of the Via Romana. Opposite the bier, and of the same form, stood a large table of red limestone, polished. It was supported by three feet, an angle of the wall taking the place of the fourth foot. Upon it lay a heap of black earth, probably once perfumes, and a crown of gold formed of lilies in relievo of pure gold, laid in leaves upon a mould of bronze, of which they had taken the form. Lord Kinnaird got part of this crown; the rest perished, the bronze being oxydized. In the midst of the tomb lay a pile of tazzi, some of them quite black; and near them another pile, which had undergone the action of fire, having, most likely, been filled with perfumes or offerings, and were much injured. None of the terra cotta was painted, excepting one little tazza and one lachrymatory, upon which were animals. Opposite the bier stood eight large terra-cotta vases, four round and four taper-shaped, red-coloured, and cannellated, the handles terminating in the heads of marine dragons or hippio-campi, sacred to the dead. All these things I had carefully removed to a small hut near, to save them from being injured by the torrents of rain which began to fall whilst I was yet in the tomb. I could not, however, prevent the workmen from stealing some of them, and in particular one beautiful cup, a pocale. The tomb was roofed with beams of nenfrite, and supported by pilasters, and had been surmounted by a tumulus, which covered it and five others somewhat similar, which entered from it, and appear to have belonged to it. Strange to say, they had all been spoiled in former days, and this only had escaped. One of them I judge to have been the tomb of the Lucumo's wife, because it joined his tomb, and had still in it some ornaments belonging to a woman. Another had in it a skeleton, which lay upon the earth, and was probably that of a slave. None of the five had pilasters or frieze, or anything else in them worthy of notice."—*Rev. John Ely.*

HAPPINESS.

Judging by the unanimous voice of society in its praise, there is not a better understood word than this in the English language; but judging from the endless variety of courses which men pursue in search of the thing itself, there is no word the true import of which is so greatly misunderstood. All are agreed that happiness is desirable, and all are agreed on the propriety of realizing it; but the precise mode, the plan, the system by which it is attainable, has been in past ages, and is at this hour, the theme of unremitting controversy. This may be partly accounted for by the different definitions which different men give to the word; but when all necessary deduction is made for this diversity, there still remains the fact, that many of those who are agreed as to the idea of happiness seek to realize it by the most dissimilar lines of conduct.

For example, multitudes are of opinion, and justly so, that the approbation of God is essential to human happiness, yet even among them what variety of sentiment obtains as to the way by which the Divine approval may be secured! One party considers civil integrity and morality of conduct sufficient: another rests upon regular attendance at the house of prayer, a third is satisfied if he "mean no evil" to any of his fellow men; a fourth looks wistfully to almsgiving and "kindness of heart;" a fifth, thinks that as "God is merciful" and "all men are sinners," there is no room for serious apprehension; a sixth, pleads exemption from enormous transgressions; a seventh, insists upon the orthodoxy of his religious sentiments; an eighth, compares himself with others, and finds a balance in his own favour; a ninth avoids solicitude by promises of amendment; and a tenth, renouncing all these opinions as fatally erroneous, casts his guilty soul upon the atonement and sacrifice of Jesus Christ, as the only allowable ground of hope, and humbly looks for the Divine mercy in the way by which the gospel declares it can only be consistently extended.

Now, if the last-named way of looking for the Divine approval be right, it is clear that any other way, and every modification of any other way, *must be wrong.* A few facts may help the reader to think somewhat consecutively on this important subject.

All men are capable of enjoying happiness. Laughter declares this. Tears declare it. Gladness and grief alternately proclaim it. We are so constituted as to shrink from pain, and to covet pleasure; and if at any time we voluntarily submit to pain, it is only on the understood condition that it is preliminary to pleasure. Pain is not and cannot be desired simply on its own account; but if, as is frequently the case, submission to painful endurance is really necessary to secure subsequent enjoyment, then, for the sake of the desired end the means are attended to. A deliberate preference of pain to pleasure, of privation to enjoyment, of misery to happiness, cannot be true of any man. The capability of enjoyment decides the choice.

All men are in pursuit of happiness; or, to avoid all confusion arising from different definitions of the term; every man is in pursuit of what he deems happiness, or what he considers necessary to procure happiness. Early and late, in winter and summer, under all circumstances, everywhere, and in all ages, is this true. For this the child nestles in its mother's bosom, the wife clings to her husband, and the husband braves the storms of human life. For this the labourer toils, the author studies, the merchant calculates, the worldling heaps up gold, the mariner crosses the wide ocean, and the traveller dares the dangers of pestilential shores. For this the "man of pleasure" haunts the rendezvous of folly, and the devotee of fashion the saloons of gaiety. And for this, sanctified, however, by a still higher motive, the disciple of Christ denies himself the sinful pursuits of the ungodly, and sits at the feet of his Divine master. That higher motive is the glory of his Redeemer, to which his own happiness is ever subservient. Whilst the desire to realize happiness, however, is the prevailing motive of human conduct, the generality of men mistake the way and seek her where she is not to be found. The royal writer of the Book of Ecclesiastes has given a memorable epitome of this fact, "I said in mine heart, Go to now, I will prove thee with mirth, therefore enjoy pleasure: and, behold, this also is vanity. I said of laughter, It is mad: and of mirth, What doeth it? I sought in mine heart to give myself unto wine, yet acquainting mine heart with wisdom; and to lay hold on folly, till I might see what was that good for the sons of men, which they should do under the heaven all the days of their life. I made me great works; I builded me houses; I planted me vineyards: I made me gardens and orchards, and I planted trees in them of all kind of fruits: I made me pools of water, to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees: I got me servants and maidens, and had servants born in my house; also I had great possessions of great and small cattle above all that were in Jerusalem before me: I gathered me also silver and gold, and the peculiar treasure of kings and of the provinces: I gat me men singers and women singers, and the delights of the sons of men, as musical instruments, and that of all sorts. So I was great, and increased more than all that were before me in Jerusalem: also my wisdom remained with me. And whatsoever mine eyes desired I kept not from them, I withheld not my heart from any joy; for my heart rejoiced in all my labour: and this was my portion of all my labour. Then I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the labour that I had laboured to do: and, behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun." This testimony ought to be decisive of the question. But experience is found to be a most unsuccessful teacher; for, though men acknowledge readily enough, the mistakes of their predecessors, they follow a similar course, and suffer similar diappointment.

Without the blessing of God no man ever realized true happiness. The conservation law of the universe is, that created minds to be happy, must accord with the Uncreated Mind. Bliss is enjoyed by the creature in proportion to his moral nearness to the Creator, and misery is measured by his moral distance from Him. Were it possible for an impenitent rebel against the Divine government to be truly happy, the principles of that government would instantly cease to be what they have always been, and inextricable confusion would usurp the place of order, throughout all the regions over which the Divine sceptre sways. Were it possible in God to allow a spirit to enjoy real happiness whilst it continued to hate the holiness of his law and the rectitude of his government, it is impossible to conceive of a direr calamity, visiting that spirit. But we recognise both wisdom and goodness, not to speak

of justice, in the fact that "there is no peace to the wicked." Solid peace, whilst the "God of peace" is rebelled against, and the "Prince of peace" rejected, is a gracious impossibility. Hence, to "let men alone" in their sins, without mental disquietude, foreboding, alarm, or terror, would be the most alarming symptom of their imminent danger.

Without redemption from sin and an interest in Christ it is impossible for any man to enjoy real happiness, either in this world or in that which is to come. Sin must be pardoned. The curse must be removed. The soul must be sanctified. Ignorance must give place to knowledge; folly to wisdom; enmity to love. These blessings cannot be enjoyed, and these changes cannot be effected without a hearty acceptance of the gospel, and an interest in the merits of its Divine author. For, be it remembered, that whilst the blessings of the gospel are the fruits of God's love, they are manifested through Jesus; and if they are to be of advantage to individuals they must be cultivated and appropriated by individuals according to the dispensation of mercy. The gospel is an announcement of that dispensation, a declaration of what God has provided for men capable of enjoying happiness, but who are naturally ignorant, at once of its true nature and of the way by which it may be realized. True happiness, in the case of sinful men, relates to atonement; and if the atonement be not received, the blessing dependent on it cannot be enjoyed. Men enlightened from above see the wondrous harmony of this arrangement with the rectitude of the Divine government. To the rational it commends itself as in the highest degree reasonable; to the grateful it is the theme of fervent praise; and to the humble, the subject of profound adoration. In thus providing happiness for man, God supplies the best commentary on his own character:—"God is love."

His love, thus manifested through Christ, is amply sufficient to satisfy every desire after happiness which any man may entertain: "My people shall be satisfied with my goodness, saith the Lord." David groups together various views of God, thus:—"The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple. The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes. The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever: the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether;"—adding, as his personal conviction in view of the happiness thus produced: "More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb." Contrasting, also, the glorious source of his happiness, with that to which worldly men look for joy, he says: "Thou hast put gladness in my heart, more than in the time that their corn and their wine increased;" and elsewhere, "The law of thy mouth is better unto me than thousands of gold and silver." The testimony of the New Testament, and of those Christians whose spiritual experience is recorded in the New Testament, is conclusive on this point; all are satisfied, who have made the experiment, that, in the Lord alone is perfect happiness to be found. The peace that passeth understanding, the joy that no man taketh from them, the hope that maketh not ashamed, and the faith that overcometh the world; these gifts of God their Saviour yield them happiness during the time of their earthly sojourn, and form the pledge and foretaste of all the beatitudes of heaven, when their pilgrimage shall have terminated in their Father's house.

One remark more. The spiritual blessedness springing from union with the Saviour will be everlasting. This happiness will be "eternal in the heavens." The desire after immortality will be gratified, and everything which can make immortal existence joyous will be associated with that immortality. Temporary happiness would not meet the necessities of man. Any kind of so-called happiness, the sources of which are liable to be dried up, is inappropriate to a being with immortal desires. But in Christ there "is fulness of joy," at God's right hand there are "pleasures for evermore." Happiness thus acquired bears the genuine stamp; everything else that goes by the name can only delude those who pursue it, and the delusion and the disgrace will be proportionate to the eagerness of the pursuit. W. L.

PEDRO; OR, SCENES IN THE PAMPAS.

South America is simple in its character and stupendous in its magnitude. From Cape Horn to the Caribbean Sea

is about four thousand five hundred miles; and from Cape St. Roque to Cape Negrillos more than three thousand. Burning is the heat of its northern districts, and rigorous the cold of its southern lands. The waves of the Atlantic beat on its eastern coasts, while those of the Pacific wash its western shores. South America is far famed for lofty mountains and majestic rivers. There rise the mighty Sorato and Chimboraza, more than twenty thousand feet above the rolling ocean, the giant Pichincha, and roaring Cotopaxi. There flows the magnificent Amazon, in a winding course of more than five thousand miles, and La Plata and Orinoco pour their abundant streams. The wild horse, the guagga, the llama, the prowling puma, the jaguar, the tapir, the great ant-eater, and the warlike armadillo, are among its animals; the gymnotus, or electrical eel, among its fishes; the firefly, among its insects; the condor, the harpy eagle, the pelican, the humming-bird, the flamingo, and the toucan among its birds; and the boa constrictor among the serpent tribe.

* * * * *

Vast are the Llanos, or savannahs, of Venezuela, stretching from the eastern base of the Andes of Cundinamarca to the banks of the Upper Orinoco. When the rain falls, prodigious is the vegetation and the verdure, and myriads of Mauritia palms spread their fan-like leaves. But when the season of drought comes, and the fiery sun scourges the ground, the grass is reduced to powder, the earth cracks into endless fissures, and alligators, great serpents, and lizards, for a season are sealed up in the dried mud. Not a mountain attracts the eye, not a hill gives variety to the monotonous scene. Extent, stillness, and solitude overawe the spirit, and solemnize the mind of the traveller. At different seasons, the same spot is a garden and a desert. At times, all is silent, while at others, the growl of the jaguar, the barking roar of the puma, the incessant chatter of the monkey tribe, and the voice of the merry mockbird are heard. Myriads of insects are abroad, the scourge of man and beast. For extent, loneliness, and desolation, few places are like the savannahs of Venezuela.

* * * * *

Much resembling the Llanos in the north are the immense Steppes, called the Pampas, in the south, spreading themselves nearly a thousand miles in extent, a sea of waving vegetation. Not always, however, does vegetation abound. One part is overgrown with clover and thistles; another with long grass alone, and a third with low trees and shrubs. In winter the clover is abundant, in spring it disappears, again to cover the ground at the end of summer. Early in summer the thistles are nine or ten feet high, forming a thorny thicket; but ere summer closes the thistles wither away. Innumerable herds of oxen, that are slain by the hunter for their hides and tallow, roam the plains; and troops of wild horses, whose manes and fetlocks fly loosely in the wind. Dogs, too, and deer without number, rove abroad in the wild; and emues, or American ostriches, hide in the thistly forest. The wild horse neighs proudly in his freedom, snorts his defiance to the hunter, tosses his head, and flies at full speed in the wantonness of liberty. The bull bellows to his companions, the hawk rises in the air, and the partridge, with whirring wing, quitting her cover, wanders at her will.

* * * * *

Level is the ground, coarse the herbage, and soft and peaty the soil, at the foot of the Sierra Tapalquen. The sun is riding high, animals are abroad, insects are on the wing, and birds of varied kinds are trilling their songs, or waving their vans in the air. Here and there are hovels roofed with reeds, the posts and rafters being formed of dry thistle-stalks, bound together with strips of hide. How sad is the lot of the Red man from Hudson's Bay to Cape Horn! Once he was strong, but the white man has made him weak. He received the white man as a friend, shared with him his food, and spread him a skin in his lodge for his night's repose, but the white man rose upon his benefactor. He felled his forests, drove him from his hunting-grounds, extinguished his council fires, ploughed up the mouldering bones of his forefathers, burned his wigwams to the ground, and hunted him as a savage beast through his native wild. The Red man was the monarch of the woods and the waters, but now he is a slave;—he was lord of the mountains and the plains, and now he is an outcast and a fugitive in the earth. No wonder that he should regard the white man as an enemy!

* * * * *

The storm is abroad, and fearful is its rage. Intense and dreadful is the

lightning, and down comes the rattling scourge,—for the hailstones are larger than Orlean plums. Ducks, hawks, and partridges are destroyed; emues, some stunned and some dead, lie on the plain; and even deer, struck incessantly by the icy missiles, falling from so great a height, become victims to the storm. Pedro is in the Pampas. What if the lightning should continue! what if the hail-storm should endure! There will, then, be no safety for a living thing that is exposed to its rage. What a flash! it was as if the Pampas were in flames! What a clap! It seems to rend the very earth asunder. The long grass and tall thistles are beaten down, the shrubs are broken, the birds and animals are wounded and destroyed; but Pedro, battered and bruised, has found a shelter in a friendly hut.

* * * * *

The giant thistles are up, thick, strong, and high—so high that they overtop the horse and his rider. Hardly is the thorny jungle passable by the few tracks where vegetation is less abundant, and these tracks are known to few but bandits. The wild artichoke, almost as high as the thistle, abounds. Well should he know the Pampas who has to cross them. Pedro, full of glee, well mounted, with pistols in his holster, is near a thistle jungle, some distance a head of his party. As he enters a narrow path, a blow from behind brings him from his horse, and a coarse poncho, or shawl, is flung over his head, while a robber band gathering around him, proceed to rifle him of all he has about him. Though for a moment stunned, Pedro has recovered his senses, and snatched a pistol from his holster; his party has come up to his assistance, the struggle with the robbers is desperate; but at length they are overcome, two of them have their hands firmly bound behind them; one lies dead at their feet; and the rest, taking the tracks among the thistles, well known to them, have sought safety in flight. On the mountains, in the forest, on the prairie, and in the Pampas, man is the enemy of man.

* * * * *

The horse is nowhere to be found as a perfectly wild animal,—for even the horses of America have sprung from a Spanish breed. Wild as they are they descend from domestic sires. Again is Pedro in the Pampas, mounted on a fleet steed, with a lasso, or long rope of untanned hide in his hand, one end of which has a slip-knot, while the other is made fast to the surcingle, or hide belt of his horse. His companions, well mounted, have their lassoes also. What a trampling shakes the ground! A thousand steeds must have galloped onwards in the herd that has passed. But see! a few scattered from their fellows are scampering over the plain, pursued at full speed by Pedro and his companions. A cord has been thrown in vain! another has been equally unsuccessful,—but Pedro has flung his lasso over the head of the fleetest courser of the throng, that is vainly endeavouring to escape. He must now be the slave of man. Tied to a tree for a day or two without food will tame him, and he will be broken in with little trouble. Truly God has given man dominion over the small and the great, the weak and the strong,—the slow and the swift animals of creation.

* * * * *

Among the wild animals of the Pampas there is one that exceeds the rest in ferocity,—this is the puma, or couquar. At one time he was called the South American lion. With a long body, strong limbs, restless gait, and insidious eyes, he makes ruthless war on the animals around him. Fearful are his greenish-yellow eyes rolling in rage, and still more so his talons and teeth in his fury. He hunts the smaller quadrupeds, waits the approach of the moose deer, leaps upon his victim fastening himself on its throat, and never quitting it till he is glutted with its blood. He will swim across a river to attack pigs and oxen in villages, and has been known, when closely pressed, to plunge into a torrent, with a young calf or a hog in his greedy jaws. The rich silvery, fawn-coloured fur on his head, back, tail, and legs, distinguishes him from the leopard race, and brings him in appearance nearer to the lion. His belly, the inside of his legs, his throat and his breast are white, though he is apt to stain them with crimson! Few would desire to meet him in the forest, or on the plain. Pedro! have a care of the puma!

* * * * *

The sun has darted his burning beams on the Pampas, and the glowing orb is now declining in the sky. Many a wild creature, blinded by the mid-day beam, creeps forth from his hiding-place in the thicket, or the sedge, or the long grass at eventide, to seek his customary prey. There is in man a love of adventure, a

spirit of enterprise, that prompts him willingly to encounter danger. He goes forth dauntlessly to wage war with the wild animals of the forest and the plains, and the savage tiger and the majestic lion fall before him: no wonder, then, that he shrinks not from the puma on the Pampas. Armed with a strong spear and a hunting-knife, Pedro is gone forth with a few guachos (peasants) to the bed of reeds by the stagnant pool,—for a puma has been traced to the spot, and the dogs are attempting to dislodge him. Hark! the loud, sudden noise, between a bark and a roar, is the attacking cry of the savage beast. Already are two dogs helpless,—a guacho lies bleeding on the ground. Pedro, with his poncho wrapped around his arm, has received the puma on the point of his spear; they are struggling together; the puma has torn away the poncho, and inflicted a wound with his talons; but Pedro, with his hunting-knife, has ripped up his side from the flank to the shoulder. The puma is overcome, and the guachos are stripping off its hide.

* * * * *

Pedro has been a wanderer; far has he roamed, and many are the sights he has seen; the snowy white pelican, the scarlet flamingo, the green parrot, the humming-bird, and the fire-fly, are become common to his view. He has climbed freely among the Andes and Cordilleras, gazed with wonder on the fiery flood of bellowing Cotopaxi; sailed on the waters of La Plata, Orinoco and the mighty Amazon; and traversed in all directions the Llanos and the Pampas,—and now, with his wounded arm in a sling, he is seated thoughtfully on a fallen tree, near the entrance of a reed-built hovel. And what, Pedro! is the subject of thy reflections? Thou hast destroyed the boa in the jungle, and the alligator by the side of the river; a ball from thy rifle has overtaken the harpy eagle and the condor; thy spear has subdued the wild bull, and thy hunting-knife has slain the puma in the Pampas,—but what distress hast thou relieved? what sorrowing spirit hast thou cheered? and what heart hast thou caused to beat with rapture but thine own? What art thou but a seeker of thine own pleasures! a selfish pursuer of thine own gratification! Thou hast strength enough to protect the weak, wealth enough to succour the poor, and knowledge enough to instruct the ignorant—thinkest thou that these gifts are bestowed on thee by thy Maker for nothing? Retrace thy steps; forsake thy wandering life in desert scenes; return to the habitations of men. Fear God and do good to mankind, then shalt thou know a joy to which thou art now a stranger,—and Pedro of the city shall be happier and more honoured, than Pedro of the Pampas.

THE LATE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES.

Having heard shortly after the death of the princess Charlotte, which occurred on the 6th of November, 1817, an account of an interview between her royal highness and the rev. John Wilcox, who had been the minister of Ely Chapel, Holborn, but was then rector of Little Stonham, Suffolk, with whom I had the pleasure of being acquainted, I wrote to him requesting to be informed of the particulars of the conversation, and received an answer dated, "Little Stonham, November 25th, 1817," from which the following is an extract:

"In the spring of 1811, I had the painful charge of attending three capital convicts in Newgate, who were under sentence for forgery. Without entering into the preliminary steps taken to gain admission to the princess, whose interference with the lord Chancellor was considered the only way of saving their lives, I obtained an audience at Warwick House, lady de Clifford being present the whole time. Having apprized her royal highness of the object of my application, and the circumstances of the criminals, into which she made very particular inquiry, she said she should readily apply to the quarter suggested, and flattered herself she should be successful, it being her first request to the Chancellor. Her humanity was conspicuous in the feeling she manifested when I informed her that one of the convicts had lately married an amiable female, who in the event of her husband's execution would be left destitute, having no father nor any means of supporting herself. With eyes big with tears she said, 'Poor creature,' and turning to lady de Clifford, she asked, 'Cannot I make some provision for her, by giving her a situation near me?' Much conversation passed, occupying about three-quarters of an hour, to the whole of which I had no difficulty in giving a religious turn. She then said

to lady de Clifford, 'But how shall we let Mr. Wilcox know the result of my application to the Chancellor, for I will write to him immediately at the House of Lords.' Then addressing herself to me, she observed, 'Perhaps, Mr. Wilcox, you will take the trouble of calling here again at eight o'clock, when I will inform you of the issue of my interposition.'

"At the appointed time I went, and was instantly shown into the drawing-room, where the same two personages were. Her royal highness having stated the reply of the Chancellor, which was everything kind and respectful to the princess, but without any absolute promise of his influence; I remarked that the condescension and readiness with which she had complied with my solicitation, whatever the result might be, would entitle her to the lasting gratitude of the friends of the convicts, and assured her that my poor prayers would unceasingly be offered that the Lord would make her a blessing to the nation over which she was probably destined to reign, and realize in her own soul the power of that religion which was at once the ornament and stability of the throne. She replied, 'Do not call your prayers poor; the prayers of the righteous, you know, avail much.' Here the tears trickled down her cheek, and as though she would conceal what at once endeared her and animated myself, with an extended finger she removed the tears, and added, 'I hope I know the value of prayer.'

"Feeling that in all human probability I should never have another opportunity of addressing her, and that whether in the palace or the cottage, I was professedly the minister of Christ, I fully, yet I trust respectfully, unfolded the plan of salvation. The fall, total depravity, and way of acceptance with God, etc., entreating her to press towards the crown of glory, that whenever she might be summoned hence she might be received in the only possible way, crying for mercy as a poor ruined sinner, pleading the atoning blood and justifying righteousness of Jesus Christ as the ground of her hope. In conversation of this kind an hour passed, neither party (I speak with humility) seemingly tired of the interview; but fearful I might exceed due bounds by stopping longer, I retired, cordially consigning her to the grace of God, and invoking his blessing on her for time and eternity, for which she expressed her thankfulness." W. B. G.

A DAY AT OYSTER DREDGING.

It was early in September, 18—, that, during a visit at the house of a valued friend residing in Rochford, Essex, we were invited by the hospitable proprietor of some oyster-grounds in the Crouch, to spend a day with him on the water in one of his dredging-boats, that we might watch the process of oyster dredging, and secure such species of marine creatures as were hauled up in the dredging-net.

The morning was extremely fine, as we set off for Wallasea Island,—or rather for the shore of that branch of the Crouch, on the mainland side, which insulates this low flat island, close by the village of Paglesham. The country here is extremely flat, but the land is very fertile, and wheat flourishes exceedingly. The shores of the Crouch are muddy, and the adjacent borders exhibiting, at frequent intervals, large patches of saline ooze, over which the marsh samphire (*Salicornia herbacea*) grows in vast abundance.

Numbers of sea-gulls frequent these marshy tracts where innumerable small crabs, and marine insects of various kinds, make the mud appear as if alive, as they creep, and twist and wriggle on its surface; but on the least disturbance, down they go; and the black slime shows no token of the busy scene which its surface had just displayed. All around on the paths and dry beach are scattered the cast-off shells of small crabs; some of which, that we examined, were so perfect, that not only every limb-case, but even the living membrane of the stomach was preserved. In winter, the sea-gulls, in flocks, like rooks, scatter themselves over the ploughed and fallow lands, in quest of worms and grubs,— and may be also seen in spring and autumn, following the track of the ploughshare.

Rabbits are here very common, and so is the fox,—which, from the nature of the country, easily escapes pursuit. We heard from more than one farmer, accounts of the marauder's depredations; and at one house saw a fine powerful dog, of the drovers' breed, which only a few days previously had seized a fox in the farmyard, and would have killed it, had not one of the men run up with a stick, in order to dispatch the fox, but with which, in his haste and confusion, he struck the dog instead, so as to make him relinquish his hold,—to the gratification of reynard, who quickly decamped.

Arriving at Paglesham, we were soon

by the water-side, where a boat was waiting to convey us to the small craft in the main channel of the Crouch. Two fine dogs, of the large water-spaniel breed, followed our entertainer, not however into the boat, for they plunged into the water, which they boldly crossed to Wallasea Island, though the distance must have been nearly half a mile. This they often did, as we were informed, on their own account, in order to pay a visit to the houses of friends of their owners, or for the purpose of a ramble, and in a few hours returned. They were noble, handsome, sagacious creatures, and evidently knew our destination; for in the course of an hour afterwards, while we were in the broad channel of the Crouch, at a great distance from shore, they suddenly again appeared, making their way to the oyster-bark, round which they swam; and then, having noticed their master on board, returned to the island, where they waited for us; and ultimately again swam across the arm of the Crouch, to rejoin us at their master's hospitable abode. In the course of that day they must have swam several miles, and wandered we know not how far; but they appeared not to know fatigue, and we envied their untiring energy.

To be on board the deck of an oyster-dredging vessel was new to us; steamers, brigs, large merchant-vessels variously rigged, and men-of-war of the largest size, were not novelties. Often, too, had we watched the evolutions of a fleet of oyster-vessels, towards the estuary of the Thames, but we had never before been on board of one, nor witnessed the mode of dredging. The vessel was moored by an anchor over the oyster-bed; it was worked by two men and a boy; and one dredging-net only was used; this is a strong netted bag with an iron mouth; from this iron rim three iron shafts extend, and converge together, forming a sort of handle, to which the end of a coil of strong rope or cable is attached. The weight of this apparatus is about seventeen or eighteen pounds. This dredge is thrown over the gunwale of the boat, and dropped to the bottom of the water. By the management of the rudder and sail, the vessel then gently swings away, so as to run out a certain portion of the rope; the man now begins to draw in the dredge, the iron mouth of which lying with one of its rims close on the bed, acts as a scraper or shovel, and the net incloses all the oysters in its course, as far as it can contain them. The dredge is then hauled up, and the oysters turned out on the deck, and are roughly cleared from the extraneous matters attached to the shells, and put into basket measures. Those on which *spat* (that is very young oysters) appears, are returned overboard, as are those, also, whose growth is not sufficiently completed; for oysters are not fit for the table under the age of eighteen months, nor in perfection till between the second and third year.

The breeding months are May, June, and July. As may be well imagined, many living things that creep at the bottom of the water, are dredged up with them. We observed numbers of star-fishes, or sea-stars, (*Asterias rubens*,) notorious from antiquity, for destroying "shell-fish," on which they feed. The fishermen tore them in pieces and threw them overboard; and when asked why they destroyed the sea-stars, gave as a reason their destructiveness among the oysters, and said that they often drew up oysters killed and half-devoured, with the sea-star lying in the shell. It may be asked, how is it possible for the sea-star to force open the strong shell of the oyster, which the mollusc is capable of closing so rigidly? It would seem that the sea-star embraces the shell, assisted by others, and pours out a paralyzing fluid which the unconscious oyster takes in, and which destroys its vital energies; the strong muscle by which the shell is closed, (and which is cut by the knife, in opening the oyster properly,) becomes incapable of contraction; and either by degrees, or almost instantaneously, the shell gapes, when the sea-star easily insinuates itself, so as to apply its mouth to the dead or dying mollusc. Appian says the sea-star disjoins the shells with its rough limbs or rays,—but this is impossible; we know that the sea-star, when handled, is apt to produce irritation on the hands; and this circumstance alone is sufficient to give great probability to the theory we have briefly narrated, which was deduced by M. Deslongchamps from actual observations.

Besides these sea-stars, the dredge-net brought up various species of those curious-jointed sea-worms, with limbs springing from each segment, belonging to the family of nereides; some were several inches in length, and twisted about, with an action much like that of the centipedes. The sea-worms are said

to be, many of them at least, luminous at night, with a pale phosphorescence.

A few days previously the men had taken a fine specimen of that remarkable annulose marine-worm, the sea-mouse, (*Aphrodita aculeata*,) covered above with long iridescent bristles, golden, purple, blue, and green,—brilliant and changeable as the hues of the humming-bird. This specimen, in spirits, was obligingly presented to us by our entertainer.

While we were thus engaged, a shoal of several porpoises came rolling along, at no great distance from the boat; they were not the common species, which is only from four to six feet long,—whereas they appeared, as they rose, to be at least twelve or fourteen feet in length, and perhaps more;—for their whole length was never displayed to the eye. What this species was, we could not, of course, under such circumstances, determine; and we may here observe, that much remains yet to be cleared up, respecting the porpoises, dolphins, and grampuses of our seas. It was amusing to watch these huge creatures play and flounder, as they gambolled with each other, or pursued their prey, during the time that they remained in sight, which might be ten minutes; after which, still continuing to throw the water into foam around them, they took their course towards the open sea, and at last disappeared.

The men in the boat, indifferent to sights which every day met their eyes, kept plying their dredge-net, and filling the baskets. The oysters of the Crouch are of very superior quality; but most, we were informed, were sent to Holland; and some Dutch vessels were lying then in the river. The beard of most of these molluscs, (or strictly their branchial fringes,) was of a delicate sea-green,—and a tinge of the same colour pervaded the body; this was said to arise from some peculiarity in their food—perhaps a green animalcule, (*Vibris navicularis*,) which is said by Mr. Gaillon, to constitute the favourite nutriment of this mollusc, and render it fat and delicious. We were told, however, that this green became more decided when the dredged oysters were laid in the square pits, in the salt marshes by the river-side, and kept there for three or four days, covered by a few feet of water, in order to fatten, till required for exportation: and the cause was attributed to the marsh samphire, and other marine vegetable matters so abundant in such situations, and on which they fed. Be this as it may, certain it is, that the green tinge of these oysters was decided, and their flavour superior, as we thought, to any we had ever tasted.

So passed a pleasant and instructive day,—to the details of which, by way of conclusion, we will add the following extract from Mr. M'Culloch's statistics of the British empire:—"Oysters of excellent quality are found in many parts along the British shores, but principally in the rivers and creeks of Essex and Kent; in Pool Harbour and elsewhere on the coast of Hants and Dorset; at Portheinion, in Glamorgan, etc. Those found at Carlingford, in Ireland, are said to be of a peculiarly delicate flavour. The breeding and fattening of oysters for the London market forms a considerable branch of business. It is principally carried on in Essex and Kent,—the rivers Crouch, Blackwater, and Colne, being the chief breeding-places in the former, and the channel of the Swale, contiguous to Milton, in the latter. The oysters found in them are not, however, brought immediately to town, but are deposited for a while on beds, or layings in the adjoining creeks, where they are fed and fattened for the market. Exclusive of the oysters bred in Essex and Kent, vast numbers brought from Jersey, Pool, and other places along the coast, are fattened on the beds. The export of oysters from Jersey is very considerable, having amounted, at an average of the four years, ending with 1832, to two hundred and eight thousand and twenty-three bushels a year, of which a large portion comes to London. The Jersey fishery employs, during the season, about one thousand five hundred men, one thousand women and children, and two hundred and fifty boats." Such is the importance of this branch of commerce.

M.

LAUTERBRUNNEN.

Its eastern side is flanked near the entrance by a mountain, called Hunnenfluhe, which in one place displays a huge front of convex perpendicular rock, having a wooded slope below it, and resembling, as much as any natural object can, an immense tower or castle; while in contact to it, (that is, to the eye of the landscape painter,) the mass of the

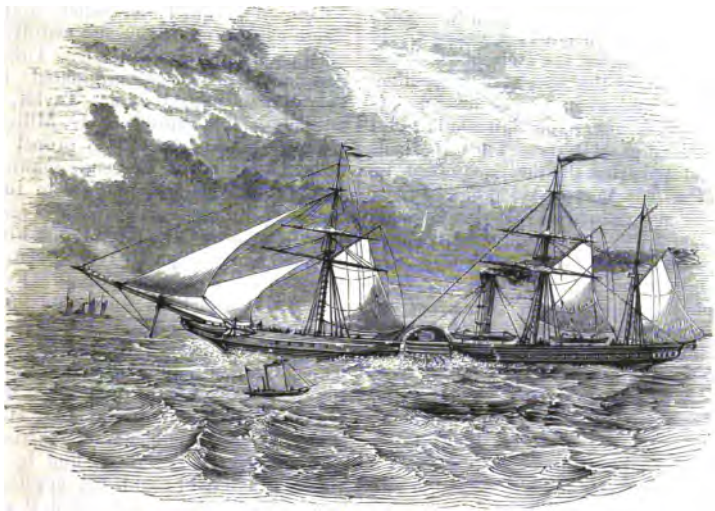
Jungfrau glitters in the sun. Nearer the village of Lauterbrunnen, there is such a confusion of rock, wood, and torrent, and cascade, as I must not attempt to delineate. In front is the celebrated Staubach, (dust-brook,) very fitly so named, as it drops nine hundred feet perpendicular; and you may conceive that the waters of a brook assume a very dust-like appearance in being precipitated from the top of such a rock. Yet this cascade disappointed me; it rather surprises than delights by its unbroken naked fall; but the valley in which it is found is perhaps unrivalled even in Switzerland. So striking, however, are the beauties of almost every valley in this wonderful country, that the traveller is in danger of contradicting himself. As we are too prone to feel respecting every new misfortune—this is the severest; so, let but the sun shine, and one shall be apt to say of each successive Alpine prospect—this is the sublimest. Accordingly, I could not tell that day, much less can I decide it now, whether I must not prefer the valley of Grindelwald even to that of Lauterbrunnen. It is approached by returning to the bridge of Zwei-Lutchine. As we advanced, the Wetterhorn began to appear in front; one of the loftiest mountains of Switzerland, exhibiting walls of snow-covered ice very near its summit; and afterwards the Metterhorn and Eiger, which are nearly of the same rank, and, with the former, close up the extremity of this valley. The rocks bordering it are of the most fantastic diversity; broad and bare cliffs, peaks like a horn, others clothed with trees, and in short every variety that the same class of objects can well be conceived to offer. Each of these mountains is insulated, and composed of naked rock so perpendicular that the snow finds but a partial lodgment. Neither of their summits is less than eleven thousand feet above the level of the sea, and more than eight thousand feet above the point from which I viewed them. The immense wastes of ice behind these mountains, surrounding the Schreckhorn and Finster Aarhorn, are not passable by the most adventurous chamois-hunters; and the inferior glacier has encroached upon the valley, now occupying ground where there were formerly habitations and a chapel.—*Sheppard.*

THE GOSPEL IS FOOLISHNESS TO THE NATURAL MAN.

The great truths of the gospel, and the principles of Christianity lie so high above man's reason, that they are foolishness to him; whence the apostle tells us, that "the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him," 1 Cor. ii. 14. Now these things of the Spirit of God are the great truths and doctrines of the gospel; such as the union of the Divine and human natures in the person of Jesus Christ; his substitution in the room and place of us guilty rebels; that any of the fallen race of Adam should obtain life by his death, and redemption by means of his cross; that sinners should be justified by faith in another's righteousness, and not by any works of their own; that a man must be born again before he can see the kingdom of God; that the body, sown in the dust shall be raised again in glory and honour, with many such doctrines, which are quite above the line of reason, though no way opposed to it. Now when men of a sceptical turn hear that these are the principles of that which professes to be the only true religion in the world, and not being able to adjust them to their standard of reason and the fitness of things, they immediately account them foolishness, and reject them as such. Hence we sometimes find men of the strongest reasoning powers enlisted against revelation, especially where the heart is carnal; and the stronger reason is, in this case, the stronger will be the opposition. So the apostle tells us, that "Not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called," 1 Cor. i. 26. Their fleshly wisdom rejects the principles of the gospel as ridiculous to their reason, their might, and their nobility, because of their apparent meanness.—*Barker's Natural Theology.*

THE COURSE OF DEPRAVITY.

We fall not from virtue, like Vulcan from heaven, in a day. Bad dispositions require some time to grow into bad habits; bad habits must undermine good, and often-repeated acts make us habitually evil; so that by gradual depravations, and while we are but staggeringly evil, we are not left without parentheses of consideration, thoughtful rebukes, and merciful interventions, to recall us to ourselves. —*Sir T. Brown.*



American Steam-packet and the smallest Steam-boat ever built.

THE STEAM-VESSEL.

No. I.

NUMEROUS attempts have been made at different periods to propel vessels, so that they may be as much as possible independent of the varying assistance of the winds,—and even in the times of the ancient Egyptians a species of paddle-wheel, turned by oxen, was employed. It is also certain that wheel-boats were known to the Romans, and Vulturus* has furnished two representations of such vessels, one of which has five pairs of wheels made of pitched sail-cloth. When several were connected by a rope, they were considered very useful in the conveyance of troops. A few years later a work appeared at Paris, containing a description and engraving of a vessel of war, called "Barque à Roues," having paddle-wheels worked by men. Some persons proposed that horses should be the working-power, while others suggested the practicability of turning them by sails.

A wheel-barge, belonging to prince Rupert, was propelled by horses on the Thames, which outstripped the king's boat manned by sixteen rowers, and a similar one was tried at Chatham in 1682. Thomas Savary's scheme was subsequently described in a work entitled, "Navigation Improved; or, The Art of Rowing Ships of all Rates in Calms, with a more easy, swift, and steady motion than oars can." About the same time, revolving paddles were tried on a large scale at Havre and Marseilles, by M. Duquet, but they proved unsuccessful, except when moved by steam agency.

In 1543, Blasco de Garay, a sea-officer, volunteered to exhibit before Charles v., a machine by which a vessel could be made to move without the assistance of sails or oars. The experiment was accordingly made on a vessel of considerable size, named the "Trinidad," and at a given signal it was moved forwards, or turned, by the power of its machinery.

The patent of Jonathan Hulls, however, appears to be the first practicable plan for propelling vessels "in or out of harbour against wind or tide." In the year 1737 he published a pamphlet, with an engraving of his craft, in which he states that the engine which is placed in the "tow-boat" attached, consisted of a covered vessel two-thirds full of boiling water, the steam passing through a pipe into a cylinder. This being condensed, a vacuum was created, which caused the

* Vulturus, "De Re Militari." Verona, 1472.

weight of the atmosphere to press down a piston fitted into the cylinder. It had previously been demonstrated, that when the air was driven out of a vessel thirty inches in diameter, the atmosphere would press on it to the weight of more than four tons, and when proper instruments for this work were applied, it would move a vessel of great force. Thus, if Hulls did not construct the first steamboat, he was the first to propose the means of turning paddle-wheels by the force of steam, aided by the beautiful contrivance of the crank.

A minister of Berne, named Genevois, invented, in the year 1759, a propeller, which expanded like the foot of a duck, presenting a broad surface to the water when moving against it, and folding into a small space when passing in the opposite direction. This plan did not long continue, yet the efforts of men of genius are well worthy of notice, and we are too apt to regard success as the sole criterion of merit. The subsequent experiments both of the Comte de Auxiron and of M. Perier were both unsuccessful.

The marquis de Jouffroy, who distinguished himself as a practical engineer, constructed a steam-engine at Lyons, in the year 1781, and made several experiments on the Saone; but the Revolution, which stopped all improvement throughout France, prevented the application of his plans. On returning to his native land in 1796, he discovered that M. de Blanc, an artist of Trevoux, had secured a patent for building a steam-boat, having probably obtained his information from Jouffroy, and though the latter appealed to the Government, his claims were unheeded, for public business engrossed too much attention to admit the redress of private grievances.

Meanwhile Fulton, an Anglo-American, having derived his information from the same sources, and making experiments of a similar nature near to the Isle de Cygnes, alarmed M. de Blanc, who regarded him as a serious rival, and accordingly urged his own patent-right, and requested the stoppage of Fulton's works. To this it was replied, that his attempts could not affect France, as his intention was to confine his attention to navigation in the American waters; and to the United States he soon returned.

Shortly after the experiments of the marquis de Jouffroy, Mr. Patrick Miller, of Dalswinton, in Dumfriesshire, published an account of some experiments he had made on the propulsion of vessels by paddle-wheels, worked by men and horses, and stated his belief that the steam-engine might be successfully applied as the moving principle. This suggestion having been originated by a young man named James Taylor, who resided in the family of Mr. Miller, as tutor, he also proposed to propel rafts worked by wind, in the same manner as a mill, and the idea was given to the courts of Europe. He built two vessels, one of which was presented to the king of Sweden, and the plan having been rendered practically applicable, the French proposed to construct such rafts for the invasion of England.

Mr. Taylor having applied to an old schoolfellow, Mr. William Symington, an engineer, who was at that time busily engaged in endeavouring to apply steam-power to the propulsion of carriages; that gentleman encouraged him by stating his conviction, that if any application could be made as he anticipated, it would "undoubtedly be one of the greatest wonders hitherto presented to the world, besides its being of considerable emolument to the projector."

During the following winter, Mr. Miller was introduced to Mr. Symington, and having seen the model of the locomotive carriage, became more convinced of the practicability of his own plan, and ordered the construction of an engine, under their united direction. This was built in the autumn of 1788, and placed on one side of a pleasure boat on Dalswinton Lake, the boiler being on the other side, and the paddle-wheels in the middle. The inventor had now the extreme satisfaction of observing the perfect success of his plan, for though the cylinders were but four inches in diameter, the boat attained a speed of five miles an hour. Anxious to obtain further proof by trying his experiments on a larger scale, Mr. Symington obtained for him a superior boat and suitable engines, and a trial took place on a level reach of the canal, about four miles in length. This attempt failed in consequence of the breaking of the paddle-wheels, but stronger ones being substituted, on the 26th of December, 1789, the vessel was propelled at the rate of seven miles an hour, and repeated experiments only confirmed its success. As the boat had been originally intended for different purposes, it was fairly contended that more complete arrangements would insure even more favourable re-

sults. Circumstances however prevented the further prosecution of the plan, and the boat was laid up at Carron.

In 1801, Mr. Symington was employed by lord Dundas to make a steam-tug, for dragging vessels on the canal, and for some time experiments were made at an expense of 3,000*l.* In 1802, she "took in drag," says Mr. Symington, "two loaded vessels, each upwards of seventy tons burden, and with great ease carried them through the long reach of the Forth and Clyde Canal to Port Dundas, a distance of nineteen miles and a half in six hours, although the whole time it blew a very strong breeze right ahead." In consequence, however, of the canal proprietors considering that the banks of the canal were injured by the action of the paddle-wheels, the "Charlotte Dundas," as she was denominated, was laid aside.

In the following year, Mr. Fulton made an experiment on the river Seine, under the patronage of Mr. Livingstone, but owing to miscalculation, the boat proved unable to support the weight of the machinery, which broke through the middle, and caused it to sink. Undismayed, however, he proceeded to construct a new vessel, which was launched in August, 1803, being sixty-six feet long, and eight wide, but it moved so slowly that the results could not be considered successful. Mr. Fulton afterwards went to Scotland and saw Mr. Symington, who, in his memorial, gives the following statement, the truth of which is placed beyond all doubt, by the corroborating evidence of a number of gentlemen of high respectability.

"When engaged in these boat experiments," says Mr. Symington, "I was called upon by Mr. Fulton, who very politely made himself known, and candidly told me that he was lately from North America, and intended to return thither in a few months, but having heard of our steamboat operations, could not think of leaving this country without first waiting upon me, in expectation of seeing the boat, and procuring such information regarding it as I might be pleased to communicate." He then stated the advantages America would derive from the invention, in consequence of her large navigable rivers, and the abundance of capital wood for the construction of vessels and fuel, and then went on to state, that "his carrying the plan to North America, could not turn otherwise than to my advantage; as, if I inclined to it, both the making and superintendence of such vessels would naturally fall upon me, provided my engagements with steamboats at home did not occupy so much of my time as to prevent me from paying any attention to those which might afterwards be constructed abroad. Mr. Fulton having thus spoken, in compliance with his most earnest request, I caused the engine-fire to be lighted up, and, in a short time thereafter, put the steam-boat in motion, and carried him from lock No. 16, where the boat then lay, four miles up the canal, and returned to the point of starting, in one hour and twenty minutes, to the great astonishment of Mr. Fulton, and several gentlemen, who, at our outset, chanced to be on board. During the above trip, Mr. Fulton asked if I had any objections to his taking notes regarding the steam-boat, to which question I said, 'None,' as I considered the more publicity given to any discovery intended for public good, so much the better; and having the privilege secured by letters patent, I was not afraid of his making any encroachments upon my right in the British dominions, though in the United States I was well aware I had no power of control. In consequence, he pulled out a memorandum-book, and, after putting several pointed questions respecting the general construction and effect of the machine, which I answered in a most explicit manner, he jotted down everything—particularly everything then described, with his own remarks on the boat while moving with him on board, along the canal; but he seems to have been altogether forgetful of this, as, notwithstanding his fair promises, I never heard anything more of him, till reading in the newspaper an account of his death."

Mr. Henry Bell, who built the first passage steamboat afloat in British waters, informs us that it was through his instrumentality that Mr. Fulton became acquainted with steamboats. He states that Mr. Fulton wrote to him about the plans of some machinery in this country, at the same time requesting Mr. Bell to call upon Mr. Miller, and see how he had succeeded in his steamboat plan, adding, that if he had been successful, Mr. Bell was to forward a full drawing and description. Accordingly, he saw Mr. Miller, who gave him the required information, at the same time telling him that he intended forwarding to Mr. Fulton

his opinion in reference to steamboats. "Two years thereafter," says Mr. Bell, "I had a letter from Mr. Fulton, letting me know that he had constructed a steam-engine from the different drawings of the machinery I had sent him out, which was likely to answer the end, but required some improvement on it. This letter I sent to Mr. Miller, for his information."

The thought, however, naturally presented itself to the mind of Mr. Bell, that it was rather strange that he should be giving advice to other countries, on the construction of those things from which he might expect great personal advantage, if followed out in his own land. He accordingly contracted with Messrs. John Wood and Co., ship-builders, at Glasgow, to build a steam-vessel, forty feet long, and ten and a half feet broad, according to a plan he presented, which he fitted with engine and paddles, and called the "Comet," from its being finished in the year in which one of those luminaries appeared in the north of Scotland. The result was most satisfactory, the vessel being of great simplicity, and yet of compactness in its structure, and running to the Frith of Forth, a distance of twenty-seven miles, at a moderate speed.

From these statements, the authority of which is indisputable, it may be fairly deduced, without any charge of national prejudice, that American steam navigation owes it origin to Scotland. Having obtained the necessary intelligence, Fulton, under a feigned name, ordered an engine of Messrs. Boulton and Watt, which he received in 1806, his vessel being launched in the following year on the river Hudson. It was fortunate for him that he was thus successful, for the delay of only a few days would have conferred the honour on his countryman, Stevens. That gentleman had made a series of experiments on steam-navigation in the year 1791, from which his private fortune suffered considerably, nor was it till 1807, that, with his son, he was successful in his efforts. It having been enacted that the exclusive privilege of working steamboats in the state of New York should be conferred on him who should first propel a vessel, by the power of steam, at four miles an hour, Mr. Stevens was debarred the advantage, and he accordingly conveyed his vessel to the Delaware by sea, and escaped the restriction. By this effort, he obtained the honour of first navigating the ocean in a vessel propelled by steam.

The success which had attended their efforts induced Messrs. Livingstone and Fulton to construct two more vessels, the "Car of Neptune," of three hundred tons burden, and the "Paragone," of three hundred and fifty tons. From that time, steam-navigation in the waters of America rapidly increased, and immense vessels are continually carrying their hundreds of passengers in every direction, through those arteries of that great continent.

The appearance of these vessels, as they ploughed the foaming waters without the assistance of sail or oar, excited the wonder, and often the extreme terror, of the ignorant observer, especially as dry pine-wood was used as fuel, which sent forth a volume of flame many feet above the chimney, and threw a thousand sparks to leeward whenever the fire was stirred. Great numbers on board the ships that were passed ran below deck, to be saved from such terrific appearances, while others prostrated themselves, and besought the protection of Providence.

Sir Ralph Woodford states, that when the first steamboat appeared in the West Indies, some years afterwards, he took a trip of pleasure in her, and as they were almost all sea-sick on their return from the Boco Grande, no one was on deck but himself and the man at the helm. When they were in the middle of the passage, a small privateer appeared making its way at full sail towards Trinidad, and on nearing the land the vessel was run ashore, and the men were seen landing as fast as possible, and rushing into the thickets for shelter. So unaccountable was the sight, that the steamer's course was altered, and on approaching her, sir Ralph went on board the deserted vessel, and found no one there but a man with a broken bone, lying on a mat, as pale as ashes. As soon as he saw the Englishman, he endeavoured to put himself in an attitude of supplication, and faltered forth "Misericordia! Misericordia! Ave Maria!" and on sir Ralph asking him why he had thus been left, he only replied, "Misericordia!" "Do you know who I am?" said the governor. "The ——; the ——. O Señor! Misericordia! Ave Maria!" exclaimed the terrified Columbian. It was some time before he could be brought to the possession of his reason, and then he stated that, at the sight of the vessel with neither sails nor oars passing along with such rapidity through the Brocas,

which here runs like a river, the deep, roaring noise, and the boiling of the water, convinced him and his companions that it was by no other than supernatural means, and when he heard the footsteps of sir Ralph, he felt fully assured that he was in the hands of the Evil One.

F. S. W.

A VISIT TO THE ROYAL GERMAN SPA, BRIGHTON.

In the present disturbed state of Germany, when *chronic* invalids are prevented from making their annual visit to the mineral springs of that country, it is some consolation that there is the Spa at Brighton, where "the factitious waters are identical in their effects upon the human constitution with the waters of the various springs whose names they represent."*

The Brighton German Spa was established some years since by the late Dr. Struve, of Berlin, a gentleman deeply versed in the pathology of diseases, with a profound knowledge of practical chemistry; and some account of this establishment, where persons may drink Carlsbad, or Ems, or Marienbad, or Kissingen, or Eger, or Pyrmont, may be useful and interesting. They may also be spared the necessity of visiting France, for they can obtain "Vichy," or the still longer voyage to America for Saratoga, as they may be had with great ease, and comparative little expense, at the German Spa at Brighton.

In the town of Brighton, the dazzling whiteness of the chalk is often very unpleasant, and the intense glare of the light reflected from the broad expanse of the sea, whether walking on the East or the West Cliff, or strolling on the Downs. But how different are the sensations when entering the grounds of the Spa, by the sudden contrast of the rich, luxuriant vegetation, where the walks are shaded with rows of chesnut-trees, interspersed with the mountain and common ash, the birch, the lilac, and the laburnum, which form natural alcoves, rendered still more beautiful by the varied shades of green, illumined in places by the most lustrous streams of transmitted light, breaking through some of the straggling foliage—whilst the more umbrageous massive branches produce an exquisite effect, from their broad contrasting shadows. The sylvan genius is attended by Flora, and fragrant flowers of many colours garnish these refreshing promenades. To those who are too feeble to walk, green-painted garden chairs are provided, where, amidst the charms of nature, the invalid may commune with his own heart, or read in a devotional spirit the impress of God's love stamped on all that surrounds him.

Leaving the spacious and luxuriant grounds, let us turn to the pump-room—a long modern building, having along its whole entire front a portico, supported on Doric columns, which, in damp or rainy weather, forms a pleasant covered promenade. Under this portico are geen painted benches; and as the front windows of the building are behind them, the place is rendered exceedingly cheerful. In the inside of the pump-room there is, opposite to the entrance, a long narrow counter, behind which the attendants stand, ready to administer these health-restoring waters—while each fount, with its brightly polished tap, intimates the kind to be produced. Round the room, in all the windows, are pots of indigenous and exotic flowers, scenting the very air "with their odoriferous and volatile spirits." In "the season," the pump-room presents an animated appearance: lords and ladies, military and naval gentlemen, and children, all drinking their beakers with more or less *gusto*. Then the various "grades," the elegant and fashionably dressed, with the plain and simple costume of the middle class, and the neat and humble habiliments of the more dependent, while the young ladies who supply the drinkers, being agreeable and obliging in their manners, show suavity to all, and manifest sympathy to the truly afflicted. There is another feature in this establishment which is worthy of being remembered—the health-restoring waters are given without any charge to needy persons, when they are recommended by medical men; and we could not help noticing, there is not any marked difference shown to persons so situated. The laboratory is also well worth visiting, which may be done by application to Herr Busse, the superintendent.

Every drop of water is distilled prior to being used for making the factitious waters. Each mineral water from the original spring having been accurately analyzed, their separate constituents are synthetically imitated. In their medicinal

* Dr. Pickford's Letters on the Efficacy of the Factitious Mineral Waters in the Treatment of Chronic Disorders.

qualities they are either tonics, purgatives, or alteratives, some being drank warm and some cold.

Returning from the laboratory, a few more interesting details attract attention. Supposing any one standing under the portico with his back towards the building, there is presented a most sylvan view. In the foreground a smoothly cut green lawn, bordered by a rich collection of beautiful flowers, with gravel paths on each side, and bounded at the extremity with a neat, short, iron palisading, which, though marking the extent of the Spa grounds, does not terminate the view, as the Spa originally formed a part of what is called the Queen's Park. This park is a richly cultivated spot, with luxuriant clumps of trees, grouped in a picturesque manner—with walks and carriage drives, rustic buildings, an archery, and, in the distant and higher portion, are the embowered residences of the late benevolent lady, Emma Pennant, and Thomas Attree, Esq., the proprietor of the estate.

Upon the whole, it seems impossible to convey, in such a hurried sketch, the soothing and delightful influence of the place; for, while the eye is delighted with the rich foliage of the trees, the gorgeous colours of the flowers, enhanced by their exquisite perfumes, this feast of the senses is rendered complete by the pictorial effect of a band playing on the lawn. The music harmonizing in this temple of nature, sends its liquid sounds floating along the balmy atmosphere, and cannot fail to impart something of cheerfulness to even the most melancholy.—*A Drinker of the Spa-water.*

THE EPICUREANS.

Epicurus—the place of whose birth is doubtful, whether Samos, or Gargettus near Athens—was born about the one hundred and ninth Olympiad, and was the son of Neocles, an Athenian, of good but impoverished family. An anecdote is told of his early life, that his mother was obliged to sell charms and lustrations from house to house, upon which occasions she was accompanied by her son, who repeated verses; when at home, he assisted his father in the profession of a schoolmaster.

It was the boast of Epicurus, that he had been a philosopher from his twelfth year, the earliest recorded proof of his thoughtful turn being the question by which he puzzled his teacher, as to who made chaos. He also asserted that he was self-taught, though he visited Athens at eighteen years of age, and might have enjoyed the instructions of Xenocrates or Aristotle. The indefatigable nature of his mind is evinced by the report that he wrote no less than three hundred volumes. After a brief visit to Athens, he proceeded to Lampsacus, Mitylene, and Colophon; and, upon his return to Athens, opened a school, over which he presided from his thirty-sixth year to his death, Olympiad 127.

His instructions being usually given in a famous garden at Athens, over the entrance the following inscription was placed: "The keeper of this mansion—where you will find pleasure the highest good—will, in his hospitality, liberally afford you cakes of barley, and water fresh from the spring; the gardens will not stimulate your appetite by the dainties of art, but will satisfy it with the supplies of nature: will you not be well entertained?" So attractive were his manners, that many of his pupils followed him from a distance, and being formed into a community, had such constant opportunities of insight into the kindliness of the philosopher's disposition, that they loved rather than obeyed him: Meteodorus of Lampsacus never left him but once, and Epicurus recognised the claim of his friendship by providing for his pupil's children in his will.

At the outset, his principles, indeed, assumed somewhat of a sceptical character, by the disparagement he cast over the investigations of science; his object in philosophy being, not as Plato taught, the discovery of truth, so much as the establishment of a right rule of living, of which the aim would be happiness, consisting in pleasure. This, every animal instinctively pursued—this, man should endeavour also to attain; yet not such as consists of momentary gratification, but the enduring complacency of a whole life, wherein by the regularity of the emotions, and the moderation of impulse, memory should bring no remorse, and anticipation no anxiety. It is, indeed, to be regretted, that one wretched dogma presents itself at this point, which vitiates the whole tenor of his system. He taught that death was not the end of misery only, but the utter destruction of existence; and the apparent quietude which the Epicurean proffers, is but a flimsy veil thrown over the real melancholy of a

doctrine, which offers no consolation in the hope of a future state to the pains which human "flesh is heir to;" and presents no incentive to cultivate virtue upon earth. It was this which perverted the tenets of the philosopher to the grossest abuses, when the influence of his own moral example had passed away, in the perishableness of earthly things: "let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," became the general motto of the sect; on the one hand, the body was used as the instrument of selfish and lawless libertinism—on the other, the soul was materialized into atoms wholly irresponsible.

Considered generally, his psychology and physics were those of Democritus, since both concurred in the eternity of matter, and that bodies of the material universe were formed by the cohesion of infinite atoms, floating in a vacuum. This Atomic theory was productive of much difficulty to the Epicureans, which they endeavoured to evade by running into a worse error, in assuming chance to be the first creative power. Atoms, they said, were bodies with some weight, and a natural motion downward, and these had made the world; but, being reminded that, according to their own rule, they would all have fallen in the same perpendicular direction, they endued them with a side motion, with hooked shape, so that chance, shaking them together, they clung to one another, and became a world! Thus, as it has been well observed, they did not hesitate to allow to a fortuitous concurrence of particles the formation of a sphere, while they are compelled to admit that the same fortune never issued in the "shape of a house or a shoe;" so utterly absurd are the assumptions of "the fool," who turns round upon the face of fair creation, and declares that "there is no God."

According, also, to Epicurus, the soul was a very rare body of round and smooth atoms, moving easily throughout the whole corporeal frame: it admits of decomposition, and is guarded from injury by the body, which, being dissolved, the elements of the soul again separate, and become individuals in the infinity of atoms. He establishes three criteria of truth, namely, sense, anticipation, and emotion; the first, taking cognizance of material things; the second, seizing on events beforehand, from a reference to memory; the last, passion or emotion, is divided into pleasure and pain, but by none of these could anything positive be ascertained, either of the Divinity, or of other natures, between whom and ourselves there exists no analogy. This last opinion was, probably, induced by reluctance to speak more fully upon a subject, which, by its discussion, had involved other philosophers in persecution by the people.

From this cause is it that his theology is necessarily obscure, wherein, at one moment, God is recognised as an immortal being, existing in perfect happiness, to whom we must attribute nothing unworthy of his Divine attributes, but (which Seneca finds fault with) reverence him as a parent for his goodness, without consideration of selfish gain; at another, all access and communication with the Deity are supposed to be impossible, from the frailty of our nature, and God himself is passed over in the work of creation, and his existence either denied or rendered nugatory by the belief, that he does not trouble himself with human affairs. From this course, probably, it was that superstition—the terror of irreligious fancy—prompted him to believe that, in sleep, divine images of the finest corporeal substance are perceptible to the soul, and that man is continually exposed to the approach of particles, which, by chance, may assume the form of corporeal bodies.

That portion of his system—called the "Canonic," which treats of sensation, and the conception of general ideas—contradicts the whole doctrine of his physics; and no sooner does Epicurus perceive how the theory of higher natures, interfering with the human, is calculated to introduce fear, than he hastens, by an opposite course, to restore equanimity. The method in which he opposed the theory of transmigration of souls from one body to another is remarkable. He asks, what expedient could be found out, if the number of the dying should chance to be greater than that of those who are coming into the world: "For the souls turned out of their old habitations would scuffle and crowd which should first get possession of their new lodging; and they further demand how they shall pass away their time whilst new quarters are made ready for them. Or, on the contrary, if more animals should be born than die, the body, they say, would be but in an ill condition whilst waiting for a soul to be infused into it, and it would fall out that some bodies would die before they

had been alive." Such are the refutations by which one philosopher, himself the teacher of the soul's annihilation, opposed another, who distinguished soul from matter—both alike failing to reach the simple exposition of the truth which Divine revelation teaches, that, after death, the dust shall "return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it," Eccl. xii. 7.

Amongst the disciples of Epicurus were many females, wives of his friends; some of whom were celebrated for such virtue and learning as totally to refute the reflections cast by the Stoics upon their character. Such were Themista, Leontium, and Philænis, the first of whom became proverbial for her learning, while the second wrote some elegant treatises against Theophrastus. We have already alluded to the rancour of the Stoics, which led them to abuse every connexion with Epicurus and his doctrine; but we would here endeavour to correct a mistake prevalent even in our day, that the philosophical female characters of ancient times were necessarily of an immoral class. The very nature of their pursuits corrects such an error, even if we omit the peculiar constitution of Grecian society, which rendered women either aliens from mental improvement altogether, or obliged them, if they would possess it, to resort to the schools of philosophy.

Aspasia was no less remarkable as a model of female virtue in a debased age, than she was from the superiority of her intellect; had it been otherwise, she never would have been the wife of the greatest Athenian statesman, or have been referred to by him equally upon topics of thoughtful morals or practical polity. The persons who have reported accusations of licentiousness against Epicurus and his pupils, have refuted themselves by their notice of his frugal diet, the devotion of the Epicureans to pure philosophy, and the infirmities which, in advanced age, confined the philosopher to his bed. The evil of the system—though afterwards exhibited by an immorality, totally opposed to the notion of sense which the philosopher attributed to pleasure, as the chief good—was practically inherent in its subversion of the immortality of the soul, and in the theory of a creation by chance. There can be no truth in a doctrine which reduces man's being to a state of almost mental torpor, and bounds his view within the narrow circle of a fast fleeting existence; and, as the tenets themselves are contradictory, so none would adopt the creed except such as had a dread of a future, and lived only for the present. In fact, it would have speedily evaporated altogether, had it not possessed, in its offer of mental repose, a prejudicial concurrence with ignorant inactivity, which detests the trouble of thought. As it was, it procured adherents for a long series of time, and, in form, its principles are somewhat acceptable still; but it has never advanced, remaining ever as decided a check to moral inquiry as scepticism had been to science—the charm of those who possessed no higher wish than earth—the frail effort to console man in his corruption and misery, by adopting the first opinion that may offer.—*From the "Schools of Ancient Philosophy," just published by the Religious Tract Society.*

THE GRUMBLER.

Of the endless variety of characters who frequent the turnings and windings of life's thousand roads, perhaps he whose long dark visage, downward look, low muttering, and inharmonious voice might without a libel be designated a grumbler, the most frequently crosses our path.

When he quits his home, with slow and measured steps he saunters on, looking up only if an increased sound informs him of some approaching vehicle, and then he moves out of its way as though it were a matter of small moment to him to avoid being crushed by its wheels. Follow him, and you see no signs of interest in any passing object; animate and inanimate nature seem to exist alike in vain for him, and but for the kind offices for which he is indebted to his fellow-creatures, and which he could not perform for himself, his race might become extinct. He shares in none of the socialities of life, he scarcely manifests more regard to his own species than to the dog that runs by his side, which, though his constant attendant, he seldom caresses, and when he does, it is in a tone of voice between kindness and fretfulness; so that the poor animal very doubtfully wags his tail, and rarely ventures to return the notice, cautiously jumping up, as though anxious for further encouragement.

If you accost him with the friendly salutation, "Good-day to you," he will coldly nod his head as he passes on, or

if he deign to reply, it is in a sepulchral tone, as though the whole weight of national affairs rested on his shoulders—a second Atlas; only instead of groaning, as did he "the world beneath," some slight inconvenience, some trifle light as air, makes the burden of which he complains. No road suits him: one is rough and uneven, and compels him to look to his steps, lest he should stumble; another is dusty, and gives him inflammation of the eyes; on a third is so much traffic that the noise distracts his head; and a fourth is so quiet and lonesome that it makes him nervous and melancholy. No wind is favourable to his disorder; one is too cold, another is too hot, one is too dry, and another too damp. No light is agreeable: it is too strong, or too fitful; the one affects his sight, the other his spirits. The cloudy or the cloudless sky, the glare or the gloom alike inconvenience him. Neither has the night any charms for this unhappy mortal. The lovely moon, as she threads the blue arch above, recalls some season of bygone happiness no longer pleasing, and if dark clouds float before her silvery car, and hide her awhile from his view, the temporary withdrawal calls up some gloomy scene which equally afflicts him, and, instead of waiting their disappearance to see her resume her journey along the ethereal mead, he quarrels with some of Nature's loveliest works, simply because he is not precisely in the circumstances of which they unhappily remind him, overlooking the lesson afforded and which might soothe him on life's journey, that though dark clouds may sometimes o'ershadow our path, they are only occasional interruptions to our bliss, and that—

> "the darkest day,
> Live till to-morrow, will have pass'd away."

But no; instead of this, he sighs and groans, and weeps, and thinks himself the most unfortunate of men; and truly so he is, but he has only to blame himself for his misery. Were he to look at his mercies as well as his troubles, he might still be as happy as others; but while he dwells on the former and overlooks the latter, what wonder if no climate, no society, no circumstances suit him. The beauties of Nature are lost to such a man, or only unfavourably affect him. No country, no people have any charm for him; in short the whole world could not supply his imaginary wants. He is a poor, miserable, melancholy, grumbler.

Yet would we not indiscriminately condemn every sorrowful and burdened spirit. There are individuals who, were the question daily put to them, "How do you do?" might with truth reply, "Not very well, thank you." Persons constitutionally weak, and in consequence the prey of every gust of wind or variation of atmosphere, do not justly come under the aforesaid appellation, and especially if we hear them amidst all their debility and incapacity for enjoyment, expressing their gratitude to God for their exemption from many ailments and calamities which others are called to suffer. He is the grumbler who having nothing really to complain of, whose health is good, whose circumstances are easy, and whose friends are many, nevertheless complains because he may lack one thing on which he has set his heart. Such a one is also guilty of the basest ingratitude—of all crimes the blackest; even the imperfect morality of the heathen discountenanced this detestable vice; their philosophers said, "Call a man ungrateful, and you call him everything that is vile." The Lacedæmonians made it punishable. South compares such a wretch to the sea, that turns the sweet influences of the clouds into brine,—and to the grave, which is always receiving and never restoring.

But though there are many such, it is the writer's happiness to know some noble specimens of character among her friends: one especially, who has to bear the heavy calamity of an extravagant and disobedient son, who is constantly involving him in the payment of large sums of money. On being asked one day by an acquaintance how he could be so cheerful under such a trial, his reply was, "Did not the disciples of my Lord and Master, Jesus Christ, take joyfully the spoiling of their goods, knowing that in heaven they have a more enduring substance, and ought I to repine? Should not my faith and trust in God support me under afflictions as well as it did them? I cast my burden upon the Lord, assured that he will either remove it or enable me to sustain it." Thus should all Christians be able to say, and it were well for those especially who are accustomed to cherish a spirit of discontent, to cultivate the habit of looking to the bright side of things; to reflect that however dark their sky, it might be much darker; and to direct the

eye of faith to the future, by which they might always discover a bright line verging their horizon. That is an instructive lesson left on record by one who knew something of the human heart, which it would be well for every one to make their own: "When dissatisfied with your condition, look at those beneath you, and learn contentment; when disposed to think too highly of yourself, look at those above you and learn humility."

The amount of happiness and misery, in the case of every individual, is more nearly the same, when duly balanced, than is generally supposed. As there are advantages in some circumstances, so there are ills in others which defy our penetration. It is a fact, that few, if any, could be found, who, deliberately considering their own condition, and comparing it with that of any one of their acquaintance, with a full knowledge of all their causes of sorrow and suffering, would exchange lots.

Damocles, who was one of the courtiers of Dionysius the elder, frequently extolled the happiness of his master, who was surrounded by wealth and power. "Will you," said Dionysius, "make trial of my felicity?" The offer being accepted, Damocles was ushered into a room where the most magnificent repast was prepared: incense, perfumes, and slaves of great beauty appeared in profusion. But what followed this fascinating scene, in the midst of which for awhile his heart beat high with exultant hope, and looked forward to a blissful future? On casting his eyes to the ceiling, he perceived the point of a sword, hanging by a single horsehair, over his head; all his joy now vanished, anxiety took possession of his mind, and he learned the useful lesson,—that even in the most exalted stations there is always something to corrode, by which happiness is placed on an equality with that of others.

The following anecdote is one of many which we think strengthens our side of the argument:—An intimate friend of the narrator, whose schemes as to the present world had all been frustrated, was beginning to neglect himself and his family, and to despair of ever being again happy. During one of these fits of despondency, he received a visit from a Christian friend, who expostulated with him on the sin of discontent, but to no purpose; his supreme wish had been crossed, and all that he possessed beside he esteemed worthless. In vain the good man strove to produce a better state of mind; when, just as he was about to leave the house, a letter was brought in and handed to his dejected friend. During its perusal his face underwent a striking change, which however was, ere long, satisfactorily explained. With a subdued expression of countenance, and a softened tone of voice, which could not be mistaken, he said, whilst extending his hand, which still held the letter, "I am satisfied of my error; the writer of this is the very man whose good fortune has caused me so much misery by envying his lot, and despising my own; and were I now in his circumstances, and he in mine, my wishes would be precisely the reverse of what they were a few moments since. In the course of one week, he here tells me, he has lost both his fortune and his reputation. I now see," said he, "what a short-sighted creature is man, and that true wisdom consists in trusting our affairs to Him who seeth the end from the beginning:" and then, shaking hands heartily with his friend, he returned to his family, with different feelings to those he had been cherishing.

May the foregoing remarks have their due influence on any who have hitherto charged God foolishly, and lead them, henceforth, to render the praise that is due unto his name, whose benevolence is universal in its extent! "Thou openest thine hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing."

S.

A VISIT TO THE SAXON WALDE.

That tract of country, situated in the duchy of Lauenburg and part of Mecklenburg, between the river Elbe and the Baltic, still termed the Saxon Walde, or great German Forest, is a remnant of the original condition of Anglo-Saxony, when the early ancestors of the British people possessed the land. Though whole parishes have been cleared of timber by the hand of cultivation, it still retains much of its original character. Its surface is generally flat, though there are occasional hollows and elevations. Several small rivers wind lazily through it, but they are useless for the purposes of transport or improvement, while many beautiful little lakes are found in its gloomiest recesses.

The forest has altogether an impres-

sive and saddening effect upon the mind, which the absence of the axe for a thousand years tends greatly to heighten. The oak, the elm, and the beech, with other monarchs of the forest, lift their heads like so many gigantic pillars, though a considerable portion of them are decayed with extreme age, and are crumbling into dust. Still even these are green with moss, ivy, and other parasites; while they stretch their majestic arms, tufted with the mistletoe, far over head; supporting a series of arches, almost without end, which have for ages overshadowed the soil. The sward beneath is generally as smooth and green as a beautiful meadow, except where it is broken by patches of thickets, or by fallen and buttressed trunks, as singular as they are impenetrable. Numerous green glades stretch through the forest, forming avenues in every direction; and there are many open spots of a hundred acres in extent, where the trees are thinner, and seem as if planted with all the regularity which is found in an English nobleman's park. These are generally fine specimens of the vegetable kingdom, and show no symptoms of decay.

The vague and shadowy prospects opened by the numerous occasional glades, have a tendency to rouse the imagination, and to produce a feeling of solitude, greater, perhaps, than would be felt were the view continually bounded by a billowy undergrowth of shrubs and bushes. At times, the traveller reaches a clump of wood denser than common, through which no ray of light is seen to penetrate. It is generally surrounded with a fringe of the loftiest trees, in all their vigour and fruitfulness; being probably nourished by the rich vegetable mould within; but this barrier is rendered almost impassable by thorn brakes, creeping brushwood, or by the stems of the wild vine, hanging like thick ropes from the overhanging boughs. Passing through with difficulty, it is found to be, as it may be said, a mausoleum of the dust of departed greatness, a city of the dead. There the most majestic trees have crumbled in the spot where they grew; as they were too far from the haunts of men for the rude means of transport to effect their removal, so as to render them profitable either to the seller or the buyer. The decayed fragments form mounds a dozen feet in height; and, covering many acres, appear like barrows on an ancient battle-field. These are the habitations of millions of families of ants, who there find both food and shelter; but reptiles of every description seem to have deserted these solitary spots; the wild boar never enters them; the very birds avoid them, as their song is never heard near these gloomy thickets. There is no secure footing to be found within, and the traveller sinks at every step. There is danger also lest the last root of some gigantic trunk should part, through a gust stronger than common, and the weighty mass be prostrated in your path. Such circumstances are not unfrequent, and then a cloud of dust arises, spreading over the forest for miles.

Regular roads through the forest there are none, unless the occasional tracks cut through the underwood be deemed such. Where the sward is open, ruts made by the carriage wheels of a chance passenger, or by the light wagons of the country, are found covering a space a mile wide, which is the only apology for a road on which the traveller can depend. These, however, often lead the unwary into bogs and boar-traps; the latter being pits about eight feet deep, roofed with twigs, sufficiently strong to bear a layer of turf, but not the weight of the animal. The consequence is, that when a herd of wild boars passes over it, two or three sink into the pit, and are there speared and taken. It was the lot of the writer of this paper to spend the greater part of a night in one of these pits, carriage and all, though the horses escaped by the rope traces breaking. Happily a woodman's cottage was found at no great distance, where assistance was obtained, and by cutting a slope at one end of the pit, the carriage was extricated without difficulty.

The Saxon Forest was famous for ages throughout all Germany for its breed of wild boars. There are yet considerable herds to be found within its precincts; and it is not a very pleasant feeling to come suddenly upon them. The passenger, however, is never injured by them in these encounters, as they are only dangerous when hunted or attacked. I once urged my horse through a thicket much against his will, though I had no suspicion of the reason of his resistance, when I found myself right in the midst of ten or a dozen of the fiercest-looking boars. I had much ado to keep my seat from the rearing of my horse, but the boars being roused from a noon-day nap, scampered off in the utmost confusion, and with a noise like the rush of a whirl-

wind, being apparently more terrified than their unwelcome visitor.

The stag and red deer also make this forest their home, but their numbers were greatly thinned during the war, so that it is not often they are now seen. In a journey to visit a pious English family settled in one of its sequestered nooks, I was gratified with the sight of a red deer, one of the noblest of his species. I was alone on horseback, when he came bounding from a glade and was within a few yards of me before he perceived me. His motion was bold, free, and playful; tossing his branched antlers, and gambolling over bushes and fallen trunks. He surveyed me a moment with a keen look, and then trotted off in an opposite direction. He had proceeded, however, above two or three hundred yards, when I heard the report of one rifle quickly succeeded by a second, when the noble animal made a convulsive spring into the air, and fell lifeless to the ground. I could not see any smoke, or the signs of any human being, but man was there, and destruction hovered on his steps. In a few moments, two Yagers, or huntsmen, clad in green frocks appeared, and lamenting the fate of so beautiful a creature, I left them to finish their work, and to prepare the carcass for removal. I had not been long at the house of my countryman, when one of the huntsmen arrived, with a requisition for his waggon, to carry the game just slain to the castle of his feudal lord, a distance of about twenty miles. Such was a part of the tenure by which his farm was held. Though my heart ached when I saw the carcass laid upon the wagon, yet it was pleasant to find a lodge in the wilderness, where the kindest hospitality, and the warmest Christian reception was to be found. There pure and undefiled religion was valued, and praises to God and the Lamb were daily offered by sincere hearts, but my friend had learned the former, and practised the latter too long in Surrey Chapel, of which he had once been a member, to forget its value in the midst of the Saxon Forest.

In the south-west corner of the Forest, not far from the Elbe, above Zollenspeicher, and where the surface is broken into little hills and hollows, there is a dell where one of those deep dark lakes is found, which abound throughout the district. It is not without its charms, although the way to it is gloomy, and the prospect is bounded by the impenetrable forest in every direction. You descend a sandy path, winding through thick and entangled underwood, rising fourteen or twenty feet on each side of you, interspersed with the trailing vine, and nearly covered with dog-rose, and the wild acacia. All at once the prospect opens on your right, into a dark recess, forming a branch of the lake, and ultimately the bed of a stream to carry off the surplus water: while directly in front, a wall of forest rises a hundred feet in height. Turning your eyes to the left, the whole lake is seen in its full proportions, spanned by a wooden causeway at your feet, to a little promontory jutting out from the right. Passing along this bridge, and turning suddenly to the right, you come to a house of entertainment (previously concealed behind the leafy screen) that might rank with a second-rate country hotel. The house has a neat and clean appearance, with white-washed walls, and light green verandahs; which, contrasting with the darker green of the forest, and the deep blue waters of the little lake, gives it a rich and lively aspect. From the windows of the dining hall, the lake appears smaller than it really is; probably on account of the huge elm and larch trees which surround it. There every species of vegetation is extremely rank, and no effort seems to be made to check its exuberance. A neat gravel walk leads along its borders, terminating in an open space in front of the house, beyond which, all is shut out by the impenetrable barrier of the dense forest. This solitude is called "Frederick's Ruhe," (probably after another spot of the same character in the marches of the Rhine,) which means the "resting place," or "pleasure house" of Frederick. But of what Frederick, whether of Denmark or Prussia, I could not ascertain. "It affords a most pleasant retirement in a scorching summer's day, but it must be an anchoret, or some other whose mind is equally off its balance, who could dwell statedly in such a place. Shut out and guarded from the rest of mankind by a belt of timber a thousand times thicker than the sides of a first-rate man-of-war, and having no neighbours but the wild boars, which harbour in great numbers around the spot."

On leaving "Frederick's Ruhe," and stretching across the forest in a north-easterly direction, no signs of human habitations are to be seen for many weary miles. In the most frequented tracks,

indeed, a woodman's hovel, a labourer's cottage, or a house of refreshment, may occasionally be discovered by the blue smoke curling among the trees; but anything like an inn, especially, is rare to be met with. I found none for nearly twenty miles, and the one I at length came to, had by no means an inviting exterior, but looked more like an immense and shapeless barn than a place to offer refreshment to a wayworn traveller. The interior, however, proved better than was expected, and gave evidence that the master of the house was a man both of taste and substance. Indeed, it was the very place where the celebrated Davoust, commanding a division of the French army, held his head-quarters for some time. It had at first been erected merely as a farmhouse, as the forest was cleared of its timber for more than a mile in every direction, and the soil had been cultivated with considerable success for a few years; but the presence of the French marshal and his glittering staff had changed it into a hotel, which character it has borne ever since. The rooms were decorated with numerous French prints, representing the most renowned events and most prominent actors of that stirring time. The landlord was among the few Germans I found who idolized the memory of Napoleon and his grand army. The change from the solemn stillness and quiet scenes of the forest to the memorials of that ambitious crusade against the liberties of Europe—memorials hung up in the very centre of its solitudes—and to listen to the landlord's loquacious praises of the great nation, formed a variety, which will be differently regarded by differently constituted minds. To me, it was a sad fall from all that was majestic in the simplest works of God to all that was superbly mad and wicked in the career of man.

In another part of the forest, in the direction of Boitzenberg, there dwells a pious clergyman; several churches being found in the district, to which the few scattered inhabitants resort for Divine worship and for other religious offices. Indeed, for years, a pious remnant, fleeing from the persecutions attending the Reformation, and the effects of the cruel wars which followed it, took refuge in the recesses of the Saxon forest, and, it is supposed, founded the four or five churches in it, which are still regarded as regular parishes. Knowing the pastor of the parish of H—— by name and reputation, I felt a strong desire to see and to converse with him. Taking my departure from the southern border of the forest, I spent the best part of a day from early dawn in search of his church and hamlet.

Towards afternoon, I happily obtained a glimpse of a little steeple several miles off, through a natural avenue formed by lofty overarching trees, and, in another hour, found myself before the modest habitation of the forest minister. It was a long, low, barn-looking building, with the end towards the road, on the opposite side of the way to the church, and to the few houses constituting the forest village. It stood quite alone, and had no outbuildings, nor inclosures of any kind. The door was as large as a wagon gateway, and opened into a long hall, which, by its clayed, hard, and smoothly rolled floor, I judged to be a threshing-floor. On each side, separated up to the roof by large open palings, were ranged the cows, horses, sheep, and pigs, all having their racks or troughs on the side next the floor, and consequently their heads were in the same direction. They could therefore look at each other across the floor, and amuse themselves by observing anything done in the great common room of the house. At the upper end of this roomy hall was a large and wide fireplace, before which stood a table, crossed at the top with another, in the form of a T, capable of accommodating twenty or thirty people to dinner; and on either side of the hearth was a door opening into the private apartments of the family.

On entering this primitive abode, I communicated my desire to a servant that I might see the pastor: and shortly a man in the prime of life appeared, expressing much curiosity and surprise in his looks, but having a bland and open countenance, giving evidence of both mildness and intelligence. Though I had no introduction to him, we soon came to the happiest understanding, and enjoyed the most delightful Christian communion. I spent the better part of two days under the hospitable roof of this able and worthy minister of Christ, more profitably and pleasantly, indeed, than had been my lot for some years. He clearly comprehended the sad situation of his country, in a religious point of view—lamented the want of spirituality which everywhere prevailed, and mourned over the false philosophy both from the pulpits and the press of Berlin, almost to the extinction of the truth as it is in Jesus.

But what could he do to stay the torrent? A simple forest pastor, who had no influence beyond the limits of his parish! "He could but mourn," he said, "and pray, while he did his utmost to keep his own flock from error." And truly he had enough to do: his parish extended nearly six miles in every direction from the hamlet, and his flock were so scattered, that it was with difficulty he could find their habitations. Yet they attended worship so numerously, that he contemplated pulling down his small, neat, wooden church, and building a larger, to accommodate those who were willing to attend. Here was a light shining in a dark place, and there was reason to suppose that many were rejoicing in that light. Here was the voice of one again crying in the wilderness, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord!" and I trust many had their loins girded, and their lights burning, waiting for their Master's coming! I met with others in that forest in the midst of extreme destitution, and far removed from Christian brotherhood and the comfort of ordinances, who, with their Bibles in their hands, held fast the hope of eternal life, through their once crucified but now exalted Intercessor and Redeemer.

Leaving that excellent man, I had a long day's ride through the forest, still in a north-east direction, without having the least opportunity to refresh either mind or body; but I had had enough of both to last me through my journey for the day, and towards nightfall I lighted upon a different place described to me by the poverty-stricken occupant of a lonely cottage. It was the "Moerder's Grube," or "The Murderer's Hole;" but near it I was obliged to pass to obtain quarters for the night. It was a sort of castle, or solitary tower, situated in a dark part of the forest, not far from a little river, which at a considerable distance falls into the lake of Ratzeburg. It had once been famous as the headquarters of a troop of robbers, which filled the country with violence and alarm from the Baltic to the Elbe. Though this band had been rooted out for some years, there was an unpleasant sensation in finding oneself in the vicinity of a place where so many cruel deeds were said to have been committed. I was drawing near, also, at the close of the day, with every appearance of an approaching storm. The trunks of the old forest trees, dimly seen, appeared like the sheeted dead, and presented such an aspect as would have been mournful in sunshine; but at that hour, and with that dim and waning light, the spectacle was peculiarly awful. The deep solitude of the spot—the gloomy aspect of the sky, veiled in clouds—the occasional gusts of wind rushing through the trees, to be succeeded by a dead and dismal calm; and more than all, the remembrance of many tales of horror, which had consigned the ill-fated fortalice to neglect and desolation, gave the deepest character of gloom to the whole scene. I was heartily glad when I had forded the river, and had left it between me and the object of my dread; but it was past midnight before I reached a place of refuge.

How many thoughts are awakened in the contemplative mind amidst such scenes as these! We may see in the lofty and decaying trunks of the great German forest the hoary relics, or rather representatives of a generation of nobler and greater spirits of a generation who once tenanted these recesses, greater and nobler than perhaps many who lead the destinies of our own. "From such ancestors a nation has, in the course of twelve centuries, been formed, which, inferior to none in every moral and intellectual endowment, is superior to all in the love and possession of useful liberty; a nation which cultivates with equal success the elegancies of art, the labours of industry, the researches of science, and the productions of genius;" even the British nation, which is probably destined to colonize the world.

That forest may be also looked on as a type of the millions of the human race, in the dark parts of the earth, falling and perishing in the spot where they first came into existence. But in Britain there are many who pray for the fulfilment of the song of the angels: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men!" while our noblest institutions are striving in every possible way to cultivate the fruitless forest of the human family through all the earth, that "instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree: and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off." G. D. M.

THE ASSAFŒTIDA PLANT.

We are often, in reading accounts of the inhabitants of other lands, struck

with the difference of taste exhibited by people of various nations. The assafœtida, with its strong garlic-like scent, is so positively disgusting to us, that although the drug is a very valuable medicine, the physician often forbears to prescribe it on account of the dislike which the patient evinces to the remedy; while in some European languages it is called by most opprobrious names. Yet in India, the Brahmin terms it the food for the gods, and it is a common condiment to the eastern meal. In many parts of Arabia and Persia, it is very largely employed, both as a seasoning of food and a common medicine for various diseases, as well as for an external remedial application. The Banian Indians, who live wholly on vegetable diet, but who season their otherwise simple dishes with condiments of a stimulating and acrid nature, mingle with them, very profusely, the strong flavour of the assafœtida; and their habit of rubbing their mouths with this drug before meals, renders the presence of these Indians most offensive to the European, who cannot endure this strong odour. The drug called assafœtida is procured from one or more species of fennel. The common fennel is very well known to us, as it is frequent in gardens, and grows wild in a few places in England. Its sweetish-flavoured green leaves are used as sauce for mackerel, and it is one of the tallest of our herbaceous plants, sometimes attaining the height of fifteen feet. The far stronger-scented species, from which the drug is prepared, is called the Persian fennel, and was introduced into British gardens in 1782, but was afterwards lost. It is a coarser-looking plant than the common kind, and more like another plant of the same order—the hemlock, the leaves of which it much resembles, though, like the other species of fennel, its flowers are yellow. These plants belong to the umbelliferous tribe, an order of vegetables which, while it is one of the least attractive by its beauty, is one of the most important to man by its uses for food and medicine. No pendant bells, or glowing tufts of brilliant petals, adorn this tribe; their flowers are clusters of small blossoms, but the arrangement of these on the stalks, the hollow stems, and the deeply-cut leaves, characterize them so clearly, that they may mostly be distinguished by persons who possess little botanical knowledge. The carrot, the parsley, the hemlock, the celery, are all familiar instances of the tribe, and the flowers are generally white, though sometimes yellow, and more rarely, pink. These plants are highly dangerous poisons in watery places, which are their native haunts, but when taken under the care of man, culture will render many of them useful as food. The common celery, if gathered from the dank ditch, where it sometimes sends out its bright green leaves, and eaten, would soon produce some bad effect on the eater, though, happily, its rank, coarse flavour secures it from being gathered for food; but when cultivated, this vegetable becomes mild, and juicy, and wholesome: and that highly venomous plant, the burned saxifrage of the salt marshes, is planted about Angers and elsewhere, for its roots, which are called "jouannettes," and are, when reared, wholesome and agreeable.

The assafœtida fennel grows wild on the mountains of several parts of Persia, and on the borders of the Persian gulf, and it is called "hingiseh" by the Persians. The valuable gum-resin is produced by its root, which is very large. This root will increase in size for several years, and it is not until four years old that it will produce the gum in any quantity. It is by cutting the root that the gum is obtained, for it then oozes out and is taken off, just as the opium issues and is scraped from the poppy. The plant diffuses, during these cuttings, a powerful odour, and the value of the drug is estimated by the intensity of the perfume. The leaves and stalks have also, in a less degree, the scent of the assafœtida, and the Persians, who water their gardens by channels and streams sent to run among their roses, and lilacs, and jessamines, place fennel leaves in the water, so that it not only refreshes the verdure and beauty of the trees and flowers, but destroys the vermin which might else nip them in the bud; for the insects seem to shrink and die in waters impregnated with the scent of assafœtida. It is on the richest soils of Persia that the plant secretes most abundantly its peculiar gum; and the soil affects its strength. On the mountains of Heraat, the capital town of the province of Chorasan, the plant is vigorous and powerful; but on the Arabian side, the odour is much lessened in power, so that the mountain goats browse upon this plant as willingly as on the milder herbage of the hills.

An interesting account is given by

Koempfer of the harvest made of this plant in the small Persian town of Disguum, in the province of Laar. The people of the town make four different journeys every year, to the mountains which lie around, in order to gather their drug, and woe to the European traveller who may at this season be residing in this neighbourhood. The houses are perfumed with the scent of assafœtida. Everything he touches seems scented by it, and its strong odours are borne upon the very air he breathes out of doors, so that there is no escape from it. Happily for him this scent has this peculiarity, that it is one to which persons become soon accustomed, and which, though offensive, is less calculated than most unpleasant odours, to produce nausea. When the gum is gathered in, a ship is devoted to its use, and this, when freighted with its cargo, carries over the water its powerful perfume. Smaller quantities of it are sometimes carried in parcels tied to the tops of the masts of the vessels, that the crew or passengers may not be annoyed by it. By passing thus through the air, the odour is greatly diminished in a few days. Indeed the assafœtida drug requires, when intended to be kept long, to be carefully secured from the air, as its strength is materially lessened by contact with it.

The middle of April is about the time when this fennel first requires the attention of the collectors. The leaves of the plant are now beginning to wither, and then the root is in a fit state for its preparatory process. The men of Disguum now ascend the mountains, and having separated themselves into groups of four or five persons, each party takes charge of about two thousand plants, so that many thousands are attended to. Their present process is to remove the earth around the root, and having stripped off all the hair-like fibres common to roots, and removed all the foliage from above, they again place the earth close round it. The heat of the sun, however, would dissipate the juices; they therefore collect masses of leaves, and place them on the earth, above the root, and having laid on the top some heavy stones to keep the screen from being scattered by the winds, they go back to their homes.

By the end of May, the mountains are again covered with groups of men, who are climbing up to examine the roots. The juices in the roots which had been stripped of their fibres have stagnated, and on being cut they ooze out copiously. A small transverse slice of the root is cut, and again the root is covered by its screen of leaves. For a day and night it is left untouched, when the juice concretes upon it, and is scraped off; after which, another slice is cut, and the juice concretes and is gathered as before. These two quantities of gum having been taken from the roots, a third slice is cut off and the root is sheltered from the sun, and again the men descend the mountains, having with them the first crop, which consists of about fifty pounds weight of assafœtida to each party of men. Every house is now scented with this powerful resin, though the early crop is not considered to have so strong an odour as that which is secured by the last process.

In about ten days, the party again proceed up the hills, to remove the last portion from the root, on which they now find a strong, pure gum concreted in great quantity. The length of time allowed for the formation of this renders it superior to the former crop. The proceedings are similar to those of the previous journey, and three days afterwards the men return again to the mountains, to finish the assafœtida-gathering. The root is somewhat exhausted, and after two or three cuttings, is left to perish. On some of the higher parts of the mountains, less accessible to the people from the town below, older roots have grown for years untouched, and these will bear repeated operations; so that if these become the object of attention to the assafœtida gatherers, they repeat these processes so often, at different intervals, that they are not completed before the month of December.

The pith of the different species of fennel is used for tinder, and the sailors of the Levant make use of this plant to carry fire from one island to another, a practice which appears to have existed from the earliest antiquity. It is not certainly ascertained that the ancients were acquainted with this gum-resin, though the fennel-plant is considered to be alluded to by Diodorus Siculus, who said of Bacchus that he desired men, when they drank wine, to use the ferula, or fennel canes, because if they had harder ones with them danger might follow. The assafœtida drug is used in several forms in our country, and is very highly esteemed in many cases.

A. P.

SUPERSTITIONS IN BRITANNY.

No. III.

On St. John's Eve, the boys and girls in Britanny go about collecting *sous*, to buy fagots in honour of *Monsieur* St. Jean.*

At Brest, thousands of people assemble on this occasion at the glacis, and as a vast number of sailors, labourers, and young people of the lower orders present carry pitch torches, which they twirl rapidly as they jump and dance round the fire in the exuberance of their mirth, the effect is very pleasing to the more distant spectators, whom the singularity of the scene attracts together until the garrison signals are given for closing the gates; the flambeaus are then extinguished, the fires gradually disappear in the horizon from hill to hill, and the rude horns which had been sounding from vale to vale cease their echoes.

Nor are these bonfires in Britanny lighted without some religious solemnities, which indeed accompany almost every act of her superstitious peasantry. The curé (or rector, as he is more usually termed by the Bretons) in many parishes goes at the head of a procession bearing a crucifix, and with his own hands applies a lighted brand to the pile of fagots. At a village called St. Jean du Doight (St. John of the Finger,†) a wooden angel is made, by a simple mechanical contrivance, to descend from the top of the church-tower, with a torch in its hand, to kindle the flame; after which it vanishes into the belfry. While the aged and infirm peasants repeat prayers or chant litanies at the foot of some adjoining calvaire, the girls, in their fête-day attire, hurry from one bonfire to another, to dance with the young men around it, from the notion that the maiden who dances round nine bonfires before midnight will be married within the year.

Cattle, too, are supposed to have exemption from distempers, if brought within the influence of the holy flame, and made to jump over a brazier at the fire; nay, even the souls of the dead, it is believed by these superstitious people, take pleasure in listening to the chants and looking on the dances; and chairs are accordingly placed for their accommodation—a stretch of imagination which may appear incredible, though it is not so.

The Bretons carefully preserve a brand from the bonfire near their beds, between sprigs of box-tree blessed by the priest on Palm Sunday, as a preservative against lightning; and every flower of the garland which had been suspended over the hallowed fire, is kept as a charm against various ills of soul and body; some of the flowers, tied with a red woollen string,* are worn by young women on the bosom, as a remedy for nervous disorders. A fire is lighted, under very curious circumstances, at the annual fête or pardon of our Lady of Rumengol, or Remedol,† who divides with St. John of the Finger the highest degree of saintly fame in Finisterre. Three or four hundred beggars collect there every year; in the evening, when the tents are struck, the bell-ringers departed home, and the last notes of the hautboys have died away on the heath—when night and silence have possessed the plain which a short time before teemed with a noisy multitude, these beggars assemble, bare-headed, in groups, near fires of heath and rushes. One would say, viewing this fantastic assemblage in the open air, that they were an encampment of gypsiés of the middle age: there they sit, leaning on their long white staffs, their wallets at their feet, like beings who had just found momentary repose at these deserted fires; occasionally a gleam of bright flame illuminates their grim countenances, haggard, and marked with the traces of guilt and human misery; then a gust of wind extinguishes the sparks of fire whirled about in the air, and faintly revealing the shades of men in the gloom. At the same time, a dull murmur, like the rustling of the wind among dead leaves, passes over this strange crowd, and the distant voice of some cripple is heard singing a plaintive ballad amidst the jingling of the bells of the blind-mens' dogs, the shrill, unmeaning laughter of idiots, the Latin psalmody of old men, the shouts of intoxicated mendicants; and, in the

* See Souvestre's "Derniers Bretons" for the following particulars.

† Where there is also an annual pilgrimage in honour of St. John, who has the reputation of curing sore eyes.

* The custom of tying a bit of red worsted round the neck of turkeys in parts of Ireland, as a protection against the pip, has probably been derived from the same source. The "primitive practice of hanging pieces, torn from their garments, upon the branches of particular trees," "as a preventive against the sorceries of the Druids," has, we imagine, a connexion with the Breton superstition to which the text refers and the Irish one here noticed.

† Remed-ol, in the Breton tongue, signifies "all-remedial."

midst of this indescribable combination of strange and inharmonious sounds, spectral images, and phantasmagoric and changing scenes, the night sea-breeze begins to blow among the trees of the cemetery, the fires slowly expire, and the moon shows her silvery face in the starry firmament. Then every noise subsides; the hundreds of mendicants, stretched upon the bare ground, have forgotten their troubles as much as if they lay in their winding-sheets—the plain appears again undisturbed, lonely, and silent, and nothing is seen but the high belfry-steeple of Rumengol, which darts upwards among the trees like a phantom, and the large cross of the cemetery, which throws its shadows over the white tombstones.*

At St. Jean, near Rougastel, in the same district, one of the annual pardons is set apart for the buying and selling of birds, and an infinite number of the feathered tribe, caught by snares and limed twigs, is exposed in cages. At the pardon of St. Eloi, near Landeneau, the horses are brought together to hear mass.† And these pardons, which are extremely gay to beholders, from the great variety of costumes worn by both sexes, are, in conclusion, scenes of the highest excitement and merry-making; were not the feast and favourite dances among the young to terminate a morning of church solemnities, it is indeed probable that many a saint would be left without the votive offering of fowl, lamb, butter, honey, corn, etc., which possibly might be a loss to the ministering priests of the chapel.

As is the case in Ireland, improvident marriages are of frequent occurrence among the primitive and easily-satisfied people of Britanny. Young couples unite scarcely knowing where to lay their heads on the bridal night. They are supplied by the generosity of their friends and neighbours, at least for some time, with the necessaries of life—each individual of the bridal party, which is often very numerous, (for the Bretons love dancing and drinking,) making a contribution of some article of farm produce to the new housekeepers; and even money is collected on occasions, to give them a fair start in the world. Such benevolence is commendable, and worthy of imitation; not so the drunkenness which prevails towards the conclusion of the marriage feast, while an intoxicated fiddler scrapes on his instrument as he balances himself on some empty cider-cask, which is his seat of honour.

M. D.

* "Finisterre in 1836. † Idem.

THE SCRIPTURES HAVE NOT BEEN CORRUPTED.

As the Jews were a more ancient people than the Greeks or Romans, and for many ages unconnected with them, it is not to be expected that much proof should be derived from the historians of those nations as to the entireness of the word of God. We must first look for information, therefore, to the Jews; and among them, it is such as to yield satisfaction. Josephus, a Jewish priest, says, in his treatise against Apion, "We have not thousands of books, discordant, and contradicting each other; but we have only twenty-two, which comprehend the history of all former ages, and are justly regarded as divine." And these, be it remarked, are the very books found in the Protestant versions of the Old Testament, with no alteration except a different arrangement. Philo, an Egyptian Jew, who lived in the first century of the Christian era, ascribed canonical authority to no other books than these which are contained in the Hebrew Bible. Other evidence may be derived from the Septuagint—the translation into Greek from the original Hebrew, completed between two and three centuries before Christ; and from the Paraphrases and Commentaries of the Jews, as well as from the Peschito, or old Syriac version, traced most probably to the close of the first, or the earlier part of the second century; and, above all, from the frequent appeal to the Scriptures of the Old Testament by our Lord and his apostles—who would not have failed to have condemned any corruption, had it taken place before their time.

The evidence of the genuineness and authenticity of the New Testament is equally satisfactory. Of the Epistles and the Gospels many copies would no doubt be made, from the high esteem in which they were held; and these would, therefore, be dispersed in a very short time after the originals were issued. The apostle Peter must have read the Epistles of the apostle Paul to the Galatians, the Colossians, and the Ephesians, before he wrote his second Epistle, distinctly referring, as he does, to the compositions

of that inspired writer. He intimates, also, that the apostle Paul's writings were then universally read and acknowledged; stating, as he does, that the unlearned and unstable "wrested them," extracting from them what was not intended, like testimony wrung from a person tortured on the rack.

That we actually possess all that was ever given by the Holy Spirit, we have the strongest reason to believe. The completeness of the Old Testament record is placed beyond doubt, by the references to it of our Lord and his apostles; while the New Testament is so often and so largely quoted by the Christian writers of early times, that were it destroyed, it is said, the whole might be found in their works alone. No one of these persons, moreover, nor any other author whatever, offers a single quotation from any apostolic writing not in our New Testament; nor is the slightest hint given that any other ever existed, forming a part of the recognised Scriptures, which we do not at present possess. Equally satisfactory is the conclusion, that no material alteration has been made in the sacred writings. The originals, as penned by the apostles, and doubtless regarded with special care, would furnish, so long as they were preserved, the means of exposure, were fraud attempted. When these were lost, the number of copies would provide for the detection of alterations by accident or design. The early controversies would also act as a defence against corruption; for as the different sects appealed to the Scriptures in behalf of their respective opinions, each one would take care that the citations of the opposite party were fair and faithful; and thus, in various ways, the corruption of the sacred oracles was rendered impossible.

The same confidence in their purity may be felt at the present time. It is true, that in multiplying copies of the Hebrew Bible and the Greek Testament, there have been numberless inaccuracies, from the ignorance or carelessness of the transcribers; but what is the result of the faithful examination of them by able and persevering men?—that, amidst diversities almost beyond number, there is scarcely an error of consequence. Words are misspelt, and sometimes misplaced; letters are changed, and syllables altered; but the facts and doctrines of Scripture are *entirely* untouched. To quote the testimony of Bentley—very rarely equalled, and never surpassed in scholarship:—"Make your thirty thousand readings as many more, if numbers of copies can ever reach that sum; all the better to a knowing and serious reader, who is thereby more richly furnished to select what he sees genuine. But even put them in the hands of a knave or a fool, and yet, with the most sinistrous and absurd choice, he shall not extinguish the light of any one chapter, nor so disguise Christianity, but that every feature of it shall still be the same." W.

OLD HUMPHREY AT GLENTILT.

Oh, I hae roam'd in wild Glentilt,
  Sae fair at ilka turn,
An' pu'd the flowrets as they grew,
  By mony a bonnie burn.
An' harkit to the laverock there
  In simmer's golden tide,
An' felt like him my beating heart
  Amaist too big to bide.

It is thought by many to be an absurd thing for any one to express vividly his pleasure at the sight of natural objects, when they are not on the same scale of magnificence as those which they themselves have seen. What! is it absurd for one greatly to admire Loch Lomond, the Falls of Aberfeldy and Ben Macdhui, because another has seen the Lago Maggiore, visited Niagara, and ascended Mont Blanc and the Andes? Away with the thought! Were such a state of things admitted, how much honest admiration would be repressed, and how much unaffected delight withheld from others which is now freely imparted. Pleasant it is to witness the fresh emotions of wonder and joy in childhood and maturity, whether called forth by a molehill or a mountain, a drop of dew, or the billows of the mighty ocean.

The wild Alpine scenery of Glentilt much excited me, and I could not roam along the edges of its fearful precipices, thread through its woody defiles, and look around on the depths of the glen and the heights of the surrounding mountains without intense emotion. Beauty was there garlanded with wild flowers. Silence was there with her fingers on her lips, and Wonder and Admiration were there gazing around them with delight.

Whether Glentilt would yield the greater pleasure to the botanist or the geologist I cannot say, but shrubs and flowers, marble, granite, and limestone of all colours, in endless variety, meet the eye in every direction, to say nothing of the quarry of green marble so well-known.

I sat me down on a projecting crag in a rift of a huge rock to revel in the scene, having before me a view of mountain, cliff, wood, water, and opening glade, waiting in the hope that a flying herd of deer would flit across the distant flat, or sweep along the side of the rugged hills. I stood, too, on the bridge, far up in the glen, while the magnificent scene around ministered to my delight, and would willingly, had time permitted, have wandered onwards to the Grampian Hills. Nature I love thee everywhere!—

Whether I view thee in the lonely glen,
Where vales recline, or where proud mountains rise;
What time the moon is gliding soft; or when
The glorious sun, careering through the skies,
Throws round creation his resplendent dyes;
Or where wide ocean's endless wonders be;
Still art thou beautiful to my rapt eyes!
Thy mighty Maker in thy face I see,
And sing his praises while I gaze on thee.

Who has not regarded the mountains around him, when in extreme solitude, with a kind of awe, as if they had some silent and solemn influence over animate and inanimate creation! Professor Wilson eloquently says, "All minds under any excitation, more or less personify mountains. Utterly strip our ideas of them of all that is attached to them as impersonations, and their power is gone. But while we are creatures of imagination as well as of reason, will those monarchs remain invested with the purple and seated on thrones.

"To look down from the brink might be terrible—to look up from the base would be sublime; but fronting the eye thus, horrid though it be, the sight is most beautiful, for weatherstains, and mosses, and lichens, and flowery plants—conspicuous most the broom and the heather—and shrubs that, among their leaves of light, have no need of flowers—and hollies, and birks, and hazels, and many a slender tree beside, with pensile tresses, besprinkle all the cliffs, that in no gloom could ever lose their lustre; but now the day, though not bright, is fair, and brings out the whole beauty of the precipice—call it the hanging garden of the wilderness.

"You are not yet half-way up the mountain, but you care not for the summit now, for you find yourself among a number of green knolls—all of them sprinkled, and some of them crowned with trees, as large almost as our lowland hills, surrounded close to the brink with the purple heather, and without impairing the majesty of the immense expanse, embuing it with pastoral and sylvan beauty. And there, lying in a small forest of lady-fern, ambitious no longer of a throne on Ben Lomond, or Ben Nevis, you dream away the still hours till sunset, yet then have no reason to weep that you have lost a day.

"But the best way to view the mountains is to trace the glens. To find out the glens you must often scale the shoulders of mountains, and in such journeys of discovery you have for ever going on before your eyes glorious transfigurations. Sometimes for a whole day one mighty mass lowers before you unchanged; look at it after the interval of hours, and still the giant is one and the same. It rules the region, subjecting all other altitudes to its sway, though many of them range away to a great distance; and at sunset retains its supremacy, blazing almost like a volcano with fiery clouds. Your line of journey lies, perhaps, some two thousand feet above the level of the sea, and seldom dips down to one thousand; and these are the heights from which all above, and all below you look most magnificent, for both regions have their full power over you; the unscaleable cliffs, the unfathomable abysses, and you know not which is the most sublime."

I felt in Glentilt as though Ben Dearg, Ben y Gloe, and the Grampians were looking at me, and the very knowledge that the dark forest of Athol was at hand gave an added depth to the tone of my thoughts.

After returning from the glen, I met, near the Falls of the Fender, an aged Scotch couple, with so much of peace and content in their faces, and so much of domestic affection in their manner one towards the other, that they directly brought to my mind the well-known lines of Burns:

"John Anderson my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent:
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snow
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson my jo.

"John Anderson my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And many a canty day, John,
We 've had wi' ane anither:
But we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go;
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson my jo."

Though my recent ascent of Ben y Gloe had yielded me much satisfaction, I felt a degree of disappointment in not having seen a golden eagle soaring above me, and in not having heard the wild scream of the royal bird in the sky.

I was then "in the land of the mountain and flood,
Where the pine of the forest for ages hath stood;
Where the eagle comes forth on the wings of the storm,
And her young ones are rock'd on the high Cairngorm;"

And yet, though I looked towards the forest, the moor, the mountain, and the sky, not an eagle, or an eaglet was there to be seen.

The author of "The Moor and the Loch," says,

"When two eagles are in pursuit of a hare, they show great tact; it is exactly as if two well-matched greyhounds were turning a hare—as one rises, the other descends, until poor puss is tired out: when one of them succeeds in catching her, it fixes a claw in her back, and holds by the ground with the other, striking all the time with its beak. I have several times seen eagles coursed in the same way by carrion-crows and ravens, whose territories they had invaded: the eagle generally seems to have enough to do in keeping clear of his sable foes, and every now and then gives a loud whistle or scream. If the eagle is at all alarmed while in pursuit of his prey, he instantly bears it off alive. Where Alpine hares are plentiful, it is no unfrequent occurrence, when the sportsman starts one, for an eagle to pounce down and carry it off, struggling, with the greatest ease: in this case he always allows the hare to run a long way out of shot before he strikes, and is apt to miss altogether. When no enemy is near, he generally adopts the more sure way of tiring out his game."

As I have already told you when on my way to ascend Ben y Gloe, I fell in with a shrewd old Highlander, in a low cap and grey kilt, who, aware of my enterprise, tendered me the advice, "Tak' a guide wi' you." It will do neither you nor me any harm if I just now run over again a few of the evil consequences of my neglecting his counsel. "Tak' a guide wi' you," said he, "Tak' a guide wi' you," but having already determined to go without a guide, his proffered advice was disregarded. Into how many difficulties does self-confidence lead us.

"Take a guide! no, not I, for if I do, in the first place I shall have to pay him for it smartly, and in the next, I shall be troubled with his company when I wish to be alone. Have I not eyes to see with, a tongue with which to ask my way, and active feet to enable me to execute my project? I will take no guide, and yet I will get to the top of the mountain." In this way I proudly talked to myself, grasping my hazel stick with a feeling of power and capability, and giving myself credit for mental and bodily endowments sufficient to enable me to traverse the broadest valley, and ascend the highest mountain in Scotland without a guide, and without much difficulty. Again and again have I warned others against self-conceit, and yet, in this case, I was immeasurably puffed up with it. As in former instances I spared not others, neither in this instance will I spare myself.

Well! off set Mr. Confidence, with his staff in his hand, on his Quixotic enterprise, little anticipating the difficulties and disasters which awaited him. While I review the past, hardly can I help laughing at myself for my folly. I set off at a quick pace, though the day was burning hot, and the sky without a cloud.

Not more than a mile or two had I proceeded before I came to a fork, or division in the road. Eyes I had to see with, but in such a difficulty they could not help me. I had a tongue too with which to ask my way, but unfortunately there was no one to ask—and though my untired feet were quite ready to proceed on my journey, I was unwilling to trudge a path which I might be compelled to retrace. There was no remedy; I took the wrong road, and all for want of a guide. A rap on the knuckles now and then is an excellent thing. If we did not smart for our folly we should never be cured of it. "Tak' a guide wi' you," said the old Highlander, but I heeded him not.

Who walks without a guide in unknown ways,
Surrounds himself with danger all his days.

In my way to the mountain there was a celebrated waterfall, but by taking an upper path, instead of a lower one, I came to the top of the fall, instead of the bottom, and thus was deprived of that view of it which I most wished to secure. All this befel me for want of a guide. "Tak' a guide wi' you," said the old Highlander, but I heeded him not.

By the time I had walked a few miles in the direction of the mountain, I found

myself surrounded by a bog. For a season I bounded from one tussock or tuft of grass to another, light of heart and light of foot; but when I came to the thick black mud, and the holes filled with dark coloured water, it was as much as I could do to pick my way onward. I lost a full hour of my time, to say nothing of the pickle I was in, half way up my legs, from the mud and dark water, but it served me right,—"Tak' a guide wi' you," said the old Highlander, but I heeded him not.

At last I got free of the bog, and came to a brook which rushed along a rugged rift near the foot of a mountain. Oh, thought I, all is right now; but no, all was wrong, for the brook in that part was deep, and I had missed the brig or bridge. Here again I lost time and suffered for my folly. "Tak' a guide wi' you," said the old Highlander, but I heeded him not.

No sooner did I come to the foot of the mountain than I set to work to ascend in right earnest, for what with the time lost in the bog and at the brook, there was not a minute to spare. The loose rough stones and the slippery grass sadly impeded my progress, and hard work it was to get up a few hundred feet, whereas I had to climb more than three thousand. Alas! alas! when I had gained the very top of the eminence it was very clear that I had ascended the wrong shoulder of the mountain, for it was not much more than half as high as the one it had hidden from my view. All my work was now to be undone; I had to come down from the inferior height and ascend the other. What a succession of troubles had I drawn on myself by my high-mindedness. "Tak' a guide wi' you," said the old Highlander, but I heeded him not.

With little pride and much humility, I began my painful task, for I had sadly exhausted myself in the effort already made. Toil and perseverance, however, enabled me to gain the summit of the giant mountain, and I there discovered that my labour had been unnecessarily severe, for through ignorance I had ascended the mountain on the steepest side. How heavily I had burdened myself by my self-conceit. "Have I not eyes to see with, a tongue with which to ask my way, and active feet to enable me to execute my project?" was my proud language at the beginning of my journey. "Tak' a guide wi' you," said the old Highlander, but I heeded him not.

It was something, after all, to have attained my object, though not very flattering to my discretion to reflect on the price I had paid for it. Had I sallied forth with the meekness and consideration becoming my years, my task might have been accomplished in much less time, and without many of the annoyances I had endured, to say nothing of the walk to my inn, a distance of near ten miles, for the most part after sunset. True, I had climbed the mountain, but then I had also taken the wrong road, visited the top of the waterfall instead of the bottom, got into a bog, missed the bridge, climbed up the wrong eminence, and ascended the right one on the steepest side. No wonder that in my homeward walk the figure of the old Highlander should be present in my memory; no wonder that the words he had uttered, "Tak' a guide wi' you," which I had neglected, should be still sounding in my ears. At a late hour, I reached my inn in safety, grateful for His merciful protection who ever preserveth those who trust in him.

Having somewhat humorously related the rise and progress of my adventure, not a little to my own disadvantage, let me see how I can apply it to you. No doubt I have provoked your smiles, if not your laughter; let me now call up in your minds a few serious reflections.

Like myself you have undertaken to climb a mountain, and a high one too, for I cannot persuade myself that your aim is lower than heaven. Yes, yes! you are climbing a high eminence; and what is more, you have ventured, I hope, to take up with you a number of young people less experienced than yourselves. However, success will be well worth all your pains; go forwards then courageously, but "Tak' a guide wi' you." Oh, yes! my dear friends, casting aside now the odd words of the old Highlander, which may appear to you a little ludicrous, let me affectionately urge you to take a guide with you on your way to heaven. You also are liable to take a wrong road, and to see things in a wrong point of view. There are bogs in the world of temptation, error, and sin, into which you may wander. You may overlook that which might add to your comfort, and set about a right thing in a wrong way. Take a guide with you, then, and these things may be avoided.

There are many guides of which you may avail yourselves with great advan-

tage, if you are neither wilful, nor high-minded; but it is of no use having a guide, when you are too proud to submit to his guidance. It is of no avail being pointed the right way, if you persist in going the wrong. "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death."

But mind that you take a good guide; for when the blind lead the blind, both fall into the ditch. Some take very bad guides, and are soon led into very bad ways. I will try to make this matter plain to you. I will endeavour to show you that it cannot be otherwise.

Whenever we give ourselves up to anything, we naturally go where it goes. If we enter a coach, it runs with us along the land; if we go on board a ship, it sails with us across the sea. If we seat ourselves in a collier's skip, or coal basket used in procuring coals, it will descend with us to the bottom of the coal pit; and if we step into the car of a balloon, it will, naturally enough, bear us away towards the skies. Now, as it is with the coach, the sailing vessel, the coal skip, and the balloon, so it is when we give ourselves up to guides. If they are good guides, they take us into good; if evil guides, they take us into evil. He who mounts a high-spirited, unbroken horse, jeopardizes his neck, and he who allows himself to be carried away by impetuous passions, is sure to peril his own peace.

Some take pleasure for a guide, and a sad guide it proves itself to be, for it makes them selfish, and restless, and unreasonable, and draws away their hearts from God and holy things.

Pleasure's a deep and dangerous pit,
But thinly frozen round;
Glide swiftly o'er the smooth deceit;
Delay, and you are drown'd.

Some make profit their guide, and a wretched guide it is, for they heap up riches and know not who shall gather them. It is a miserable thing to be rich for time and poor for eternity. "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

There are many who take fame, renown, and reputation for their guides, and fain would they have their names proclaimed as with a brazen trumpet through the world. Alas, alas! the letters of gold become dim, the sculptured marble is broken, and no one can tell, now, who built the pyramids. Leave these things, and seek, ardently seek, the peace of God that passeth understanding.

Make the word of God your guide, and it shall lead you from all evil into all good, and be as health to your navel and marrow to your bones! when asleep in your duty, it shall awake you, and urge you to go on in your pilgrimage. It shall be a light to you in darkness. It shall give you the best advice, point you the direct way to heaven, sweetly encourage you in every stage of your journey, and when you wander, bring you back again to the Shepherd and Bishop of your souls. It shall be outward armour, and inward strength; it shall brighten your hope, confirm your confidence, and greatly increase your joy; make the word of God your guide unto death, and you shall not fail in attaining eternal life.

There is one great advantage that will attend your taking the word of God for your guide which it would ill become me to overlook. It is this, that it will abundantly qualify you to be the guide of others. It will increase your knowledge, add to your power, and confirm your faith in things that are spiritual and eternal.

"Tak' a guide wi' you," said the old Highlander. "Take a guide with you," says old Humphrey, and may your reply be, "A guide will we take, and that guide shall be the word of God." Let this be thy fixed resolution, reader, and all will go well with thee. Let the holy word of the High and Holy One be thy guide,

And then though glare or gloom be given,
Thy guide will lead thee on to heaven.

PRACTICAL ATHEISM.

Practical atheism consists in living "without God;" that is, without an acknowledgment of his being and perfections—without reverencing his authority, regarding his laws, casting his fear behind our backs, and saying in our hearts, "Who is the Lord, that we should obey him, or what profit is there in praying unto him?" This often springs from the pride of the human heart. "The wicked, through the pride of his countenance, will not seek after God: God is not in all his thoughts," Psa. x. 4. The proud man would affect the honours of Deity, and be a god to himself. It was Pharaoh's pride, no less than his ignorance, that made him disown the true God and say, "Who is the Lord, that I should obey his voice?" Exod. v. 2. As this

principle of pride first led human beings to cast off their dependence upon God, so it is that, also, which leads men to refuse acknowledging him, and to affect independence. History, both sacred and profane, abounds with striking instances of this diabolical temper. There is Sennacherib, Isaiah xxxvi. 19, 20; Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon; Dan. iv. 30; the prince of Tyre, Ezek. xxviii. 2; Herod the Great, Acts xii. 21; and others, whose history we have in the Bible. And what was it but pride, arrogance, and ambition, that prompted Alexander, Caligula, Claudius, Domitian, and others, to seek to be accounted gods, when here upon earth? He that deifies himself will soon deny the true God.

This atheistical temper may be traced to various sources besides pride. Such as a want of serious reflection and devout consideration. The minds of men are naturally so alienated from God and divine things, and so immersed in the affairs of this world, that they can find no time to sit down and consider what even reason and conscience might suggest to them concerning the necessary existence of a Deity, and their accountableness to him. Though reason cannot lead men to the knowledge of Christ's mediatorship and the mysteries of the gospel, which are all matters of pure revelation; yet, if duly exercised, it might lead them to the knowledge of a Creator, the Great First Cause of all things. But, to the want of consideration, may further be added the little regard which men behold in those around them to God in the world. Example is infectious, especially upon the young; and these, observing how little the generality of their fellow-creatures take notice of Him, so as to fear, to honour, and seek to engage Him with them in their affairs, they are tempted to think there is no such Being. For, though they are taught from their youth to repeat from their catechism, "I believe in God, the Father Almighty," etc., yet men's actions speak otherwise, and actions carry more evidence to the world than mere words, and so atheism is propagated by example.—*Barker.*

THE HUMAN RACE.

The human race may be compared to an immense temple ruined, but now rebuilding, the numerous compartments of which represent the several nations of the earth. True, the different portions of the edifice present great anomalies; but yet the foundation and the Corner-stone are the same. All spring from the same level, and all should be directed to the same end. The walls of the building have been thrown down, and the stones scattered by a great earthquake; yet a mighty Architect has appeared, and his powerful hand is gradually raising the temple-walls. The only difference between one side of the edifice and the other is, that here the restoration is somewhat further advanced, while there it is less forward. Alas! some places are still overgrown with thorns, where not a single stone appears. Yet the great Architect may one day look down on these desolate spots, and there the building may suddenly and rapidly spring up, reaching the summit long before those lofty walls which seem to have outgrown the others, but which are still standing half-raised and incomplete. "The last shall be first."

The discriminating features of the several families of mankind, the regenerating principle among the numberless races of the earth, do not consist in a greater or less proportion of natural talent, in different degrees of political advancement, or in closeness of attachment to their ancient national traditions. All these may indeed be of some consequence; but the essential point is their degree of participation in those heavenly influences which alone can call the dead mass of humanity to life; and in short, their interest in the person and work of the Redeemer. The heathen are on the lowest steps; next come the Moslem; then those Christian nations most unacquainted with the doctrine of free grace; and, lastly, those among which there is a people who are able to say, "The foundation is Jesus Christ." These evangelical nations are the capital of humanity—a capital, alas! still meagre and incomplete!—*Merle D'Aubigné.*

THE VOICE OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

The Holy Ghost is always present in the word of the Scripture, and speaks in it equally and alike to the church in all ages. He doth in it speak as immediately to us as if we were the first and only persons to whom he spake.—*Owen.*

The Philosopher and his Disciples.

PLATO AND THE OLD ACADEMY.

The birth of this great philosopher was nearly coincident with the most important era of Grecian history, the commencement of the Peloponnesian war. His parents, Ariston and Perictione, were amongst the Athenian colonists sent to occupy the island of Ægina, whence they were shortly afterwards expelled by the Lacedæmonian army; this circumstance has originated a doubt, whether Athens, or Ægina, ought to possess the honour of Plato's birth; the period of which is generally fixed at B.C. 429. His father was descended from Codrus, his mother from Solon, and his original name of Aristocles we find superseded by that of Plato, signifying broad, in consequence of his athletic frame, whereby he excelled in all gymnastic exercises. The beauty of his style —less famous for its imagery, than for the sweetness of its poetic prose—as in the case of Pythagoras; has blended his name with much of fictitious legend. When a babe, on Mount Hymettus, bees, it is said, dropped honey on his lips; and Socrates himself is made to contribute to the fame of his pupil, by a dream, in which he fancied that a young swan from the grove of Academus came and nestled in his bosom, and thence, sweetly singing, soared up into the air; when, at the very moment of the philosopher's telling his vision, Ariston presented his son, and the sage, struck with the coincidence, received Plato as his predicted pupil.

His early education comprised music, poetry, and the best scientific literature of his time; to which may be added, gymnastics, and these he practised with great attention, in the true spirit of a Greek, under Ariston the Argive. It is to be lamented, that, previous to his joining Socrates, at the age of twenty, he destroyed, in disgust, most of his poetical works; since of the few epigrams preserved, some are very beautiful. It appears, also, from Aristotle, that from his youth he had been acquainted with

the opinions of Cratylus, and those of Heraclitus; while his own works are ample proof of his early conversance with the systems of Pythagoras, Parmenides, Zeno, and the teachers of the Ionic school. On no mind could the peculiar method of Socrates, who was his instructor for ten years, produce a more beneficial effect. With quick aptitude of thought, he entered as much into the eager spirit of inquiry induced by the doubts of his master, as he delighted in those sublime views which he put forward in the clearer portions of his teaching. Where the master paused, the pupil was instigated to proceed; the practical knowledge of mankind was at once open to his view; it remained for him but to corroborate it by erudition and knowledge of books, in which his instructor was deficient.

On the death of Socrates, and the general dispersion of his followers, Plato first betook himself to Euclid at Megara, thence to Cyrene — where he studied geometry under Theodorus—and successively to Egypt and the Greek settlements on the Italian coast; like Pythagoras, Solon, "and the great of old," enlarging his experience by observation of men, under every aspect and character. Archytas, who was flourishing at Tarentum, is said to have admitted him into the secret discipline of the Pythagoreans; and so elevated is the order of his philosophy, that it has even given rise to the report that, when in Egypt, he had access to an existing Greek version of the Old Testament; a notion probably founded upon the indisputable fact, that the Egyptian priests, themselves, unconsciously derived portions of truth from the sacred oracles, which they obscured by

"Solemn fraud and mystic mummery."

Intending to travel into Persia and India, his plan was hindered by the disturbed state of those countries, so that he returned homewards after an absence of several years; and being subsequently desirous to explore Mount Etna, he crossed into Sicily, where, through Dion —a young man whom he had reclaimed, and whose sister Dionysius had married —he became a guest at the court of the latter. From some circumstance, however—probably Plato's firmness in rebuking the tyrant's vices—he became an object of such aversion to Dionysius, that, but for the intercession of his friend Dion, the former would have slain him: as it was, he secretly commanded Pollis, the Spartan ambassador, in whose ship Plato was to leave Sicily, to put him to death, or sell him as a slave; which last, Pollis is said to have done. He was, however, set free by Anniceris at Ægina, who refused to receive back the twenty minæ paid for his redemption, observing, that "his friends were not the only parties interested in Plato's welfare:" the whole story, however, is much questioned; neither do we find any certain account of the philosopher's movements until after his arrival at Athens, where he bought and planted a beautiful spot in the Ceramicus, near the Academy, whence his school derived its name.

Here he passed his life, which terminated at the age of eighty-one; having only quitted his peaceful abode twice during that period, upon two voyages to Sicily, whither he was summoned by the younger Dionysius. In these beauteous groves, for forty years, he inculcated lessons of practical wisdom, after the model of his own rigid moderation, to listeners drawn from the most influential states—themselves the influential spirits over the fortunes of their respective countries. It was, indeed, a galaxy of intellectual brightness, seldom beheld above the horizon of human thought. Xenocrates, Demosthenes, and Aristotle; Polemon, Speusippus, and Hyperides —"names" which, to the annals of old Greece, have indeed "bequeathed a name"— were here blended, whatever the jarring nature of political or private interests, in one harmonious band of intellectual pursuit and amity. Neither Socrates nor Aristippus—the one famous for his rhetorical, the other, for his ethical teaching, though both contemporaries of Plato—could detract from the brightness of a mind, or eclipse a fame which influenced distant territories by its pervading power!

His connexion with the Pythagoreans seems to have induced him to show an interest in the political events of Sicily; as contempt for the democracy in his own city, and perhaps adherence to the example of Socrates, who eschewed politics, were the causes of his avoiding any interference with the Athenian government. Both occasions of his visits to Sicily resulted from an attempt by the Pythagoreans to establish a hold on the mind of the younger Dionysius; and notwithstanding his mission was unsuccessful,

the tyrant himself, to the last, treated his guest with kindness, whilst he was jealous of Plato's regard for Dion, whose restoration to his country the philosopher had interceded to effect. The quiet pursuit of reflective science, the practice of gentle, unobtrusive virtue, were more congenial to a taste at once purely moral and refined; for in such labours he passed that time which he considered was bestowed on man to exercise the soul in preparation for immortality! The accounts given of his death are various: by some, he is represented to have died on his eighty-first birthday; by others, including Cicero, to have expired in the act of writing; nor has an enemy been wanting to attribute his end to a disorder induced by excess or indulgence, although confuted by the notoriety of his strict temperance, which enabled him to resist the malady for upwards of eighteen months.

Represented as at once graceful and vigorous in form, and modest in demeanour, the only corporeal imperfection was weakness of voice; and the single peculiarity, which sometimes excited censure, a gravity so predominant, that he was hardly ever observed to laugh. Thus, Amphis sneers at him for "knowing nothing except solemnly to raise his brow," and Aristippus censures him for arrogance, most probably because he did not assimilate to his own reckless levity: in fact, like his master, Plato was made the butt, in a licentious age, for the shafts of that enmity which his virtues excited, or of the envy roused by his fame. Some have even gone so far as to impute to him utter profligacy; but this charge is not less refuted by preposterous causes of their hostility being known, than by the tenor of his doctrine to restrain vice, by enforcing the strictest moral discipline, and to elevate man's nature, by the loftiest of all incentives, imitation of Divine goodness. As his writings have survived the changes of long years, and transmit to us the sparks of immortal truth, which were vouchsafed to illuminate his own mind, so death did not obliterate his fame, but rather gave occasion for its aggrandizement through the medium of posthumous fiction. This circumstance is remarkable, as it shows not only the admiration of his tenets, but the desire of a more enlightened age to approximate his views to those of the Christian; since to this spirit only can we ascribe the tradition mentioned by Brucker, that, in the time of Constantine, his body was found with a golden tablet on the breast, whereon was predicted the birth of our Lord, and his faith in him as the Saviour of mankind declared. No one would have condemned any deception more than the philosopher himself, who entertained so just a notion of the Almighty's aversion from everything false and erroneous, that he regarded truth as one of the most necessary qualities to prepare the soul for the enjoyment of a future state. It is true that he uses great caution in development of his doctrines, and hence arises the difficulty existent in forming a just estimate of them; for the death of the master had instilled into the disciple's mind distrust of that reception which truth was likely to meet with at the hands of a depraved and unstable populace. For this reason, also, Socrates, in his Dialogues, is continually made to broach opinions which were really those of Plato, in order that the latter might be prepared with an excuse, if suddenly obliged to vindicate them. To carry out this scheme, chronology has been frequently sacrificed, and Socrates figures as an important character, in circumstances which really occurred long after his death, besides involving, also, Plato himself in constant inconsistencies,—who, one moment, ridicules his countrymen's superstition severely, and, at another, appears hardly to touch upon religion, but to avoid it with the greatest dread. Notwithstanding, however, these flimsy attempts at evasion, so jealously was he watched by the upholders of ignorant cunning, who, in the name of religion, traded with the passions of the people, that he was significantly reminded that "some of the hemlock of Socrates was still left in the cup."*

During his life, his writings were eagerly read and widely diffused, nor did they influence the philosophy of the Romans only, but continued in favour amongst the early Christians; Cicero no less declaring his admiration of them by the assertion, that he would rather follow error with Plato than truth with others; than St. Augustine, who speaks in terms of the highest commendation of Platonic speculations, in regard to the Chief Good. The elementary principle of his system seems to have been, to submit all previous theories to the searching analysis of his own vigorous intellect; and thus, like the bee, extracting the most minute particle of the sweetness of truth, yielded by

* Diog. Laert. lib. iii. 24.

separate blossoms, to combine in the richness of its own store. With Socrates, he was induced to adopt this plan, by perceiving the erroneous tendency of men to take up any views without sufficient inquiry; his estimate of general opinion was unfavourable; like his great teacher he commenced with the confession of his own ignorance; for he held that nothing could be pronounced certain before it had been submitted to a rigorous test; and, by a series of colloquial inquiries, in total opposition to the dogmatism of the Sophists, rendered the inquirer after truth competent to become his own instructor.—*Schools of Ancient Philosophy. Published by the Religious Tract Society.*

VISIT TO THE CHISWICK GARDENS.

Pleasant it is to draw a sketch of city or country enjoyment, whether taken from the higher or the humbler circles of life. In rural localities, we get more of health and freedom, and in populous neighbourhoods, more of excitement and pleasure. There are a hundred places in the country that vie with each other in woods and waters, pure air, and delightful prospects; but for rank, fashion, company, and carriages, London and its vicinity are unrivalled.

Among the most favourite and fashionable of London holidays are the three annual meetings of the Horticultural Society in Chiswick Gardens; for then is the eye regaled with the finest specimens of flowers, plants, and fruit, the ear delighted with enchanting music, and the heart gratified by the presence of the élite of London, under circumstances the most favourable to general enjoyment. At the last of these meetings, held in July, the beautiful grounds of the duke of Devonshire are thrown open to the public, affording a rich treat to the assembled thousands that roam through that almost unrivalled Eden:

Rank, fashion, beauty, dress and manly grace
In every varied form adorn the place;
And care and want, as Pleasure waves her wand,
Seem exiled from that sweet and lovely land.

Having never visited a horticultural meeting at the Chiswick Gardens, we set out in high spirits, and in pleasant company to attend the July fête. It was a splendid day; and as the two former fêtes were not favoured with fine weather, an unusual number of tickets were presented for admission. At one time not less than twelve thousand persons were in the gardens.

Those who kept carriages went in them, and those who did not, were fain to take up with hired vehicles, cabs, and omnibuses. For private reasons, which need not be assigned here, we keep no carriage, and are quite prepared to maintain the great advantage of such a course. Should we ever alter our plan and keep one, we hope to be equally ready to maintain the great advantage the change would confer. Reason, wisdom, and holy writ agree in moving us to turn "all occurrences to the best advantage," and in whatever state we are, to be "therewith content." Oh! for a spirit that ever rejoices!

Oh for a grateful heart that sings
When midday sun his glory flings!
And feels a holy joy profound
When midnight glooms are gathering round!

The omnibus that we entered was filled with two kinds of people,—those who were, and those who were not going to Chiswick. The former kind appeared to prevail, and the horticultural meeting was almost graven on the foreheads of the two gentlemen near the door, who, on approaching the gardens, drew on their tight lavender-coloured kid gloves with much complacency.

In our route from the Bank through London, Kensington, and Hammersmith, we amused ourselves in regarding the different characters that came within our range of observation. Merchants and mariners, gentlemen, clerks and tradesmen, policemen and porters, draymen, ladies and letter-carriers, soldiers and livery-servants, nursemaids and children. Many people that passed on in cabriolets and open and close carriages, were doubtless on their way to the grand gathering at Chiswick; while many that we passed by had evidently a very different destination.

On the curbstone of one of the streets sat five little ragged, shoeless and stockingless urchins, listening with great glee to the melody of a barrel-organ, which an Italian lad was playing before them. We did not suppose for a moment that they were going to Chiswick, for they were quite happy enough where they were. The young rogues might have been envied, but we pitied the Italian boy:

Poor offspring of Italy! thou art a ranger,
In summer and winter, in spring and in fall;
Thy neck is bent low in the land of a stranger;
Thou bearest thy burden, and so do we all!

A one-legged sailor, with a sorrowful

countenance, hobbled along the pavement, carrying in his hand a bundle in a blue cotton handkerchief;—we did not suspect him of going to Chiswick,—Chiswick was neither in his head nor his heart. A policeman, with a crowd of people at his heels, was leading away a rakish pale-faced young fellow, for some infraction of the laws; where he was taking him we know not — but it did not appear probable to us that he was taking him to Chiswick.

At Turnham Green, an animated scene presented itself, — for company were alighting from their varied carriages, near the entrance of the Chiswick Gardens; police-officers were keeping order, and crowds of spectators were assembled. An unruly dog, in the turbulence of his gambols, knocked down a well-dressed little girl; a lady tore her muslin dress, in alighting from her carriage; and another, in crossing the road, which had been too freely flooded by the watering-carts, most disastrously splashed her silk stockings. Such accidents will occur. "Oh!" thought we, "if the ladies have a more than ordinary share of good sense and good-humour, they will laugh at their troubles; but if it be otherwise, their enjoyment for the day is sadly marred."

The Chiswick Gardens, with their spreading trees, gravel walks, and extended lawns, as the company increased, became unusually attractive. The splendour of the day was undimmed, and the waving flags, the tents, the grand conservatory, the fruits, the plants, the flowers, the four military bands, the Coldstream Grenadiers, Horse-guards, and Life-guards, playing at intervals the most favourite overtures, together with the assembled company, including nearly all the rank and fashion of the metropolis, formed a scene of the most striking character, which might have been looked for in vain in any other place, or on any other occasion.

The promenading of so goodly and fashionable an assemblage, was of itself, irrespective of the exhibited flowers and fruit, an attractive spectacle; though the latter well deserved an undivided attention. The orchids were very numerous and varied, and the cape heaths, with their waxy flowers and singularly-beautiful foliage, arrested the attention of all. The burst of glowing geraniums, to which names had been given,—such as Matilda, Sir Robert Peel, Queen Pomare, Susannah, and the Duke of Cornwall,—presented to the eye a galaxy of glory; while brilliant groups of roses, pelargoniums, picotees, pinks, carnations, and other flowers, drew numberless admirers around them:

> 'Mid happy scenes, and sunny hours,
> What goodly gifts are glowing flowers!
> What joy their varied hues impart
> To please the eye and glad the heart!

Scarcely could the fruit be considered as less attractive than the flowers,—for pines in abundance, unusually large and well-shaped, with peaches, grapes, and other fruit of the most luscious appearance, regaled the sight, and scented the air with delicious fragrance.

In such a scene many little changes that occur add to the piquancy of your pleasure. Now you are on the gravel walk, now on the verdant lawn,—here you are thronged by the assembled company, there you may walk alone beneath the spreading trees. A young lady has lost her party, you assist her to regain it. An old gentleman has made an appointment at the Flag-staff, you direct him to the object of his search. At one spot you accost a friend, and at another are unexpectedly accosted by one. You visit the refreshment-booth; you promenade, you seat yourself beneath a labyrinth of foliage, the sun blazes in the skies, and time goes on:

> Yes! Time goes on in weal and woe,
> As onward it will ever go.

All at once a new sensation appeared to be diffused abroad. The bands struck up a sprightly march; the fruit and flower-booths were more or less abandoned; voices speaking in haste were heard; hurried feet were seen crossing the lawn; parties drew closer together, and the human tide began to flow steadily and increasingly in the direction of the grounds of the duke of Devonshire.

Though the movement towards Chiswick House was well understood by the greater part of the assembled company, there were many strangers who were borne along, as appeared by their wonderment and occasional questionings, not knowing the place of their destination. Long continuous files of two or three abreast passed along the walks of the kitchen-gardens, which, surrounded with very high walls, appeared to be very productive. The flower-gardens and romantic grounds seemed to burst upon us suddenly.

Chiswick House is surrounded with verdant lawns, and by magnificent cedars, that sweep the ground with their graceful branches. Here a sculptured wild boar sentinels the shaven green, and there, another savage monster of the woods, effigied in stone by a master-hand, seems to dispute the right of any one to intrude on his locality. Columns, and pedestals, and vases, adorn the places best adapted to harmonize with them, and wood and water are mingled in agreeable variety.

The conservatories, filled with choice trees and plants, are upon an extended scale, and the flower-gardens are laid out with great taste. In one part, the flowers are not mingled together, but every bed contains its own individual kind. The effect is beautiful; for though each bed glows with one particular hue, the effect of the whole is a galaxy of glorious colours. It is evident that the noble owner of Chiswick House spares neither expense nor pains in his horticultural pursuits.

The scene on the lawn in front of Chiswick House was imposing in the extreme,—for there, young people were amusing themselves in rolling to and fro in hammock-swings; and there were assembled the élite of the company, partly seated, and partly promenading at their pleasure,—the duke of Devonshire, with a few immediate friends around him, occupying a conspicuous place, and evidently much enjoying the gratification to which he had so largely contributed. We wanted to thank his grace for our liberal share of pleasure,—but as we did not do it then, we heartily do it now.

The more retired walks of Chiswick grounds are very alluring. The scene, after passing the frail bridge, floored with logs of wood, is in parts exceedingly beautiful. The deep-tangled dell, purpled with foxglove, and profusely adorned with other wild-flowers, the column, the water, the wide-spread lawn, the magnificent cedars, and the collected company, all added to the beauty of the view, —while the arresting strains that burst on the ear, when nearly two hundred leading musicians, performed, with surpassing excellence, Vincent Wallace's new National Anthem, and the grand march in Midsummer Night's Dream, were truly entrancing:

> Here were sunlit clouds of snow;
> There a bright and golden glow.

Thus hour after hour were the eye, the ear, and the heart regaled, while a continual change in the company gave variety to the scene.

On leaving the gardens, we passed through long double lines of servants, who were in attendance, waiting for the signal to summon the carriages of those they served. It might be the contrast between them and the higher intellect of the company that occasioned it; but we were struck with the apparent want of intelligence of the whole as a class. There were many who appeared sharp and shrewd, and some, certainly, who possessed an appearance of sobriety and respectability, but a want of intelligence was the prevailing aspect among them. From the domestic in plain clothes, unadorned with a single rosette or band, to him of the shoulder-knots, with shaggy green or fiery plush, whether serving-men from the city, or raw lads from the country, the same uninformed, unintellectual cast of countenance was visible.

On emerging from the crowded avenues, the expanse of Turnham Green was covered with carriages. Policemen were actively employed in their several duties, serving-men were hurrying to and fro in quest of the required vehicles, ladies and gentlemen were toiling to get clear of the crowd, and nobles found it no easy thing to ascend the steps of their own carriages. The confusion on the green increases,—in one place an axle is broken, or a panel pushed in; in another a cabriolet is crushed, or a coach is overturned, while the seemingly exhaustless human throng, dividing itself into two streams, flows eastward and westward with increasing power.

Winning our way by toil and perseverance, we at last ascended the flight of steps of the hospitable mansion near the Pond, where welcome refreshments awaited our arrival, and from whose commanding windows we surveyed the peopled-prospect that spread itself to our view,

> Of cars and carriages a goodly train;
> A host of chariots on a verdant plain.

Beneath the very windows from which we gazed on the ever-changing scene, three carriages were fast locked together by the headstrong heedlessness of a thoughtless driver; a bishop's coach became entangled; several vehicles waded through the water,—while in the remote distance the crimson livery and equipage of the queen caught our eyes. In return-

ing from Bushy Park, her majesty was for a time impeded by the throng. But now the sun is set, the crowd sensibly diminishes,—the carriages drive away with less confusion; the covered vans, containing the exhibited plants and flowers advance, with men playing their bugles in front of them. The pageantry passes by!

Thus evening closes, and thus ends the scene
Of Chiswick Gardens and of Turnham Green!

THE EMPLOYMENT OF THE LORD'S DAY.

(Written by the late William Wilberforce, esq.)

With respect to the general temper to be maintained on the Lord's day, we ought, upon our first waking, to give it a peculiar welcome, rising with greater alacrity, and if we can, a little earlier than usual, hailing its return with joy. Then, dismissing worldly thoughts, we should endeavour to cherish those that are spiritual and heavenly, and to manifest throughout the day, in a striking manner, a spirit of love, seeking to have the image of our heavenly Father impressed upon us, "being followers of God as dear children, and walking in love, as Christ also hath loved us, and hath given himself for us." We should pray for more peace and joy in believing, and abound in hope through the power of the Holy Ghost, thus proving to all around us the happiness we experience, and showing them that we are more in our proper element this day than on any other, and tacitly inviting them to partake of the same privileges. Our accents should he kinder, and our countenances should beam with livelier joy, and each interval of social recreation should have a savour of the eternal sabbath above.

With respect to our employments, one of our earliest and most serious exercises should be faithful and minute self-examination, that we may ascertain in what direction we have been proceeding, and what has been our progress, marking our deficiences in the past week, asking on what subjects our thoughts have turned at intervals of leisure, upon what objects our affections have been chiefly set, what has been the character of our conversation, and the tendency of our influence, inquiring whether those with whom we may have associated can bear us witness that we have sought to lead them to greater love of God and devotedness to his service, as we shall wish we had when we meet them in the eternal world: finding out what were our tempers, under any petty provocation to which we have been subject, whether we exhibited the meekness of Christ, whether we were ready to deny ourselves when duty called, whether we have been more earnest in our secret devotions, whether we have wasted less precious time. Thus we should enter into detail according to our character and temptations. Various other points also should be looked into; I mention these only as a specimen.

Secondly, we should engage in the public services of the church with seriousness, prayer, and an anxious desire for improvement; seeking in our prayers to have real communion with God, an unbroken interview, as it were, with him—hearing his word with humble desire to profit—and listening to the sermon as sensible of our own utter inability to profit by any means without the Divine assistance, and looking to God to give the increase. Afterwards we must be on our watch, lest our great spiritual enemy rob us of the good seed that may have been lodged in our hearts. I think it a good plan, and I wish my dear children to remember it, to turn the heads of the sermon into prayer on our return home.

A third exercise for this blessed day, is the numbering up and setting in order before the soul all the mercies we have received from God, ever since we were born to the present hour. There is no sin oftener reproved in Scripture, and none, I am persuaded, of which we shall be found more guilty at the last day than ingratitude. Let us think of the time and country in which we live, of the numerous evils from which we are exempted, of the temporal comforts we enjoy, of our religious privileges, the means of grace in such abundance, and the hope of glory in such clearness. Let us consider all the ways by which the Lord has led us, all the long-suffering he has shown towards us, all the strivings of his blessed Spirit, which we too often have resisted. Above all, let us praise him for his unspeakable gift, in so loving the world as to give his only Son for our redemption. It is indeed true, that when memory has done her utmost, ten thousand of his mercies will escape our recollection—but even such an imperfect retrospect as we can take will soften our hard hearts, and tune our voices to join with the heavenly choir in ascribing blessing, and honour, and glory, and

thanksgiving unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb!

Intercession is a fourth sabbath exercise, and to my mind one of the sweetest. To pour out our hearts before God for all classes of men, for all who are in sorrow or suffering, in spiritual darkness, or bondage. To pray for the success of all good designs, and the wider extension of our Saviour's kingdom. It is cheering, in this view, to read on a Sunday evening missionary accounts which show how it pleases God to bless the endeavours to enlighten the heathen. Especially we should intercede for all those who are dear to us by the ties of nature or of friendship, adapting our petitions to their respective characters and cases. My dear children may think of me at nine o'clock on the Sunday evening as mindful of them, and often also at three in the afternoon.

As a fifth exercise, I would suggest that towards the close of the day we should direct our meditation to the heavenly state—that eternal sabbath of which this on earth is but a type. Let us pray that the eyes of our understanding may be enlightened, while we dwell upon some of those glorious descriptions which are given in Scripture of that rest which remaineth for the people of God. Take for instance that verse, "We shall be like him, for we shall see him as his;" or this, "We shall know, even as we are known;" or when our minds are saddened by the afflictions of beloved friends, "Sorrow and sighing shall flee away;" a beautiful image expressive of their haste to leave the regions of bliss. There "the inhabitants shall no more say, I am sick." "There shall be no night there." Or if we have lost any very dear to us, let us dwell on that blessed declaration, "There shall be no more death." "Behold, I make all things new." "A far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." "A crown of glory that fadeth not away." Such meditations will sweetly refresh our spirits and animate us to run the race set before us with renewed vigour in the ensuing week. Thus, also, we may have a foretaste, even in this lower region, of those pleasures which are at God's right hand, and may drink of the living fountains of water by which the Lamb of God leads his flock in the heavenly pastures.

Such were the sentiments of one who was eminent for piety towards God and usefulness among men. It may be interesting to some readers to know that his own practice was in strict agreement with the above directions. His journals, throughout his public life, gave proofs of his diligent improvement of his sabbath hours. "Oh, blessed day," he says in one of them, "which allows us a precious interval wherein to pause, and come out of the thickets of worldly concerns, and to give ourselves up to heavenly and spiritual objects. And, oh, what language can do justice to the emotions of gratitude which ought to fill my heart, when I consider how few of my fellows know and feel its value and proper uses! Oh, the infinite goodness and mercy of my God and Saviour!"

BEDDGELERT AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

Beddgelert, a village in Caernarvonshire, is perhaps the most beautifully situated, as it respects the surrounding scenery, of any in North Wales, standing at the foot of Snowdon, and in a tract of meadows at the junction of three vales, near the conflux of the Gwynnant and the Colwyn.

Moel Hebog, or the Hawk Hill (a bold and picturesque mountain) rises from the vale in front of the village from which it takes its name—Beddgelert, or the Grave of Gelert, from one of those traditions which, in this part of Wales, are so numerous, and which have been so carefully preserved. The story has been touchingly told by Miss Costello, and runs thus:

"King John had given to Llywelyn the Great, not only his daughter Joanna in marriage, but, as a prize little inferior, a fine greyhound of superior breed and great beauty, who was wont to take the lead in all his expeditions, and to bring down the game in gallant style.

"The usual season of the chase arrived, and the prince, his wife, and children had repaired to the hunting-ground in this valley. One day Llywelyn set forth, and had not gone far when he discovered that Gelert, his favourite hound, had lagged behind: he called him in vain, and, out of temper and impatient, he continued his way, and occupied himself in his sport, still, however, dwelling with vexation on the absence of his constant companion. On his return, as he was about to enter his dwelling, he was met by Gelert, who leaped upon him, and

showed every demonstration of delight. The prince angrily drove him off, and as he did so, remarked that the jaws of the dog were covered with blood; that blood was on the floor and on the walls. A strange foreboding of evil stole over his mind: his infant son had been left in the cradle; no attendant was near. He tracked the crimson stains; they led him to the spot where his child reposed,—the cradle was overturned, the infant gone, and a pool of blood was at his feet.

"Llywelyn allowed himself not a moment's time for reflection. Gelert was fawning beside the couch of his murdered child; his fangs were red with gore: he could not doubt but that the wretched animal had torn the sleeping babe, and, drawing his sword, he plunged it into the body of the hound. At this instant, he heard a cry; he darted forward, removed the confused heap before him, and, struggling beneath, he beheld his child uninjured, his tiny hands resting on the body of a gaunt wolf, which had been killed by Gelert in his defence."

Whether this legend be founded on fact, or altogether fictitious, there may be drawn from it at least one useful lesson. Precipitancy is a failing to which persons of sanguine temperament are more or less addicted, the consequences of which are too often extremely disastrous. How often does it lead to contentions, and even bloodshed, where its victims, alas! have been accountable and immortal beings! Rashness, however irritating the circumstances that call it forth, cannot be justified on any moral principle whatever. It is easy to see, from the premature judgment of Llywelyn, how individuals, from unfavourable appearances, may be suspected, charged with crime, condemned, and even punished, while the real delinquent escapes detection, and the penalty falls upon the head of the innocent. In such a case, discovery of error and repentance come too late to avert the evils consequent upon such cruel impetuosity. All retaliation and revenge, too, are forbidden in the word of God. He who hath declared, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay," never fails to rescue from unmerited obloquy and condemnation the upright in heart. Often is this apparent now. He will ultimately bring forth their "righteousness as the light," and their "judgment as the noonday," while the wicked shall not go unpunished.

But, apart from that principle which should invariably preserve the Christian from yielding to any unholy temper, such should be our natural love of justice, that we should uphold with the utmost tenacity the character of another; scrupulously defending it from unjust censure, and rather suffer a hundred guilty persons to escape, than sacrifice to the shrine of irascibility one innocent being; remembering that, however bitterly we may bewail our folly, it may create a remorse to rankle in the bosom, and harass the conscience till death comes, and severs the links that with us unite time to eternity!

Llywelyn, we are told, erected a tomb to memorialize the remains of his faithful Gelert, and thus evinced his sorrow for the rash act of killing him; and it has further been recorded, that he founded the church of Beddgelert in commemoration of the preservation of his son. Such an expression of his gratitude, provided he recognised the hand of God in this manifestation of a special providence, was praiseworthy. But it should ever be borne in mind, that however splendid our tribute may be for mercies of which we have been the recipients, unless they are traced up to the "Giver of all good," they will fail of acceptance with Him who looketh at the heart, while they, of themselves, can never atone for the smallest sin which has ever been committed by the penitent. But to return to Beddgelert.

The hills which environ the vale are cleft down seven or eight hundred feet, nearly to the tide level, just leaving room for the clear and powerful stream, along the banks of which a road has been formed, with great labour, in the mountain side—dark, steep, and craggy, with only here and there spots of verdure, patches of heath, and thinly-scattered sheep. A natural scene more solemn and impressive, especially in the gloom of evening, could scarcely present itself to the mind than this region, originally called the Forest of Snowdon.

Not far from hence, on the road to Aber-glas-lyn, is a stone, to which the name has been given of the chair of Rhŷs, Gôch, or Byri, the mountain bard, said to have been contemporary with Owen Glyndwr. He was of the house of Havod-garegog. At the entrance into the Traeth Mawe Sands he used to walk, and on this craggy seat compose his poems. He was ranked among the sons of liberty, and escaped the vengeance of

the English for animating his countrymen to resist their yoke. In 1490, he died, and was interred in the burial-ground of Beddgelert.

The neighbourhood of Beddgelert abounds with spots of interest. Nant Gwynnant is one of the loveliest valleys in Wales, up which, about half a mile on the left, is a wood-clad rock, called Dinas Emrys, the Fort of Ambrosius, or Merlin Emrys, a magician, who, it is said, was sent for to this place from Caer Merddin, (Caermarthenshire,) by Vortigern, king of Britain, from 449 to 466; and here he himself retired, on finding himself despised by his subjects, and unable longer to contend with the faithless Saxons whom he had introduced into his kingdom.

On passing round the base of another high rock, is the small lake of Llyn Dinas, or the Pool of the Trort, scarcely three-quarters of a mile in extent, surrounded by lofty mountains, whose tints being of a darker shade than most of the Welsh hills, gives a remarkable richness to this confined valley. It is scarcely possible to conceive of the grandeur and magnificence by which this spot is surrounded. The road runs close along the shore, overhung by one of the boldest buttresses of Snowdon. Across the lake, to the right, rise from the water's edge, a second tier of mountains—the chain which separates the visitor from the Vale of Ffestiniog. The river from which this lake draws its supplies winds through beautiful grounds, which spread themselves out like a park between the cottage and the lake. A romantic pass, only wide enough for the river and the road, leads to another valley very different to Llyn Dinas, and yet extremely beautiful. It looks like a bowl among the hills, the bottom of which is lined with a fine green turf, whose smoothness is here and there broken by trees, through which the river winds; the sides are bounded by magnificent mountains, and the whole has been compared to "beauty sleeping in the lap of terror."

The immediate boundary of the valley is succeeded by heights outtopping each other, and, above them all, towers the monarch of hills, the majestic Snowdon. There is something terrifically sublime in his precipitous height and pointed summit. But this giant—this lion among the Welsh mountains—has recently been so ably and so exquisitely described, that our readers cannot be better informed on the subject than by transcribing the account given by the author of "The Beauties, Harmonies, and Sublimity of Nature:"

"After climbing over masses of crags and rocks," says this writer, "We ascended the Peak of Snowdon. Arrived at its summit, a scene presented itself magnificent beyond the power of language: indeed, language is indigent and impotent when it would presume to sketch such scenes. Faint are thy broad and deep delineations, Salvator Rosa!—powerless and feeble are your inspirations, genius of Thomson, Virgil, and Lucretius! From this point are seen five-and-twenty lakes. Seated on one of its crags, it was long before the eye, unaccustomed to measure such elevations, could accommodate itself to scenes so admirable; the whole appearing as if there had been a war of the elements, and as if we were the only inhabitants of the globe permitted to contemplate the ruins of the world. Rocks and mountains, which, when observed from below, bear all the evidence of sublimity, when viewed from the summit of Snowdon, are blended with others as dark, as rugged, and as elevated as themselves; the whole resembling the swellings of an agitated ocean.

"The extent of this prospect appears almost unlimited. The four kingdoms are seen at once — Wales, England, Scotland, and Ireland! forming the finest panorama the empire can boast. The circle begins with the mountains of Cumberland and Westmoreland; those of Ingleborough and Penygent, in the county of York, and the hills of Lancashire forefollow; then are observed the counties of Chester, Flint, Denbigh, and a portion of Montgomeryshire. Nearly the whole of Merioneth succeeds; and, drawing a line with the eye along the diameter of the circle, we take in the regions stretching from the triple crown of Cader Idris to the sterile crags of Carnedds, David, and Llywelyn. Snowdon, rising in the centre, appears as if he could touch the south with his right hand, and the north with his left. 'Surely,' thought Colonna, 'Cæsar sat upon these crags, when he formed the daring conception of governing the world!' From Cader Idris, the eye, pursuing the orbit of the old geographical line, glances over the Bay of Cardigan, and reposes for a while on the summit of the rivals.

"After observing the indented shores of Caernarvonshire, it travels along a line

of ocean, till, in the extremity of the horizon, the blue mountains of Wicklow terminate the perspective. Those mountains gradually sink along the coast till they are lost to the eye, which, ranging along the expanse, at length, as weary of the journey, repose on the island of Man and the distant mountains of Scotland. The intermediate space is occupied by the sides and summits of mountains, hollow crags, masses of rocks, the towers of Caernarvon, the fields of Anglesea, with woods, lakes, and glens scattered in magnificent confusion. A scene like this commands our feelings to echo, as it were, to its grandeur and sublimity: the thrill of astonishment and the transport of imagination seem to contend for the mastery, and nerves are touched that never thrilled before."

Let not the reader suppose, however, that this is an enjoyment frequently realized. Like all sublunary pleasures, it is dependent on a variety of contingencies; and, in the case of ascending mountains, on those over which man, with his utmost care and vigilance, can neither foresee nor prevent. Bright, cloudless, and hopeful as may be the morning, yet, in the course of a few minutes, the mountain peaks may be covered with mist, and all that had made the breast to glow with delightful anticipation, is exchanged for the gloomy, the cloudy, the sunless sky!

An instance of this kind is furnished us in the case of the king of Saxony, who in 1844, ascended Snowdon—the particulars of which are minutely given; and their accuracy, we think, cannot fail to strike any who may have experienced the like dilemmas. For the sake of contrast with the preceding description, as well as to serve for a salutary warning to such as may be ignorant of the sudden changes which take place in the weather in mountainous districts, we will give the narrative in the interesting form in which it is written:

"Early this morning, according to our previous design, we made the ascent of Snowdon. The appearance of the weather was by no means encouraging; the sky was lowering, and the clouds hung deep around the mountain top. Still there was no rain, many signs of a favourable change; and we took our chance of the advantages in our favour, and set out. We made early preparation for our journey, and, at seven o'clock, mounted a light carriage, accompanied by a skilful guide. We followed the road towards the foot of the mountain, as far up its flank as it was accessible to any description of carriage. We commenced the ascent. Our path lay for some distance over wet pasture and spongy meadows, after which the path became steeper, and occasional masses of bold projecting rocks occurred. We were not the only travellers whom the day tempted to try their good fortune on the summit of the highest mountain in Wales. Some ladies, mounted on ponies, rode sometimes before, sometimes behind us, and several parties followed them on foot. The summit of the mountain lay concealed in clouds; the rocks stood forth, bold and black, from the green of the Alpine meadows, on which the beautiful yellow *anthericum ossifragum* grows in great profusion; and a cold wind blew from the deep ravines which skirted our path. A young Alpine lark, only imperfectly fledged, fluttered along the ground before our feet; our guide easily caught it with his hands, but the old ones flew around, uttering such painful screams, that I induced him again to put the poor panting little creature upon the grass, behind a large block of stone. When we ascended a little further, the view to the westward became partially free, and we saw the sea, the Isle of Anglesea, and Caernarvon Castle. As we ascended, however, the clouds again closed around us; and finally we found ourselves completely enveloped in their penetrating fog. The ascent also in many places became difficult; the wind blew cold along the side of some rocky walls, or from the depths of some neighbouring ravine; the thick fogs continued to roll more densely along the mountain side; but, fortunately so far, they did not thoroughly penetrate our clothes with their moisture.

"Still onward, from height to height, deep ravines lay at our side, the bottom of which, filled with thick fog, yawned horribly below. Vegetation now almost wholly disappeared, except merely a few rare Alpine plants; and on every side of us rose lofty crags of black *chlorite slate*. Having taken some repose after the efforts of the ascent, behind a projecting rock which sheltered us from the wind, we again set forth; and in about a quarter of an hour, two hours in all, we reached the pinnacle of the mountain—four thousand, three hundred and forty-eight feet above the level of the sea. View there was none! We found refuge in a small wooden shed,

erected for the protection of travellers from the rain and wind, in which the host kept up a welcome fire. The man presently prepared a singular brown mixture, which he sold for coffee, and furnished some greyish oatmeal cake as an accompaniment. There were no spirituous liquors to be had, because the occupier, with no small degree of self-satisfaction, gave us to understand that his wooden hut was to be regarded as a temperance inn." We will not here stay to determine whether it were not only allowable, but desirable that brandy should be found here, whose medicinal properties might, in some cases, with God's blessing, be the means of preserving life which might otherwise be sacrificed to the severity of the elements or to excessive fatigue? "Not far from this mountain hotel," continues our narrator, "was a small stone hut, in which the rest of the travellers, together with their ponies, had found a harbour not much better than our own.

"Having spent some time upon the summit, dried ourselves, and ranged about among the craggy rocks and through the fog, we found our visit was in vain; no hopes of the weather clearing were longer entertained, and we prepared to proceed on our descent. Before we had descended far from the summit, the clouds presented occasional breaks, and we were able to snatch partial views into the beautiful deep valleys which lie between the converging ridges of the mountain; and, on one occasion, the clouds rose like a curtain, and revealed to us a splendid prospect of the sea. In these occasional glimpses, we perceived for a moment that the declivities of the mountain were enjoying the full beams of the sun, and immediately we were again closely enveloped in our foggy mantle of clouds. There was a continual play of currents of air and waves of fog with the earth. Such phenomena furnish highly interesting subjects of contemplation to those who have greater leisure for their contemplation than we ourselves had. Of such extraordinary atmospheric phenomena, however, it may be said, they show the life of the clouds, but cloud the image of life! If, however, the observation of such phenomena be made the chief object of a whole excursion, they will be found to have something in them unsatisfying. The unconscious life of Nature always falls in value in the eyes of him who has thought upon and experienced the mighty movements and impulses of the mind and feelings.

"Having proceeded somewhat further on the descent, our guide prepared to follow a different route on our return, through a deep, precipitous valley; in which the king immediately acquiesced. The task, however, was by no means easy; it involved the necessity of going straight down a sharp declivity of the mountain, at least one thousand feet high, and very sparingly covered with moist earth and tufts of grass. We were obliged to aid ourselves as well as we could by the firmness of our tread, taking a zigzag course; and, by the appliances of our hands and sticks, at length reached the bottom in safety. The path, however formidable to us, would, undoubtedly, not have presented many difficulties to a well-trained Alpine hunter; to those, however, who are not accustomed to such clambering, it must be regarded as making a severe demand upon the exercise of their muscular power, and as a species of training which, when successfully completed, must always result in good. Even on reaching the valley, there was no path, and we were obliged to make our way over stock and stone, through bog and brook, till we came to a lower and smoother region. During our descent, we were obliged to bear the alternative of heat and cold—of sunshine and rain; at length we reached some mines, at which rude paths began to appear, and presently after found ourselves at our carriages, and drove by another road again back to Beddgelert. About half-past two, we reached the hotel, and our mountain excursion was at an end."

Having conducted our readers to the summit of Snowdon, showing them the disasters consequent on an ill-chosen or unfortunate day for the ascent, and having, moreover, brought them down again, and landed them safely at the hotel whence we set out, it only remains for them to acknowledge how different must be the reminiscences of the king of Saxony from those of the enthusiastic author whom we previously quoted, whose recollections of Snowdon would only be associated with sunny skies and balmy air, and all those circumstances which lend an enchantment to such scenes, and cause them to be agreeably memorialized.

We had intended to have said something about Gwynnant, a rich valley set among the loftiest mountains of Wales or England, and which, as it were softly

reposing there, forms one of the fairest pictures in this country. We meant also to have spoken of the picturesque waterfall of Rhaiadr-cum-Dyli; of Llyn Llydan, an elevated mountain lake; Llyn-y-Dywarchen, or the Pool of the Sod, celebrated for containing a little floating island, which Giraldus Cambrensis, in his account of a journey through Wales so early as the twelfth century, speaks of as a great beauty. It is still in existence, but certainly, at the present time, is not likely to be celebrated for anything more than as having been an object of interest in past ages; since to all appearance it would seem to be nothing more than a portion of the bank which has become detached, and is floated hither and thither by the force of the wind and the action of the water—by which means it continues to be a movable island. It may sometimes be seen studded with cattle. There is a small willow tree which grows upon it, giving a very pretty appearance to this little spot. But we have already exceeded our limits, and therefore must content ourselves with a mention of the church of Beddgelert, which stands on the site of an ancient priory of Augustine monks, with which a convent for nuns was originally incorporated. There may still be seen arches and columns which supported the nave of the priory in the wall of the church. In 1194, it was endowed with land by Llywelyn the Great: in 1283, it suffered from fire, the damages of which were repaired by Edward I. In 1535, it was bestowed, by Henry VIII., on the abbey of Chertsey, in Surrey; and in 1577, it was made appurtenant to that of Bisham, Berks. S. S. S.

HINDOO ASTRONOMY.

Cauvery-Pauk, though a small place, is celebrated as the scene of a night-battle, in which Clive gained an important victory over the French. Among the natives it is famous as the residence of learned *jotishas*, or "astronomers," who annually publish almanacs, that are in great repute even as far away as the western districts of the Mysore. In these, eclipses are accurately calculated; but they afford no other astronomical information of value.

It is marvellous that, by any perversity, men can manage to combine the astuteness that distinguishes an educated Hindoo, with belief in the monstrous absurdities which their sacred books teach respecting the heavenly bodies. Being all considered as gods, the various phenomena which they exhibit are accounted for, not by laws that a presiding mind has impressed on passive matter, but by *myths* which seem equally to exhaust man's wits to invent, and his credulity to receive them. The sensible founder of Anglo-Indian history, Orme, tells us of "the sun getting his teeth knocked out, and the moon having her* face beat black and blue at a feast, at which the gods quarrel and fight with the spirit of a mob. They say the sun and moon carry in their faces, to this day, the marks of this broil." And thus the Galileos and Keplers of India have been saved the trouble of observation or conjecture as to the solar or lunar spots.

Eclipses are accounted for in a way equally satisfactory. On one occasion Vishtnu was distributing the *amrita*, or "food of immortality," among the gods, when, two Asuras (the Titans of Hindooism) having obtained admittance in disguise, he ignorantly helped them to the precious repast. Surya and Chandra, (the sun and moon,) having discovered the fraud, apprized him of it by a wink, when he instantly beheaded the intruders: the bodies died; but the heads, having received the death-preventing *amrita*, were immortal, and obtained a place as planets in the sky. There they live; and, in the form of a red and black serpent, periodically seize on Surya and Chandra, by whose untimely disclosures they were prevented from acquiring perfect godship. The waxing and waning of the moon, again, is readily explained by the happy genius of Hindooism. On a certain occasion Chandra was so unhappy as to aggrieve Datsha, the son of Brumha, who vented his fury in a curse. That curse brought a rust on the silver countenance of Chandra, which, by alternate increase and decrease, obscures or permits its radiance. The tides, again, which have so sorely puzzled western sages, have long been known in the east to depend on the heaving or contraction of that enormous turtle into which Vishtnu entered at the Kurma Avatara, when he descended into the sea to recover the lost Vedas; thus showing that we have been all along mistaken in supposing that the most

* He should have said "his;" for the moon is not a goddess, but a god, in Hindoo mythology.

distinguished service which tortoiseshell had ever been employed, was to cradle that illustrious renegade, Henry the Great.

Nor are their notions of the permanent facts of astronomy less curious than those of its periodical phenomena. The river Ganges is considered as the earthly antitype of a celestial original. That heavenly Ganges is the milky way, which is placed nearer the earth than even the sun, to whom, however, the second place is assigned, and that at the distance of just half a million of miles. The moon is exactly twice as far off; then come the stars, and after them the planets, without any distinction between the inferior and superior ones, although Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn are placed in their proper order. The suspicion that earth is a member of this family, is not once entertained. Furthest off of all is the polestar, who, however, is distant only seven and a half millions of miles. These are not regarded as the deductions of vulgar science; but as authoritative revelations on matters inaccessible to unaided research. It is true that they strangely contradict the results of the beautiful argument from parallax, on which we—who are not favoured with more direct methods of computing celestial distances—are wont to look as about the choicest effort of man's reason, and which leads to the startling conclusion, that one of the "swift-winged arrows of light," though travelling in a second eight times the circumference of our globe, would spend three weary years on its flight to the nighest star; while to the one first calculated by Bessel, the journey would occupy ten.

As if conscious of parsimony in their celestial measurements, the Hindoo philosophers are munificent in terrestrial dimensions. The earth, instead of the twenty-four thousand miles to which our astronomers reduce it, expands, under the warmth of Brahminical fancy, to a spacious orb of one thousand and twenty-seven millions, having seven overgrown continents, each with an ocean to match. These oceans are different in composition as in dimensions from that which is familiar to our grovelling researches: the first is of salt-water; the other six consist respectively of wine, sugar-cane juice, clarified butter, curds, milk, and fresh-water. In the centre of Jambu, the first of the seven continents, and the only one which exists elsewhere than in the Puranas, stands Mount Meru, not shaped as vulgar hills, but bearing the elegant form of a lotus. This mountain measures in height four hundred and twenty thousand miles, its circumference at the base two hundred and forty thousand, and at the top it spreads to double that extent.* To support this gigantic world, three different agencies are named; a serpent, a turtle, and eight elephants. What relation these sustain to each other, which is higher or lower, how their different offices combine, I never could satisfactorily learn. The fact seems to be, that different writers have assigned the important duty of upholding the world to that animal which each has happened to regard with greatest favour.

When viewing the colossal nonsense whereby the Hindoo sages have endeavoured to build up their claim to inspiration, it is impossible to resist a vivid impression that one has written of creation without being abandoned to his own conjectures. There is a book written by one educated in the first Egyptian schools, and consequently versant in their system of cosmogony; written for a people still sunk in the ignorance attendant on serfdom, and thus prepared to receive blindly any feasible speculations on subjects beyond their reach; written in a desert, where there were no schools to criticise, no enlightenment to detect errors, no rivals to expose them; written, in fine, under every imaginable temptation for the author to indulge his fancy, or display his learning. Yet, while the advancing stream of knowledge has swept into the sea of fiction all other early records of creation, this one stands proudly amid the tides which fret against its borders, but bear not an atom away. The very torrents that have overwhelmed its counterfeits, flow around it an unfordable defence; while every tributary poured in from some new-sprung source of knowledge only swells the stream that would bear down an assailant. He who believes that any man, by his unaided foresight, could have chronicled creation's birth, in times when its system was grossly misconceived, without assuming principles, and hazarding facts, which would be falsified by the discoveries of subsequent ages, not only displays a capacious credence, but forgets the character of all such chronicles but one.

* Vishtnu, Purâna, Wilson. In all these computations I take the *yojana* at five times: it may be nine.

But monstrous as are the chimeras of Hindoo science, I have been as much laughed at for crediting the facts of our system, as we are disposed to laugh at them for entertaining the follies of their own. To say that the sun, which is so warm, is further off than the moon, which is so cold; that the world, which is so heavy, is "hung upon nothing;" that, though every one sees it to be flat, it is round; that, though a child may tell it is perfectly still, it is whirling both round its own axis and the sun; that an eclipse of the moon comes of her getting into the earth's shadow, which no one ever saw; that an eclipse of the sun comes of the other luminary wandering between him and us, when it is plainly further off than he; and that the fixed stars are more than nineteen billions of miles distant; does appear an exhibition at once of boldness and imbecility not to be adequately scorned. They summarily dismiss all reasoning on our different methods of arriving at conclusions, by saying, "We trust the Shastras, which, as divine revelations, cannot err; you trust to instruments and calculations, which may easily mistake: our ground is sure, yours fallacious." We should entertain about the same opinion of him who should tell us he had just completed a survey of the moons of Uranus with chains and theodolites, as does the Bramhan of the European, who states that our astronomers can calculate the apparent size of the earth to an eye situated at the distance of the sun. The seven seas might be thought a weak point, as requiring nothing but travel to demonstrate their non-existence; but to all my objections about circumnavigators never seeing oceans of curds, butter, or toddy, they used coolly to reply, "That only proves that they have never gone beyond the sea of salt water." Of all phenomena an annular eclipse of the sun enabled me to perplex them most, as they could not account for it on the serpent-seizing theory, and were constrained to admit, that its appearances were such as would naturally result from the combination of causes to which ours ascribes it. It is perfectly true, that if you teach a man science, you annihilate his faith in Hindooism. Astronomy is as dangerous to the Shastras as the Vatican once deemed it to the Bible. But it can never be taught by desultory argument: its proofs must be exhibited in series, and then conviction is inevitable. This, however, cannot be extensively afforded to the adult population. In dealing with them, my own experience utterly contradicts the opinion, that it is best to approach them first by exposures of the scientific blunders of the Shastras, and so destroy their confidence in these, the basis of their own religion, before advancing the truths of which you require their acceptance. The Shastras are equally assailable on moral as on scientific grounds; while in the one case your appeal is to the man's conscience, which decides for you; but in the other, is to facts he discredits, and to processes he can neither comprehend nor trust. The shortest way to his heart is to "reason of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come," of the consequent need of pardon and sanctification, the impotency of his gods to bestow it, and Christ's glorious power to create anew!—*Rev. W. Arthur.*

THE RESURRECTION AND THE END.

The magnificent rhetoric and reasoning of the fifteenth chapter of the first Epistle to the Corinthians, has been firmly seized to convince us that it contains the principle of universal salvation. It is supposed to describe the common resurrection. But a very cursory inspection will prove that it is the resurrection of the just: simultaneous we believe to be the one resurrection; still it is of the just and of the unjust. It is not a different event, but the issue of that event is varied by character. There are those who are "accounted worthy to obtain the resurrection:" they are "the children of the resurrection." The apostolic writer speaks of them who "believe," who have "hope in Christ," who are "not in their sins," who, when they die, "fall asleep in Christ." The principle of interpretation is as applicable here as in a former case: universal is death, particular is deliverance from it as a penal evil: "For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." Who are these, the "all" that shall "be made alive?" Mankind indifferently? "But every man in his own order: Christ the first fruits; afterward they that are Christ's at his coming." They are "Christ's!" Hence every reanimated body "arises in incorruption, in glory, in power, a spiritual body." Yet what can be more general than this statement, confirming these

distinguis!
had ever t
that illust
Great.

Nor are
facts of ast
of its peri
Ganges is
titype of
heavenly G
is placed n
sun, to wh
is assigned.
just half a
is exactly
the stars,
without an
ferior and
cury, Ven
are placed
suspicion t
family, is n
off of all is
is distant o
of miles.
deductions
thoritative
cessible to
that they s
of the bea
on which w
more direct
tial distanc
the choices
which lead
that one of
light," tho
eight times
globe, woul
its flight t
the one fi
journey w

As if
celestial
losophe
dimen
twen
astro
the
sp

The Old Elm-tree at Brentwood.

THE MARTYR'S TREE.

THE old elm-tree at Brentwood in Essex, of which we give an engraving, is one of the deepest interest. Though nearly three hundred years old, it is venerable, not so much on account of its age as for the event it was set to commemorate; and the remembrance of which it has so long perpetuated. Opposite this tree, and but a few yards from it, is the spot of ground on which William Hunter was burned to death, A.D. 1554. It is much to be lamented that it should now form part of the burial-ground of a Popish mass-house, in which are taught those antichristian doctrines and pagan ceremonies which debase and enslave the human mind, and endanger the salvation of the soul: doctrines and ceremonies against which our "noble army of martyrs" fought with the "sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God," not counting their lives dear unto themselves, so that they might but leave to us, sealed with the testimony of their blood, those pure and simple and saving truths of the gospel for which they died.

As the particulars of William Hunter's martyrdom are contained in one of our cheap Narrative Series, No. 1596, we need only to quote a few of those particulars which give such a peculiar interest to the record we have already published of his sufferings:—1. His youth, being only nineteen years of age; 2. The constancy with which he resisted the most alluring offers, saying, "I cannot find in my heart to turn from God for love of the world;" 3. The encouragement he received from his pious parents, who could give up such a son *to* Christ and *for* Christ: his mother rejoicing that ever she was so happy to bear such a child as could find in his heart to lose his life for Christ's sake; and then, in the greatness of her faith, kneeling down and saying, "I pray God to stre thee, my son, to the end;" an

distinctive rewards? "So also is the resurrection of the dead." The last trump,—the note of joy and victory,—the apostrophe of defiance, the burst of triumph, the enforcement of perseverance, which crown and perfect the climax of this chapter, all show that this resurrection is the blessedness of personal character and specific title—all around is wail, dismay, and shame!

In the progress of this chapter—like an episode, but connected with the main argument—occurs the abrupt and sublime announcement: "Then cometh the end, when he shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even the Father; when he shall have put down all rule and all authority and power. For he must reign, till he hath put all enemies under his feet. The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death." If the opponents of his Divinity be induced to hope countenance from this language in their attempt to cast him down from his excellency, they may be reminded that he is not, at least, now subject! He is now invested with illimitable, irresponsible sway! The unsubjected creature! The finite possessor of the throne of the universe? Do they so regard him? Thus do they address and obey and adore the temporary Independent? There is no more necessity to suppose his essential inferiority at the period in which he resigns his mediatorial kingdom, than to suspect that of the Father during its continuation: no more necessity to suppose that he ceases to reign generally when he has "delivered up the kingdom to the Father," than that the Father ceased when Christ was head over all. The Redeemer now possesses "the kingdom," a solemn delegation, a peculiar trust, to govern, guard, and save: in virtue of it, he now claims peculiar honours. All the subjects of his mediatorial charge will he restore to him who committed them to his hands. All the distinctiveness of those honours will he forego. He vacates but an intermediate, pending function. He but lays down what his "obedience unto death" acquired, claims relative and assumed.

The surrender is to God,—that it may be economically understood, it is explicated, "even the Father," "that God,"—economical distinction has passed, explicated difference is no more offered,—"that God," essential Deity, simple Godhead, "may be all in all." In the midst of this majestic abdication, the hope of universal salvation is thought by many to be encouraged. All his enemies shall be under his feet. All things shall be subdued unto him. The enemy which shall be last destroyed is death. This, however, all takes place at the resurrection: then is Christ's consummation. It is "the end." The kingdom is delivered up. Is it the style of mercy, is it an expression of conversion, that his "enemies are put under his feet?" Can any find hope for themselves and for others in imagery like this? Are they to be regarded as "enemies" among our race at all? Death is not a being, but a condition, — yet its personification is frequent, — it shall, as still personified, perish, the condition denoted by it shall cease. All live, and live for ever. The enemy which is to be last destroyed is destroyed. "The saying that is written" is, then, brought to pass, "Death is swallowed up in victory!" The wicked are not then to be destroyed. They are subdued by punishment. They must exist, for death is destroyed. They, therefore, cannot die. "Death and hades,"* death and all its certain or possible effects, "are cast into the lake of fire!" As hopeless is their salvation as their destruction. There is no Mediator. There is no gospel addressed to sinners. The kingdom is delivered up! Except in heaven, the burden of its acclaim and song, where the nations of the saved rejoice and sing aloud of it, salvation is a sound unheard through the universe.—*Dr. Hamilton.*

VALUE OF THE SCRIPTURES.

The antiquarian and the naturalist, the politician and the legislator, the poet and the philosopher, the moralist and the divine, the man of retirement and the man of the world, the man of reason and the man of fancy, all find in Scripture a helper toward the discovery of truth and the attainment of happiness; a guide to the understanding, a corrector and supporter of the imagination, a comforter of the heart, a teacher of wisdom, a rule of faith, a source of joy.—*Hunter.*

* Hades is personified or put for Pluto in the opening of Hecuba, Ἑκάβη, by Euripides; and Clytemnæstra speaks in the same manner, when describing the murder of her lord in the Agamemnon of Æschylus.

The Old Elm-tree at Brentwood.

THE MARTYR'S TREE.

THE old elm-tree at Brentwood in Essex, of which we give an engraving, is one of the deepest interest. Though nearly three hundred years old, it is venerable, not so much on account of its age as for the event it was set to commemorate; and the remembrance of which it has so long perpetuated. Opposite this tree, and but a few yards from it, is the spot of ground on which William Hunter was burned to death, A.D. 1554. It is much to be lamented that it should now form part of the burial-ground of a Popish mass-house, in which are taught those antichristian doctrines and pagan ceremonies which debase and enslave the human mind, and endanger the salvation of the soul: doctrines and ceremonies against which our "noble army of martyrs" fought with the "sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God," not counting their lives dear unto themselves, so that they might but leave to us, sealed with the testimony of their blood, those pure and simple and saving truths of the gospel for which they died.

As the particulars of William Hunter's martyrdom are contained in one of our cheap Narrative Series, No. 1596, we need only to quote a few of those particulars which give such a peculiar interest to the record we have already published of his sufferings:—1. His youth, being only nineteen years of age; 2. The constancy with which he resisted the most alluring offers, saying, "I cannot find in my heart to turn from God for love of the world;" 3. The encouragement he received from his pious parents, who could give up such a son *to* Christ and *for* Christ: his mother rejoicing that ever she was so happy to bear such a child as could find in his heart to lose his life for Christ's sake; and then, in the greatness of her faith, kneeling down and saying, "I pray God to strengthen thee, my son, to the end;" and, lastly,

the earnest exhortations of the youth himself "to all his acquaintance that they would forsake Popish superstition and idolatry. These are particulars which must ever give an interest to the tree, which still denotes the spot on which this youthful martyr "overcame" all the powers of Antichrist "by the blood of the Lamb and the word of his testimony," and when he realized the fulfilment of his own words, "For my little pain which I shall suffer Christ hath promised me a crown of joy."

We feel unwilling to weaken the effect of these touching incidents; but in times like the present we consider it our duty to re-echo the last words of our martyrs, who cried with a loud voice, "BEWARE OF POPERY! BEWARE OF POPERY!" because we know that its doctrines are all the same now which they were then; its persecuting principles too are still the same; and its evil fruits are the same, whether we look at France or survey the state of Ireland, and contrast it with Protestant England. R.

CONVICTS OF FRANCE.

THE following letters were addressed by a French Protestant chaplain to an English friend, 3rd August, 1847, and contain many interesting particulars:

You asked me to give you in writing some of the particulars which I gave verbally respecting my dear convicts, and I proceed to do so. But I must remind you how feeble is a narrative compared with the sight of the objects themselves. In a recital you do not see the torments, nor the sorrow, nor the tears of suffering, nor those of consolation, nor do you see the look of joy after that of anguish: but yet I will give you with great simplicity what can be conveyed and transmitted by words.

I will first describe the state of the prison and the condition of the convicts.

We have here about a thousand convicts, of whom about one hundred and twenty or one hundred and thirty are Protestants. But there are not above half of these who are Protestants in reality. The other portion are persons who, for different reasons, almost always irrespective of conscience, have styled themselves Protestants, when asked to what communion they belonged. For, out of the total number of central prisons in France, there are, I think, two or three in which all the Protestants are collected together, (though as yet very imperfectly,) in order that they may be able to enjoy the care of a chaplain. It has been enacted, wisely as it should seem, that a convict cannot change his religion during his imprisonment; because, if that were permitted, it would easily give rise to grave abuses.

The punishments which they undergo vary from one year to five, ten, and very rarely twenty years: the average is from three to five years. They are employed in extensive workshops together at various trades: formerly under the supervision of lay keepers, but now, and particularly in this prison, under that of a body of fifty superintendents, members of a religious corporation, (friars,) who have a chief and some subordinate officers. The convicts are forbidden to speak to each other except about their work. But they whisper incessantly; and the same in the dormitory, which draws down upon them continual punishments.

There is a Court of Justice for petty offences within the prison, which is held four times a week. The punishments which it has the power of inflicting are a reprimand, a small fine, and, in very grave cases, solitary confinement, with or without fetters. And this leads me to speak of the *torture* which still prevails, or rather which has been revived, in these prisons; for cruel punishments are too often inflicted.

The word torture is very strong; but I use it here in its full force. I have been told, (without, however, being able positively to ascertain the fact,) that it did not exist to the same degree before the arrival of the friars. They inflicted blows with a stick; but nothing approaching to the more refined chastisements which have been substituted for that description of punishment. There existed formerly here, and I am told that it exists still in some other prisons, the punishment of the *piton*, a sort of pillory. The man was fastened, in a standing position, with his arms extended as if crucified, to two rings fixed in the wall of the cell, and he was kept there several hours. Some of the prisoners have told me that it was a dreadful punishment.

Another, somewhat similar but more cruel still, consists in fastening the man in front of a wall, but with his hands behind his back, and tied to a rope which makes him raise his arms as high as he can bear. He is obliged previously to get upon a small bench, six inches in

height; and when he is so fixed the bench is drawn away, and the wretched man remains suspended, with the tips of his toes just touching the ground, for some hours. The place around him is soon deluged with his perspiration.

We have here only one of these infamous tortures, (for so I call them when they are too long and too frequently applied, and, above all, on slight or insufficient grounds,) which consists in confining the man in a cell, with his hands in fetters behind his back. It is this last circumstance which constitutes all the cruelty of the thing. At the end of an hour or two, the suffering in the arms thus twisted becomes such that I have heard many men in different cells utter constant cries, or rather howlings. It is impossible for a man to sleep or to lie down in this state. He is obliged to eat bread and drink water like an animal, only using his mouth. There are other details which must be left to the imagination of the reader, and which tend to degrade the unhappy prisoner beyond all conception. I have seen them sometimes, and especially in summer, with nothing but an apron about the hips. The intention of the law, I presume, is that this abominable punishment should only be inflicted in the last extremity, in violent cases, and especially where it has been well deserved. But in these unhappy establishments it is inflicted every day for the merest trifles, for an improper tone of voice, for a smile, and often even upon the false denunciation either of a friar who has his caprices or his hatreds, or of a superintendent selected from among the convicts. This torture is besides often inflicted during several successive days, or even for so long as six weeks or two months, only releasing the convict from his irons for one day out of two or even three. I have known many who have not been the most wicked, say to me, "Sir, I assure you that if I had had the strength I was determined to kill the first of the keepers who should come near me." I believe that many have died in consequence of this punishment.

But all this is too horrible for me longer to dwell upon it. God will one day judge all these things; and I do not for my part cease to endeavour to inform the government upon the subject. As writing is now fatiguing to me, I must be very brief in that part of this letter which will turn upon a more agreeable subject. I am about to speak of my relations with the convicts. Whether from a peculiar turn of mind, or in consequence of experience, my mode of teaching, especially among these men, is not theological, in the systematic sense of the word. In my private conversations with them, I find myself compelled to be surprisingly monotonous. All that I have said and done within about seven years, is almost comprised in these words, "Ask, and ye shall receive;" "How much more shall your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him." I recommend to all, therefore, whatever may be their spiritual condition, to pray constantly, to pray literally every hour, and I give them this formula all ready, "My God, give me thy Holy Spirit." The effect has surpassed my expectation; and from the first I have seen one, two, three, six, eight, ten, and more, come successively, saying, with all the simplicity of complete ignorance, "Sir, you cannot imagine what is passing within me. I am quite changed. I am no longer undergoing punishment," etc., etc. Indeed two have used to me these words, which will appear the more extraordinary when one considers the sad condition of this place, "I am spending here the happy days of my life." One of those was a German: "*Ich verlebe hier die seligen Tage meines Lebens.*"

I ought to add another particular of my method with them, which is, that God has granted me to love them tenderly, and not to believe them worse than other men; and further, that while cherishing the deepest concern on their account I often maintain towards them a cheerful and friendly deportment. The affection which binds them to me excites the jealousy of the Catholics, who, if they were at liberty to do so, would unite with us (I venture to say this because I have proofs of it) by hundreds.

When I arrived here, this vast establishment had only a single corner where the Protestant chaplain could converse with his convicts. The Protestant chapel served as a school during the week. I then went to see them in their workshops during their work, or I sat down with them upon their benches in the large court where they walked together. I did not like this, because the Catholics saw me too much, and perceived too much our reciprocal affection. And as the governor did not know how to find me an apartment, I said to him one day, "But has not the Catholic

chaplain a confessional?" "True," said he, "but I did not know that you used confession." "You are mistaken," I replied; "We confess our faults one to another." The result was that he gave me a small closet, six feet square, to which I caused all my convicts to come successively, of whom I have a regular list. I repair now to this gloomy place—which for many has become a heaven—almost every day, for two hours in the morning and two hours in the afternoon. On returning from England, I was agreeably surprised to see there some pretty rose-colored hangings, which one of the convicts on leaving had caused to be placed there at his expense.

The friars, who regarded me at the outset with a very unfriendly eye, have been almost won over by the patience which God has enabled me to exercise towards them; and sometimes they do me justice. I said to their superior, "You believe that we have no confession," He interrupted me by saying, "You have more of it than we: you are all day long with your people."

For our worship—as I can play the organ—I soon felt the necessity of procuring a small organ. These poor creatures wished to buy it by subscription: but the government has given me a very nice one; and I have since bought ninety hymn-books, with a fund; of which I will speak presently. It is now a touching scene for the eye, for the ear, and for the heart, to see and hear this company of poor convicts sing with the sweet and expressive tones of the organ the same hymns which are sung in the drawing-rooms at Paris, in the church de la Pelliperie at Geneva, in the chapel of M. Malan, among the Moravian Brethren, or among the Wesleyans.

I also administer the sacrament, on those days on which the reformed churches of France do so, to all those convicts who have shown a desire for it; confining myself to expressing my scruples to those who appear to me not to know what they are doing; and I think I ought to say that the thirty or forty convicts who have presented themselves on each occasion have appeared to me to form as good a congregation as any that I know, especially at the first Communion, when many of them had tears in their eyes.

I have mentioned a fund which I have for my convicts. My feelings would impel me to write here at length the name of dear Mr. L. G., who has furnished us with it. Before my arrival he had bestowed upon our convicts a library of about two hundred volumes: he has further sent me, through the Society of Toulouse, books to the value of 10*l.*; and he has given me 10*l.* more, either to bind these books or to defray other expenses on account of the convicts. It is out of this fund that I have bought these ninety hymn-books, above mentioned. I am continually called upon for some expenses, more or less, for the postage of letters which I write to their relations or which I receive with reference to them, sometimes to give them a little assistance on their going out, etc., etc. The convicts always offer, it is true, to pay everything themselves: but the Direction does not allow it; and I must say that in that they are right: for those who earn the most do not, I believe, get more than one franc a day; and by far the greater number do not get more than ten sous, some five, some two, and some only one. Without therefore asking anything of anybody individually, I believe I am justified in saying that the least help granted to this interesting fund is a gift well bestowed. Even the Bibles and the New Testaments which these men have paid for so willingly hitherto can no longer scarcely enter otherwise than gratis. I forgot to add to the liberal gifts of Mr. L. G., the gift of one of his daughters of about one hundred and sixty, or one hundred and eighty, copies of a little book, entitled, "Daily Bread." Each of my convicts carries it about him, and without doubt it is a blessing to many.

I am writing rather unconnectedly; but it matters little. I will add a few other particulars which occur to my recollection.

I will just mention one interesting proof of the affection which the Catholics entertain towards me, (and which I only mention, God knows, for the honour of his gospel.) While I was speaking in a workshop to one of my Protestants, a Catholic, whom I do not now know even by sight, contrived to slip towards me, under pretence of going to fetch a tool; and in passing said to me hastily, and in a low voice, "Sir, I love you much."

Another, on leaving the prison, came to pay me a visit, and to ask of me introductions among Protestant Christians; and, on withdrawing, he forced me to accept ten francs for my Convict Fund. Far from supposing that I had made any request of this sort to him, it will easily

be believed that I had no thought of anything of the kind. I in vain endeavoured to return him the whole or a part of his donation; but he insisted upon its being received.

Many other Catholics tell me that they propose to come and see me on going out.

It is needless to say that all those of my Protestants who were previously Catholics are glad of the choice which they have made.

I encourage the men to avow their infidelity, when they really are not believers; and I believe that out of one hundred and thirty men whom I have habitually under my direction, there are not ten who endeavour to play the hypocrite.

While I am upon moral statistics, I calculate that out of one hundred men, whom I divide into six classes in this point of view, I have six or eight whom I believe to be true Christians, fifteen or twenty very hopeful, thirty passable, twenty of whom I have little hope, thirteen bad, and ten very bad. It will be seen that the first half, forming the better portion, is numerically stronger than the other.

There is one other incident which does honour to the gospel. A young man confessed his unbelief to me; and I asked him if he had an aversion for Christianity. "Oh no!" he said, "the mere sight of you among us is sufficient to make us love it. It is just as Napoleon electrified the soldiers by his very presence."

More than one of my elder sons have come successively to preach in this prison; and among them one who has this winter set off for Daccia, in the neighbourhood of Calcutta. Some time after his departure, one of my convicts came to address to me, in the name of all the rest, the first reproach that they have ever made:—"Sir, we are very much grieved at one thing. You pray incessantly with us for those who are in the infirmary or in the dungeons; but you have never prayed with us for your son who is gone as a missionary. We remember him continually in our private prayers; but we should like to do so with you in our public worship."

Finally, I would add, in two words, upon the very important subject of liberated convicts, that I keep up an extremely interesting correspondence with many among them who continue stedfast in the ways of the Lord. I subjoin one single specimen, out of twenty or thirty, which I could show.

But I stop here. The slightest exertion fatigues me; and, besides, I often recall the words of a *colporteur*, writing his report: "I regret every instant I pass in relating what I have done, in place of continuing to do the work of my Lord."

Letter from a Convict, after leaving.

"Paris, 12th May, 1847.

"Sir,—I take advantage of a leisure moment to let you know of my new situation. I work with Mr. ——, a manufacturer of pasteboard. Up to the present I have had nothing but approbation from him. I have acquainted him with my wish to have Sunday at my disposal, in order to attend Divine service; and I hope to succeed, the rather as I work two hours extra after the day's work. I begin at six in the morning and continue till ten or eleven at night; after which I repair to my sister's, where I reside temporarily, until I am able to take a lodging more conveniently situated for my work. But I have said enough of myself: let us converse respecting our God, who never forgets those who trust in him. Oh, yes! I feel it every day more and more. I would not live without him. He alone gives bread, and patience, and perseverance. Had I forgotten him, I should not be in the position in which I am. Work is really a pleasure to me, for God is in my thoughts all the day long. Since I went out I have filled several situations; and I have had the satisfaction of hearing my employers express their regret at my leaving them. This is the work of God. If I have any cross, he seems to me to send it to encourage me. Oh, what satisfaction is derived from communion with him! It is impossible to know this unspeakable happiness without the knowledge of our heavenly Father. Oh, my worthy benefactor! how I recall the words which you uttered in your discourses, 'O my God, may thy Holy Spirit descend upon me!' yes; I ask it every day, and every instant, and also for all my unhappy brethren. Oh, how I pray to God, too, that he will preserve you in health, and that he will give you courage to persevere in your noble mission to be able to soften those hearts so estranged from him. Yes; endeavour always to save those unfortunate men

who were in the path of vice and of perdition, that they may enter upon the road that leads to truth and life. May God bless your labours!"

BABYLON.

The empire of Babylonia, of which Babylon was the metropolis, is famed throughout sacred and profane history, as a land where the great and mighty of the earth have lived, and where Nature and Art combined, in no ordinary degree, to elevate its population in the social and political scale. The map of Asiatic Turkey shows the Babylonian plain to be lost in the interminable deserts of Singar and Arabia; but the marshes and lakes of Lower Mesopotamia and Chaldea make a large deduction from its soil; while, as if to neutralize the natural advantages of the city, many of the Babylonian monarchs threw a variety of obstacles in the way of commercial enterprise.* Chaldea, however, has been acknowledged to be the most fertile region of the east,† and consisted of a vast plain, fertilized and adorned by the rolling floods of the Euphrates and Tigris, which were distributed over the land by manual and mechanic labour, and gave rise, under the genial influence of a propitious climate, to an exuberance of produce almost unparalleled, either in ancient or modern history.‡ Herodotus declares that its fertility was to be credited only by eye-witnesses; and though writing in the language of Greece, he states the description of what he saw would appear to be improbable; and he coincides, with Pliny and Strabo, in declaring that Babylonia was the most fertile in corn, seldom producing less than two hundred fold, and in some cases three hundred fold,—while the grain was of prodigious size.§ Its government was regarded as a great privilege by allied nations;‖ while its magnificence may be estimated from the fact, that besides maintaining horses for military service, it supported about seventeen thousand for the immediate use of the sovereign.

The pastures adjacent to the palace, in the time of Chosroes, "were covered," says Gibbon, "with flocks and herds; the paradise, or park, was replenished with pheasants, peacocks, ostriches, roebucks, and wild boars; and the noble game of lions and tigers were sometimes turned loose, for the golden pleasures of the chase. Nine hundred and sixty elephants were maintained for the use and splendour of the great king; his tents and baggage were carried into the field by twelve thousand great camels, and eight thousand of a smaller size; and the royal stables were filled with six thousand mules and horses. Six thousand guards successively mounted before the palace gate, and the service of the interior apartments was performed by twelve thousand slaves. The various treasures of gold, silver, gems, silk, and aromatics, were deposited in a hundred subterranean vaults."*

The Euphrates annually overflows its banks, inundating the country for many miles round, and rendering the district between the Euphrates and the Tigris navigable in many places for flat-bottomed boats. This annual flood fills the canals, and facilitates agriculture to a surprising degree. The air is salubrious, and the soil produces dates, rice, and grain of every kind, in astonishing profusion; but, in consequence of the illegal and irregular exactions of the pachas, and the insecurity of all kinds of property, the inhabitants exert no sort of industry; the numerous canals are now left dry and neglected, except when filled spontaneously by the river; and the small quantity of land that is cultivated is not half tilled.†

At the time when Babylon stands forth as the mistress of the east, the city presented a magnificent appearance; and Xenophon informs us, that the walls were encompassed by a wide and deep ditch, always supplied with water; and as the earth was dug out it was made into bricks, which were baked in furnaces prepared for the purpose. The cement with which they were fastened together was a bituminous substance heated on the fire; and every thirty layers were compacted together with an intermixture of reeds. Thus the canal was first lined, and the wall afterwards constructed in the same manner. Within the first wall, which was fortified with towers, another

* Her. Clio. 185.
† Plin. Hist. Nat. lib. v. c. xxvi. says it was "Agrum totius orientis fertilissimum."
‡ Herod. lib. i. c. cxcii.
§ Ibid. Strabo. lib. xvi. p. 742.
‖ Ibid. lib. i. c. cxcii.

* Gibbon's Hist., vol. viii. c. 46. p. 327.
† Niebuhr, Voy. en Ar. ii. 237; Rauwolf's Travels, p. 174; Rennell's Geog. Her. i. 459; Mignan's Trav. in Chaldea, p. 122.

were built, not much inferior in strength, though not so thick, besides which the centre of each division was walled round, and contained in one part the royal palace.

In a building below, within the temple of Babylon, a large image of gold, representing Jupiter sitting, was placed on a throne of the same metal, weighing, according to the Chaldeans, eight hundred talents. Two altars were also here, one for the offering of suckling victims, and one for cattle of full age. Herodotus informs us, that on the larger altar the Chaldeans consumed the weight of a thousand talents of incense annually, when they celebrated the festival of this pretended deity. Besides these, was a statue of solid gold, twelve cubits high, standing in the temple, and the Chaldeans asserted, that Darius, the son of Hystaspes, having formed a design to take away this statue, had not courage to effect his purpose, but that Xerxes, his son, not only took the statue, but killed a priest who interfered.

Two female sovereigns of Babylon appear to have greatly improved the city. The first, named Semiramis, who lived five generations before the other, raised strong and extensive barricades, to prevent the inundations of the river, which had often overflowed the plain; and Nitocris, being jealous of the growing power of the Medes, greatly strengthened the fortifications, and caused a channel to be opened above the city, to receive the waters of the Euphrates,—so that where it before ran in a straight line, it should now, by frequent inflexions, become slow, long, and difficult. Immense undertakings of the same kind were also completed, in which her energy of character is well illustrated. She also prepared a sepulchre for herself in one of the most populous districts of the city, on which was written the following inscription:—"If any one of my successors, kings of Babylon, should find himself in want of money, let him open this sepulchre, and take as much as he shall think fit: but if he be not reduced to real want, he ought to forbear; otherwise he shall have cause to repent." The monument remained untouched till the reign of Darius, who, being tempted by the imagined treasure, broke open the sepulchre, where he found only the remains of the body, and the following inscription: "Hadst thou not been insatiably covetous, and greedy of the most sordid gain thou wouldst not have violated the sepulchre of the dead."

The entrance of Alexander into Babylon was an event of much interest to the people, a great part of whom stood on the walls, eager to catch a sight of their new monarch; while many went forth to meet him. Among these, Bagophanes, keeper of the citadel and of the royal treasure, strewed the entire way before the king with flowers and crowns; silver altars were also placed on both sides of the road, which were loaded with frankincense, and many other odoriferous herbs. He brought with him for Alexander gifts of various kinds,—flocks of sheep and horses; while lions and panthers were carried before him in their dens. The magi came next, singing, in their usual manner, their ancient hymns. Then followed the Chaldeans, with their musical instruments,—who were both the prophets and artists of Babylon. The first were accustomed to sing the praises of the kings; the Chaldeans taught the motions of the stars and the periodic vicissitudes of the times and seasons. Then followed, last of all, the Babylonian knights, whose equipment, as well as that of their horses, seemed more designed for luxury than magnificence. Alexander, attended by armed men, having ordered the crowd of the townspeople to proceed in the rear of his infantry, entered the city in a chariot, and repaired to the palace. The next day he carefully surveyed the household of Darius, and all his money.* Within a brief period of these events Alexander lay a corpse in his palace.

The temple of Jupiter Belus occupied a central position in one of the divisions of the city. Herodotus describes it as a square tower, of the depth and heighth of one stadium, upon which, as a foundation, seven other towers rose in regular succession,—the last having a large chapel, a magnificent couch, and a table of solid gold. But the wonders which "the father of history" describes were even surpassed, in some respects, by others. Among these, was the celebrated tunnel under the Euphrates, which united the palaces at each end of the bridge; besides subterranean banquetting-rooms of brass, and the famous hanging gardens, containing nearly four acres of land, elevated more than three hundred feet above the level of the city, and bearing timber trees of vast size.† Some, however, have

* Quintus Curtius. v. i.

† Diod. Sic. ii. 7. 9. 10; Strabo, xvi. 738, 783; Curt. v. i.

thrown great doubt on the existence of these structures, and have asked, how so careful and curious an observer as Herodotus, who saw, and has minutely described the city, should not have made the faintest allusion to such extraordinary erections, had they really existed? The tunnel, under the Euphrates, they say, was an object more worthy of notice, and more likely to attract attention than the bridge; and yet, while Herodotus describes the latter, he does not mention the former. And, to say nothing of the extreme improbability that any such stupendous structures as those of the hanging gardens should have been erected by a people apparently ignorant of the arch, it is not conceivable, had they been constructed, that Herodotus should have omitted to mention them. His silence implies that the statements as to these extraordinary fabrics are really as fabulous as they are incredible. Diodorus, Siculus, and Curtius, are writers on whom little dependence can often be placed; and in this instance Strabo seems not to have evinced a sound discretion.* The fact is, that these works were constructed after the death of Herodotus.

The magnitude of the city, as stated by ancient writers, staggers belief. At the very lowest computation, the area within the walls was seventy-two square miles,—or nearly three and a half times as large as London, with all its suburbs; while, if the highest computation be adopted, the area was one hundred and eighty-eight and a half square miles,—or nine times that of London. The population is estimated at considerably more than a million. So pre-eminently exalted, indeed, was the position of this mighty nation, that it is not surprising that many should entertain the belief that it was destined to last throughout the ages of time.

But its sins had gone up to Heaven, and cried aloud for punishment! At the time when Isaiah prophecied its desolation, Babylon was in the meridian of its glory,—augmenting its resources, enlarging its dominion, increasing in its energies, and rising to more marked distinction. Human foresight would have pronounced its increasing greatness; but though it did not attain the meridian of its splendour till a century afterwards, yet the doom thus proclaimed, before she had touched the zenith of her dignity, was repeated by Isaiah, reiterated by succeeding prophets, and re-echoed in the ears of Nebuchadnezzar himself by Daniel, when he was called to interpret some singular revelations which God had been pleased to make to that monarch. Immediately succeeding the prediction of Isaiah, "a most eloquent and inimitable song of triumph over this vast empire is put into the mouth of Israel: the very cedars and fir-trees of Lebanon share the universal joy which is anticipated; and by one of those bold and striking personifications to be found in their full beauty only in the Scriptures, are represented raising the anthem at the fall of its king. The whole earth is at rest and is quiet; they break forth into singing, Yea, the fir-trees rejoice at thee, and the cedars of Lebanon, saying, Since thou art laid down, no feller is come up against us." To follow this beautiful description to its consummation, to witness the great men, once the kings of the earth, passing away as a vapour, and to appreciate the grandeur of the past, the desolation as displayed in the present, is a pursuit peculiarly appropriate to the student of the sacred oracles of God.

The word that the Lord spake against Babylon and against the land of the Chaldeans, by Jeremiah the prophet:

"Declare ye among the nations,
And publish, and set up a standard;
Publish, and conceal it not:
Say, Babylon is taken,
Bel is confounded,
Merodach is broken in pieces;
Her idols are confounded,
Her images are broken in pieces.
For out of the north there cometh up a nation against her,
Which shall make her land desolate,
And none shall dwell therein:
They shall remove, they shall depart,
Both man and beast."—Jer. l. 1—3.

"Put yourselves in array against Babylon round about:
All ye that bend the bow,
Shoot at her, spare no arrows:
For she hath sinned against the Lord.
Shout against her round about:
She hath given her hand:
Her foundations are fallen,
Her walls are thrown down:
For it is the vengeance of the Lord:
Take vengeance upon her;
As she hath done, do unto her.
Cut off the sower from Babylon,
And him that handleth the sickle in the time of harvest:
For fear of the oppressing sword
They shall turn every one to his people,
And they shall flee every one to his own land."—Jer. l. 14—16.

But the work had yet to be accomplished: and who was competent to the task?—the sword of Cyrus was chosen to inflict the fearful but just punishment;

* M'Culloch.

and he being informed that a great annual festival was to be kept in the town, when the inhabitants were accustomed to spend the night in drunkenness and debauchery, thought this a favourable opportunity to surprise them. The manner of taking the city was clearly predicted. First, the river was to be dried up; God promises, I will say "to the deep, Be dry: and I will dry up the rivers."—"Thus saith the Lord to his anointed, to Cyrus,—I will loose the loins of kings, to open before him the two-leaved gates; and the gates shall not be shut. I will go before thee, and make the crooked places straight: I will break in pieces the gates of brass, and cut in sunder the bars of iron," Isa. xlv. 1, 2. Had the brazen gates been closed, as the city was guarded on both banks by walls of the same height as those which surrounded the city, the drying of the river had been in vain; the Babylonians from their walls might have poured down death in a thousand shapes on the invaders,—"the Persians would have been taken as in a net,"* and none would have escaped. The disorder occasioned by the great feast which was then celebrated, led to this error, and the gates of the palace were imprudently opened by the king's orders, to inquire into the cause of the tumult without,—when the two parties under Gobrias and Gadatas rushed in, obtained possession of the palace, and slew the king.†

The assault was made on two sides of the city,—thus fulfilling, in all its minutiæ, the declarations of the prophecy: "One post shall run to meet another, and one messenger to meet another, to show the king of Babylon that his city is taken at one end," or is taken at "each end," Jer. li. 31. As Cyrus had ordered his troops to divide themselves into two detachments, to enter on the two sides through which the river passed, and advance till they met in the centre; and the alarm thus raised by the different messengers as they met each other, would fill all with consternation.

The desolation was to be so complete that the wandering inhabitants of the plain should not find here a place of rest, "neither should the shepherds make their fold there. But wild beasts of the desert shall lie there; and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures; and owls shall dwell there, and satyrs shall dance there. And the wild beasts of the islands shall cry in their desolate houses, and dragons in their pleasant palaces: and her time is near to come, and her days shall not be prolonged." How vast the contrast here delineated, to the magnificence which made Nebuchadnezzar forget he was man,—to Belshazzar's feast, prepared for a thousand lords,—and to the wealth, power, and number of the inhabitants of this empire:

"The kings thy sword had slain, the mighty dead,
Start from their thrones, at thy descending tread;
They ask in scorn, Destroyer, is it thus?
Art thou—thou too!—become like one of us?
Turn from the feast of music, wine, and mirth,
The worm thy covering, and thy couch the earth!
How art thou fall'n from thine etherial height,
Son of the morning, sunk in endless night!
How art thou fall'n, who saidst in pride of soul,
I will ascend above the starry pole,
Thence rule the adoring nations with my rod,
And set my throne above the mount of God!
Spilt in the dust, thy blood pollutes the ground;
Sought by the eyes that fear'd thee, yet not found,
Thy chieftains pause, they turn thy relics o'er,
Then pass thee by, for thou art now no more!"

MONTGOMERY.

At the commencement of the Christian era Babylon was in ruins.* It is said to have been turned into a hunting-park by the Parthian kings, who overthrew the Seleucidic dynasty; and it is probable that the materials of its vast buildings served to construct the newer cities in its neighbourhood. In the eleventh century, the modern village of Hilleh was founded on its site.

The dilapidated character of the ruins makes it extremely difficult to state to which of the ancient buildings the existing ruins are to be ascribed. The principal of them are the Kasr, or the palace; the Mujellibe, or the overturned; and the Birs Nemroud, or tower of Nimrod; all of which are of great magnitude, and at very considerable distances from each other. The last is the largest, and is a mound of an oblong figure, seven hundred and sixty-two yards in circumference. On its west side, it rises to an elevation of nearly two hundred feet, and on its summit is a solid pile of brick, thirty-seven feet high. It consists entirely of brickwork; and Niebuhr, Rich, and Mignan agree in supposing it to be the remnant of the sacred edifice, and identical with the tower of Babel.† The

* Herod. lib. i. c. 191.
† Bishop Lowth; Xenoph. Cyrop. vii. p. 528, Edit. Hutch. 4to.

* Herodotus Thalia, 159; Strabo, xvi. 738; Arrian, xvi.; Pliny, vi. 26.
† M'Culloch; Niebuhr, ii. 236; Rich, 38, 49, 54, etc.; Mignan, 202.

bricks obtained from the ruins of Babylon are celebrated for their inscriptions in the cuneiform character, in attempting to decipher which much labour and ingenuity have been expended:

The walls are not to be traced, and the only relics which can be discovered of the ancient city commence at two canals, rising east and west, immediately to the south of the village of Mahowil, and near the east bank of the Euphrates. "One of these canals is crossed by a brick bridge, and as soon as the traveller has gained the opposite side, the vestiges of the fallen city present themselves to his view in awful grandeur. For the distance of twelve miles along the banks of the Euphrates, his eye wanders over mounds of temples, palaces, and human habitations of every kind, now buried in shapeless heaps; and he travels onward, amidst a silence as profound as that which presides over the abodes of the dead. The first object that appears is a mound of considerable elevation, about five hundred yards from the second canal." Broken bricks, and other fragments of buildings, cover the sloping sides of this mound; and not far distant is another mound of still greater elevation. Two miles from the bridge are the remains of a larger and higher embankment than that of a simple watercourse, and which seems to be the remnant of some interior embankment. The road from hence, for the space of four miles, is rendered uneven by the mounds and detached portions of canal embankments. At the end of this track a spacious canal is encountered, beyond which a vast plain extends. After a further ride of an hour and a quarter, the Euphrates appears to view, its northern bank having been hitherto excluded by the intervening lines of ruins, which seem to reiterate the words of the prophet,*—"Babylon is fallen, is fallen," Isa. xxi. 9.

Elevated on a sort of ridge appears a famous solitary tree, called by the Arabs Atheleh, bearing every mark of antiquity in appearance, situation, and tradition. It is now a ruin amidst ruins,—yet it bears evergreen and spreading branches, and is adorned with long tress-like tendrils, which are said to resemble the feathers of herons.† These slender and delicate sprays, bending towards the ground, give to the whole an appearance like that of the weeping willow; while their gentle waving in the wind with every breeze, has a melancholy effect on the ear. The traditions of the Arabs respecting this tree give it a reverence in their eyes; for they consider it to have been preserved by God from the earliest time, to form a refuge for the caliph Ali,—who, fainting with fatigue after the battle of Hilleh, sought rest under its shade.

Thus were fulfilled the promises and threatenings of Jehovah, and thus transient are worldly wealth and power: "Trust," ye nations, "in the Lord;"—he will then be your defence—"ye shall not be greatly moved." F. S. W.

ON THE CORRUPTION OF CHRISTIANITY.

The best of all the gifts of heaven to earth, even Christianity, might have seemed to bring with it an inevitable necessity of a great and permanent difference, in regard to the competence of knowledge to preserve men from destruction. It was as if some one production, far more salutary to life than all others, had been reserved by the Creator to spring up in a later age, after many generations of men had been languishing through life, and prematurely dying, from the deficient nature of their food and remedies. The image of the inestimable plant had been shown to the prophets in their visions, but the reality was now

* Ancient History,—Chaldeans, published by Religious Tract Society.
† Kitto.

given to the world, it was of wholly a right seed; had the seed in itself, and claimed to be cultivated by the people, who in every land were suffering the maladies which it had the properties to heal.

But while, by the greater part of mankind, it was scarcely accounted worth admission to a place on their blasted and desolated soil, the manner in which its virtue was frustrated, among those who pretended to esteem it, as it was, the best gift of God, is recorded in eternal reproach of professed Christians.

Can any doubt arise whether there were, in the Christian states, resources competent, if so applied, to secure to the people elementary instruction and the possession of the Bible! All nations, sufficiently raised above barbarism to exist as states, have consumed, in uses the most pernicious, an infinitely greater amount of means than would have sufficed to afford a moderate share of instruction to all the people. Think of the boundless cost for supporting the magnificence and rapacity of the Popish hierarchy, from its triple-crowned head, through all the orders consecrated to maintain that delusion and share the spoil. Recollect the immense system, of which every agent was a devourer. Recollect the pomps and pageants for which the general resources were to be taxed, while the general industry was injured by the interruption of useful employment and the diversion of the people to such dissipation as their condition qualified and permitted them to indulge in. Think also of the incalculable cost of ecclesiastical structures, the temples of idolatry, as in truth they were.

Suppose the case, that some persons doomed to perish were in the possession of the genuine light and consolations of Christianity, perhaps had even been adjudged to this fate for zealously and perseveringly endeavouring to restore the purity of that religion to the deluded community. Let it be supposed that numbers of that community, having conspired to obtain this adjudgment, frequented the precincts of the tower to see their victims gradually perishing. It would be quite in the spirit of Popish superstition, that they should believe themselves to have done God service, and be accordingly pleased with the sight of the more and more death-like aspect of the emaciated countenances: the while they might be themselves in the enjoyment of fulness of bread. We can imagine them making convivial appointments, within sight of the prison gates, and going from the spectacle to meet at the banquet. Or they might delay the festivity, in order to have the additional luxury of knowing that the tragedy was consummated, as bishop Gardiner would not dine till the martyrs were burned. Look at these two cotemporary situations, that of the persons, with truth and immortal hope in their spirits, enduring the slow but painful reduction of their bodies to dissolution, and that of those who, while their bodies fared sumptuously, were thus miserably perishing in soul, through the curse of a delusion which envenomed them with such malignity, and say which was the worse predicament.

If we have no hesitation in pronouncing, let us consider whether we have ever been grateful to God for dashing to pieces, in this land, long since, a system which maintains to this hour so much of its stability elsewhere. If we regret that fragments of it are held in veneration here, let us look at the various states of Europe, small and great, where this superstition was left to hold the minds of the people in its odious grasp, and verify to ourselves what we have to be thankful for, by thinking what reception our minds could give to an offer of subsistence in their mummeries, masses, absolutions, legends, relics, mediation of saints, and corruption, even to absolute reversal, of evangelical doctrines. —*Foster.*

OLD HUMPHREY'S WALK TO GEORGE'S TOWN.

"Loch Ericht is a lonely loch,
And Raunoch moors are wild,
And high around Ben Aulder's head
The gathering clouds are piled;
Schehallien wears a fearful form,
And gloom deforms the day;
Yet still that ancient man goes on—
He still pursues his way."

STRENGTHENED by a night of refreshing slumber, and the comfort of a Scottish breakfast, I prepared to resume my journey. Having occasion to lift up the sash-window, I perceived it had neither sashlines nor weights. To supply the want of these, and to prevent the sash from falling down and breaking the panes, the following plan was adopted. Notches were cut in the sides of the window frame, and a hook suspended

from the sash; the hook had an ornament on one side of it, the weight of which pressed the hook against the side of the window frame, so that when the sash was lifted up the hook ran into one of the notches and prevented the sash from falling. This plan I afterwards saw was of general use in the Highlands.

I crossed over Tummel bridge—an old structure pointed at top, with one arch in the centre and a smaller one at the east end—with my hazel stick in one hand and my carpet bag in the other. Great coat I had none, having deposited mine in my trunk, very erroneously concluding that the weather would be fine. At the foot of the bridge, near the rushing waters of the Tummel, huge stones lay piled up one upon another, as though a church spire or two had there been broken to pieces.

By the time that I had walked a mile, my carpet-bag hung heavy in my hand, and then it was I bethought myself of a packet or two of red tape which I had brought from home with me, such tape as attorneys use in tying up their deeds and parchments, and literary characters in uniting the different sheets of their manuscripts. "Oh," thought I, "now for my red tape! What a cardinal virtue is forethought! had I not been thoughtful I should be utterly unable to lighten my load, whereas now I can sling it over my shoulder, and walk quite at my ease!"

Full of my own forethought and prudence, I unlocked my carpet-bag; but, alas! found no red tape! I felt quite sure that it was in my bag, but as feeling quite sure of having what we have not, never enables us to find it, no wonder that after tumbling over the few necessaries I had with me, no red tape was among them.

"Well!" thought I, after a moment's pause, "it is all very well, nay, perhaps better as it is, for I dare say the red tape would have cut my shoulder, besides being too long for me at one time, too short at another, and plaguing me in all sorts of ways. Let them in Gray's Inn and Paternoster-row keep their red tape, we in Scotland can do without it!"

Turn out of your way, ye tourists who may follow me in my path, if ye have an eye for the picturesque and a soul for the impressive, when ye come to the bend in the river, within four or five miles of Loch Raunoch, for there the Tummel rushes through the scattered rocks with such variety and extravagance of beauty that you can hardly fail to be carried away with delight. Seat yourselves on one of the misshapen stones at the brink of the foaming flood, and be in no haste to depart; muse on the course of rivers, and also on the course of your own lives:

The Garry to the Tummel runs,
  The Tummel to the Tay,
And thus our hours, and days, and years,
  Together glide away.

The Tay flows onward to the sea,
  A rolling, restless river;
And man to an eternal world,
  For ever and for ever!

How often was I lured from my onward path by the beckoning beauties around me, and how frequently did my lips and my heart unite in an ejaculation of surprise and joy!

Presently it began to rain, when I flung my carpet-bag over my back, with my hazel stick passed through the handles, and thought how nicely it rode there! how excellently it defended my back and shoulders from the rain! and how silly it would have been to have slung it by my side with a piece of red tape!

As I trudged on, looking a little like a pedlar, I congratulated myself on being neither in Bond-street nor Cheapside. Old Schehallian, the dark giant mountain, had his head so high in the sky, that there seemed little danger of his seeing me, but suddenly he looked forth from the clouds which were gathered as garments around his breast, and I fancifully felt as if he was about to speak to me, thinking that if he did it would be in the voice of ages—a voice yet deeper and more solemn than that of thunder. Schehallian is more than three thousand five hundred feet high, and of a most imposing appearance. I was awestruck by his amazing bulk and height, and felt myself, indeed, to be a pigmy.

As the rain came down faster I took shelter at the foot of a rock, but the black ants that abounded there drove me away. I then sought a retreat beneath a cluster of birch trees; but here myriads of midges came about me, biting and teasing me. If, for a moment, these things affected my temper, like the nut-bough pulled down by the school-boy, it soon sprang up again to its proper position. "Oh!" said I, "these ants and midges, after all, have done me a kind-

ness; I should very likely have taken cold had I sat still in my wet clothes."

Who can tell how often he is guided for good in seasons of difficulty! What matters it if a midge or a mountain turns us from danger, or a black ant is the means of preserving us from evil! In either case we are indebted to the goodness of our heavenly Father; and we can never sufficiently praise and magnify his holy name.

It is truly wondrous what hilarity, exercise, fresh air, and liberty call forth. I went on by the side of the lake, with a sprig of heather in my bosom, and a spirit of joyousness in my heart, now plucking a bunch of nuts or a wild raspberry; now gazing with delight on the silvery water, the yellow gowans, the green furze, and the purple heather, and now bursting into a hymn of thanksgiving:

Almighty Lord! I love thee more
While round I gladly gaze;
Be thine the homage of my heart,
My gratitude and praise!

Loch Raunoch is a fine sheet of water. I cannot say that eleven miles of unislanded, unbroken crystal are presented at once to the eye, because there are two or three islands in the loch, but these are not seen as you look along it from the east end. Wandering along the sides of the water is like walking in a continued pleasure-ground, so beautiful are the varied scenes presented to the view. The mountains around, though of considerable elevation, are not among those which are remarkable, always excepting Schehallian. Ben Lowers is too far off to assert his supremacy.

Loch Ericht, sixteen miles long, which lies a little to the northward of Loch Raunoch, presents a desolate picture to the eye. A shooting-lodge and the hut of a shepherd are the only objects which relieve the dreary loneliness that reigns around. Its upper end is near the lonely inn of Dalwhinie, and touches upon the region of Badenoch, in Invernesshire. Ben Vollich lifts up his head to the south of it, and Ben Aulder to the west. The cave in which the young Chevalier Prince Charles hid himself from the king's troops is near the southern extremity. What must have been his emotions, pent up in that dreary den, well knowing that his pursuers were hunting for his life. The poet has put these words into his mouth:

"The small birds rejoice in the green leaves returning,
The murmuring streamlet winds clear through the vale;
The hawthorn trees blow in the dew of the morning,
And wild scatter'd cowslips bedeck the green dale:
But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair,
While the lingering moments are number'd by care?
No flow'rs gaily springing, nor birds sweetly singing,
Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair.
The deed that I dared, could it merit their malice,
A king and a father to place on his throne?
His right are these hills, and his right are these valleys,
Where the wild beasts find shelter, but I can find none:
But 'tis not my sufferings, thus wretched, forlorn,
My brave gallant friends! 'tis your ruin I mourn;
Your deeds proved so loyal in hot bloody trial,
Alas! can I make you no better return!"

At one of the villages through which I passed, the windows of the shops quite amazed me with their gaiety. Cloths of different colours, shining buttons, articles of dress and cutlery—where the buyers were to come from I did not know. In most of the cottages I could see the ladder by which the inmates ascended to their dormitory. At a little inn were assembled part of Lord Mexborough's sporting party.

The room into which the traveller is shown in most of the small inns is usually at once a sitting-room, a parlour, a dressing-room, and a bed-room. The beds are curtained off in wooden recesses at the sides of the room, and a comb or two and a small looking-glass lie in the window. Children run about in kilts, and every one talks in Gaelic.

A simple pretty little stone tenement, to the north of Loch Raunoch, quite took my fancy as I passed by it. With eight windows and a door to the front, a plantation of firs on one side, a beautifully romantic hill on the other, with here and there a few ornamental bushes; it presented a charming appearance, commanding as it did a view of the Loch and the mountains Schehallien, Ben Lowers, and Ben Doran. Happiness, however, is not secured by stone tenements, and plantations, and romantic hills, and fair prospects; though these in themselves are agreeable possessions. A contented heart looking backwards with thankfulness, forwards with hope, and upwards with confidence, can do either with or without them. Oh what a priceless blessing is that of a grateful heart!—it not only brightens the bright and beautifies the beautiful, but makes also the barren heath fruitful, and the dry rock to gush out with crystal streams.

As I walked on, it still rained, when, very opportunely, the postman to George's

Town drove up in a one-horse cart, and asked me to ride. I mounted his cart, but as it had no springs, its motion over the rough road was very uncomfortable. The rain, too, came down faster, so that sending on my carpet-bag by the postman to the inn at George's Town, with a message bidding them prepare comforts for a coming guest, I left the cart, and again proceeded on foot.

At the west end of Loch Raunoch, being sadly wet, I took shelter in a plantation, passing for that purpose through a large white gate leading to an elegant mansion in a park. Here I stood for little less than an hour, till the branches of the trees seemed rather to conduct the rain to me, than to defend me from it. I then approached a low straw-roofed shed, the front of which had been recently tarred over; but no sooner did I enter it, than, by the abyss below, I saw that the place was intended either for an ice-house, or something of the kind: there was just room for me to stand under the roof in a stooping posture. What ridiculous positions are men sometimes placed in! there was I, crouching in the narrow entrance of the shed, trying to shelter myself from the rain, and to avoid coming in contact with the tarred boards, with a reasonable apprehension of the danger of falling backwards into the abyss; the bottom of which, on account of the gloom, I could not see. What greatly added to the uneasiness of my situation was the circumstance that the lawn windows of the mansion commanded a direct view of my house of refuge, and continually was I imagining that some tall serving-man in livery, or some bluff dictatorial butler would be put in commission to order me off the premises, or, what would be still worse, to invite me, in my dripping state, down to the hall. I did not long remain in such humiliating circumstances, but sallied forth through the rain to reach the place of my destination.

At length I came to the stone bridge over the river at the west end of Loch Raunach, which bore the inscription, "Tay Brige, 29½. Built by Sir Niel Menzies, Bart, and the Trustees of the Estate of Strowian." And directly after entered Tylalline Inn, kept by John Mac Donald. Here I was waited on with much assiduity by Jane and Ann Mac Donald, daughters of the aforesaid John Mac Donald—two bonnie lasses, of whom it may with truth be said, they were as attentive as they were respectful, and as modest as they were good-looking.

Lord Mansfield has a shooting-box near the place, and two of his keepers, who were at the inn, had with them three or four couples of white pointers, by far the largest and finest formed dogs of the kind I had ever seen.

CHRISTIAN HOPE.

This hope is, first, a well-grounded expectation, founded on infallible promises, confirmed by an inviolable oath. This hope is, secondly, a purifying principle: "He that hath this hope purifieth himself, even as God is pure." This hope is, thirdly, the Christian's anchor: "Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and stedfast." An anchor, when in use, is invisible: being immersed in the water, it is not seen, but felt. So it is with the hope of the Christian: it reaches "within the veil," and takes hold of unseen realities—of promises unfulfilled, but which are as sure as the throne of God itself. A man beholding a ship lying at anchor, weathering a storm—and not knowing it had an anchor—might wonder at its steadiness: so do men of the world wonder and gaze at the firmness of the martyrs; and, not seeing their "Anchor," are tempted to call their fortitude obstinacy.

Our trials, losses, temptations, and conflicts are seriously felt; but, under such circumstances, we must consider in what our resources lie: not in our ministers—not in Christian friends—not in conversation or books;—no; our only effectual resource is invisible; it is within the veil, "whither our Forerunner is for us entered, even Jesus, made an high priest for ever after the order of Melchisedec." There is fixed the anchor of the soul; even that sure and stedfast hope of glory, which, amidst the hurricanes and tempests of the present life, can alone secure us from a fatal shipwreck!—*Cecil.*

INFLUENCE OF ASSOCIATION.

The interest excited within us by the same objects under different circumstances is very striking. As the chemist extracts medicine and poison from the same plant, so do we from the same scenes derive pleasure and pain. We are influenced less by the things around us than we are by the associations we attach to them.

What at one time would create a smile, will at another make us weep. Hardly is there an event which, under some circumstances, might not afflict us; nor is there an object in creation too lowly to impart satisfaction:

The bitterest herb that grows upon the mountain
A grateful fragrance on the air may fling;
The welling stream of a neglected fountain
Some healing, life-preserving power may bring.

Go to a railroad station, and gaze on a departing train, and what emotion will it awaken in the mind? The arrival of passengers, the hurrying to and fro of policemen and porters, the increasing bustle and confusion, the loading of the luggage van, the hasty parting of friends, the hissing steam, the shrill whistle, the ringing bell, the waving of the signals, and the loud rumble of the moving wheels, in some degree affect us by their animation; but they are common to us, and have little individual interest in our eyes.

A vessel outward bound is leaving the harbour; a few spectators are assembled on the pier, and we are among the number. The breeze is blowing, the waves are gently rising and falling, and a few sea gulls are winging their way along the surface of the mighty deep. We look at the sailors as they get the ship under weigh, and at the few passengers that remain on the deck. The wind is favourable, the white sails are spread, and the vessel pursues her onward course, it may be to the east or the west—no matter. We have no friends among her passengers, and no bale of merchandise in her hold. We quietly muse of foreign shores, shipwrecks, coral and sunny islands, and walk away with a tranquil pulse from the pier.

But now let us return to the railroad station, and look on the same departing train in another point of view. It is about to bear away from us a pleasant visitor—a cheerful and agreeable companion—who has been as a sunbeam in our habitation. We have a painful interest in the hissing steam, the shrill whistle, the ringing bell, and the bustle and preparation; for they seem to be hurrying away a friend we would willingly detain. We value our moments; we are affected by the moving of the train, and we pursue with our eyes the lessening carriages, as they hasten onwards, with poignant regret.

Let us walk down to the pier, and see if we cannot impart to that outward-bound ship a significance that will thrill through our very souls. Instead of having no bale of goods among its merchandise, we have valuable, though uninsured, property on board. Instead of having no friend among the passengers, there is one, almost as dear to us as our own souls. Are our hearts quiet and our pulses tranquil now? With what eager eyes we devour the vessel as she begins to move through the yielding waters! With what intensity of emotion are our eyes fixed on that white handkerchief waving from the deck, and with what mournful alacrity we return the signal of a long, if not a last, farewell. To leave the pier would be impossible. With aching eyes and hearts we gaze on the receding ship, till in the distance she mingles with the sea and skies.

For a moment we will reverse our emotions, and instead of witnessing the departure of a friend by the railroad carriage or the ship, we will stand in the attitude of expectancy, anxiously awaiting an arrival. The railroad train approaches; it cannot come too fast, for it brings us one whom our arms and our hearts are open to receive. Welcome its hissing, its panting, its loud shriek, and its thundering wheels. The ship that is even now at hand, has on board a beloved one, who for years has resided abroad, and is now returning home to gladden our hearth. How slowly the vessel sails! Surely she is becalmed on the water. Now she is nearer—now she has reached the pier. Among those who are standing on her deck we discover the beloved one. Our eyes and hearts are running over with joy, thankfulness, and praise.

When at a distance from home we read a paragraph in a newspaper of a calamitous fire that broke out in the night, and destroyed a dwelling-house with its furniture, the announcement but little affects us, even though there is a doubt whether one or two human beings have not perished in the flames,—and we lay down the newspaper with unruffled composure. But imagine the fearful significance that would be imparted to the paragraph, and the dreadful interest it would excite in us, if suddenly we discovered that the desolated dwelling was our own habitation. How hastily we should snatch up the paper!—with what anxious agony we should again read the afflicting particulars of the conflagration. The newspaper is the same as it was,—the account of the fire is the same,—but how differently have they affected us! For

we see, as it were, the very flare of the flames, and hear the crash of the falling timbers. Before, our composure was unruffled; but now, our hearts are harrowed with the most distracting apprehensions!

A country village, with its scattered houses and cottages, its spacious green, and large oak tree; its church on the hill, and the "establishment for young gentlemen," a stone's cast or two from the turnpike-road, presents a pleasant picture to the eye; but how abundantly does such a scene rise in interest, if we have not seen it for years, and it happens to be the place where our youthful days were passed! In that school we were educated; in that church we assembled at the sound of the sabbath bells; from that oak we gathered acorns in our boyhood; on that green we gambolled, and in that running brook we slaked our thirst, and bathed our burning brows! How the past rushes on our hearts! the days of our boyhood come back again, and surround us with our accustomed playmates. Old half-forgotten friendships and affections arise within us,—we gaze around with excited emotions, our pulses throb, and our eyes are filled with tears.

Many a felon who has suffered at Newgate, has passed by its massy walls a hundred times without fear. Imagine one of these, callous with crime, hardened in iniquity, coming up Snow-hill while St. Sepulchre's bell is tolling. Hardly does he hear it; and if he does, he regards it not. What cares he for St. Sepulchre's, or St. Sepulchre's bell!—the toll has no meaning in it. On he goes, reckless and undaunted. But now suppose, as a convicted malefactor, in the condemned cell of Newgate, he has been awakened from a perturbed slumber, by the tolling of St. Sepulchre's bell, on the morning of his execution. Does he disregard the bell now?—has it no meaning in it, think you? Why every word of its iron tongue speaks of shame and agony, and death and judgment, in thundering accents, and the sound enters into his very soul! He knows that the clamorous harbinger of death is announcing his own doom, and that an assembled multitude are awaiting his appearance on the scaffold. Every stroke of the clapper of St. Sepulchre's bell now goes crashing through his brain.

An infidel, an unbeliever in God's holy word, a despiser of the gospel of Jesus Christ, may regard a place of Divine worship with derision. He may point to such a building as a monument of ignorance, superstition, and fanaticism, and make merry at the expense of the lowly followers of the Redeemer; but, if in God's providence he should be led by curiosity or a more censurable motive, to enter a place of worship, and the High and Holy One should send an arrow through his heart—if the text of him who ministers in holy things, be this: "Thou art the man;" or, "Be sure your sin will find you out;" or, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die;" attended with a hallowed influence that should bring him on his knees, and be followed by conviction, repentance, and exulting faith, till his heart, as well as his lip cries out, not only "God be merciful to me a sinner," but also, "My Lord and my God!" then will he regard the same temple that he before despised with affection, reverence, and thankfulness; and be ready to exclaim: "How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts! My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord; my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God," Psa. lxxxiv. 1, 2.

Hardly can anything be clearer than the fact, that we derive pleasure and pain from the same scenes, and that we are influenced less by the things around us, than we are by the associations we attach to them.

When a Bible is seen lying on the table near us, we regard it as a sacred book. Habit, education, a knowledge of its awful and glorious contents, and a deep conviction of its truth, invest it with reverence. But let the blessed book, instead of being anybody's Bible, be *our* Bible, and the Bible of our parents before us, with their names written in it, on the fly-leaf, and their marks opposite the texts that affected them. Let us call to memory that they read it in joy and in sorrow, rejoiced over it, wept over it, prayed over it, and that it was as oil to their joints and marrow to their bones,—and we regard it with affection as well as with reverence. Plain as it may appear in its time-worn leathern cover, we would not part with it for one in morocco and gold, nor for any other Bible in the world. We open its sacred pages with emotion, and eagerly turn with a vehement joy to the soul-sustaining text, that has opposite to it a double cross: "This God is our God for ever and ever; he will be our guide even unto death," Psa. xlviii. 14.

M.

BURNHAM BEECHES.

On the borders of a wild wood, once evidently far more extensive than at present, and close to the edge of a rough common or open pasturage, about two miles and a half from the village of Burnham, are several extraordinary beech-trees of great antiquity, which have recently attracted considerable attention. We paid a short time since a visit to this secluded and romantic woodland spot, which is distant from the railroad station at Maidenhead about five miles, and as much from that at Slough, lying northward of the "line," and nearly intermediate between the stations in question.

Stopping at the Maidenhead station, we first proceeded to the village of Burnham, — a quiet, interesting little place, with a very fine old church, situated on elevated ground, whence may be seen a lovely prospect of the country towards Windsor Forest. The reapers were busy in the corn-fields, and the lark sung overhead as we walked along. Several species of blue Butterflies (genus, *Polyommatus*) fluttered along the banks, and played in our path, revelling in the glowing sun. Several times we disturbed the bright-eyed little lizard basking half-concealed by the tangled brambles and rough herbage of the hedgerows, and vanishing with marvellous promptitude on our near approach; the moment we advanced our hand, there was a slight rustle, and it was gone. Various wild flowers, some of singular beauty, on every side, claimed our passing admiration;—the bees were passing from one to another, and half hiding themselves in the painted petals; —and the butterflies danced over them on their fluttering fans. Some trailed over the hedgerow banks,—some grew by the pathway, unfolding their whorl of blossoms,—and others stood conspicuous in the standing corn, with azure disks:

"Everywhere about they are glowing—
Some like stars, to tell us spring is born,
Others, their bright blue eyes with tears o'erflowing,
Stand like Ruth amidst the golden corn."

At the quiet hamlet of Burnham, we inquired our way to the beeches—they were yet distant,—but the road was pleasant; it led through lanes bordered by tall hedgerows, and overshadowed by the leafy arms of trees casting a deep shade below, and intercepting the scorching rays of the sun. Here and there, as the lane wound along, sweet rural spots opened to our view, such as Gainsborough has so beautifully illustrated with his magic pencil—little nooks, vistas in the woodland scenery—gleams of light contrasted with sombre shadows, —breaks in the masses of foliage, through which the blue sky smiled. Frequently, the chattering blackbird crossed the road on rapid wings, and plunged into the obscure coppice; the startled rabbit shot into its hole, and the wood-pigeon dashed along the glade.

After some time, the road began suddenly to ascend, and in the distance before us a dark wood stretched far away. The lane was now more open, but occasionally huge beech-trees, which had at some distant date been pollarded, attracted our notice—the trunks were short, but of vast thickness—some were hollow, and the bark was gnarled; these short trunks were strangely contorted, and were crowned with what would be called large trees, had each huge branch risen itself immediately from the ground; —they were the relics of a forest, "where bounded the startled deer,"— and they prepared us for the still more mighty relics, now at no great distance, —the Burnham Beeches. We now neared the borders of the wood—once a vast forest—and the lane led past a farm-house, and on to a wide space, partially covered with brushwood, and trees, and partially cleared and open;— here rose the Burnham Beeches.

The road descends through them, and then, suddenly rising, leads to the wide common. So lonely, so secluded, so wildly sylvan a spot, we did not expect. Here and there trees, whose leafless branches and barkless trunks proclaimed their age, or perhaps, the effects of lightning, rose up like huge skeletons amidst the underwood. A deep-wooded dell on the left, as we entered the arena, with a rough pathway down it, if pathway it may be called, struck us as being very picturesque;—it evidently led to the depths of the wood, of which we were on the outskirts.

But the beeches! how shall we describe them? There are several—we did not count them—of wonderful dimensions, and strange yet imposing appearance. Such trees we never saw before;

—the vast trunks which had been pollarded, but how long ago we pretend not to guess, were less remarkable for elevation, than for their enormous circumference, and their singularly contorted figure, as if the winds had wrenched them round during their growth of centuries. One we measured was about eight yards in circumference, and others were as large. From these trunks, twisted and wrenched and gnarled, with the bark rugged and fissured, rose up mighty limbs, themselves large trees,—sometimes almost straight, sometimes contorted and warped by the winds, so as to continue the wild grotesque features of the trunk. Numbers of these limbs towering aloft formed a full head of dense foliage. The roots boldly starting out of the ground, rough and angular, and twisted in all directions, ran in various ways for yards around;—the ground was covered with the dried fragments of last year's beechmast.

On examining the enormous trunks of these trees we found them for the most part hollow; into some we might enter, but others, though probably also hollow, had no apparent opening. Yet, hollow as these trunks were, nothing could exceed the healthy appearance and vigour of the solid limbs, nor the luxuriance of the foliage. Time had crumbled the once solid heart of these trunks to dust, —but the outer layers of wood still remained sound, and a thick covering of living bark, carrying on the circulation of the sap to the giant limbs, was in pristine activity.

Names and initials once deeply carved on it, bearing dates from 1720 to 1750, were now almost obliterated by its progressive growth, and were with difficulty deciphered. Bearing as these hollow trunks did, such a ponderous load, we felt that the tempest might tear off the massive branches before it could prostrate their parent pedestal. They have been tested—they have defied the storms of winters for centuries—they have withstood the tempest which has overthrown others around them; the strong wind has rocked their branches —but there they stand—time-honoured trunks, which have seen the raven grow old, and the eagle cease to renew his youth.

Who can tell their age!—when they were slender saplings, like hazel-wands, the Red King may have hunted the deer in the forest around them—nay, they may have seen the days, when the Saxon power had not succumbed to the Norman; and a Saxon noble may have chased the wolf and the wild boar which lurked in the depths of the forest, or the wild bull who headed his herd in the glade. But time passed on—the woodsman, with "his broad bright axe" who looked upon these mighty trees when saplings, little dreamed as he lopped the forest branches, of the time when they should stand in their stern majesty, the survivors of centuries,—when, if trees had tongues, they could tell of changes in language and in laws, of successions of kings—of events recorded by history's erring pencil—of civil wars—and of the progress of a great nation from rudeness to civilization—from the darkness of superstition to the light of truth. Time passed on,—the woodman with "his broad bright axe," slept with his fathers, and generation after generation succeeded; but still the trunks stand,—not now saplings, but forest Anakims. Time passes on—and if the hand of man levels not these venerable sylvan monuments of antiquity, centuries may elapse ere they slowly yield to decay. Yet the time must come when they shall perish —when the still vigorous bark shall dry and wither, and the wood crumble to dust. From being slender rods, they slowly reached their prime—the next steps lead from their prime to their decay. Emblems they of mighty empires, Babylonish or Roman, which rose, attained to power and splendour, and at length declined and fell!

They read also unto ourselves a moral; we too are passing away; and these trees which existed long before our birth shall endure when our race is run. Do not the leaves whisper,—"The days of man's years are 'threescore years and ten, and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow, for it is soon cut off and we fly away.'" Happy is the Christian whose hopes are not bounded by time—and who, as he walks in the fields, can regard the flowers at his feet as

> "Emblems of our own great resurrection
> Emblems of the bright and better land."

As we sat on a gnarled root under one of the overshadowing beech-trees, with trains of thought such as we have just written passing through our mind, a

beautiful little squirrel darted by, and nimbly ascending a neighbouring beech, soon gained its branches; the sight roused the naturalist in us, and we watched it, as in playfulness it ran along the boughs with its tail raised up and arched, as if to try its own dexterity,—its dark eyes sparkled with liveliness, and every action was easy and confident. At first it did not perceive us; but when it was aware of our near presence it mounted aloft, and was hidden by the thick foliage.

From time to time the plaintive, but hoarse cooing of the wood-pigeon was heard; and several were seen hurrying on through the trees, or disappearing among them. It would seem that the green woodpecker is not uncommon here;—as we were walking along, one of these elegant birds left the turf, and with undulating flight went off towards the wood; we had probably alarmed it while feeding upon ants, for which it is in the habit of visiting the ground; and we observed that ants' nests were very abundant. Five hundred years ago, the squirrel, and the wood-pigeon, and the green woodpecker, tenanted as now, this woodland. How wonderfully throughout all changes, and the succession of generations, the order of nature is maintained! With this order man is permitted to interfere; yet, while the works of his hands perish, while cities, and towers, and temples, fall into ruin, —the face of nature is renovated, the flowers return in spring, the birds build their nests, the lively squirrel plays on the beech-tree, and whatever of nature is to-day, also came to pass five-hundred years ago. M.

SAVING POWER.

I know no display of power like the power of Christ displayed in the conversion of the soul! To subdue mind under any circumstances, demands a power unspeakably surpassing that which is required to effect the mightiest mechanical operation. Give me but certain data, and I can calculate the power that will be necessary to break down a fortress—to raise a mountain—to propel a world; but who can calculate the power necessary for the subduing of a single mind? You reason; the judgment is not convinced. You heap up arguments; stronger prejudice is excited against you. You adduce motives of hope and fear; the will is still unmoved, except perhaps to exasperation. You put forth all the powers of persuasion; so much the more is resistance resolved. You bring brute force to aid you, surrounding him whom you would subdue by armed men; you may tear the flesh, crush the bone, lacerate the nerve, sear the eyeball, hack limb from limb; groans are extorted, but the mind is unsubdued. Even should you force confession, the mind is unsubdued. But of all states of mind, that of depravity is most difficult to subdue. Lust, appetite, self-indulgence; avarice, ambition, pride; habits long formed, dispositions inherent; enmity to God, deep-seated and inveterate; are the obstacles. Every heart presented all these obstacles. In some there was a special licentiousness—habits of more than ordinary obstinacy—hostility beyond measure bitter. Yet on such has Jesus brought his truth to act; on such he has operated by the agency of his Spirit; such he has called from the midst of scenes where all was unfriendly, hostile, to him. Thus a new creation has been effected; repentance weeping from eyes that had grown impudent in sin; faith confessing Christ with lips that had blasphemed his name: appetite subdued where it had been rampant; purity taking the place of pollution; love, of enmity; zeal, of hostility. To have seen the lion eating straw beside the ox, the wolf sporting with the lamb, the cockatrice feeding the suckling, would have been less wonderful. Yet this spectacle has been exhibited in every age, in every region, in every conversion. This is the mighty power of God. With this spectacle before us we may well ask, "Is anything too hard for the Lord?"

Nothing is required but the universal extension of the same means, and the more abundant diffusion of the same Divine agency, for the world's conversion. No new economy is requisite. No diverse operation is requisite. No miracle is requisite. Let there be but a general application where we have now a limited one—a general effusion where now we have a limited one—and the world will be converted. Jew and Gentile, heathen and Mohammedan, learned and illiterate, rulers and subjects, have been converted; men of all climes, men of every peculiarity, men of all forms of depravity, have been converted. We want but the fuller

outpouring of the Spirit on the church and the world, and a universal conversion shall be effected.

It would be easy to adduce multiplied examples of promise and prophecy, warranting us to expect the effusion and the result. Our Lord's commission itself is a sufficient warrant: it commanded the preaching of the gospel to every creature; it extended in its authority to the end of the world; it comprised a promise of the Saviour's omnipresent and omnipotent aid. The ascension of Christ is connected with the promise of universal subjugation, "From henceforth expecting till his enemies be made his footstool." Till this grand result shall be accomplished must he sit at the right hand of God. His exaltation is to be followed by universal confession: "That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow;—that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father." Ancient prophecy is most explicit,—"The glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."* "They shall teach no more every man his neighbour, and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord: for they shall all know me, from the least of them unto the greatest of them, saith the Lord."† "The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."‡ Amid many mystic exhibitions of the closing book of the New Testament, we have also the clear prediction of a universal reign of religion. Great voices proclaim—"The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ."§

Realize the operation of saving power in its final and long-continued triumphs.

The Spirit is poured from on high upon us. Believers are filled with love and power. The noblest talents are consecrated. Wealth deems its highest honour and privilege to be in works of zeal. Great is the company of them that publish the word. Prayer is unceasing, earnest, enlarged. Every sermon is followed by numerous conversions. Every hearer becomes a herald in his own neighbourhood. The multitude fly as a cloud, as doves to their windows, hearkening to the word preached. Conversions are multiplied. Towns and provinces become pervaded. Persecution is borne, welcomed, for Jesus' sake. Hazardous posts are contended for. Missionaries go forth—not two to Benares, and a score to all India, but in congregated hundreds, bearing their riches with them. The heathen see an obvious earnestness, that tells on their minds, prepared by the cooler and slower processes of earlier labours. Multitudes are pricked in heart. Crowds are baptized. Idols are cast to the bats and the moles. The false prophet is forsaken. Jesuits and propagandists are forsaken. Kings and queens submit to discipleship, not pretending to lord it over God's heritage. Guilty passions are subdued. Oppression, cruelty, war, cease. The nominal churches of Christendom are purified. Reaction is experienced throughout the church. Zeal more earnest, prayer more enlarged, spirituality more pure, are followed by larger, and still larger influences of grace. For wood, there is iron—for brass, silver—for silver, gold. The moonlight chill is succeeded by meridian blaze; the meridian light and warmth is augmented sevenfold. The fruitful field is counted for a forest; and is succeeded by the beauty of Eden. The arm of the Lord is made bare, and all men recognise it. His arm is made bare, and Satan is bound a thousand years. All the universe looks on, admiring and adoring the saving power; the song of heaven is heard in sweetest modulation, in loudest ecstasy: "Hallelujah, the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!"—*Rev. John Ely.*

* Isaiah xl. 5. † Jeremiah xxxi. 34
‡ Habakkuk ii. 14. § Revelation xi. 15.

PALANQUIN BEARERS.

I OUGHT to mention, (says the Rev. T. Acland,) the chant of the palanquin-bearers; though they keep to the same sing-song tune, yet they generally invent the words as they go along. I will give a sample, as well as I could make it out, of what my bearers sang the other night; I have tried to render their words as nearly as I could into English, so as to preserve the metre. The poetry must be improved. A palkee means a palanquin: it is the Hindustanee word, though one also generally used in conversation. Each line is sung in a different voice; in the following, for instance, the first line would be sung in the usual voice, the second very high, the third in a sort of gruff tone:

"Oh, what a heavy bag!
No; it's an elephant:
He is an awful weight.
Let's throw his palkee down—
Let's set him in the mud—
Let's leave him to his fate.
No, for he'll be angry then;
Ay, and he will beat us then
With a thick stick.
Then let's make haste and get along,
Jump along quick."

And then, suiting the action to the word, off they set in a nasty jog-trot which rattled every bone in my body, keeping chorus all the time of "Jump along quick, jump along quick," until they were obliged to stop for laughing. The second sample is from the men who carried Mrs. Acland, and is in quite a different metre. I must tell you that "cubbadar" means "take care," and "baba," (pronounced "barba,") means "young lady:"

1.
"She's not heavy,
Cubbadar!
Little baba,
Cubbadar!
Carry her swiftly,
Cubbadar!
Pretty baba,
Cubbadar!
Cubbadar!
Cubbadar!

2.
"Trim the torches,
Cubbadar!
For the road's rough,
Cubbadar!
Here the bridge is,
Cubbadar!
Pass it swiftly,
Cubbadar!
Cubbadar!
Cubbadar!

3.
"Carry her gently,
Cubbadar!
Little baba,
Cubbadar!
Sing so cheerily,
Cubbadar!
Pretty baba,
Cubbadar!
Cubbadar!
Cubbadar!"

HEART REVOLUTIONS.

These are times for thought. The world is in a transition state. Great events are constantly and suddenly transpiring. It is a poor philosophy that cannot recognise the hand of God in human history. In that history many chapters have been written during the past few months. Many a man, who had hitherto passed through life with few thoughts beyond those necessary to guide conduct in the supply of physical wants, has been compelled to cast his eyes abroad, and widen the range of his cogitations. The nations have been shaken, and many a worldling has felt his foothold trembling, while his heart was moved with the involuntary impression that the pleasures and honours of the world are but too aptly pictured by a midnight dream. The serenity of the real Christian, we doubt not, has been envied of late by not a few who would deem it weakness to confess the fact. Nevertheless, it is an enviable truth, that

"His hand the good man fastens on the sky,
And bids earth roll, nor feels the idle noise."

An inspired poet enunciated the sublime idea many centuries ago; and Luther in his troubles, as well as many good men both before and since his time, used to read it,—"God is our refuge and strength; a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof." The faith that can appropriate this language is a source of consolation which the agitations of empires cannot shake. The Redeemer has placed it before us by very striking imagery, as the conclusion of his Divine sermon on the mount: "Therefore, whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock: and the rains descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock. And every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand: and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell: and great was the fall of it." Before this happy security—this blissful serenity—amidst change, convulsion, and storm can be realized, however, there is a certain kind of revolution in the human breast rendered necessary: this we shall call heart revolution.

Notwithstanding much that has been written by philosophers, poets, and sentimentalists, about man's "individualism," his musings, his mental aspirations, his solitude, even in society, and his self-

communings, we hazard the opinion that there is no subject of contemplation on which men are so reluctant to enter, as that of the real state of their own hearts in view of immortality, and in the sight of God! Without producing argument in justification of this opinion, as perhaps its correctness will not be called in question by the reader, we shall assume it, and found upon that assumption the first reason for the heart revolution in question.

It is well known that reluctance to examine any subject in which a man's consciousness assures him that he is deeply interested arises from one of two causes, neither of which he can justify to himself,—either indolence, or a mental foreboding that the subject will not bear strict examination, that is, that the result of the examination would be anything but satisfactory to his own mind. This indolence in a matter of such moment no man can pretend to justify, whatever amount of excuses we may plead regarding domestic or secular engagements. Indolence in the spiritual region must be sinful; for, however important domestic or secular engagements may be, it is impossible that they can be successfully urged in palliation of the neglect of that which belongs to the first and highest duty of an immortal being. It is imperative on any thinking being first to prove immortality a fable, before he ventures to trifle with the state of his heart. But if, on the other hand, there be a foreboding that introspection would demonstrate a disordered heart—a heart needing revolution, this—instead of deterring a wise man from the discharge of the painful duty, would be deemed by him an urgent argument for immediate examination.

But the Scriptures of truth have made the matter so plain, and have enforced the duty of attending to it under such fearful sanctions, that the trouble of reasoning it out is rendered unnecessary. The word of God, our only guide on spiritual matters, has left no room to doubt about it. It uniformly declares that the human heart is corrupt, defiled, estranged from God, sinful, deceitful, and desperately wicked. The meaning of these epithets obviously conveys the idea of great danger, and suggests the necessity of a great change, a complete revolution, for the purpose of avoiding the threatened danger. If the powers of the heart be alienated from the service of God, who has, without controversy, a right to the service of all his creatures, this alienated property must be restored to its rightful owner, before the man can be either in a safe or an honourable position. There must be a change of heart, the man must be born again, must become a new creature in Christ Jesus, must pass from death unto life, must be born from above, in short, must experience a heart revolution. This is the teaching of Scripture on the subject; and as the inspired descriptions of man's sinful condition are given expressly for the purpose of arousing his attention and drawing his mind towards the remedy which God has graciously provided for him, it follows that the teaching of Scripture ought to receive undivided and serious thought, until the necessary change has been experienced. It will be a happy thing if this change of rulers which is taking place on a large scale throughout the nations, in consequence of revolutions, should lead individuals to inquire whether they are serving the right master, Christ, having their fruit unto holiness and the end everlasting life, or whether they are serving the usurper, Satan, yielding themselves servants unto iniquity, and procuring the wages of sin, which is death. Such an improvement of the events of the day would be hailed by witnessing angels with joy, and whilst they carried the glad tidings to the future home of the righteous, they would cause gladness among its happy inhabitants.

There are two questions which may be proposed here, for the guidance of those who may draw this important inference from the events alluded to, namely, how may this change be effected? and how may forgiveness for past rebellion be obtained?

The power of the Holy Spirit, by the instrumentality of the gospel, effects the great change in question. It is His peculiar province and prerogative to take of the things that belong to the ascended Saviour, and effectually to work by these in the heart of the humbled sinner. To resist His gracious influences, therefore, is at once to add stubbornness to sin, and to prolong that state of alienation from God to which reference has been already made. But, on the other hand, ready submission to His suggestions, made through the gospel, and seconded by the

voice of conscience, is a cheering evidence of an awakened state, a desire to realize the benefits of the dispensation of mercy. Before the Redeemer's ascension, he promised to send down the Holy Spirit, whose peculiar work should be to convince the world of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment. This He actually does in the case of every real convert, every man who is born from above; hence the uniformity with which Christians, irrespective of denomination, attribute their regeneration to the free grace of God by his Holy Spirit. This is not a doctrine of party, but of the whole church of the living God. It is impossible to read the New Testament intelligently without finding it there, broadly and emphatically stated; and it is impossible to find a true Christian who does not gratefully acknowledge it. And this fact of the necessity of spiritual influence to produce the required change, instead of forming a barrier, is in reality the greatest encouragement to hope and pray for it. If sinful men were commanded to change their hearts unaided, they might well despair; but when every possible facility is afforded by the light which the Scriptures shed upon the spiritual state of man as he is, and as he should be, with the promise of the Holy Spirit to produce "newness of life," continued alienation from God is clearly continued transgression, and consequently increased guilt. It is surely enough for us to find that obedience is commanded—that the most animating promises are recorded as inducements to obey, and that, however, deplorable our condition may be, Christ says to every anxious mind, "My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness."

Regarding the second question, the propriety of asking it is obvious on a moment's reflection; for to serve any other master but Christ is rebellion, and subjects the man so acting to the rebel's doom. It is not enough, under the government of the Holy One of Israel, who must ever have respect to his own law, that a change takes place in the heart, judgment, feelings and conduct of the sinner, even though henceforth his loyalty were never interrupted by a rebellious thought, or his heart purity stained by a sinful wish; for he has been a rebel; he has broken the holy law; he has acted as those who take up arms against their rightful king. Simultaneously with this change of heart, therefore, pardon for "transgressions that are past" is necessary. Under an earthly government, the subject who has been in active rebellion may become unquestionably loyal, and yet be at the mercy of his sovereign. It still depends upon his clemency whether the penitent rebel shall be forgiven; and for this simple reason—he ought not to have rebelled at all; he sinned in doing so, and the fact of his return, though a proof of penitence, cannot possibly atone for his acknowledged crime. Under the righteous government of God, whose abundant mercy is the theme of the gospel, the most gracious provision has been made for this very case. The gospel of Jesus Christ is gospel, or "good news," just because it answers this fundamental question of righteous government. How can God be just, and justify the ungodly? The answer is best given in its own glorious words: "Be it known unto you, therefore, men and brethren, that through this man (Christ) is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins: and by him all that believe are justified from all things, from which you could not be justified by the law of Moses." Again, "Being justified freely by his grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus: whom God hath set forth"—that is, placed before the view of men, exhibited in the gospel—"to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God; to declare, I say, at this time, his righteousness: that he might be just and the justifier of him who believeth in Jesus." Again, "God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us. Much more then, being now justified by his blood, we shall be saved from wrath through him. For if, when we were enemies we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son, much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by his life." It is manifest, then, that the penitent must have respect to the atonement of the Lord Jesus Christ. The sacrifice of Calvary being the ground on which the righteous God pardons sinful men, it must of course be the ground on which sinful men come to God. As it is the foundation on which the superstructure of the Christian temple rests, so it must be the basis on which the confi-

chaplain a confessional?" "True," said he, "but I did not know that you used confession." "You are mistaken," I replied; "We confess our faults one to another." The result was that he gave me a small closet, six feet square, to which I caused all my convicts to come successively, of whom I have a regular list. I repair now to this gloomy place—which for many has become a heaven—almost every day, for two hours in the morning and two hours in the afternoon. On returning from England, I was agreeably surprised to see there some pretty rose-colored hangings, which one of the convicts on leaving had caused to be placed there at his expense.

The friars, who regarded me at the outset with a very unfriendly eye, have been almost won over by the patience which God has enabled me to exercise towards them; and sometimes they do me justice. I said to their superior, "You believe that we have no confession," He interrupted me by saying, "You have more of it than we: you are all day long with your people."

For our worship—as I can play the organ—I soon felt the necessity of procuring a small organ. These poor creatures wished to buy it by subscription: but the government has given me a very nice one; and I have since bought ninety hymn-books, with a fund; of which I will speak presently. It is now a touching scene for the eye, for the ear, and for the heart, to see and hear this company of poor convicts sing with the sweet and expressive tones of the organ the same hymns which are sung in the drawing-rooms at Paris, in the church de la Pelliperie at Geneva, in the chapel of M. Malan, among the Moravian Brethren, or among the Wesleyans.

I also administer the sacrament, on those days on which the reformed churches of France do so, to all those convicts who have shown a desire for it; confining myself to expressing my scruples to those who appear to me not to know what they are doing; and I think I ought to say that the thirty or forty convicts who have presented themselves on each occasion have appeared to me to form as good a congregation as any that I know, especially at the first Communion, when many of them had tears in their eyes.

I have mentioned a fund which I have for my convicts. My feelings would impel me to write here at length the name of dear Mr. L. G., who has furnished us with it. Before my arrival he had bestowed upon our convicts a library of about two hundred volumes: he has further sent me, through the Society of Toulouse, books to the value of 10*l.*; and he has given me 10*l.* more, either to bind these books or to defray other expenses on account of the convicts. It is out of this fund that I have bought these ninety hymn-books, above mentioned. I am continually called upon for some expenses, more or less, for the postage of letters which I write to their relations or which I receive with reference to them, sometimes to give them a little assistance on their going out, etc., etc. The convicts always offer, it is true, to pay everything themselves: but the Direction does not allow it; and I must say that in that they are right: for those who earn the most do not, I believe, get more than one franc a day; and by far the greater number do not get more than ten sous, some five, some two, and some only one. Without therefore asking anything of anybody individually, I believe I am justified in saying that the least help granted to this interesting fund is a gift well bestowed. Even the Bibles and the New Testaments which these men have paid for so willingly hitherto can no longer scarcely enter otherwise than gratis. I forgot to add to the liberal gifts of Mr. L. G., the gift of one of his daughters of about one hundred and sixty, or one hundred and eighty, copies of a little book, entitled, "Daily Bread." Each of my convicts carries it about him, and without doubt it is a blessing to many.

I am writing rather unconnectedly; but it matters little. I will add a few other particulars which occur to my recollection.

I will just mention one interesting proof of the affection which the Catholics entertain towards me, (and which I only mention, God knows, for the honour of his gospel.) While I was speaking in a workshop to one of my Protestants, a Catholic, whom I do not now know even by sight, contrived to slip towards me, under pretence of going to fetch a tool; and in passing said to me hastily, and in a low voice, "Sir, I love you much."

Another, on leaving the prison, came to pay me a visit, and to ask of me introductions among Protestant Christians; and, on withdrawing, he forced me to accept ten francs for my Convict Fund. Far from supposing that I had made any request of this sort to him, it will easily

be believed that I had no thought of anything of the kind. I in vain endeavoured to return him the whole or a part of his donation; but he insisted upon its being received.

Many other Catholics tell me that they propose to come and see me on going out.

It is needless to say that all those of my Protestants who were previously Catholics are glad of the choice which they have made.

I encourage the men to avow their infidelity, when they really are not believers; and I believe that out of one hundred and thirty men whom I have habitually under my direction, there are not ten who endeavour to play the hypocrite.

While I am upon moral statistics, I calculate that out of one hundred men, whom I divide into six classes in this point of view, I have six or eight whom I believe to be true Christians, fifteen or twenty very hopeful, thirty passable, twenty of whom I have little hope, thirteen bad, and ten very bad. It will be seen that the first half, forming the better portion, is numerically stronger than the other.

There is one other incident which does honour to the gospel. A young man confessed his unbelief to me; and I asked him if he had an aversion for Christianity. "Oh no!" he said, "the mere sight of you among us is sufficient to make us love it. It is just as Napoleon electrified the soldiers by his very presence."

More than one of my elder sons have come successively to preach in this prison; and among them one who has this winter set off for Daccia, in the neighbourhood of Calcutta. Some time after his departure, one of my convicts came to address to me, in the name of all the rest, the first reproach that they have ever made:—"Sir, we are very much grieved at one thing. You pray incessantly with us for those who are in the infirmary or in the dungeons; but you have never prayed with us for your son who is gone as a missionary. We remember him continually in our private prayers; but we should like to do so with you in our public worship."

Finally, I would add, in two words, upon the very important subject of liberated convicts, that I keep up an extremely interesting correspondence with many among them who continue stedfast in the ways of the Lord. I subjoin one single specimen, out of twenty or thirty, which I could show.

But I stop here. The slightest exertion fatigues me; and, besides, I often recall the words of a *colporteur*, writing his report: "I regret every instant I pass in relating what I have done, in place of continuing to do the work of my Lord."

Letter from a Convict, after leaving.

"Paris, 12th May, 1847.

"Sir,—I take advantage of a leisure moment to let you know of my new situation. I work with Mr. ——, a manufacturer of pasteboard. Up to the present I have had nothing but approbation from him. I have acquainted him with my wish to have Sunday at my disposal, in order to attend Divine service; and I hope to succeed, the rather as I work two hours extra after the day's work. I begin at six in the morning and continue till ten or eleven at night; after which I repair to my sister's, where I reside temporarily, until I am able to take a lodging more conveniently situated for my work. But I have said enough of myself: let us converse respecting our God, who never forgets those who trust in him. Oh, yes! I feel it every day more and more. I would not live without him. He alone gives bread, and patience, and perseverance. Had I forgotten him, I should not be in the position in which I am. Work is really a pleasure to me, for God is in my thoughts all the day long. Since I went out I have filled several situations; and I have had the satisfaction of hearing my employers express their regret at my leaving them. This is the work of God. If I have any cross, he seems to me to send it to encourage me. Oh, what satisfaction is derived from communion with him! It is impossible to know this unspeakable happiness without the knowledge of our heavenly Father. Oh, my worthy benefactor! how I recall the words which you uttered in your discourses, 'O my God, may thy Holy Spirit descend upon me!' yes; I ask it every day, and every instant, and also for all my unhappy brethren. Oh, how I pray to God, too, that he will preserve you in health, and that he will give you courage to persevere in your noble mission to be able to soften those hearts so estranged from him. Yes; endeavour always to save those unfortunate men

Chiswick House is surrounded with verdant lawns, and by magnificent cedars, that sweep the ground with their graceful branches. Here a sculptured wild boar sentinels the shaven green, and there, another savage monster of the woods, effigied in stone by a master-hand, seems to dispute the right of any one to intrude on his locality. Columns, and pedestals, and vases, adorn the places best adapted to harmonize with them, and wood and water are mingled in agreeable variety.

The conservatories, filled with choice trees and plants, are upon an extended scale, and the flower-gardens are laid out with great taste. In one part, the flowers are not mingled together, but every bed contains its own individual kind. The effect is beautiful; for though each bed glows with one particular hue, the effect of the whole is a galaxy of glorious colours. It is evident that the noble owner of Chiswick House spares neither expense nor pains in his horticultural pursuits.

The scene on the lawn in front of Chiswick House was imposing in the extreme,—for there, young people were amusing themselves in rolling to and fro in hammock-swings; and there were assembled the élite of the company, partly seated, and partly promenading at their pleasure,—the duke of Devonshire, with a few immediate friends around him, occupying a conspicuous place, and evidently much enjoying the gratification to which he had so largely contributed. We wanted to thank his grace for our liberal share of pleasure,—but as we did not do it then, we heartily do it now.

The more retired walks of Chiswick grounds are very alluring. The scene, after passing the frail bridge, floored with logs of wood, is in parts exceedingly beautiful. The deep-tangled dell, purpled with foxglove, and profusely adorned with other wild-flowers, the column, the water, the wide-spread lawn, the magnificent cedars, and the collected company, all added to the beauty of the view, —while the arresting strains that burst on the ear, when nearly two hundred leading musicians, performed, with surpassing excellence, Vincent Wallace's new National Anthem, and the grand march in Midsummer Night's Dream, were truly entrancing:

> Here were sunlit clouds of snow;
> There a bright and golden glow.

Thus hour after hour were the eye, the ear, and the heart regaled, while a continual change in the company gave variety to the scene.

On leaving the gardens, we passed through long double lines of servants, who were in attendance, waiting for the signal to summon the carriages of those they served. It might be the contrast between them and the higher intellect of the company that occasioned it; but we were struck with the apparent want of intelligence of the whole as a class. There were many who appeared sharp and shrewd, and some, certainly, who possessed an appearance of sobriety and respectability, but a want of intelligence was the prevailing aspect among them. From the domestic in plain clothes, unadorned with a single rosette or band, to him of the shoulder-knots, with shaggy green or fiery plush, whether servingmen from the city, or raw lads from the country, the same uninformed, unintellectual cast of countenance was visible.

On emerging from the crowded avenues, the expanse of Turnham Green was covered with carriages. Policemen were actively employed in their several duties, serving-men were hurrying to and fro in quest of the required vehicles, ladies and gentlemen were toiling to get clear of the crowd, and nobles found it no easy thing to ascend the steps of their own carriages. The confusion on the green increases,—in one place an axle is broken, or a panel pushed in; in another a cabriolet is crushed, or a coach is overturned, while the seemingly exhaustless human throng, dividing itself into two streams, flows eastward and westward with increasing power.

Winning our way by toil and perseverance, we at last ascended the flight of steps of the hospitable mansion near the Pond, where welcome refreshments awaited our arrival, and from whose commanding windows we surveyed the peopled-prospect that spread itself to our view,

> Of cars and carriages a goodly train;
> A host of chariots on a verdant plain.

Beneath the very windows from which we gazed on the ever-changing scene, three carriages were fast locked together by the headstrong heedlessness of a thoughtless driver; a bishop's coach became entangled; several vehicles waded through the water,—while in the remote distance the crimson livery and equipage of the queen caught our eyes. In return-

ing from Bushy Park, her majesty was for a time impeded by the throng. But now the sun is set, the crowd sensibly diminishes,—the carriages drive away with less confusion; the covered vans, containing the exhibited plants and flowers advance, with men playing their bugles in front of them. The pageantry passes by!

Thus evening closes, and thus ends the scene
Of Chiswick Gardens and of Turnham Green!

THE EMPLOYMENT OF THE LORD'S DAY.

(Written by the late William Wilberforce, esq.)

With respect to the general temper to be maintained on the Lord's day, we ought, upon our first waking, to give it a peculiar welcome, rising with greater alacrity, and if we can, a little earlier than usual, hailing its return with joy. Then, dismissing worldly thoughts, we should endeavour to cherish those that are spiritual and heavenly, and to manifest throughout the day, in a striking manner, a spirit of love, seeking to have the image of our heavenly Father impressed upon us, "being followers of God as dear children, and walking in love, as Christ also hath loved us, and hath given himself for us." We should pray for more peace and joy in believing, and abound in hope through the power of the Holy Ghost, thus proving to all around us the happiness we experience, and showing them that we are more in our proper element this day than on any other, and tacitly inviting them to partake of the same privileges. Our accents should he kinder, and our countenances should beam with livelier joy, and each interval of social recreation should have a savour of the eternal sabbath above.

With respect to our employments, one of our earliest and most serious exercises should be faithful and minute self-examination, that we may ascertain in what direction we have been proceeding, and what has been our progress, marking our deficiences in the past week, asking on what subjects our thoughts have turned at intervals of leisure, upon what objects our affections have been chiefly set, what has been the character of our conversation, and the tendency of our influence, inquiring whether those with whom we may have associated can bear us witness that we have sought to lead them to greater love of God and devotedness to his service, as we shall wish we had when we meet them in the eternal world: finding out what were our tempers, under any petty provocation to which we have been subject, whether we exhibited the meekness of Christ, whether we were ready to deny ourselves when duty called, whether we have been more earnest in our secret devotions, whether we have wasted less precious time. Thus we should enter into detail according to our character and temptations. Various other points also should be looked into; I mention these only as a specimen.

Secondly, we should engage in the public services of the church with seriousness, prayer, and an anxious desire for improvement; seeking in our prayers to have real communion with God, an unbroken interview, as it were, with him—hearing his word with humble desire to profit—and listening to the sermon as sensible of our own utter inability to profit by any means without the Divine assistance, and looking to God to give the increase. Afterwards we must be on our watch, lest our great spiritual enemy rob us of the good seed that may have been lodged in our hearts. I think it a good plan, and I wish my dear children to remember it, to turn the heads of the sermon into prayer on our return home.

A third exercise for this blessed day, is the numbering up and setting in order before the soul all the mercies we have received from God, ever since we were born to the present hour. There is no sin oftener reproved in Scripture, and none, I am persuaded, of which we shall be found more guilty at the last day than ingratitude. Let us think of the time and country in which we live, of the numerous evils from which we are exempted, of the temporal comforts we enjoy, of our religious privileges, the means of grace in such abundance, and the hope of glory in such clearness. Let us consider all the ways by which the Lord has led us, all the long-suffering he has shown towards us, all the strivings of his blessed Spirit, which we too often have resisted. Above all, let us praise him for his unspeakable gift, in so loving the world as to give his only Son for our redemption. It is indeed true, that when memory has done her utmost, ten thousand of his mercies will escape our recollection—but even such an imperfect retrospect as we can take will soften our hard hearts, and tune our voices to join with the heavenly choir in ascribing blessing, and honour, and glory, and

thanksgiving unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb!

Intercession is a fourth sabbath exercise, and to my mind one of the sweetest. To pour out our hearts before God for all classes of men, for all who are in sorrow or suffering, in spiritual darkness, or bondage. To pray for the success of all good designs, and the wider extension of our Saviour's kingdom. It is cheering, in this view, to read on a Sunday evening missionary accounts which show how it pleases God to bless the endeavours to enlighten the heathen. Especially we should intercede for all those who are dear to us by the ties of nature or of friendship, adapting our petitions to their respective characters and cases. My dear children may think of me at nine o'clock on the Sunday evening as mindful of them, and often also at three in the afternoon.

As a fifth exercise, I would suggest that towards the close of the day we should direct our meditation to the heavenly state—that eternal sabbath of which this on earth is but a type. Let us pray that the eyes of our understanding may be enlightened, while we dwell upon some of those glorious descriptions which are given in Scripture of that rest which remaineth for the people of God. Take for instance that verse, "We shall be like him, for we shall see him as his;" or this, "We shall know, even as we are known;" or when our minds are saddened by the afflictions of beloved friends, "Sorrow and sighing shall flee away;" a beautiful image expressive of their haste to leave the regions of bliss. There "the inhabitants shall no more say, I am sick." "There shall be no night there." Or if we have lost any very dear to us, let us dwell on that blessed declaration, "There shall be no more death." "Behold, I make all things new." "A far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." "A crown of glory that fadeth not away." Such meditations will sweetly refresh our spirits and animate us to run the race set before us with renewed vigour in the ensuing week. Thus, also, we may have a foretaste, even in this lower region, of those pleasures which are at God's right hand, and may drink of the living fountains of water by which the Lamb of God leads his flock in the heavenly pastures.

Such were the sentiments of one who was eminent for piety towards God and usefulness among men. It may be interesting to some readers to know that his own practice was in strict agreement with the above directions. His journals, throughout his public life, gave proofs of his diligent improvement of his sabbath hours. "Oh, blessed day," he says in one of them, "which allows us a precious interval wherein to pause, and come out of the thickets of worldly concerns, and to give ourselves up to heavenly and spiritual objects. And, oh, what language can do justice to the emotions of gratitude which ought to fill my heart, when I consider how few of my fellows know and feel its value and proper uses! Oh, the infinite goodness and mercy of my God and Saviour!"

BEDDGELERT AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

Beddgelert, a village in Caernarvonshire, is perhaps the most beautifully situated, as it respects the surrounding scenery, of any in North Wales, standing at the foot of Snowdon, and in a tract of meadows at the junction of three vales, near the conflux of the Gwynnant and the Colwyn.

Moel Hebog, or the Hawk Hill (a bold and picturesque mountain) rises from the vale in front of the village from which it takes its name—Beddgelert, or the Grave of Gelert, from one of those traditions which, in this part of Wales, are so numerous, and which have been so carefully preserved. The story has been touchingly told by Miss Costello, and runs thus:

"King John had given to Llywelyn the Great, not only his daughter Joanna in marriage, but, as a prize little inferior, a fine greyhound of superior breed and great beauty, who was wont to take the lead in all his expeditions, and to bring down the game in gallant style.

"The usual season of the chase arrived, and the prince, his wife, and children had repaired to the hunting-ground in this valley. One day Llywelyn set forth, and had not gone far when he discovered that Gelert, his favourite hound, had lagged behind: he called him in vain, and, out of temper and impatient, he continued his way, and occupied himself in his sport, still, however, dwelling with vexation on the absence of his constant companion. On his return, as he was about to enter his dwelling, he was met by Gelert, who leaped upon him, and

showed every demonstration of delight. The prince angrily drove him off, and as he did so, remarked that the jaws of the dog were covered with blood; that blood was on the floor and on the walls. A strange foreboding of evil stole over his mind: his infant son had been left in the cradle; no attendant was near. He tracked the crimson stains; they led him to the spot where his child reposed,—the cradle was overturned, the infant gone, and a pool of blood was at his feet.

"Llywelyn allowed himself not a moment's time for reflection. Gelert was fawning beside the couch of his murdered child; his fangs were red with gore: he could not doubt but that the wretched animal had torn the sleeping babe, and, drawing his sword, he plunged it into the body of the hound. At this instant, he heard a cry; he darted forward, removed the confused heap before him, and, struggling beneath, he beheld his child uninjured, his tiny hands resting on the body of a gaunt wolf, which had been killed by Gelert in his defence."

Whether this legend be founded on fact, or altogether fictitious, there may be drawn from it at least one useful lesson. Precipitancy is a failing to which persons of sanguine temperament are more or less addicted, the consequences of which are too often extremely disastrous. How often does it lead to contentions, and even bloodshed, where its victims, alas! have been accountable and immortal beings! Rashness, however irritating the circumstances that call it forth, cannot be justified on any moral principle whatever. It is easy to see, from the premature judgment of Llywelyn, how individuals, from unfavourable appearances, may be suspected, charged with crime, condemned, and even punished, while the real delinquent escapes detection, and the penalty falls upon the head of the innocent. In such a case, discovery of error and repentance come too late to avert the evils consequent upon such cruel impetuosity. All retaliation and revenge, too, are forbidden in the word of God. He who hath declared, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay," never fails to rescue from unmerited obloquy and condemnation the upright in heart. Often is this apparent now. He will ultimately bring forth their "righteousness as the light," and their "judgment as the noonday," while the wicked shall not go unpunished.

But, apart from that principle which should invariably preserve the Christian from yielding to any unholy temper, such should be our natural love of justice, that we should uphold with the utmost tenacity the character of another; scrupulously defending it from unjust censure, and rather suffer a hundred guilty persons to escape, than sacrifice to the shrine of irascibility one innocent being; remembering that, however bitterly we may bewail our folly, it may create a remorse to rankle in the bosom, and harass the conscience till death comes, and severs the links that with us unite time to eternity!

Llywelyn, we are told, erected a tomb to memorialize the remains of his faithful Gelert, and thus evinced his sorrow for the rash act of killing him; and it has further been recorded, that he founded the church of Beddgelert in commemoration of the preservation of his son. Such an expression of his gratitude, provided he recognised the hand of God in this manifestation of a special providence, was praiseworthy. But it should ever be borne in mind, that however splendid our tribute may be for mercies of which we have been the recipients, unless they are traced up to the "Giver of all good," they will fail of acceptance with Him who looketh at the heart, while they, of themselves, can never atone for the smallest sin which has ever been committed by the penitent. But to return to Beddgelert.

The hills which environ the vale are cleft down seven or eight hundred feet, nearly to the tide level, just leaving room for the clear and powerful stream, along the banks of which a road has been formed, with great labour, in the mountain side—dark, steep, and craggy, with only here and there spots of verdure, patches of heath, and thinly-scattered sheep. A natural scene more solemn and impressive, especially in the gloom of evening, could scarcely present itself to the mind than this region, originally called the Forest of Snowdon.

Not far from hence, on the road to Aber-glas-lyn, is a stone, to which the name has been given of the chair of Rhŷs, Gôch, or Byri, the mountain bard, said to have been contemporary with Owen Glyndwr. He was of the house of Havod-garegog. At the entrance into the Traeth Mawe Sands he used to walk, and on this craggy seat compose his poems. He was ranked among the sons of liberty, and escaped the vengeance of

rattas. "Chattra" signifies an umbrella, both in Sanscrit and Persic; and "pa," a contraction of pati, though lost in the modern Persic, is preserved in Sanscrit in the sense of "lord."

Now the right to bear the umbrella, or rather parasol, is a well-known distinction of dignity and mark of authority throughout the east. That it anciently prevailed in Persia is manifest from the Persepolitan sculptures representing loyalty, where that sort of shade is uniformly held over the king. Comp. Psalm cxxi. 5, 6: "The Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand; the sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night." "The umbrella," says Ali Bey, "is a distinguishing sign of the sovereign of Morocco. Nobody but himself, his sons, and his brothers, dare make use of it." It is, or once was, a title of the king of Ava, "lord of the twenty-four umbrellas." China and Turkey seem to be the only eastern countries where it has descended to the common people; but in the latter, every one is still obliged to lower his umbrella on passing the residence of the sultan. A very curious instance of this fact is thus narrated by Dr. Kitto, in his "Travels in Constantinople:"

"I was staying at the village of Orta Khoi, on the Bosphorus, about six miles above Constantinople, of which it was one of the suburbs, and was in the frequent habit of going down to the city, and returning by water. One morning on which I had determined to go, it threatened to rain; but I took my umbrella and departed. On arriving at the beach, it appeared that all the boats were gone, and there was no alternative but to abandon my intention, or to proceed on foot along a road which manifestly led in the right direction, at the back of the buildings and yards which line the Bosphorus. I had not proceeded far before it began to rain, and I put up my umbrella and trudged on, followed, at some distance behind, by an old Turk, in the same predicament with myself: for it should be observed, that, at and about Constantinople, the people are so much in the habit of relying on water conveyance, that there is less use of horses than in any eastern town with which I am acquainted. Nothing occurred until I arrived at the back of the handsome country palace of Dolma Baktch, the front of which had often engaged my attention in passing up and down by water. Here the sentinel at the gate motioned to me in a peculiar manner, which I could not comprehend. He had probably called previously, and in vain. Finding that I heeded him not, he was hastening towards me in a very violent manner, with his fixed bayonet pointed direct at my body, when the good-natured Turk behind me, who had by this time come up, assailed me very unceremoniously from behind, by pulling down my umbrella. After some words to the sentinel, I was suffered to pass on under his protection, till he had passed the precincts of the imperial residence, where he put up his umbrella, and motioned me to do the same. By this act, and by the signs which he had used in explanation of this strange affair, I clearly understood that it was all on account of the umbrella. This article, so useful and common in rainy climates, is an ensign of royalty in the east; and although the use of it for common purposes has crept in at Constantinople, the sovereign is supposed to be ignorant of the fact, and it may not on any account be displayed in his presence, or in passing any of the royal residences."

Niebuhr gives the following account of a solemn procession of the Imaum, who then resided at Sana, in the south of Arabia, and was considered a holy personage, as a descendant of Mohammed: "It is very well known that the sultan at Constantinople goes every Friday to the mosque, if his health will at all admit of it. The Imaum of Sana observes also this religious practice with vast pomp. We only saw him in his return; because this was represented to us as the most curious part of the solemnity, on account of the long circuit he then takes, and the great number of his attendants. The Imaum was preceded by hundreds of soldiers. He and each of the princes of his numerous family, caused a medalla to be carried by his side; and it is a privilege which in this country is appropriated to princes of the blood, just as the sultan of Constantinople permits none but his vizier to have his haik, or gondola, covered behind to keep him from the heat of the sun. They say that in the other provinces of Yemen, the independent lords—such, for instance, as the Sheiks of Jaffa, and those of Hashid-u-Bekil, the Scherife of Abu-Arish, and many others; cause their medallas, in like manner, to be carried for their use, as a mark of their independence."

How lamentably deficient, in the common feelings of humanity, must that

people be, the usages of whom lead to the restriction of any essential comfort to birth or rank, which might, with equal propriety, be universally enjoyed! There are distinctions which, for the maintenance of good order, it is desirable, and even necessary, to observe; but such as have their origin in pride or caprice, should never be classed amongst these. The Creator himself has graciously ordained offices and relationships, and these we are bound to recognise; for instance, those of the master and the servant, the child and the parent, the husband and the wife, the pastor and his flock, the sovereign and the subject. An infringement of the rights of either, would be to pour contempt on that order which may be seen to exist throughout the whole range of God's material universe. But it was never intended to exclude from any class of his creatures lawful alleviations to suffering, any more than the common blessings of Providence: high and low, rich and poor, learned and ignorant, are alike entitled to their benefit: "He maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust."

We cannot but recall the feelings of one whose heart melted at the infliction of cruelty, for which a different-coloured skin has made to furnish excuse, and Christian principles made him shrink from the crime of extorting any costly service from those whose inferiority of station was accidental. The burst of honest indignation which fell from the pen of Cowper, when contemplating the horrors of slavery,—and which indignation we wish universally prevailed,—can never, we think, cease to warm into holy enthusiasm the lovers of human kind, of justice and of mercy:

"I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earn'd.
My ear is pain'd,
My soul is sick, with every day's report
Of wrong and outrage, with which earth is fill'd.
There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart,
It does not feel for man; the natural bond
Of brotherhood is sever'd as the flax,
That falls asunder at the touch of fire.
He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
Not colour'd like his own; and having power
To enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause
Dooms and devotes him as a lawful prey."

Whilst we honour all legitimate distinctions, let us take care that we do not overlook those bands by which the whole human family are united together in one common brotherhood. There ought to be felt a community of interest, as the fallen children of the same fallen parents, as the purchase of the same glorious Redeemer, and as heirs, in him, to the same immortal inheritance! S.

SPIRITUAL MINDEDNESS.

"To be spiritually minded is life and peace." Experience proves it. Meditation on heavenly things will occasion little interruption to customary avocations; while the frequency of the exercise contributes, in no small degree, to advance growth in grace, as well as to discover the present attainments of believers. "It is," observed the devout Caryl, "a great part of our holiness to be spiritually minded while we are conversing with God, through Jesus Christ, in spiritual duties. But to be spiritually minded and to mind spiritual things, when we are conversing with the clods of the earth, and the furrows of the field; when we have to do with corn and grass, with trees and plants, with sheep and oxen; when we behold the birds and fowls of the air, the worms and all that creep upon the ground —then, I say, to be spiritually minded, and thence to have our thoughts ascending and soaring up to God, in heart-affecting and quickening contemplations, witnesseth a high degree of holiness. To make a ladder out of earthly materials, for the raising of ourselves in spirit to heaven, is the art of arts. Holy and happy indeed are they who, being taught of God, have learned this art, and live in the daily practice of it."

Mrs. Savage's residence in the country was thus improved, and her diary abounds with numerous instances illustrative of the preceding remarks. The following have been selected:

"My child being weak and unable to take its food, I am forced, at present, to have a nurse in the house. By my unconcernedness at the crying of her child, in comparison with my own, I cannot but sometimes think of the pity and tenderness of my heavenly Father towards his children. He hearkens attentively to their cry; whereas the prayer of the wicked is an abomination to him.

"We had Mr. Lawrence's little boys with us, and when I consider their great loss of a pious, tender mother, my heart moves in pity to them. From whence I cannot but infer the pity and tenderness

that is in the heart of the Father of mercies towards those who are the seed of his friends and followers. For, alas! what are our compassions compared with his?

"Monday. Overhearing a servant, being weary, wishing earnestly for night, that she might rest, I could not but be affected. Surely, if I were thoroughly weary of this world—which is so full of toil, labour, and sorrow—I should long for the rest of death, when my body shall sleep in the grave, and my spirit return to God who gave it.

"Seeing poor beggars wait at the door for their alms, I could not but think it fit that I should wait on God for the giving of what I desire—not only what he will, but when he will. It is good quietly to wait.

"The coals coming to the fire with ice upon them, at first seemed as though they would put out the fire, but afterwards they made it burn more fiercely. I had this meditation. It is often so with me. That which seems against me is really for me. Have not afflictions worked for my good? Sometimes I have gone to an ordinance, as these coals to the fire, all cold and frozen, and there I have been melted. My love and desire have been inflamed. That it hath not oftener been so has been my own fault.

"Seeing other creatures clean and white in the same place where the swine were all over mire, I thought it did represent good and bad men in the same place; the one defiled by the same temptations which the others escape, through the grace of God and watchfulness.

"An old tree in the garden was removed. We were afraid it would not grow in its new place. I could not but take occasion to bless God that he was pleased, in my tender years, to transplant me, and to take me from the common of a natural estate into his own garden. The time was a 'time of love.' Lord, how is it? Wherefore? What sawest thou in me to move thee? Nothing but misery. The greater was the mercy. Oh that I may bring forth fruit to God!

"Walking in the garden, I had this meditation. Seeing some young trees, which have all had the same soil, the same planting, the same watering, yet, some blossoming and flourishing—others scarcely alive; it cannot but make me think of the difference that there is in the growth of professors under the same means of grace. In my Father's family, how did I see some that were planted after me far more fruitful Godward. This I reflect upon with shame. This comforts me—that I am a branch in Christ, and all such he will purge, that they 'may bring forth more fruit,' according to that Scripture, John xv. 2. I have to-day been reading how Christ is the way to the Father; namely, to acquaintance, acceptation, relation, reconciliation with him. The way to the performance of his promises, and to the possession of his kingdom. All sweet, unspeakable privileges belonging to those to whom Christ is the way."—*Sir J. B. Williams' Life of Mrs. Savage.*

HARDEN NOT YOUR HEARTS.

Will you deliberately attempt to harden your hearts? Would you blind your own eyes, and stop your own ears? Would you accustom yourself to terrors till you become reckless? Would you trifle with eternal love till you cease to feel gratitude or emotion? Would you arm yourself against the weapons of God's truth and love? When Immanuel comes to deliver you from thraldom, would you shut the gates, and barricade them, and even refuse to listen to the parley which he proposes? If you will not hearken, why then you do well to harden your hearts. But can you endure eternal vengeance? Can you bear the wrath of God?

What, then, do we exhort you to do? Hear the voice of God. Give it your studious, lowly, believing, attention. Put yourself in the way of instruction, by attending the ministry of the gospel, by diligently reading the word of God, by seeking counsel of Christian friends, by consulting your own conscience. Dare to set your sins in array before you, till the multitude of them shall come as an army. Arraign yourself at the bar, and see how you can answer. Meditate terror, and say if you can endure its everlasting experience. Then turn to Christ. See his pitying eye melting over you; behold him bearing the stripes due to your offences; witness his cross when he bears the curse; hearken to his agonizing cry upon it; then follow him to his throne of glory, leaving in commission that his gospel shall be preached to you. His blood is all-cleansing. He ever lives to intercede. He stands at the door and knocks, asking entrance of you. Make haste and say, Come, Lord Jesus,

enter in; take possession of my heart. Go home to your closet, to renew in silence and solemnity the act of believing surrender. Pray for mercy. Wrestle for it. Believe and obtain it.

The message is "To-day;" the salvation is ready to be conferred to-day. Now he calls you. At this time he is ready to pardon and save you. Go down to your house justified. From this day he will bless you. You shall no more come into condemnation. Be not afraid to die; to-night—verily to-day shalt thou be in paradise. So for ever shalt thou be with the Lord.

Do you hesitate yet? Then recollect after how long a time this message comes. Often has he warned, exhorted, besought. Often has he invited you. With your mother's milk the word entered. Instructors, ministers—many in succession have addressed you with appeal. Providences have had their force—the periods have successively passed in which you promised decision—and you are undecided still. He has been long-suffering; he is gracious still. Were he not thus, messages would not yet continue to sound.

Do you hesitate yet? Then my commission extends no further than to-day. I have no authority to say that to-morrow you may hearken. I stand in the position of one speaking once for all. The trumpet sounds now in summons; next it may ring an alarm; and the whole artillery of vengeance may assault you. Perhaps death is in the train of Immanuel: his bow is drawn—his arrow is on the string—the bolt is ready to fly; but it has been said—Wait till the message is delivered; to-day they may hear; if not, then shall they strike. Perhaps the unseen angel is here,—his head towering in majesty aloft—his hand uplifted—his voice speaking in sounds audible to spiritual beings, and swearing—There shall be time no longer. And here I stand warning you—To-day—before time is at an end—if ye will hear his voice. Oh, it is a fearful thing to look on one who is to be in eternity to-morrow! I saw one sitting in his chair of sickness the other day; his voice was full and clear—his eye was bright—he spoke of probable recovery. I left him, and that night he expired.—*Rev. John Ely.*

THE SUPERSTITIONS OF BRITANNY.

No. IV.

When the married woman becomes a mother, she sends some fine white wheaten bread and mulled wine to all the pregnant matrons in her neighbourhood. Young mothers attend at her confinement, and the newly-born infant is received by them all as a blessed gift from God; each nursing woman present desires to be the first to offer her bosom to the babe, thinking that the innocent lips will sanctify in an especial manner the breast which they have first pressed, and bring good luck to the nurse.

No person intentionally passes a woman suckling a child without uttering a "God bless you!" for if this benediction were omitted, the mother would fear that an evil eye had been directed to her offspring, and that demoniacal agency was at work for its ruin.

The charity of the poor Bretons is as proverbially distinguished as that of the Irish. If the mother of the infant should die, some other woman adopts it; or if the parties be too poor for such voluntary generosity, the nursing of it is provided for by a contribution of the natural nutriment from many mothers, who go in turns to the cabin in which the babe is lodged. It is, however, in the successive scenes of dangerous sickness, death, and interment, that the Breton nationalities are most strongly delineated. When an individual in a family is alarmingly ill, a lighted wax candle (unless in a case of extreme poverty, when one of tallow must suffice) is placed by some relative on the altar of the Virgin, in the church; where, by counting the number of candles burning, the number of persons in expectation of dissolution throughout the parish may be ascertained; and such is the contempt which the Breton peasant usually has for medicine and physicians as means of restoring health, that the formalities of his creed are alone resorted to in the hour of sickness. The priest administers the last rites, and the dying person departs life in perfect confidence that those ceremonies will avail to his salvation. And superstition operates on such occasions in discovering the prognostics of death. A hearse, for instance, driven by skeleton postilions, in the eye of distempered fancy, is seen to approach the house of sickness; the crowing of a cock before midnight, (a very common error of cocks in France,)

an odd number of times, announces the approaching death of a male, an even number that of a female; and the song of a bird forebodes by its intonations, to a practised ear, the hour of death.

Superstition meets us indeed at every turn, wherever the associations of death are involved. In Treguier, the customs observed in the search for a drowned corpse are very curious and unmeaning to our apprehension. When the family of the lost person assemble in their mourning, a taper, stuck in a piece of black bread, is floated on the stream, which conducted by the finger of Providence is expected to stop over the place where the body lies.*

The respect which the Bretons pay to their dying relatives does not cease at the tomb to which, in some of the wilder parts of the province, the corpses are conducted amidst the artificial wailings of women hired for the purpose of sustaining a funereal cry.† For some nights after the interment of a corpse, watchers remain by the grave, on which they sprinkle holy water to keep off evil spirits. Every Sunday, they pray on the gravestone, or the grassy turf which covers the coffin; and masses are, as a matter of course, said for a long time for the repose of the soul, if the means of the survivors be not miserably scanty indeed.

On All Souls' day the whole population of a parish appears in mourning, and the day is almost entirely passed either in the church or on the graves of deceased relatives on bended knees. At the midnight hour, the whole family circle assembles at supper, and on retiring to rest, they leave food on the table, under the impression that the departed members of the domestic hearth will then rise from their resting-places to partake of that annual repast; and so strong is the belief that the dead revisit the home which had sheltered them through life, that, in some localities, the females of the house will not sweep the floor after sunset, lest they should disturb the dead when making their invisible rounds.

The tendency of their character to superstitious imagination, and their strong attachment to their burial-places, were remarkably conspicuous in 1833, during the prevalence of the cholera, when they believed that Satan had received an especial permission from the Almighty to visit them with that terrible scourge: they saw his ministers embodied in apparitions, and perceived the forebodings of death in every sighing breeze, and the most ordinary operations in the natural world;—with a kind of Turkish fatalism they bowed their heads to the plague, without taking any means to avert it. Graves were opened by anticipation, and the gravedigger of to-day became the corpse of to-morrow. As the mortality increased, efforts were made by Government to have the interments in the most lonely churchyards: but on this point the national feeling burst forth,—the relatives of the dead bore the bodies away, in defiance of the suggestions of prudence and the commands of the local authorities, to the family burial-ground, on the plea that the souls of the departed would otherwise be too far off to hear the prayers and masses in the parish church. It was useless to urge upon them the danger of concentrating infectious bodies in populous villages. The reply was,—"The dead do not kill the living; death cannot come but by the will of God." It was only when some enlightened and rational priests assured them that the dead had not the sensibilities of the living, and therefore did not suffer in their feelings by exclusion from the tombs of their forefathers, that these enthusiastic people could be persuaded to submit to the salutary regulations issued by the Government.

On the coast of Cornouaille one still hears gloomy tales of shipwrecks and burials, and M. Souvestre assures us that until the present century it was the custom, near the promontory of Penmarch, (not far from Quimper,)—where Druidical stones, fifteen or twenty feet under water, attest that dry land and its habitations once existed there,—the neighbouring clergy of Britanny attended in a boat to offer the sacrifice of the mass, while a crowd of the nativ s in their boats attended on their knees. The prayers were for the souls of mariners and fishermen, drowned in that bay. It was indeed curious, as he observes, to see there the change from the religion of the Druids; to witness a population of Christians praying over a town of the dead as

* In cases of theft, a similar mode of detection is pursued. The person who suspects others of the dishonesty goes on a Monday morning fasting to a stream, and throws bits of bread of equal size into it, naming successively the persons whom he suspects: when a bit sinks, the individual whose name he had pronounced at the moment is the guilty one.

† This ululation is called "keening" in the Celtic districts of Ireland, where it has not yet died away.

over the tomb of an ancestor. It certainly was not "where the rude forefathers of the hamlet slept," in the poet's meaning, but no doubt some of their relatives had perished there from time to time.

We shall translate one entire passage from M. Souvestre's interesting work on this part of the Breton superstitions:

"It is to the cabin fireside of the fishermen of the Bay of '*Trespasses*,' (Bay of the Dead,) you should go to hear those extraordinary recitals. There you will hear that on All Souls' day the lonely bay resounds with plaintive sounds. Then the souls of the shipwrecked rise on the crest of every wave, and one sees them advancing on the foam. All those whose bodies dwelt on the sweet land around, and had the white waves for their winding sheets, meet together in this place. It is the annual reunion permitted by the Almighty to their sufferings,—there they meet those they loved on earth and lost in death. Each passing wave bears along a soul seeking everywhere the soul of a brother, friend, or beloved one; and when both these mourning spirits meet together, they utter in unison a plaintive murmur and pass on, impelled by the force of the wave whose onward flow they must accompany. Sometimes a confused and ominous noise trembles on the bay,—a mysterious combination of soft sighs, and harsh groans, and melancholy cries; these are souls conversing together and relating their fates. Tender maidens drowned on their way from some *pardon*,* bewailing their dances and lovers lost to them; rough sailors, engulphed far out in the deep ocean, moan at sight of the beach where no friends await them; and poor fishermen, carried off by a storm, come, as was their wont when living, to coast along the shore, and breathe the air of their native hills. The traveller who at that time journeys on the land, and hears the distant sounds, ought to make the sign of the cross, and repeat the service prayers of the dead; and the relations of the dead have masses said—for among those wandering souls there are many which cry at the gates of Paradise, and others more numerous who are suffering the fires of purgatory.

* The "pardon" in Britanny and the "patron" in Ireland are the same. They are meetings nominally of a religious character in honour of some favourite or patron saint, in which devotion and buffoonery, penances and merry dances, are strangely intermixed. In Britanny, on such occasions, the peasantry dress in their best clothes and are very merry.

"Between Chateaulin and Quimper, one sometimes encounters, on the highways, men dressed in coarse white linen, with long hair, black beards, carrying clumsy staffs in their hands and a wallet on the shoulder. The countenances of these men are dark and threatening; at night they are met on the most lonely roads, and are never heard singing on their way. They do not speak to you if you meet them, nor do they touch their hats with the usual courtesy of their countrymen. Sometimes they are accompanied by a large yellow dog. Now the revenue police on the coast will tell you that these are smugglers of salt and tobacco; but ask the natives themselves, and they will maintain that these mysterious travellers are no other than the demons provincially termed 'conductors of souls.' The moment that a man is in the agonies of death, these may be seen roaming about his house like wolf-dogs. If the guardian angel of the dying person, summoned by his prayers, is not more watchful than they, and at his bed the moment when the soul takes its flight, the man in white seizes on it, puts it into his bag, and bears it with him to the marshes of St. Michael, where he flings it; and where it remains until delivered by masses and prayers. These gloomy marshes are also peopled by souls in pain, waiting for their deliverance; and if you pass at some distance and hear the whistling of the wind among the bulrushes, you have only to inquire from your guide the cause of the noise, and he will at once cross himself in terror, and answer that those are the souls of the marshes of St. Michel saying their evening prayer. Storms are frequent in these parts, and the number of wrecks considerable. The old prayer of the Breton sailor is well known there: '*Va Doué, sicourit a hanom; va vatiment a zoker bian agar, mora zoker bras!*' which, translated, means,—'My God, protect me; my boat is so small, and thy sea so vast.' It is a common opinion in that country that a hurricane does not abate until the waves have cast upon the strand the corpses of the heretics who have perished in a storm, and all other unholy bodies. This is a remnant of the religion of the Druids, and of the worship of the elements; it is a memorial of the association of ideas established by the first Celts between the purity of the waves of the sea and that of the soul."

It is not, however, in the hour of

danger or approaching death alone that the Breton has recourse to prayer; the simple, natural supplication of the fisherman in the Cornouaille is, "The Lord save me of Peter;" it springs from the consciousness that God alone "gathereth the waters of the sea together as an heap;" it is the voice within which says in the solemn hour, when God's power is *felt*, "Let all the earth fear the Lord; let all the inhabitants of the world stand in awe of him." But the gratitude of the Breton, if he be saved from the tempestuous surge, shows itself — from his want of knowing the proper direction in which it should expand—in some indirect and forbidden way, by which the homage of his heart is turned aside from Him whom "the winds and the sea obey;" he is taught at least to divide his thanks with his guardian saint or the virgin Mary, to whom he dedicates some votive gift in token of his deliverance. Was his frail bark upset? was he instrumentally saved by a plank or an oar? he deposits a part of it in the church, or he constructs a miniature model of his boat, and suspends it near the altar of the "Queen of Heaven," or the image of St. Somebody. And different saints have their peculiar virtues, and accept their favourite offerings; for instance, St. Hervè likes butter, and preserves sheep from wolves, because he (who was blind) was one day conducted by a wolf. St. Gertrude prefers poultry, and cures rheumatisms in return for the donation; and the votive fowl, if obtained or purchased from the priest of her shrine, preserves the fowl-yard from accidents. St. Martin prefers a cock. St. Didier chooses bread, and makes children speak. St. Ives makes dough rise. St. Herbot causes butter to increase. When will men cease to pervert God's word, and to oppose it thus?—when will they learn to offer unto the Lord the sacrifice of pure and undefiled religion? The Bretons are undoubtedly in their way a devout people in their daily walk; they begin and end the day with a form of family prayer, grace is said at their meals, the loaf of bread is not cut until after the sign of the cross has been made on it with the knife; and the annual routine of sowing and reaping is preceded by processions and prayers. We have heard at the first dawn of a summer's day a short service (in Latin) repeated by the patriarch of a large rustic family, and responded to by his children and servants; and after the merry dance of a harvest night a devotional form, in the order following: —Acts of faith, hope, and charity, the Paternoster, Ave-Maria, Creed, Ten Commandments, and those of the Romish church, the Confiteor, the De Profundis, and the Litanies of the Virgin and of Jesus; but, unhappily, there was this drawback to the pleasure which such a family scene would otherwise have yielded: these prayers were *but* a form—a task to be performed, and that within a given number of minutes if we were to judge from the extreme volubility with which the words were gabbled over—the *heart* was not apparently concerned—the spirit of prayer to Him who must be worshipped in spirit and in truth was absent. Yet, though much error and ignorance be mingled with these family exercises of the Bretons, it is delightful to think that they possess that religious *principle* which leads them to determine, even amidst the hurry of pressing avocations, to offer the first words of their lips to Heaven, and to say to themselves, "Early in the morning will I praise Thee," and painful, by comparison, to know that our own peasantry and farmers too generally neglect the reasonable service of family prayer, and think every moment spared from labour and their worldly interests for God's service, a positive and grievous loss.

It was not until the seventeenth century that the inhabitants of the islands of Moléne and Ouessant entirely abandoned the faith and practices of the Druidical superstitions; is it unreasonable to think that the true principles of the gospel will, before another century shall have passed away, be received by the Bretons and other nations yet in the darkness of Romanism, instead of those erroneous notions which now prevail among them? A Protestant place of worship has been recently finished at Morlaix, which will be soon opened for public devotion in the French and Breton languages; an able and zealous missionary from Wales, whose knowledge of the Welsh and Cornish tongues (that have much affinity to the Breton) qualified him for the work, has prepared a translation of the New Testament in the Breton tongue, with the assistance of a native, who is a warm advocate for the circulation of the Scriptures; and has published nearly 100,000 copies of tracts in the same language. The people, of whom it may be truly said, "I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious," are much less so than

formerly, show a disposition to receive the tracts; and though they have been forbidden to enter the new house, show a great disposition to go there. The missionary and friends of evangelical truth have an humble but sure expectation, that as the pure gospel, accompanied by the mighty power of God, becomes known as the sovereign and only remedy of sinners, the adversaries of truth will be unable to impede its progress.

The method of making the Bible known through the medium of a preacher and of readers in the vernacular tongue, which has been found so efficacious in some parts of Ireland, will, we trust, have a fruitful result in lower Britanny, and tend powerfully to reform the erroneous creed which prevails there, and introduce true religion to the houses of those in the upper classes, among whom a spurious philosophy or a decided infidelity has usurped its place. M. D.

SCIENTIFIC AGRICULTURE.

So long as population remained thinly scattered, and the earth retained much of its original fertility, the operations of the husbandman would be of a simple and self-evident character; he would have but to choose from all the expanse of country which stretched around him open to his selection, the most fertile spots, to clear away the spontaneous vegetation, cast in the seed, and, in due time, gather in the ample produce of his easy toil. Such has been ever the simple and unvaried agriculture of the Egyptians along the banks of their prolific Nile, whose annual overflowings continually replenish and fertilize the soil, and thus relieve the husbandman at once from much physical labour, and from the mental exercise of ingenious research after methods by which the labou. may be applied to the best account.

But, under more ordinary circumstances, however rich might be the soil originally, in the materials necessary to the perfection of the crops raised upon it, the constant removal of such materials in these crops, unreplaced either by natural or artificial means, must in time effect its complete exhaustion, and deprive it of all fertility. The first colonists in Virginia, it is observed by Liebig, found there a soil such as we are supposing. For the period of a century, harvests of wheat and tobacco were obtained from the same land, without anything being restored to it in the form of manure; but now whole districts are abandoned and converted into unfruitful pasture land, which, without manure, produces neither wheat nor tobacco.

We may suppose that, when the primitive agriculturist thus found his land gradually becoming less fertile, and ultimately unproductive, he might not be able satisfactorily to explain this occurrence to himself; and, probably, he might be at little trouble to investigate either the cause or the remedy, inasmuch as his most obvious and facile course would be that of migrating to some new locality, where the land was hitherto unoccupied and unexhausted. But, as mankind multiplied upon the face of the earth, all the more fertile spots in the more populous countries would become occupied; the rights of property would begin to be acknowledged and enforced; and each proprietor would be obliged to confine his operations to his own estate. Meanwhile, though the produce of the soil was diminishing, the demands upon it from an increasing population would be increased; and the farmer would be under the necessity of seeking for some means of restoring fertility to his exhausted land, or of giving an artificial fertility to land naturally unproductive. The former of these plans would probably first suggest itself, and be first attempted; but, in a long-established state, where the people have multiplied as civilization advanced, during many centuries, and especially in a country like our own, whose extent is naturally circumscribed within narrow limits, every expedient is sought out for the accomplishment of both these objects.

In any experimental science, facts are not to be eliminated by efforts of the reason merely. Philosophers have been convinced of this since the time of Lord Bacon, and practical men must have known it long before. The first suggestions for the improvement of agriculture would be merely of an empirical nature; some improved method of culture would be discovered by accident, or as the result of repeated experiments; and, being once made known, would continue to be followed till some better process came to light, by an equally accidental good fortune. Till within a recent period, most of the agriculture in practice has been of this empirical character. But the practice of any art, founded upon empiricism

merely, can rarely attain any high degree of perfection; and each fresh application of an approved method may lead to disappointment, from some variation in the circumstances of the case, neither anticipated nor explicable by the man of practice merely, without the guide of scientific principles. Thus, a farmer discovers that the addition of some particular manure to his land much increases its fertility. Another farmer, who has land of a different quality, tries the same application, and meets with no success. Or the value of some particular crop is found to be much increased when some certain dressing has been given to the land; but the same dressing, even upon the same land, is found ineffectual for the improvement of some crop of a different nature. Many a valuable discovery has been neglected, or discarded, for want of a clear perception of the cases to which it might most advantageously be applied. Had the farmers, whom we have supposed, understood the principles upon which the success of their treatment depended, they would not have subjected themselves to the subsequent disappointment.

Experiment, it is conceded, is of the highest importance; but it is only when guided by the lamp of science that it can choose the shortest path to the most satisfactory results. The true inductive philosophy seeks for general principles from the consideration and comparison of numerous observations or experiments, and then shows the proper application of these general principles to particular instances. When general principles of extensive application are once established in any science, we then have solid and trustworthy grounds on which to rationalize, and we may then, with much authority, pronounce an *à priori* opinion upon the effects of untried processes, and say which is the one best calculated for the attainment of a desired result, without the necessity of a laborious series of indiscriminate experiments. Or, where experiments are still required, we shall see in what direction they may be best conducted; they will not be promiscuous and irrational, but with an exact aim at a definite result. Practical deviations from a calculated effect may still sometimes occur; but these, by inducing a careful examination of the circumstances under which they have appeared, may tend to the discovery of some disturbing cause, which, though unanticipated, yet, when known, may sufficiently account for the discrepancy, and establish more firmly the truth of the general principle.

Though, till within a recent period, the practice of agriculture has been little more than the blind adoption of empirical prescriptions, the reasons for which were but imperfectly perceived, or altogether unknown, yet, in the present day, the pressure of an increased demand for agricultural produce has led to a more careful inquiry after the best means of increasing the fertility of cultivated land, and of bringing into cultivation such as has been hitherto waste and unfruitful. Men of science have been induced to apply their learning and intelligence to the solution of these problems; and already these investigations have been attended with marked success. The two branches of natural science which more particularly throw light upon these inquiries, are those of chemistry and botany; by the latter we are made acquainted with the organs and structure of plants, and the vital processes which these subserve; by the former we learn their chemical composition, and that of the various sources from which they obtain their supplies, and the chemical changes which are effected by the vital agency. Geology likewise lends its aid, showing the composition and physical characters of the superficial strata of the earth, and their relative position; as well as the sources and mode of formation of the external soil, whether this be the detritus of adjacent rocks, or alluvial deposits brought from a distance by running waters.

In no country should we expect a greater demand for every possible improvement in agricultural processes than in our own, so densely populated, so limited in extent. And in none has such demand been more fully responded to. Among the earlier attempts at the scientific improvements of farming, sir Humphrey Davy's lectures on agricultural chemistry are worthy of their illustrious author; but great advances have been made since the time of its appearance in the practical applications of the natural sciences we have mentioned above; societies have been formed, and periodical publications brought out for the spread and improvement of our knowledge in this important subject, and chemists and physiologists have directed their researches, and applied their acquaintance with the laws and operations of nature, to this end. The volume by

professor Liebig, though not the work of a countryman, yet, as it was prepared at the instance of the British Association, is some illustration of the interest which is taken in the advancement of agriculture by men of science in our own land. It abounds in original and highly interesting speculations, and contains much, likewise, of great practical importance; though sometimes we think the tendency to theorize has somewhat induced its learned author to stray without the bounds of what admits of satisfactory proof. Professor Johnston's work is entirely of English growth; it is, we conceive, the best systematic work upon the principles of scientific agriculture that we possess; and perhaps the soundness and practical nature of its statements are more fully to be relied on than some of the more imaginative, but highly ingenious views of the former author.—*British Quarterly Review.*

THE YOUNG PHILOSOPHER.

"Tell me, father, what is meant by geometry?" Such were the words of a child of nine years old, one summer evening, in the year 1632. They were uttered in a large room in a house in Paris, and addressed to a pale, intelligent-looking man in the prime of life. He was seated at a table covered with books, maps, etc., and the shade which deep thought and incessant study had cast over his brow, was dissipated by the well-pleased smile with which he gazed on the upturned face of his little son. It was no common countenance to look on: childish as were the features, mind had stamped them, and a fervent soul looked through those bright young eyes, as the boy anxiously awaited his father's reply.

"Geometry, my child, is the science which considers the extent of bodies; that is to say, their three dimensions—length, breadth, and depth; it teaches how to form figures in a just, precise manner, and to compare them one with another."

"Father," said the child, "I will learn geometry!"

"Nay, my boy, you are too young and sickly for such a study; you have been all day poring over your books—go now into the garden with your cousin Charles, and have a pleasant game of play this fine evening."

"I don't care for the playthings that amuse Charles, and he does not like my books: let me stay here with you; and tell me if the straight and round lines you often draw are part of geometry."

The father sighed, as he looked at the slight and delicate form and flushed cheek of his son, and taking the little burning hand of his son, and putting aside his books, "Well, Blaise," he answered, "I will take a walk with you myself, and breathe the fresh air, and smell the sweet flowers; but you must ask me no more questions about geometry."

Such was one of the first manifestations of Blaise Pascal's intellect; the early dawning of that mathematical genius, destined in a few years to astonish Europe, and would probably have achieved wonders in science, rivalling the subsequent discoveries of Newton and La Place, had he not, while still young, abandoned the pursuit of earthly knowledge, and dedicated all his powers of mind and body to the service of religion and the good of his fellow men.

His father, Etienne Pascal, was a man of talent, well known and esteemed by the literati of the day. Having himself experienced the absorbing nature of mathematical pursuits, he did not wish his son to engage in them, until his mind should be matured, and his body in greater vigour; and as Blaise did not again mention the word geometry, and ceased to linger long in the study, his father hoped that balls and hoops had at length chased circles and triangles from his brain. At the end of a long corridor in M. Pascal's house, there was an apartment which was only used as a lumber-room, and consequently seldom opened. He one day entered it, in search of some article, and what was his surprise to see little Blaise kneeling on the floor, and with a piece of charcoal in his hand, busily occupied in drawing triangles, circles, and parallelograms. The child was so much absorbed in his employment, that he heeded not the opening of the door, and it was not till his father spoke, that he raised his head.

"What are you doing, child?"

"Oh, father, don't be angry; indeed, I could not put geometry out of my mind; every night I used to lie awake thinking of it; and so I came here to work away at these lines."

Having passed some years in these studies and recreations, he suddenly resolved to devote the remainder of his life to an exposition of the Christian religion. For this purpose he returned to Paris,

where, amid the interruptions caused by frequent attacks of illness, he conceived and partly executed a comprehensive work on Christianity, its nature and evidences. This he did not live to complete; but some of its detached fragments, found after his death, were published as his "Thoughts." About this period of his life, he published the "Provincial Letters," which have been characterized by competent judges as the most perfect prose work in the French language. They treat of the points in dispute between the Jansenists, whose cause Pascal espoused, and the company of Jesuits. We find in them the pointed wit and dramatic powers of Molière, mingled with the sublime eloquence of Bossuet. When the latter was asked which book in the world he would choose to have been the author of, he replied, the "Provincial Letters."

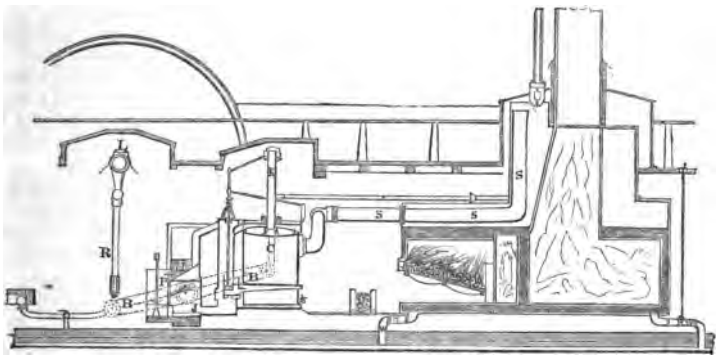
Pascal, in his thirtieth year, already exhibited the symptoms of premature decay. He had been for many years under the care of medical men. Perceiving that the cure of their patient could not be effected, so long as he persisted in the indulgence of his sedentary and studious habits, the physician advised him to take as much exercise as possible, which would at once strengthen his enfeebled frame, and divert him from his mental fatigue. His fondly loved sister, Madame Perier, one morning in October, 1654, accompanied him in his accustomed drive. The day was lovely, and he seemed to receive strength from the balmy air. He spoke of the folly of national antipathies, and the sin of war.

"Fancy," said he, "a Frenchman addressing an Englishman, and asking him, 'Why do you want to kill me?' 'What!' the other answers, 'don't you live at the other side of the water? My friend, if you lived on this side, I should be an assassin, and it would be most unjust to kill you; but as you live at the other side, I'm a brave fellow, and feel quite justified in taking your life!'"

The gentle and fervent charity of his nature shone forth all the more brilliantly for his bodily sufferings. He gave alms to an extent which appeared folly to his acquaintances. One of them lectured him one day on his imprudent expenditure, which he affirmed would bring him to poverty. Pascal smiled, and quietly replied, "I have often remarked, that however poor a man may be when dying, he always leaves something behind him."

The life of Blaise Pascal drew near its termination. A fatal disease was preying upon him, brought on by the intense working of a mighty soul, enshrined in a feeble body. "Its shell the spirit wore." A deep shade of gloom and despondency, arising from physical causes, often clouded his mind. But his sufferings were soothed by the fond attentions of his sister. She brought her family to Paris, and having taken a house near his, devoted herself to him with anxious affection. One day, while still able to walk out, he was accosted in the street by a wretched-looking man, holding a little boy by the hand. His countenance showed marks of suffering, and his tale was a sad one. He had been a journeyman shoemaker, and lived happily with his little ones, inhabiting a small house in the outskirts of Paris. A fire broke out one night; his little dwelling, with all that it contained, was consumed. He and his family escaped with their lives; but, from exposure to cold and anxiety, his wife and two children fell victims to fever; and he, only just recovered from the same disease, was forced, with his remaining child, to beg a morsel of bread. Pascal's heart was touched by his tale, and, not satisfied with relieving his immediate wants, he took him into his own house, and desired him to make it his home until his health should be re-established, and he should be able to procure work. Some days passed on, and Pascal became rapidly worse: he could with difficulty leave his room, and was forced to discontinue his accustomed walks. His sister's fond cares were indispensable to his comfort: every day she passed in his chamber, ministering to his wants, and learning holy lessons of patience and resignation, springing from love to God and submission to his holy will. The poor shoemaker also tried by every means in his power to serve his benefactor; and the pleasant laugh and winning ways of his little son George, often soothed and cheered Pascal, who dearly loved children.

This little boy was shortly after taken with the small-pox, and as he could not be removed from the house without danger, Pascal proposed to remove to apartments at his sister's residence. He was borne to her house; where, on the 19th of August, 1662, at the age of thirty-nine years, his gentle and humble spirit returned to Him who gave it!



Section of a Marine Engine.*

s s s, steam-pipe; x, piston-rod; c, cylinder; r, connecting-rod; h, hot well; j, condenser; l, paddle-shaft; b, beam; w, cocks for blowing the salted water from the boiler; p, air-pump.

THE STEAM-VESSEL.

No. II.

Three years after the construction of the "Comet," to which allusion has recently been made in the *Visitor*,† a number of first-rate engineers combined to obtain a patent for the application of a new kind of moving power to turn paddle-wheels; but it ultimately proved unsuccessful, and they returned to the original model. In 1812, the "Elizabeth," of about ten-horse power, was employed as a rival to the "Comet," being nearly sixty feet long and twelve broad; and she succeeded in accomplishing, with about one hundred passengers, the distance between Glasgow and Greenock, at an average speed of nine miles an hour.

Competition being thus excited, steam-vessels increased both in number and quality. Bell established them on the Clyde, the waters of Ireland bore the steamy monsters, and in 1813, a packet ran between London and Gravesend; but the determined opposition made by the metropolitan watermen rendered it necessary to return her, by means of the canal, to her old station on the Severn. Some, however, declare that the first steamer employed on the Thames was the "Margery," of fourteen-horse power, which had been previously on the Clyde. George Dodd undertook a considerable voyage in a steam-boat built on the Clyde, and tested her powers during rough weather on the Irish Channel.

The name of David Napier will be also long remembered in connexion with the history of navigation from the year 1818 to 1830. Previously to that period, steam vessels rarely ventured beyond rivers and the coasts of friths; but he did not hesitate to attempt the establishment of regular communication between England, Ireland, and the continent. To become acquainted with the difficulties that might be encountered, he undertook a passage, during a stormy period of the year, in one of the sailing-packets between Glasgow and Belfast, which often required a week to perform the journey, now accomplished by steam in a few hours. The captain of the packet in which he sailed well remembers a young man, whom he afterwards knew as Mr. Napier, being found, during one of the wintry passages

* The section of the Red Rover, built by Messrs. Boulton and Watt, from Tredgold on the "Steam-Engine."

† *Visitor*, Sept. 1848, p. 337.

to Belfast, constantly perched on the bows of the vessel, and fixing an intent gaze on the sea where it broke on the side of the ship, heedless of the waves and spray that washed over him.

Russell states that from this occupation Napier only ceased at intervals, as the breeze freshened, to ask the captain whether the sea might be considered as rough, and being told that it was by no means unusually so, he resumed his study of the effects of the beating of the waves on the stern of the ship. Some hours afterwards, as the breeze freshened, and the sea increased in fury, he put the same question, and received a similar reply. Apparently disappointed, he resumed his employment at the bow of the vessel. At last, however, to his great satisfaction, he was favoured with a storm; and while the sea, breaking over the vessel, swept her from stem to stern, he found his way back to the captain, and repeated his inquiry, "Do you call it rough now?" On being told that the captain did not remember ever to have faced a worse night, the young man appeared quite delighted; and muttering as he turned away, "I think I can manage, if that 's all," went down contentedly to his cabin, leaving the captain not a little astonished at the strange freak of his passenger.

On returning home, Napier set to work; and great improvements both in the strength and speed of his vessels resulted. In 1818, the "Rob Roy" ran regularly between Greenock and Belfast; and in the following year the "Talbot," which he had built of sixty-horse power, was placed on the line between Holyhead and Dublin, where she was soon accompanied by the "Ivanhoe," of one hundred and seventy tons.

The application of steam-vessels for sea service made from this period a very rapid advance. The subject of transatlantic navigation occupied much time and attentive consideration before it was attempted. Difficulties were suggested, which to many appeared insuperable; and Dr. Lardner, in the most unqualified manner, affirmed before the British Association that it was impossible for any steam-vessel to traverse the Atlantic. He computed that for each horse-power of steam one ton of coal would be required for every 14·25 miles; and taking these as correct data, and allowing one-fourth as spare fuel, the tonnage necessary for fuel and machinery on a voyage from England to New York, would be 3·70 tons per horse-power, which, for a vessel with engines of four hundred horse-power, would be 1,480 tons. Now as the ship to which he referred was only to be 1,200 tons, which was afterwards increased to 1,340 tons, the voyage would be impracticable. Instead, however, of carrying the amount expected, the "Great Western" took with her only 660 tons, of which 450 tons were consumed; so that though Dr. Lardner's computations were correct, the data from which he drew his conclusions were entirely wrong.

Yet, despite all this discouragement, in 1838, the following advertisement appeared in the daily papers:—"Steam to New York. The well-known steam-ship, 'Sirius,' lieutenant Roberts, R. N., commander, is intended to leave London for New York, on Wednesday, 28th March, calling at Cork Harbour, and to start from thence on Monday, the 2nd April, returning from New York the 1st May." The great problem was by these means solved, for though the "Sirius" had not been constructed for transatlantic navigation, and was only 700 tons burden, she had successfully performed her work. Three days after her starting, the "Great Western," built expressly for the purpose, followed her; the "Sirius" arriving in seventeen days, and the "Great Western" in fifteen. They again set out on their return, and the Great Western maintained her supremacy by performing the journey in two days less than her rival. The extension of steam-navigation from that time to the present day has been unprecedented for rapidity and success.

The advance of steam-navigation in British waters has been truly extraordinary. In the year 1814, two steamers were afloat of the united burden of 456 tons; in 1815, they had increased to ten; in 1820, to nearly seventy; in 1831, to nearly three hundred and fifty; while at the close of the year 1839, there belonged to the mercantile marine of Great Britain 760 vessels of 140,718 tons burden, and 56,490 horse-power. From that period to the present, the ratio has been on the increase, and the national and mercantile building-yards are now crowded with those in course of construction.

Having thus made a brief historical sketch of steam-navigation, it will be well to observe the method in which this most powerful and useful agent is now practically applied. When Fulton and Livingstone constructed their first steam-vessel on the banks of the Seine, they

forgot many important points which demanded greater attention; and the result was, that being too weak to bear the weight of her machinery, she broke through the middle in a gale of wind during the night, and went to the bottom. When, too, the structure of steam-vessels, with their round bows and square sterns and box-like figure, is contrasted with the light, sharp, elegant, and yet strong vessels now constructed, the improvements which were gradually introduced will be readily regarded as worthy of consideration.

Mr. Stevens and Mr. Napier early found the importance of a long wedge-like mould in preference to the bulky sailing-vessels, and the exact proportions of the different parts obtained their attention. The law of making their length six times their breadth has been proved correct in many of the best sea-going vessels, and considerably more than that has been shown to be nearer the truth in particular circumstances. On the American waters, ten to one has even been applied as the due proportion of length to breadth. This, however, can only be considered as the figure of the hull itself, the decks frequently projecting far over either side. So fully is this principle carried out, that Stevenson states that in the "Rochester," a boat plying between New York and Albany, while the maximum breadth of the hull was stated to be twenty-four feet, the deck was double that extent, projecting thirteen feet on either side.

Considering the steam-boat as merely a body to be propelled through the water by internal machinery, it is of the first importance that this should be effected with the least possible resistance. In this there is great difference from the ordinary ship, in which the force is exerted from without at different times and in different degrees, and but rarely in that of the line of progress. The qualities considered best for sailing-vessels are therefore in many respects incompatible with those required for steamers; and a combination of the two requires much ingenious contrivance. By some, however, this is doubled; and Russell affirms, in an excellent paper on the subject of steam navigation, that vessels built expressly for the purpose of steaming, and adapted for that purpose in the best possible way, have been found, when under canvass, to equal the fastest ships in sailing qualities. Their great length and sharp ends, he says, prevent them from falling to leeward; the narrowness of their formation adapts them for going through the water; their boilers and machinery form a well-placed and well-distributed ballast; their fine ends and flaring bows render them lively as sea boats; and the small amount of their midship section, and small resistance, give them great speed under comparatively little canvass.

If the reader will now turn to the diagram, and the subjoined explanation at the commencement of this paper, he will easily recognise the various portions of the machinery, and the purposes for which they are required. The heat of the furnace applied to the boiler generates the steam, which passes down the tube S S S, enters the cylinder C, according to the motions of the slide-valve at the side. The condenser J having emptied the cylinder of the steam, the condensed water is forced by the air-pump P into the hot-well H, whence it is returned to the boiler. The piston-rod being forced up and down, gives the required motion to the beam B, which is represented by the dotted lines, and the force is thence communicated by the connecting-rod R, to the crank of the paddle-shaft L. This is supported by an iron framework, which is omitted for the sake of simplicity. The paddle-shaft, of which a section only is presented in the diagram, is carried across the vessel, the ends of which are continued beyond the sides; to them the paddle-wheels are fixed, resembling undershot water-wheels. These paddles striking the water drive it in a backward direction; and the reaction experienced by the paddles being imparted to the vessel, occasions it to pass in a contrary direction from that in which the water is propelled. On the paddle-shaft two cranks are constructed, placed at right angles to each other, so that when one of them is placed in its highest or lowest position, the other is horizontal. These cranks are worked by strong iron bars, called connecting-rods, as before mentioned, which are connected with the piston-rods, and the cranks being at right angles, when one piston is at the top or bottom of its stroke, and the crank driven by it in the highest or lowest position, the other will be at the position most advantageous for receiving the full power which can be given.

In marine engines, it is essential that as much compactness as possible should be

displayed in the machinery; and when the importance of space on board ship is considered, and especially in the best part of the vessel—as that is in which the engines are placed—this will be readily admitted. The paddle-shaft, on which the cranks to be driven by the engines are constructed, being very little below the deck of the vessel, the beam and connecting-rod could not be placed in the same position as in the land engines, unless the machinery were elevated to a considerable distance above the deck, as in American river steamers. Instead, therefore, of presenting the connecting-rods downwards towards the cranks which they drive, they must, in vessels, be presented upwards, and the impelling force received from below. If under the circumstances the beam were in the usual position, above the cylinder and the piston-rod, it must necessarily be placed between the engine and the paddle-shaft: this would require a depth for the machinery which would be incompatible with the proper structure of the vessel. The beam, therefore, of marine engines, instead of being above the cylinder and piston is placed below them; and to the top of the piston-rods cross pieces are attached of greater length than the diameter of the cylinders, so that their extremities shall project beyond the cylinders. To the ends of these cross pieces are attached, by joints, the rods of a parallel motion, which are carried downwards and connected with the ends of two beams below the cylinder, and placed on either side of it: the opposite ends of these beams are connected with another cross piece, to which is attached a connecting-rod, which is continued upwards to the crank-pin, to which it is attached, and which it drives. Thus the beam, parallel motion, and connecting-rod of a marine engine is similar to that of a land engine, only that it is turned upside down; and in consequence of the impossibility of placing the beam directly over the piston-rod, two beams and two systems of parallel motion are provided, one on each side of the engine, acted upon by, and acting on, the piston-rod and crank by cross pieces.*

The plan of having a number of tubes traversing the boilers of marine engines, as has long been the case with locomotives, is generally approved. The advantage of a tubular boiler is that the engine may be worked with a higher pressure of steam without additional danger, thereby rendering practicable the full development of the expansive system. A great saving of fuel and boiler room are advantages which result from the successful application of the principle. Messrs. Miller and Ravenhill appear to have introduced the plan; and the boilers of the "Blackwall," "Prince of Wales," and other vessels constructed by those engineers, are of this description.

One of the great difficulties to be overcome is the want of depth in the engine-room. The paddle-shaft or axis must be either below the level of the deck, or so little above it, that when covered in persons may easily step over it; and if, as in the various plans for connecting the piston-rod more immediately with the crank, the cylinder be placed directly under the crank-axis, a considerable space is necessary between them to allow for the length of the stroke, and the connecting-apparatus by which the rectilinear motion of the piston is converted into a rotary motion. In some small vessels the connexion is very simple, the cylinders themselves vibrating on trunnions, as they are called, so that they adapt themselves to the positions of the cranks, and impart the force of their pistons to them without the intervention of a jointed connecting-rod. Another plan is that in which the cylinders are fixed, and the movement of the piston-rods vertical; but they are surmounted by connecting-rods pivoted to them, and adapting themselves to the positions of the cranks.

The disadvantages of the common-shaped paddle-wheels have long been known to engineers, as a succession of shocks is experienced from their impinging on the surface of the water; and this is especially felt in American vessels, where it is so plain that the reaction of each dip may be felt, similar to that of the oars in a boat. By these means the machinery is strained, an unpleasant vibration is experienced by those on board, and other inconveniences sustained. This has been attempted to be avoided by the ingenious method of reefing; that is, by the working of levers and other machinery, making the float to enter the water edgeways, and when its power on the water is expended, the paddle leaves the water in a vertical position, avoiding the backwater.

These paddles, however, labour under the disadvantage of being easily injured;

* Dr. Lardner's "Steam-Engine."

and an invention has been made, termed the elliptical convex metallic paddle-float; and consists of sheet iron, the outer edge of which is formed into a curved shape, and so placed on the wheel that the central point of a convex side enters the water first; the float thus meeting the retarding fluid, gradually prevents vibration, and on leaving the fluid, its convexity being uppermost, it has no backwater to lift, and offers little retardation to the full power of the engine. The tests which the application has successfully stood offer a fair criterion of the practicability of the plan, and it has been frequently applied.

A difficulty in the application of steam to navigation occurs in the deposits which salt water leaves in the boilers. These, if allowed, would form a hard incrustation on the inner surface of the boiler, and as the crust thickens the metal is overheated by the fire externally, and as the water does not act on the interior, the boiler frequently becomes red-hot and burns. The consequence is the rapid destruction of the material, an unnecessary expenditure of fuel, and great labour in removing the crust at the termination of each voyage. To obviate this various plans have been proposed, and among them may be mentioned the process of "blowing out," by which several tons of water are discharged from the boilers at particular hours.

Messrs. Seaward and Capel have made use of an apparatus for blowing the water into a separate chamber before it is turned into the sea, and other means they have adopted have been very successful. They assure the writer that "the application succeeds perfectly in preventing the water of boilers becoming dangerously saturated with salt; that is to say, the degree of saltness can easily be prevented becoming more than twice that of ordinary sea-water, so that there is no danger of deposits. The arrangement, however, does not entirely prevent the deposit of carbonate and sulphate of lime, which mainly constitute the hard, insoluble incrustation which now annoys engineers; and they are of opinion that this cannot entirely be prevented, except by means of some chemical agent similar to that proposed by Dr. Ritterbrandt." Messrs. Seaward have adopted a very ingenious contrivance for indicating the exact time at which the process of blowing out is necessary, in order to avoid its being applied unnecessarily, or continued too long. Messrs. Maudslay and Field adopt a different mode for preserving the proper state of the water, by the use of brine-pumps, which constantly remove a small portion of water from the lower part of the boiler. This apparatus appears to be very successful, and has been generally applied in their construction of boilers for vessels.

Mr. S. Hall, of Manchester, has endeavoured to obviate some of these difficulties by returning the steam to the boiler as it is condensed; by which means the use of sea-water will be almost avoided. His condenser consists of a cast-iron cistern, situated where the common condenser is usually placed, at the top and bottom of which a flat chamber is formed by two brass plates, which are accurately fitted into the cistern, and made steam-tight. These two plates are closely perforated, into which perforations the extremities of as many composition tubes are fitted, and made tight by a peculiar method of stuffing, to allow of their expansion without permitting the steam to escape through the stuffing-boxes or any injury in the tubes. From the cylinder the steam escapes to the upper chamber of the condenser, and then descends vertically through the tubes to the lower chamber, into which it enters in the form of pure water—being condensed by the cold surfaces of the tubes in its descent; in which form it is taken off by the air-pump, and again conveyed into the boilers. While the steam is thus continually passing through the inside of the tubes, a stream of cold sea-water is regularly injected by a force-pump into the cistern, and made to circulate among them, which, cooling their external surfaces, causes a condensation of the steam: this water is again driven into the sea, and replaced by a fresh supply from the force-pump, making a regular current of cold water to pass incessantly through the tubes.

The proportion of the power of steam-engines to the tonnage of the vessel which is to be propelled is an important consideration, and has been one of the *vexatæ questiones* of steam navigation. While on the one hand the Clyde and some of the Thames engineers adopt a high power in proportion to the burden of the vessel, the East India Company advocate the opposite proportions. The advantages of the former plan, however, are regarded as sufficient for its encouragement; and mercantile companies find that high power is better for expedition, and the

economy of capital and fuel. It has even in some instances been shown that by an increased power, a diminution of fuel has resulted.

An early opportunity will be taken of referring to some other important improvements in steam navigation, on the consideration of which space forbids us now to enter. F. S. W.

THE GOLDEN-FRUITED ORANGE-TREE.

The orange-tree is believed to have been originally a native of the warmer parts of Asia, and has long since been acclimated to the shores of the Red and Mediterranean Seas, to the temperate and tropical isles of the oceans and seas, and to the warmer portions of Africa and America. It is especially cultivated with a view to profit, and abounds in Portugal, Spain, France, Italy, Greece, Turkey, Egypt, northern Africa, and many of the islands adjacent to those countries; also in the Azores, Brazil, the island of Cuba, and East Florida.

At the time of the crusades for the recovery of Syria from the dominion of the Saracens, oranges were found abundant in that country. Though they were, in reality, cultivated trees, the beauty and excellence of their fruit, by the aid of romance and credulity, naturally led the infatuated adventurers to believe and state that they were indigenous, and formed a part of the glories of the "Holy Land." The fables of the profane writers, and the ambiguity of the descriptions of vegetables in holy writ, helped further to confirm this opinion. As the oranges were in the form of apples, and the colour of gold, it was easy to make them the "golden apples of the Garden of Hesperides;" and the only point that remained to be settled, was to fix the locality of that enchanting and imaginary abode. The authority of Moses was brought into requisition to confirm the existence of the Syrian fruit, even at the time when the children of Israel were wandering in the wilderness; and the boughs of the "goodly trees" borne in the procession commanded in the twenty-third chapter of Leviticus, were considered no less than those of the orange. The *mala medica* of the Romans, which is mentioned by Virgil, and afterwards by Palladio and others; the *kitron* of the Greeks; and the *citrus* of Josephus, were all understood to mean the same fruit. Although there was much written upon the subject, there was no attempt to examine the authorities with that minuteness which the search of truth demanded. This opinion prevailed until the nineteenth century, when the history of this fruit was carefully investigated by Galessio. He maintains that the orange, instead of being found in the north of Africa, in Syria, or even in Media, whence the Romans must have obtained their *mala medica*, was not in that part of India watered by the Indus, at the time of Alexander the Great's expedition, as it is not mentioned by Nearchus, the commander of the fleet, among the fruits and productions of that country. It is not noticed either by Arrian, Diodorus, or by Pliny; and even so late as the year 1300, Pietro di Cuescenga, a senator of Bologna, who wrote on agriculture and vegetable productions, does not make the least mention of the orange.

The first distinct notice of this fruit on record is by Avicenna, an Arabian physician, who flourished in the tenth century. He not only describes oil of oranges and oil of orange-seeds, but speaks of *citric acid*, (acid of citrons.) According to Galessio, the Arabs, when they entered India, found the orange tribes there, further inland than Alexander had penetrated; and they brought them to Europe by two routes—the sweet ones through Persia to Syria, and thence to the shores of Italy and the south of France; and the bitter ones, by Arabia, Egypt, and the north of Africa, to Spain and Portugal.

It does not appear that the orange was of Chinese origin, as it is not mentioned by Marco Polo, who is so minute in describing all the other wonders of the "celestial empire." It is said to have been found by the Portuguese upon the east coast of Africa; but it is not known whether it had been indigenous there, or disseminated by the Arabs. When the Portuguese reached India, in the early part of the sixteenth century, they found the orange there, and also in China, which was then visited by them for the first time by sea.

At the Azores, nothing can exceed the rich luxuriance of the orange groves, from November to March, when the emerald tints of the unripe, and the golden hue of the mature fruit mingle their beauties with the thick, dark foliage of the trees. Although the oranges of the Azores are among the best that are

to be met with, they are not indigenous productions of those islands, but were introduced there by the Portuguese, as the same fruit was originally sent, by the Spaniards, to the West Indies and the continent of America. In the midst of a forest, on the banks of the Cedeno, baron Humboldt, in 1800, found wild orange-trees, laden with large and sweet fruit. These were probably not indigenous, however, but the remains of some old Indian plantations.

The orange plantations of the Azores are usually of large extent, always encircled by walls fifteen or twenty feet in height, and within thick belts of other trees, to protect them from the breezes of the sea. The trees are commonly propagated by cuttings or layers, arriving, in seven years after planting, to good bearing, and in time, spread out with the majestic luxuriance of chestnut trees. Each tree, a few years after, upon an average, annually produces from twelve thousand to sixteen thousand oranges, and one instance is recorded of a single tree producing twenty-six thousand fruits in a year!

The amount of oranges and lemons usually exported from the Azores in a year is upwards of one hundred and twenty thousand boxes, and seventy or eighty vessels are sometimes seen lying in the roads, waiting to take their cargoes. Besides these, a large quantity of the sweet lemon is cultivated, for home consumption, which are produced by grafting the sour lemon on the orange. This fruit is tasteless and vapid, though esteemed salutary and refreshing.

In Algarve in Portugal, and in Andalusia in Spain, there are trees of great size; and extensive orchards of oranges have formed the principal revenue of the monks for several centuries. In Cordova, the seat of Moorish grandeur and luxury, there are orange-trees still remaining, which are supposed to have been planted as early as the eleventh century; and in the craggy mountains of that province, which are covered with gardens and vineyards, and forests abounding in fruit, the air is perfumed with the flowers of the orange, and carries back the imagination to the days of the Moorish poets and historians, when the land they conquered was adorned with all the refinements of their taste and intelligence, and the luxuries of the east were fully realized.

The orange is said to have been introduced into Portugal by Camoens. In apostrophizing on a little grove that waved upon an open casement, that poet was heard to say, "Yes, I have made a bower for the honey-bee, hung with golden lamps."

In France, the orange country is chiefly Provence, or that part which lies to the eastward of the Rhone; and plantations or groves of oranges are the most abundant and the most beautiful on the banks of the Var, and especially in the environs of Nice, where the varieties are very numerous and come to great perfection. According to Risso, there was a tree in that neighbourhood, in 1789, which generally bore upwards of five thousand oranges, and was more than fifty feet in height, with a trunk so large that it required two men to embrace it. Here, the Provence-rose, the tube-rose, and countless other flowers, blend their sweets with that of the orange; and amidst all the richness of these perfumes, the pestilent airs of the tropics, and even the sirocco of southern Italy and Sicily, are altogether unknown.

In Italy, the orange-groves accompany the chain of the Apennines round the whole gulf of Genoa, and until, upon the confines of the plain of Tuscany, they subside in elevation, and bend more towards the Adriatic; although, further to the south, the climate and vegetation of Tuscany cannot be compared to those of the little valleys of Provence and Liguria, especially the latter. About Florence, there are still orange-trees in the gardens; but there are none of those aromatic groves and plantations which are found further to the west. Mr. Spence, who passed some winters in Florence, states that the cold is so great there, that skating is sometimes practised occasionally four months of the year, and the thermometer repeatedly stands at 24° to 26° F., at 8 A.M. Eastward of Tuscany, though further south, the country is even less adapted to the production of the orange; the sea-cost is barren, the interior is dreary, and over the whole, the "pestilent malaria" creeps, forbidding man to approach, even for the cultivation of the fields. In the gardens at Rome, however, notwithstanding the thermometer ranges from 2° to 4° F. lower, during the winter, than at Nice, the orange-tree flourishes, and attains its usual size. At the convent of Santa Sabina, in Rome, there is a tree of this species thirty-one feet high, which is

reputed to be upwards of six hundred years of age. After the gulf of Gaeta is passed, and the shelter of the more elevated mountains in the kingdom of Naples is obtained, the orange groves again make their appearance, and particularly abound along the western shore of Calabria, and in the vicinity of Messina and Palermo, in the island of Sicily.

The precise period at which the orange was introduced into Britain is not with certainty known; but it is supposed that it was brought from Portugal, by sir Walter Raleigh, towards the end of the sixteenth century. The trees were planted near a wall in the open air, at Beddington, in Surrey, with a movable cover, to protect them from the inclemency of winter. They flowered, and bore fruit, and, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, they had attained the height of eighteen feet, with a diameter of nine inches, and the spread of the branches of the largest one was twelve feet in one direction, and nine feet in the other. In 1738, they were surrounded by a permanent enclosure, like a green-house, and were destroyed by a great frost in the winter following.

Parkinson, in his "Practice of Plants," published in 1629, gives some curious directions for the preservation of orange-trees, from which, one would be led to infer that the trees at Beddington, with their ample protection of a movable covering in winter, had not been in existence at that time. "The orange-tree," says he, "hath abiden, with some extraordinary branching and budding of it, when as neither citron nor lemon-trees would, by any means, be preserved for any long time. Some keepe them in square boxes, and lift them to and fro by iron hooks on the sides, or cause them to be rolled on trundles or small wheels under them, to place them in an house, or close galerie, for the winter time; others plant them against a bricke wall in the ground, and defend them by a shed of boardes, covered with seare-cloth in the winter; and by the warmth of a stove, or such other thing, give them some comfort in the colder times; but no tent or mean provision will preserve them."

Towards the end of the seventeenth, and in the early part of the eighteenth centuries, the orange-tree was a very fashionable article of growth, in conservatories, in France, as well as in Britain. The plants were mostly procured from Genoa, with stems generally from four to six feet in height; they were planted in large boxes, and were set out during summer, to decorate the walks near the houses, in the manner still practised at Versailles, the Tuileries, and some other collections in Europe and in America.

The largest trees in Britain are said to be those at Smorgony, in Glamorganshire; they are planted in the floor of an immense conservatory, and produce fruit in abundance. It is said that these plants were procured from a wreck on the coast in that quarter, in the time of Henry VII.

In the south of Devonshire, and particularly at Saltcombe, one of the warmest spots in England, it is said there are gardens containing orange-trees, which have withstood upwards of one hundred winters in the open air. The fruit is represented as being as large and as fine as any from Portugal.

In East Florida, the orange grows spontaneously in the neighbourhood of New Smyrna. In noticing that town, in 1791, Bartram observes: "I was there about ten years ago, when the surveyor run the lines of the colony, where there was neither habitation nor cleared field. It was then a famous orange grove, the upper or south promontory of a ridge nearly half a mile wide, and stretching north about forty miles. * * * All this was one entire orange grove, with live oaks, magnolias, palms, red bays, and others." He also makes frequent mention of extensive groves of wild oranges in Florida, as far north as latitude twenty-eight degrees. Dr. Baldwin, in 1817, in speaking of Fish's Island, says, "Here are the remains of perhaps the most celebrated orange grove in the world. Some trees still remain that are thirty feet in height, and still retain a portion of their golden fruit." In the same year, in describing the beauties of the St. John's, he says, "You may eat oranges from morning till night, at every plantation along the shores, while the wild trees, bending with their golden fruit over the water, present an enchanting appearance." These trees are not regarded as originally natives of the new world, but were introduced by the Spaniards, at the time they settled Florida, or by a colony of Greeks and Minorcans, who founded New Smyrna, in 1769, while that country was in the possession of the English. Audubon, as late as 1832, observes, "Whatever its original country may be supposed to be, the wild

orange is, to all appearances, indigenous in many parts of Florida, not only in the neighbourhood of plantations, but in the wildest portions of that wild country, where there exists groves fully a mile in extent." This wild fruit is known in Florida by the name of the bitter-sweet orange, which does not differ materially from the Seville orange, and probably originated from that variety. The occurrence of these trees, wherever they grow, is a sure indication of good land.

For many years past, no small degree of attention has been paid to the culture of the common edible orange, at St. Augustine, and on the river St. John's. The number of trees owned by different individuals, prior to 1835, varied from ten to fifteen hundred. Perhaps no person in Florida had more than the latter number in full bearing condition, at the time of the great frost, which occurred on the 9th February, of that year. There were many trees then to be found in St. Augustine which exceeded forty feet in height, with trunks from twenty to twenty-seven inches in diameter, and which, probably, were more than a century old. But there are many persons in that vicinity, at the present time, who are extensively engaged in the business. The late Mr. Kingsley left upwards of six thousand bearing trees, in 1843, all of which are on the St. John's. In addition to these, there are also on the same river more than one hundred orange groves, which, it is estimated, contain twenty thousand trees. At St. Augustine, it is said, there are, at least, thirty thousand standard trees, four thousand of which are owned by Mr. J. Douglass, about the same number by Mr. V. Sanchez; and by Mr. J. Drisdale, and the lady of the late Dr. Anderson, fifteen hundred each. Notwithstanding the injuries which the trees have suffered by the depredations of insects, for a few years, as well as by the discouragement caused by frost, it may be observed, that there are more standard trees planted in Florida, at the present time, than there ever were at any former period. Previous to 1835, St. Augustine produced annually from two millions to two millions five hundred thousand oranges, which were equal in bulk to about fifteen thousand barrels. They were shipped to Charleston, Baltimore, New York, Boston, etc., and usually brought from one dollar to three dollars per hundred, or about three dollars per barrel, producing, in the aggregate, a little short of fifty thousand dollars per annum. During the orange season, the port of St. Augustine formerly presented quite a commercial aspect, there being frequently from fifteen to twenty vessels in it at a time, loading with fruit. A person who was the owner of one hundred standard trees, could safely rely on a yearly income arising therefrom of two thousand dollars, sometimes three thousand, and even four thousand dollars! In 1829, Mr. A. Alvarez gathered from a single tree six thousand five hundred oranges; and it is said that there was a tree on the St. John's, which bore ten thousand fruits in one year! But ordinarily each tree produces about two thousand fruits.

The orange has also been an object o. culture for a long time in Carolina and Georgia; and in 1762, it will be seen by the London "Annual Register" for that year, that there were four barrels of this fruit shipped from Charleston to England. —*D. J. Browne.*

A FEW WORDS ON FISHING, BY OLD HUMPHREY.

The sparkling rivers as they run,
With pike and trout abound;
And the conger eel in the salt sea-loch,
And the cod and ling are found.
The lonely angler goes abroad:
Beneath the spreading tree,
With rod in hand he takes his stand—
A silent man is he.

It might be difficult to say whether the rod or the gun is most estimated in the Highlands. Sporting is an absolute passion there, that animates the hearts of thousands—a passion that is fostered by the abundance of fish found in the rivers, lochs, and pools, the great number of birds on the moors, and the wild and mountainous scenery yielding delight to the liberty-loving sportsman. Enough for me are the lochs, the moors, the glens, and the mountains, without any additional stimulus. Content am I to let the finny tribe glide unmolested in their crystal element, and the poor bird of the wild to wing his way to the heathy hill unpursued by the murderous shot from my death-giving hand. It is enough for me to roam at liberty when the sky is blue and the sun bright; when

"The heather-bell is blooming fair,
And gaily waves the yellow broom;
And many a wild flower, bright and rare,
Lends to the breeze its choice perfume."

To say nothing of a sport for which I have no inclination, hardly could I brook the monotonous interruption of waiting for a nibble, or watching for a wild fowl, when I might be roaming with delight and gazing on the running or wide-spread waters.

Whenever water adorns the landscape it always attracts and pleases the eye. The sun lights it up with his beams; the breeze gently agitates it with its breath; the clouds fling their forms on its surface that is ever varying in beauty and showing the shape and colour and motion of surrounding objects, faithfully depicting their changes in their glare and their gloom. The pool, the brook, the river, the lake, and the ocean, all have their several attractions.

How varied are the voices of moving waters, soothing and turbulent, weak and strong, murmuring in the rivulet, babbling in the brook, and roaring and thundering in the cataract and the ocean:

> How low the sound where trickling streamlets creep!
> How loud the deafening clamours of the deep!

When we look at a lake, sea-like, yet visibly circled by the land, we are struck by its vastness and magnificence; when compared with the mighty ocean, it has less sublimity, but more beauty. There is nothing in the sea, having no visible opposite shore, that marks the space over which the eye travels, enabling us to form an idea of its immensity. When we look at the stars we require reflection to convince us of their magnitude and distance, and reflection is necessary when gazing on the ocean. The lake, on the contrary, with its distant boundary, is within the grasp of the eye; we can compare it with the pond, and have an immediate conception of its vastness.

The resemblance of the mountains, seen apparently far down in the tranquil bosom of the lake, with the blue sky immeasurably below, leave on the mind an impression of awful depth. Islands abounding in verdure ornament the lake; tall trees grow on its banks; cattle cool themselves in its shallows; birds of prey hover over it, water-fowl disport on its crystal surface, and the leaping finny tribe give animation to its tranquil waters. Wherever they are seen, lakes are usually lonely or wild, or romantic or beautiful, and as such are objects of interest and admiration to the traveller.

At the back of the inn at George's Town are some wild romantic hills overlooking the moor of Rannoch. On climbing these, I saw a succession of pools; there are as many as thirty, and perhaps more, to the south of Loch Lydoch—and John Mac Donald told me that every one of them abounded in trout. He had fished in most of them, and spoke of his sport with evident satisfaction.

Some fishermen are enthusiasts in their sport. "What is a river," says a writer, "a Scottish river, without its trout? What is the ocean without its navies? What are the heavens without their stars?" There is scarcely a scene, or landscape, in Highlands or Lowlands, with which the fish is not in some measure associated. Climb yonder hill, and gaze around and before you. See there an earl's proud mansion, his parks, and pleasure-grounds. See there trees of twice a century's growth,

> 'Whose very shadows
> Are histories on which to legislate;
> The veteran boughs are hung with oracles
> And legendary song.'

"But mark! seemingly at your feet, the life-blood of the picture—a broad, shining, rejoicing river! Gaze in turn up along the valley; yonder, as if from a huge cavern in the distance, you behold it issuing; you catch with your eye the gleam of its progress; now, at the base of a green ascent, or sheep-walk; further on, amid pastures and corn-fields; now, skirting a forest; now forming, as it were, the moat of a tower or castle; and, again, at yonder point, gathering in fresh tribute from a silvery stream. How it progresses! like the everlasting march of a king—music at every step—homage and increase at every turn. See! now it winds onward below us. The sward freshens where it flows; the flowers are more varied and abundant. It laves the walls of a town. It glides under a bridge of many arches. It pursues far on, far as the eye can stretch, its radiant and welcome course.

"And this river, one of the noblest of our streams, would it be the same—would it be equally endeared to us anglers—were it a fishless, unpeopled water, devoid of the 'mottled par,' the star-sided trout, the glittering salmon? What a blank, dreary aspect it would have unassociated with these! What chasms there would be in the mind and memory—in the forethought and expectation of the beholder! Not the landscape, not the lore, not the

minstrelsy, not the warble of birds, not the chiming of the sunlit river itself, could fill them up. Unpeopled!—desolate! The fortunes of a thousand rills are woven here. The dew of the mountain, the overfill of the lake, the upwelling of the spring, the boon of the cloud have met, and are mingled in this one great artery. Its material is life, its flow is life, its sound life; the shadows that fleet over it are all life!"

Fishing is called the "gentle craft;" and, as I have before intimated, the gentle-minded Izaac Walton is the "beau ideal" of a fisherman.

The following description by Stoddart, of the baiting of a hook for salmon-fishing, will prove, I should think, almost an antidote with many to the practice of the "gentle craft;" for how any one of a gentle spirit and susceptible frame can thus handle a worm to purchase an hour's gratification is to me a mystery:

"As to the worms best adapted for salmon fishing, I require to say little. The lob, or large dew-worm, is esteemed the favourite. This is easily obtained in the desired quantity from almost any piece of garden ground. In baiting the hook, two, sometimes three worms are made use of. These are attached in the following way:—Holding one of them betwixt the thumb and fore-finger of the left hand, insert the point of your hook a short way below the head of the worm, which, I shall suppose, measures in length eight or nine inches; run the bed of the wire carefully along through the bait, to the full extent of an inch, in the direction of the tail; bring the point out again, and, passing over an equal portion of the worm, re-enter it further on, drawing up, as you do so, what has already been transfixed, along the shank of the hook; then, as before, bring out the point an inch lower down. Repeat this proceeding a third time, and at its completion pull the worm up quite free from the hook to the gut above. Select a second worm, and insert, as formerly, the barbed wire below the head; run it along underneath until the shank, bend, and point are completely concealed. Then, with your finger and thumb, press down the first bait close against the shank, so as to hang over in small loops or folds. In the event of a third worm being thought necessary, string on the one preceding it in the manner I have already described, and use the worm in question to cover the hook."

But while I am wondering how humane and gentle spirits can place themselves in such unlovely attitudes, humane and gentle spirits are following out their pastime. They are tenderly handling their worms, and "regarding them as friends." Each is taking a large lob, or dew-worm, inserting the point of his hook a short way below the head of the worm, running the bend of the wire carefully along through the bait; in and out, pulling it up as this kindly process goes on, to the gut above the hook. Then in the same friendly way repeating the interesting operation on one or two other worms, till the shank, bend, and point of the hook are concealed; and lastly, pulling down the upper bait close against the shank, that it may hang over in useful and ornamental loops or folds. I might go on to describe the *friendly* attentions of the angler to the unwary fish that gorges the treat thus prepared for him, and take a peep into the basket where my poor finny friend, whose entrails have been torn out by the returning hook, is flapping himself to death in his agony.

A pretty picture this for the gentle spirit of a gentle angler to contemplate, accompanied by the recollection that he has had all the pleasure and profit, and the fish and the dew-worms all the pain. But I know that he will satisfy himself with the argument that God, in his word, has given the lower creatures to man, and that Peter and Andrew were fishers; solacing himself with the consolation that fish do not suffer half so much as many people suppose:

When Holy Scripture blames our plan,
We neither know nor see;
But when it seems to suit our ends,
How wondrous wise are we!

What a pity it is that we cannot always be consistent! I feel half inclined to whisper in the ear of Old Humphrey the inquiry, whether he felt much virtuous indignation against fishing when he partook, as he did frequently, in different parts of Scotland, of the "salmon steak" and the "potted char?" True, there is a great difference between one who fishes for his pleasure, and another who fishes for his bread; and the "salmon steak" and the "potted char" may be provided by the latter; but I am afraid that many of us who remember this distinction when condemning fishing, altogether forget it when feasting on fish. We sit down to the banquet, without troubling our heads

about the way in which it has been provided.

Salmon-fishing is carried on in various ways beside angling. One method is to place a tar-barrel on an iron frame in the middle of a boat in a river frequented by salmon, and to set it on fire at night, while the water is beaten violently by men higher up in the river than the boat, and lower down. Alarmed by the splashing and dashing of the water, and attracted by the glare of the tar-barrel, the fish leap into the boat with precipitation.

Lochs Lomond, Vennachar, and Katrine, Earn, Lubnaig and Voil, Ard, Chon, and Dhu, Awe, Arklet, and Dronkie, are all famous for trolling and fly-fishing; and salmon, pike, trout, perch, and eels, are taken from them in great abundance. Nor are the sea lochs unproductive; though a fisherman uninstructed in the best fishing-grounds, and knowing but little of the proper state of the tide in which to pursue his sport, might meet with little success. Cod, haddock, ling, flounders, skate, and conger-eels, are more commonly caught than other fish.

"Thunder," says an adept in fishing, "is generally believed to be destruction to fishing of all kinds,—and so it often is. I, however, know an instance, when a friend of mine set his long line just before a tremendous storm, which raged the whole hour it was in the water. As soon as it cleared he rowed to his line, with no hope of success for that day: to his astonishment it was perfectly loaded with heavy fish. Something similar happened to myself, when going to fish in the Almond, near Edinburgh. I was overtaken by a thunder-storm when close to the river; directly upon its subsiding I commenced fishing, and at the second or third throw hooked a fine trout. After a few hours I returned home, having had excellent sport."

Fishermen not only need patience, but I think they possess it; for after having passed one of the gentle craft in the morning plying his avocation, I found him on my return in the evening within twenty yards of the same spot, seemingly as little disposed to lay down his rod, as when I first beheld him standing on the brink of the water. The unwearied patience, assiduity, and perseverance of the angler, are worthy a better cause. Could we only bring these qualities into play in the trials of this life, and our strivings after the glorious things of a better, they would prove to us an inestimable benefit.

"I have heard," says the author of "The Moor and the Loch," "of tying baited hooks to the legs of geese, and turning them adrift. When a pike seizes the bait, the goose begins to flap its wings, and there is often considerable sport in the struggle; but it is certainly a most cruel diversion, especially if a large pike is hooked. The humane man will be more amused with the float."

There is an approach to the humorous, in a fisherman, in the midst of his writhing worms and gasping fish, talking of humanity; however, when collecting in the cause of benevolence, we must be thankful for the smallest contributions. The following anecdote I take from the "Scrap-book" now lying before me:

"Several years ago, a farmer, who resided in the immediate neighbourhood of Lochmaben, Dumfriesshire, kept a gander, who had not only a great trick of wandering himself, but also delighted in piloting forth his cackling harem, to weary themselves in circumnavigating their native lake, or in straying amidst forbidden fields on the opposite shore. Wishing to check this vagrant habit, he one day seized the gander, just as he was about to spring into his favourite element, and tying a large fishhook to his leg, to which was attached part of a dead frog, he suffered him to proceed upon his voyage of discovery. As had been anticipated, this bait soon caught the eye of a greedy pike, which, swallowing the deadly hook, not only arrested the progress of the astonished gander, but forced him to perform half a dozen somersets on the surface of the water. For some time the struggle was most amusing, the fish pulling, and the bird screaming with all its might; the one attempting to fly, and the other to swim, from the invisible enemy; the gander one moment losing, and the next regaining his centre of gravity, and casting between whiles many a rueful look at his snow-white fleet of geese and goslings, which cackled forth their sympathy for their afflicted commodore. At length victory declared in favour of the feathered angler, who bearing away for the nearest shore, landed on the smooth green grass one of the finest pikes ever caught in the Castle-loch."

The more common mode of setting lines for pikes, is that of suspending a bait of trout, perch, roach, or frog, from a tightly-corked empty bottle. The fisherman, on a still evening, when the beetle "wheels his droning flight," and the dark

shadow of the mountain is felt in its influence, as well as seen on the unruffled loch, takes with him, in a boat, a good supply of these baits and bottles, and drops them in the water, outside the weedy shallows, one by one, at a distance of about a score yards from each other. The hungry pike, after basking during the sultry hours near the shore, leave their weedy shelter in search of food, and greedily devour the tempting banquet provided for them. Down go the bottles, one after another, but their buoyancy prevents the fish from keeping them long under the water. The fisher now enters on his sport, which consists in chasing the bottles as they alternately are seen and disappear, and in drawing up the finny captives, more or less exhausted by their fruitless efforts to escape.

But enough of fishing,—for those who revel with the rod and line will think but lightly of my remark; while such as have no pleasure in angling, will be led, willingly, to subjects better suited to their entertainment. I was gazing on a Scottish fishing-scene that I shall not soon forget. The gray dappled clouds, forming "a mackerel sky," were mirrored in the secluded angle of a lonely loch; a gray tower, in ruins, crested the summit of a gray crag; while underneath the branches of an aged tree, profusely hung with gray moss, stood motionless, with his angle-rod in his hand, an old Highlander, in his gray plaid and cap, with his eyes fixed on the water. It was a perfect picture of seclusion and quietude, with no glaring object visible to disturb the general harmony and sobriety which prevailed.

When gazing on such a scene as this, quiet and tranquil thoughts spring up in the mind, sometimes referring to earth, and at other times to heaven: and pleasant it is in such seasons to have stored up in the memory some beautiful form of words, either in prose or poesy, calculated to lead us on to submission to the will of our Heavenly Father, and to move us to thankfulness and praise. Very sweet and soothing are the words of Luther:

"Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands;
To His sure truth and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands:

"Who points the clouds their course;
Whom winds and seas obey:
He shall direct thy wandering feet;
He shall prepare thy way.

"Put thou thy trust in God;
In duty's path go on;
Fix on His word thy stedfast eye—
So shall thy work be done.

"No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care;
To Him commend thy cause—His ear
Attends the softest prayer.

"Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope and be undismay'd;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.

"Through waves and clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou His time: thy darkest night
Shall end in brightest day!"

A CHRISTIAN.

A Christian is born of God, engrafted into Christ, and an habitation for the Holy Spirit. His nature is renewed, his mind illumined, his spirit changed.

He is not what he was, for grace hath made a difference; he is not what he desires to be, for grace is not yet perfected; he is not what he shall be, for grace shall be consummated in glory.

The knowledge of Christ is his treasure; the mind of Christ his evidence; the love of Christ his song; conformity to Christ his life; to be with Christ his pre-eminent desire.

By faith he rests on Christ, receives Christ, and looks to Christ.

He heareth Christ's words, treadeth in Christ's steps, and seeketh Christ's approbation.

He speaks the language of the Saviour's kingdom, reveres the Saviour's statutes and laws, obeys his ordinances, wears his costume, and lives to his glory.

The life of Christ within him is the principle of his being; and because Christ ever lives, he shall live also. In the Christian, Christ lives, and speaks, and acts.

He is Christ's representative on earth, his witness before men, and his follower before God. The Christian hearkens to Christ's teachings, rests on Christ's sacrifice, avails himself of Christ's mediation, and cheerfully obeys Christ's royal laws. He inquires, What would Christ have me know, what do, and what enjoy?

To know Christ, is Christianity intellectual; to obey Christ, Christianity practical; to enjoy Christ, Christianity experimental; and to be like Christ, Christianity perfected.

As bread to the hungry, as water to the thirsty, as the rock in the sultry day, is Christ to the Christian.

The Christian is in the world, but not

of it; among the world, but yet separate from it; passing through the world, without attachment to it.

The idolater boasts in his idols, the Mohammedan in the false prophet, and the Romanist in the virgin; but the Christian glories only in the cross of the Lord Jesus Christ.

The Christian is a man, and may err; an imperfect man, and may sin: but a renewed man, and shall have his fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life.

The Christian is a warrior, and must fight; but he is a conqueror, and must prevail.

The Christian sojourns on earth, but dwells in heaven; a pilgrim in the desert, but an enrolled denizen of the skies.

The Christian is the impress of Christ, the reflection of the Father, and the temple of the Holy Ghost.

Contrast him with the infidel, in his faith; with the profligate, in his life; with the merely moral, in his heart; and with the Pharisee, in his spirit. His pedigree, from Jehovah; his nature, from heaven; and his name, from Antioch. Oh, Christian! great is thy dignity, refulgent thy glory, interminable thy blessed hope. All things are thine; thou art Christ's, and Christ is God's.—*Christian Philosophy.*

THE PRIVILEGED.

To what variety of experience is man subjected in this world! Hope and fear, gladness and gloom alternately preponderate; and sometimes the struggle between these contending emotions is so severe and long-continued, that the individual who is their subject finds it impossible to describe his real feelings. Doubtless such experience is necessary. Were our race perfect—that is, perfect so far as perfection can ever be predicated of finite beings—there would be no need for subjection to these mental vicissitudes. There would be no fire and flood to test the qualities of the heart, no furnace for the trial of faith, and no making "perfect through sufferings." In such a case the thorn in the flesh would not urge the sufferer's petitions for deliverance; nor would the promise, "My grace is sufficient for thee," be hailed as a Divine boon. But man is a learner here; this world is the scene of moral lessons, whose blessed results, in the case of certain persons, are to go down through eternity!

These persons may be justly called "the privileged." The term is not only obviously correct in view of their present enjoyments and immunities, but its application to them is warranted by Scripture. Thus in the first chapter of St. John's Gospel, we read, regarding believers in Jesus, "As many as received him, to them gave he power" (more appropriately rendered in the margin, "the privilege") "to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name." From this application of the term, denoting as it does parties who are described as receiving Christ, and believing on his name, it is clear that all men are not among the privileged. Were the enjoyments and prospects to which we are about to refer the common inheritance of the human race, without respect to moral character, there would be no need for the express description of the evangelist. But "the privilege" of being sons of God is expressly guarded as belonging to believers, and of course excludes all who do not receive Jesus, who do not believe on his name; that is, excludes them so long as they continue to reject Christ, and refuse to believe on him. Believers only, but believers always, whatever their nation, or however they may be locally distinguished from each other, are the privileged. It is to be noted, however, that exemption from the ordinary cares of human life, its losses, trials, tears, toils, and changes, is not among their privileges. They have, like other men, to eat their bread in the sweat of their brow. They experience solicitude, disquietude, and grief. They often hang the head under the burden of thought, and weep in secret places. They often wonder "what the end will be" of those dark providences with which they, among others, are occasionally visited. They feel the conflict, the heart-battle, the unexpressed sorrow of the soul. And they, too, have to bring their dead out of their sight, to weep over the graves of beloved ones, and to go as mourners about the streets. Believers are not exempted from these things. Nay more, strange as it may seem to those who cannot appreciate, because they do not understand their privileges, believers would not judge such exemption a privilege. They have been taught, for certain satisfactory reasons, to count it all joy when divers trials meet them in the course of Divine Providence;—and though this also may seem strange, the true nature of their privileges could not

be fully understood by themselves, if, by some act of power on the part of God, they were exempted from the ordinary experience of their fellow-men. For among their privileges is to be reckoned the support which they receive from their God and Saviour amidst their trials. The value of their Redeemer's consolations is then increasingly felt. His grace imparted then enables them to glorify him in the fires. The dark and cloudy day is not unfrequently the time when his unwavering friendship is seen in its most attractive forms. He is then found to be a "brother, born for adversity." When the disciple is sinking, the hand of Christ held out to save him, and the words of Christ, "It is I, be not afraid," calmly pronounced amidst the storm, give him a deeper impression of the value of his most holy faith, and a higher idea of the abounding mercy of God than he could have had under circumstances of unbroken prosperity. To "meditate on him in the night-watches," however dense the external gloom, is the way to have "the mouth filled with praise." To render the heated furnace harmless, the presence of the Son of God is amply sufficient. The doctrines of the gospel are found to be beyond all price in the hour of adversity, sickness, and death. Their value is then put to the severest test, and the result is that the sufferer exclaims, "I have not followed a cunningly devised fable!—I know whom I have believed!"

The believer in Christ has thus a privilege of which the worldly man, the impenitent, the unbeliever, or by whichever name he may be described, knows nothing. The ambitious would part with his honours, the rich man with his gold, and monarchs with their sceptres, could the exchange procure, in the hour of death, the joyful hope which animates the breast of the Christian, when, with his heart already in heaven, he falls asleep in Christ. But it is the privilege only of those who have passed from death unto life by faith in the Saviour, to pass from the scene of suffering and death to that of fulness of joy and life everlasting, in the presence of Him of whom he now says, "Whom having not seen I love." To depart and be with Christ is the privilege only of the man who can truly say, "I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord;" that I may "be found in him, not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith."

But believers have also the grand privilege of extracting permanent good out of temporary evil. They are taught to do so. The power is not theirs inherently. They are instructed by the Holy Spirit the Comforter to be "exercised" by "chastening;" for though for the present it is not joyous but grievous, "nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness." They are thus addressed, in language of wonderful import, and great tenderness, "My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of him. For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth. If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons: for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not? But if ye be without chastisement, whereof all (all the true children of God) are partakers, then are ye bastards, and not sons. Furthermore we have had fathers of our flesh which corrected us, and we gave them reverence; shall we not much rather be in subjection unto the Father of spirits, and live? For they verily for a few days chastened us after their own pleasure; but he for our profit, that we might be partakers of his holiness. Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby." Thus, by the grace of God, good is brought out of evil, spiritual good out of short-lived trials, and song and joy out of that which is confessedly grievous. Out of the eater comes forth meat, and out of the strong sweetness. The man who went astray before he was afflicted, praises God for the affliction which had the happy disciplinary effect of leading him back to his Father; so that when enumerating some of his privileges—such as justification by faith, and peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ, he adds, "And not only so, but we glory in tribulation also; knowing that tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope: and hope maketh not ashamed; because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us."

We have sometimes thought it strange that otherwise intelligent men can read over such passages as those we have

transcribed, without putting such questions as these: Are the inspired writers in earnest? Do they mean what they say? Is the ordinary import of language to be understood here? If so, Christians are wonderfully privileged men; they must be happy; they alone are happy if they can honestly say, We glory in tribulation because of its salutary consequences. But as spiritual truths are discerned only by spiritual men, the ordinary reader of Scripture, however intelligent he may be, if he has no heart-relish for the things of God, will not be curious to ascertain the full meaning of inspired language, especially when that language relates to personal experience. Nevertheless, all must assent to the proposition that the man who is taught to educe abiding good out of transient evil, is not only one of the wisest, but also one of the most highly privileged of men.

But this is not all. The privileged have also the assurance of ultimate deliverance from every trying visitation. It is one of the wondrous truths of the gospel—and the book in which it is written deserves the name were it only for this truth—that "all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose." What a priceless privilege is this! "All our afflictions and trials," says a judicious commentator, "all the persecutions and calamities to which we are exposed, though they are numerous and long-continued, yet they are among the means that are appointed for our welfare. They shall co-operate; they shall mutually contribute to our good. They take off our affections from this world; they teach us the truth about our frail, transitory, and dying condition; they lead us to look to God for support, and to heaven for a final home, and they produce a subdued spirit, a humble temper, a patient, tender, and kind disposition. This has been the experience of all saints; and at the end of life they have been able to say, it was good for them to be afflicted. And the time comes to them all when they are to be removed far beyond the reach of any trial, and introduced to the beatific vision of the Lamb, to the paradise of perpetual bliss, the mansions of glory, where there is nothing to hurt or to destroy; to the land of unmingled felicity—

"Where on a green and flowery mount
Their weary souls shall sit,
And with transporting joys recount
The labours of their feet."

W. L.

THE BIBLE.

The Bible is a universal boon to mankind; and we who believe in its inspiration should do our utmost to give it extension and effect. It is not written for any particular nation or age. It does not depend for its authority or its vouchers, upon any church or all churches. It stands upon its own peculiar evidences, and no more requires the indorsement of the church to make it current, than the sun requires the authority of the astronomers to warrant our belief in its existence, or our perception of its light and heat. The Bible belongs to the world, like the air, the ocean, the rivers, and the fountains of water. It is a common light, a common blessing, the imperishable heir-loom of humanity: our whole inheritance lies here. No party can claim any special property in it; none has any right to monopolise it, or dogmatise upon its contents. It adequately vindicates its own claims, by the light, and truth, and love, which never forsake it. Happily it has long since achieved for itself an emancipation from the priestcraft which had restricted its circulation, and dictated its import to the world. It has since been gradually diffusing its light, and advancing towards that universal dissemination which its own prophecies foreshow as certain, and the auguries of these times indicate as near. Great and auspicious events to mankind seem to be travailing for their birth-hour. But whatever character they may give to the eras which have yet to revolve, our own times have received their appropriate stamp; they can hardly miss the designation of the Bible age. Happy will it prove for ourselves, if we are found as diligent in studying the contents of the book, as we have been zealous in promoting its circulation.—*Redford.*

THE LIGHT OF GLORY.

The light of glory will be a complete commentary on the Bible, and loose all the hard and knotty questions in divinity. There is no joy on earth comparable to that which ariseth from the discovery of truth; no discovery of truth comparable to the discovery of Scripture truth made by the Spirit of the Lord unto the soul. Yet it is but an imperfect discovery we have of it while here. How ravishing then will it be to see the opening of the whole treasure hid in that field!—*Boston.*

CABINS AND WEDDINGS OF THE WELSH PEASANTRY.

In a former paper, our readers will remember, we gave a description of one of the humblest order of Welsh cabins; we will now, by way of contrast, place before them one of the better sort of dwellings among the peasantry of Wales; and also add some particulars relating to the celebration of the nuptial rite among this singular but deeply interesting people.

On the former occasion, our visit was made to a mud-built tenement, on a fine, clear morning in autumn, while yet the sun was shining in all his glory. Contrary to that which has been already described, our visit, on the occasion now before us, was made in the evening of a lovely day in the month of July. The sun had nearly sunk below the horizon, and had left a rich crimson tint above; the birds were whistling their farewell notes to departing day; the peasants were joyfully wending their steps homeward from the fields at the close of labour; so calm and silent was the hour, that distant sounds were distinctly heard, and each footfall occasioned an echo; every unkind feeling was hushed within the breast, which seemed alive only to the surrounding beauties of creation; the purer and gentler impulses of humanity, ay, every thought was in harmony with the serenity which universally prevailed.

While the eye was thus delighting itself with the objects which successively presented themselves, and the mind was ruminating upon the scenes and occurrences of the preceding day, the old woman in her mud cabin, her singular attire, her peculiar mien, her probable history, and such like themes, we espied some irregular and rustic-looking steps, formed principally of a few unshapely stones, with here and there a piece of wood between to make the footing more secure; these we traced up the side of a high bank which led from the main road to a field above. By carefully following this track, the eye might discover, between the waving foliage which embosomed it, a very small dwelling, to all appearance, at this distance, of a similar character to the one we have been describing. A spot so secluded excited our curiosity; it might be the haunt of robbers, or of some wandering tribe, of some recluse perhaps, who, disappointed in his earthly prospects, had retired to this spot hoping to escape the observation of man, and to spend the remainder of his days in solitude and peace. We were bold enough to ascend with a view to gratify our curiosity; and well were we rewarded; for on gaining the top, and stepping over a small plank of wood which had been placed to mark a private entrance, we discovered on a little plot of ground, separated from a public common, a pretty little cottage, bearing on its exterior every mark of comfort and respectability, which induced us still further to pursue our investigation as to who or what might be within.

Slowly approaching towards what seemed a kind of out-house, which proved, however, to be a carpenter's workshed, we were met at the door with great courtesy by an honest-looking man with a saw in his hand, the teeth of which were full of fresh-made saw-dust. His whole appearance led us to conclude that he was still at work, notwithstanding the hour for labour had gone by. On being invited, we walked in and found it to be as we had just surmised. The man was a carpenter, and he was at work, not on his ordinary business, but in making some article of furniture to add to the stock which already conduced to the comforts of his little cot. We were somewhat amused to observe some fowls, which a ray of the setting sun gleaming through the rich umbrageous foliage, for an instant admitted into the apartment, revealed to us. They were roosting on some logs of useless timber which were piled up in one corner of the shed. At hearing, probably, the voices of strangers they slowly opened their eyes, casting a drowsy look towards us; but after shaking their feathers, changing the right for the left claw, on which they rested, putting their heads under their wings, they again composed themselves to sleep.

On inquiring of the good man whether he lived alone, or had a companion, he replied, as if delighted by the question, "No; not alone; I have a wife;" and without waiting any further questions, he hastily retired to the foot of some steps which appeared to lead up to a loft over the work-shop. We were not long left in suspense as to the fact. It was a loft which Charlotte (such was the name of his wife) used for the purposes of washing, and stowing away articles of lumber, in order to secure the perfect neatness of one room for the enjoyment of herself and her husband, when the toils of the day were ended. At the good man's call Charlotte appeared, and we needed no

longer to be told the reason for his apparent joy at the question, whether he lived alone. The most polished gentlewoman could not have received us with greater propriety or with a more graceful address than did this humble inmate of a Welsh cabin. In addition to this courtly behaviour, her expression of countenance was most interesting. Her figure was tall and elegant, though beyond the meridian of life. There was a touch of the sorrowful, mingled with the sweetest smile of acquiescence in an all-wise and overruling Providence, which seemed to say, "He doeth all things well!"

She conducted us into a little parlour, the cleanliness and order of which could not be surpassed: homely indeed and few were the articles of furniture which it contained, but there was a taste in their arrangement which told of no vulgar mind. A square, polished oak table stood in the centre of the room, on which lay a Welsh Testament, to all appearance in daily use, and yet without a thumb mark or a mutilated leaf; while the margin showed many a line penciled to denote a favourite passage. In one corner was a clock inclosed in a tall oak case, carved and polished similarly to the table, the surface of both being smooth as glass. The oak case—we were told by Charlotte with an enthusiasm of feeling of which only a mother is capable—was the work of her first-born son. His spirit may have returned to God who gave it, and in her possession perhaps remains but this one memento to tell of his sojourn in a world of tears. This case, with a few chairs, some cups and saucers, a fire-screen, the work of Charlotte's early years, carefully covered over with a thin muslin to preserve it from dust, a footstool, and two hanging bookshelves, completed the furniture of the apartment. Here we sat down awhile with this interesting woman; and after making inquiries as to the number of her children, their occupations, and her husband—of whom she spoke in the warmest terms, as far as we could understand her, for she spoke more than half Welsh—she assured us that he had never uttered an unkind word to her for thirty years, the period they had been married, and that he was "one of the most industrious, good-hearted, conscientious, and respectable men in all Wales!"

On rising to take our leave of this happy couple, we tendered an offering with as little ceremony as possible, putting it quietly into Charlotte's hand. Hers was the gratitude of the heart, and therefore she knew well how to receive the gift: with inexpressible sweetness she smiled her thanks, while with a dignified bend of the head, which spoke louder than the most vociferous acknowledgments of inferior minds, she followed us to the door with regrets, observing that, "perhaps we might never meet again on earth;" and then adding, the silent tears trickling down her cheeks, "if not here, I trust we shall in that better land, where we shall not have to say farewell!"

The words of an English bard are not inapplicably associated with our estimate of this superior woman:

> "Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
> The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
> Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
> And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Having fulfilled our promise in reference to the cabin, we will now give a few particulars of former observances at the weddings of the peasantry. These were occasions of great stir and bustle in the towns and villages where they were celebrated. If our readers, in the course of an excursion into many parts of Wales, would visit some of these convenient houses where refreshments await more especially the pedestrian traveller, they would sometimes be reminded of a hive of bees at the moment in which the queen mother is about to lead forth the first swarm; and on inquiring as to the cause of all this hurry of business, they would be informed that a wedding was being celebrated, and the party, not unfrequently consisting of forty or fifty friends, were expected to dine there on their return from the place of worship. The bride on such occasions headed the table, which was spread with all the delicacies which the means of the party would allow. This part of the entertainment concluded, the room was cleared, and dancing commenced; the musicians were usually old Welsh harpers, and the village fiddler; and this description of revelry was often prolonged till after midnight.

In former times there were many ceremonies peculiar to these weddings, which time and the growth of refinement have now almost entirely abolished. For instance, there was what in those days was termed a *bidder*. By this was to be understood, a person well skilled in pedigrees and anecdotes of families—active, handsome, and sprightly, with good address and some pretensions to eloquence. His office was to bid friends to the wed-

ding banquet. As the insignia of his office, he was supplied with a staff, which was fancifully ornamented with coloured ribands and flowers, and a bonnet little less decorated, and thus he paid his respects to the mansions and other dwellings in the district. The purport of this routine was not merely to solicit the presence of the friends and well-wishers of the young couple, but also to ensure their seasonable contributions or presents, which were employed to provide a comfortable stock with which to commence housekeeping. These offerings consisted principally of some articles of apparel, or of furniture, live stock, provision, and sometimes money, according to the ability and disposition of the donor. The donation, however, could not be considered altogether a gift, since it was expected that a like compliment would be returned whenever a wedding occurred in the circle from whence the said present had been made; on the principle clearly of "One good turn deserves another." The office of the bidder was, on entering a dwelling, which by the way was always managed to be at a time when the whole family were at home, to strike the floor with his staff, by way of soliciting an audience; then to bow gracefully to the master and mistress of the family, and commence his address. The words spoken were according to what the speaker deemed desirable; doubtless those the most likely to affect the generosity of the party. On being informed that the couple to be married might expect to be congratulated in person, he bowed again still lower, and departed, having, however, previously drank to the happiness and prosperity of the company.

Some time before the nuptials were celebrated, the presents were made, and the names of the donors entered in a book kept for that purpose, together with the amounts collected. The marriage was usually celebrated at an early hour, the bride and bridegroom separating afterwards to their respective families; the piper then, who was invariably present on these occasions, mounted on a horse trained for the purpose, made a signal for the commencement of the sport. The first achievement was the capture of the bride, and carrying her off from her friends, in imitation of what at one time was really practised in some part of Cardiganshire, less than half a century back. The friends of the bridegroom, and the piper playing a variety of merry tunes in the midst of them, used for this purpose to mount on horseback, and to gallop off full speed for the house which contained the object of their search. Many obstacles were raised to impede their progress; such as ropes of straw laid across the road, large logs of wood, or heaps of stones placed in the centre, and mock pitfalls. But the most formidable obstruction was the gwyntyn, (Anglicè quintin,) an upright pole, on the top of which was fixed, horizontally, an iron pin, which allowed of its turning round, if touched ever so lightly.

At one end of this beam hung a bag of sand, and at the other a narrow plank, which, as the horseman rode by, he struck with his staff. If dexterously done he retained his seat; but not unfrequently was it the reverse, and then he was sure to be dismounted by a stroke of the sand-bag, an occurrence which was always hailed with much merriment. The successful rider was invited to a trial of skill at some athletic game by the champions of the bride, who surrounded the pole, to guard which, and to deliver a correct statement of the candidates for the honour, was considered a distinguished favour. All difficulties surmounted, the door of the house where the bride was staying was presently reached, and if not immediately opened to the applicant, it was assailed with music and poetry.

Such were some of the peculiar customs which formerly prevailed on occasions of marriages in several parts of Wales. There were others even more ridiculous, as they appear to us, most of which have given way to a more rational recognition of so serious an event—one which ought never to occur without seeking previously the sanction and the blessing of the Almighty. S. S. S.

EFFECT OF THE WORD OF GOD.

A MOST remarkable proof of the mighty effects that the word of God can produce was mentioned by Mr. Bourne, at a Bible Society meeting, some little time since.

A gentleman went to one of our large Union-houses, and asked the master of it whether he had not a ward set apart for refractory subjects? The master replied that there was such a ward. The gentleman requested that he might be permitted to go in amongst them alone, and endeavour to bring them to good order. "Impossible," replied the master; "it would be most hazardous for

you to attempt any such thing. You are quite welcome to go in, if you like; but I only tell you that you will be running an immense risk, for I never dare go in without arms." "Oh," said the gentleman, "if that is all, I have arms in my pocket, and I am not in the least afraid." "Well," replied the master, "you can go; but I will give you a sign by which you can intimate to me when you wish to withdraw, which I expect will be pretty soon. So he gave him some private sign to make use of. Upon this the master opened the door of the refractory ward, showed him in, and quickly closed it upon him. As soon as he found himself amongst them he drew his arms out of his pocket. They consisted of a sword, yet not one of glittering steel, but it was "the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God." Taking this in his hand, he sat down on the nearest bench he could find. He opened his Bible, and read for fifteen minutes, without making note or comment. He read nothing but the pure word of God, without making a single remark of his own. He, like David of old, when he went forth to meet the giant of Gath, had recourse to no arms but the simple though all-powerful "sword of the Spirit." His hearers listened to him in perfect silence. And when he had finished he merely said to them, "Should you like me to come tomorrow, and read to you again?" They replied, that they should be very much obliged to him if he would. He accordingly went the next day, and did exactly the same. He went a third, and a fourth, and a fifth day, till he had been twelve times, doing exactly the same each day—merely reading a portion of Scripture for a quarter of an hour, without making an observation of his own.

When he went on the thirteenth morning, the master said, "You might have saved yourself the trouble of coming this morning, sir; for there is not a single man left in the refractory ward. Every one is come out, and is conducting himself perfectly well amongst the other inmates of the house. And here we might pause, and make a remark; but the whole story has not yet been told.

This gentleman had a wife, and she had heard that there was a refractory ward of women as well as one of men. So she went and requested permission to go in alone to them, as her husband had done amongst the men. "Oh," said the master, "it will not be safe for you to do so: they are such a set. The men were bad enough, but the women are far worse; they would tear your clothes off your back, I am sure; for you know, ma'am, when women are bad they are ten times worse than men." She replied that she was not afraid; but still wished to go in amongst them. The master made no objection, and took her to the ward and let her in. She went in and sat down, and took out the same arms, and pursued exactly the same course as her husband had done. She read the Scriptures for fifteen minutes, without making a remark of her own. And this she did day after day, not for twelve days only, but for twenty-two. On the twenty-third morning the master told her she need not have come; for there was not a woman left in the refractory ward. All of them had so amended their conduct, as to render their confinement there no longer necessary.

What comment is needful on this simple and remarkable history? It speaks for itself. Had the gentleman and his wife made use of eloquent speeches, some might have said that those refractory subjects had been influenced by the enticing words of men. But no—not a word of their own did they utter. They let God alone speak; and thus proved that "the word of God is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword."

To God alone, then, be all the glory; for to him alone belong the praise and the mighty effects that were produced upon the refractory inmates of that Union.

But, after all, let us not limit the word of God in its power. In the history we have related, it produced but an outward reformation of manners; but it can effect more than this.

"It is the power of God unto salvation." It is the incorruptible seed that God implants in the heart of man by which any of his rational creatures are brought to exercise faith in his dear Son. Whence comes faith but by hearing? and whence hearing but by the word of God? We know of no seed implanted in baptism. Erring and ignorant men have talked of such a seed; but the Scriptures, the sole rule of faith, speak of no seed but the incorruptible seed, which is the word of God. And to how many hearts has God brought home his word with power to the saving of the soul! We know of one eminent minister now

living who had heard many sermons and read many good books, all to no purpose, but one Sunday he entered a church where no gospel truth was heard from the pulpit except the passage of Scripture from which the clergyman took his text. On this Sunday the text was, "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." This precious word fell as dew upon his youthful heart. It moistened the heart of stone. He saw for the first time that his sins were so numberless and aggravated, that they must sink him into hell; and at the same time he heard the tender voice of a gracious God calling to him to come and bring his sins to the unfathomable fountain opened for sin and uncleanness, and find rest to his soul.

Dear reader, what effect has the word of God had upon your soul? Has it ever yet fallen as a hammer upon the heart of adamant, and broken it up; or as rain upon the rock, to run off as soon as fallen, without producing any impression? If the latter, I beseech you to take up the word in good earnest, study it deeply, for your life is in jeopardy, and cry aloud to God so to engraft it in your heart by the power of his Spirit, that for his dear Son's sake it may be the means of bringing you savingly to the knowledge of him, and producing a true conversion of heart.—*Friendly Visitor.*

THE GRAVESTONE.

The late excellent and useful rev. Charles Simeon was called many years ago to officiate in St. John's church, Horaleydown. While thus engaged, he had, one afternoon, to attend a funeral, and having entered the churchyard before the arrival of the corpse and the mourners, he looked at the tombstones, hoping to find some text or sentiment on which he might meditate with profit; but for some time he found nothing more than the praises so common in such circumstances, of "a sincere friend," "a good husband," "a kind father," praises which, unhappily, are often far from being just.

At length, however, he cast his eye on a stone, where he read, as the language of the departed:

"When from the dust of death I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies,
E'en then shall this be all my plea,
Jesus hath lived and died for me."

Here, indeed, was food for meditation. For any one to make this declaration in truth, a great change must pass on the soul. Instead of the whole time being occupied in the things of this world, it must be felt that "there is a spirit in man"—a spirit that must live for ever. Instead of the individual thinking that he or she is free from sin, or has committed but few offences against God, there will be the conviction that, times beyond number, there has been, in failing to do what God has required, and in doing what he has clearly forbidden, the commission of iniquity. Instead of the hope that peace may be made with God by any works supposed to be good, or by any sufferings however severe, there will be, despair as to all human help, a grateful acceptance of the gospel, which declares that the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin; and a consequent reliance on him, and him alone, for present and eternal salvation. And when this change is brought by the power of the Holy Spirit, through "the truth as it is in Jesus," then the believer, whether poor or rich, whether untaught or learned, whether known to few or many, may expect, according to those promises, which are "exceeding great and precious," all that is necessary and desirable during life; a safe, and it may be a peaceful or joyous passage through the valley of the shadow of death, and a glorious resurrection to everlasting blessedness. And to whom will he offer his praise on earth and in heaven? His song-word is that of the redeemed of the Lord, which shall never end: "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father, to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

Such thoughts as these filled the mind of Mr. Simeon, as he read the inscription on the gravestone; and as they kindled the holy feelings of his heart, he looked round to see if there were any one with whom they might be shared. Observing a poor woman, who seemed to have been employed as he had been, he beckoned her to him, and said, "You seem to be reading the inscriptions on the tombstones; pray read this. Can *you* say so? if you can, you are a happy woman." "Sir," said she, "I

am not happy, but very unhappy;"—her appearance showing, at the same time, that she was suffering from great anguish of mind. He was beginning to inquire into her case, when he saw the funeral entering the churchyard, and hastily noting down where she lived, gave her some money, and promised to call on her.

On the following day Mr. Simeon fulfilled his promise, and the circumstances of this poor woman awakened his deepest sympathy. Her room had scarcely any furniture; her mother, an aged woman, lay on a wretched bed; her own seat was a box, and two sickly children were trying to warm themselves over a little fire in the grate. As a young visitor of the abodes of misery, the sight was almost more than he could bear; and speaking of this visit afterwards, he said: "We fell on our knees, and in a moment were bathed in tears. I could scarce utter my words, through heaviness of heart and much weeping. To almost every petition they said, 'Amen, amen! God grant it! Amen!' I was too much affected to be able to converse with them; I therefore referred them to two or three passages of Scripture, and left them." He went again the next day, and a similar scene occurred.

Mr. Simeon afterwards found that the mother was an intelligent, but heavily afflicted Christian. The daughter, too, appeared to receive his instructions with interest and thankfulness; and one day, on rising from their knees, she looked at him earnestly, and said: "And now, sir, I will tell you. You know not what God has done for me through you,—you have saved both my body and my soul. When you called to me in the churchyard, I was on my way to the river to drown myself." She then told him, that since the death of her husband she had been labouring in vain to support her aged mother and two children; but that her sufferings had been very great. On the day of his meeting her, she had been to crave assistance from a sister, who lived in the neighbourhood of St. John's church; and who, though well able to help her, had with reproaches sent her away empty. Forlorn and despairing, she now determined not to return to see her mother and her children die, and wandered into the churchyard, only to await the dusk of the evening, in which she thought to commit suicide unseen. Providentially for her present and everlasting welfare, Mr. Simeon was the instrument of preventing her from rushing unbidden, with all her sins on her head, into the presence of a righteous and holy God, and of guiding her feet into the paths of peace. She became a consistent Christian, was enabled to maintain herself and her children, Mr. Simeon putting them under the care of some pious friends in the neighbourhood, who supplied their wants and directed their course. He continued to be the friend of this poor family, till the aged mother joined the company of the redeemed in heaven.*

How frequently is the Divine saying verified, "I will lead the blind by a way that they know not." Often, doubtless, in the depths of her affliction, had this pious woman prayed for support and for deliverance in God's own time and way; and in a most remarkable manner relief had come, and with it the salvation of her daughter, who had been overwhelmed in sorrow.

And now, reader, have you experienced the change of which you have been reading—the change of which the words on the grave-stone were expressive—the change manifested by this aged woman, and afterwards by her daughter? Has God made you, in infinite mercy, a new creature in Christ Jesus? If not, the Redeemer addresses you as he did Nicodemus, "Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again." The faithful saying, which is worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, demands *your* faith. Receive its testimony without delay. "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." Are you a believer, greatly tried and distressed? Meditate on this narrative, and let it yield you consolation. "God is not a man, that he should lie; neither the son of man, that he should repent." In the discharge of every duty that devolves upon you, trust in the Lord, and stay yourself upon your God:

> Wait for his seasonable aid,
> And though it tarry, wait;
> The promise may be long delayed,
> But cannot come too late.

W.

THE CONSOLATIONS OF THE BIBLE.

But for the Bible, man would be placed in a grade of happiness far below the brutes that perish. Better be anything than rational, without the religion of the Bible. The Scriptures inform me that these evils have a cause. They all

* From Carus's Life of Simeon.

come from the hand of God. "I make peace, and create evil: I the Lord do all these things." Chance and fate have no place in the government of "the God only wise." Sorrow is designed; nor is the design malignant, or unkind. The unseen hand that inflicts these trials is as benevolent as it is wise, and the Being who dispenses them is as far above all other beings in goodness, as he is in power. We learn, from the Bible too, that they have a moral cause; that they are the rebuke of the Holy One for our iniquity; that they are the discipline of a heavenly Parent, and designed to bring back his wayward children to their forsaken God. And when rebellious man sees and feels this truth, his soul is subdued to submission, to tranquillity, to peace, and under the heaviest calamity he looks upward and says, "It is the Lord: let him do what seemeth him good." And this of itself is the source of abounding consolations. How often in our intercourse with mankind do we cheerfully submit to present pain and evil, when counselled to it by those in whose wisdom and benevolence we have confidence. Extend this principle, so often and so beautifully illustrated in the word of God, to all the evils of the present life, and we have that feeling of quiet, trusting confidence, which supports the believer under all the evils which an all-wise Father is pleased to lay upon him. It is a principle prolific in consolations to the mourner, and well may be the confidence and joy of the world and of the universe. "The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice; let the multitude of isles be glad thereof."

And what shall we say of the hopes and prospects by which the Bible cheers the hearts of the bereaved? What rather may we not say? Is it blind conjecture which the Scriptures reveal respecting the state of departed man? Is there no life to come? no great resurrection? no comforter to arrest the current of "mourning, lamentation, and woe," after the dust we love has been deposited in the tomb? When reminded keenly of our loss, we exclaim, Shall we not meet again? Is this parting for ever?—is there nothing in the Bible that can answer the agonizing inquiry? When we wander as it were along the borders of that vast ocean which has swallowed up our living treasures; when we sit down there, and weep, and call upon the waves of eternity to give up their dead; when from the shore of time we look and listen over the vast abyss of waters, does no sound reach us? To the ear of faith there is a voice. We listen, and our grief is allayed. "For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him." They do but "sleep." They "sleep in Jesus." Death dissolves not their union with him. Yes, our grief is allayed, and we journey on through life consoled. No longer now do our thoughts wander to that mound of earth where their remains have been deposited. We look upward beyond this sphere. A happy meeting, a reunion for eternity, hovers before us like a star, illumines our path, and leads us forward in joyful hope.

Nowhere does the Bible look with cold indifference on human misery. So adapted is it to human sorrows, that its precious counsels and promises are scarcely intelligible, and never appreciated, except by those who are "chosen in the furnace of affliction." Go up with me to that chamber of sorrow. It is not the dwelling of a pagan. It is not the couch of some deluded disciple of Mohammed. Nor yet is it the abode of a mere nominal Christian. "This I know by experience," said she, "the days of ease and worldly prosperity are seldom to Christians their better days. So far from it, that to the praise and glory of God's holy name would I speak it, I have substantial reason to call these my better days: these days and nights of pain—these days of almost absolute confinement and solitude, are not only my better, but my *best* days; because the Saviour condescends to be more present with me in them; to manifest himself to me as he does not unto the world; to stand by my bed of affliction, and speak kindly to my heart."* Oh, how dark are the shadows which human reason and vain philosophy cast upon such scenes as these! There is no such relief from sorrow as is found in the Bible.

I have spoken of the consolations furnished by the Bible in trial and in view of the death of others. But we must penetrate yet deeper sorrows than these. There is an hour when we ourselves must die. If we find death an evil when we mark its advances upon those around us, what will it be when he comes up into our own chambers? Who can trifle with this monster then? When he invades our own pillow, which of us will not

* Life of Mrs. Hawkes.

recoil from his approach, and shrink from the ravages of the king of terrors? "The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law." Death is an hour which never fails to bring with it the consciousness of guilt, and a sense of the righteousness of that pure and holy law which men have violated, and by which they are condemned. Nor is there anything to quiet the apprehensions and soothe the alarm excited in the breasts of those who know not God, at the approach of this dread destroyer. Men who never drank into the spirit of the Bible, feel then that everything on which they built their hopes is about to be swept away, and that, "in that very day," their thoughts, their treasures, their grandeur, their honours, their little world, all perish. They have lived at a distance from that God who now draws near in his displeasure, and tremble at the thought of appearing before Him who is so holy that he cannot look on sin. No knowledge of the Redeemer's person and work comforts them; no welcome impressions of his saving mercy are left upon the soul, and it departs in doubt and darkness, if not in despair. So full of darkness were the views of Socrates, one of the wisest and best of the heathens, that just before he took the fatal hemlock, he said, "I am going out of the world, and you are to continue in it; but which of us has the better part is a secret to every one but God." Volumes might be written depicting the scenes of anguish and horror which have been exhibited at the death-bed of those who have rejected the Bible. What multitudes of dying men, burdened with the load of unpardoned sin, and tormented by the accusations of a guilty conscience, have exclaimed with one with whose closing history many of you are familiar, "Oh that I might come to that place of torment, that I may be sure to feel the worst, and to be freed from the fear of worse to come!"

Not so the dying Christian. To him death has no sting; over him the grave boasts no victory; nor has the second death any power. "He knows whom he has believed." His "life is hid with Christ in God." He has unshaken confidence that everything is safe in the hands of Jesus Christ. Often have I seen him at that momentous hour, and heard him as his quivering lips commended his spirit to "Him who loved him, and washed him in his own blood." Time would fail me to tell of Ignatius, of Polycarp, of Augustine, of Hilary, of John Huss, of Jerome of Prague, of Luther, of Melancthon, of Beza, of Patrick Hamilton, of George Wishart, of John Knox, of Tindal, of Bradford, of Cranmer, of Bunyan, of Bacon, of Robert Bruce, of Samuel Rutherford, of Claud, of Harvey, of Ralph Erskine, of Locke, of Baxter, of Matthew Henry, of Whitefield, of Edwards, of Brainerd, Dwight, Halyburton, Payson, Evarts, and a host of men of whom the world was not worthy, all of whom "died in faith," and sung the songs of salvation as they bid adieu to their earthly pilgrimage. The history of the church is filled with testimonials to the worth and blessedness of the Bible which have flowed from lips, which though pallid in death, have glowed with praise. What but this Book of God enables the child of faith, "when flesh and heart fail," to say, "Thou wilt show me the path of life: in thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore?" What but this prompts him to sing, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me in that day; and not to me only, but to all them also that love his appearing?" What but this Book of grace and consolation, when death's icy hand chills his frame, and the grave unfolds its darkness and solitude, inspires the triumph, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" Not more distant are our thoughts from the thoughts of God, or earth from heaven, than are all the consolations of reason and philosophy from the consolations of the Bible to a dying man.—*Dr. Spring.*

THE DEVOUT MAN.

The devout man exults in the indications of his being fixed and irretrievable. He feels this confirmed habit as the grasp of the hand of God, which will never let him go. From this advanced state he looks with firmness and joy on futurity, and says, "I carry the eternal mark upon me, that I belong to God; I am free of the universe; and I am ready to go to any world to which he shall please to transmit me,—certain that everywhere, in height or depth, he will acknowledge me for ever!—*Foster.*

Mars' Hill, at Athens.

IDOLATRY AT ATHENS.

The origin of idolatry may be traced to the alienation of the heart from God, the opposition of his character to the depraved condition of his fallen creatures, and a consequent desire to have such a god as themselves, who would approve their sins. No idolater ever invested the object of his worship with either holiness or love. The principal gods of the Pantheon were raised above men solely by the greater enormity of their crimes—the result of the greater power they were supposed to possess.

Thus their worshippers were "full of envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity; whisperers, backbiters, haters of God, despiteful, proud, boasters, inventors of evil things, disobedient to parents, without understanding, covenant-breakers, without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful." And why was it said: "Knowing the judgment of God, that they which commit such things are worthy of death, they not only do the same, but have pleasure in them that do them?" It was because "they did not like to retain God in their knowledge, God gave them over to a reprobate mind!" Their state of guilt and inevitable misery was a righteous infliction for their enmity to Divine truth.

According to Justin Martyr, Plato on returning to Athens, after his travels in Egypt, where he acquired some knowledge of the unity of God, was anxious to dissemble and conceal his sentiments, lest he should be compelled to appear before the Areopagites. But it was otherwise with the inspired apostle. Moved by the idolatry of the Athenians, "he preached Jesus and the resurrection," in the Jewish synagogue and in the market-place, and the consequences which Plato feared fell on him. He was assailed by the people, who supposed that he thus urged on their regard deities of which

they had not before heard. They believed that as they were in the habit of deifying virtues, vice, health, or diseases, that Jesus who was thus preached unto them by the apostle was such a god, and that *Anastasis*, or the Resurrection was another, which he wished should enjoy their admiration. Certain Epicureans and Stoic philosophers therefore, led him to Areopagus, that they might know more of this new doctrine. Whether or not he was criminally arraigned is undecided, but it is beyond dispute, that his bearing was most dignified, and his address most eloquent.

Singularly interesting and impressive were the associations which could not fail to crowd on his mind, as he stood on the hill of Mars. With his face toward the north—his most probable position—he would have immediately behind him the long walls which ran down to the sea. Near the Ægean on one side, was the harbour of Piræus, on the other Phalerum, with their gallant ships, their crowded arsenals, and their busy artisans. Turning towards his right, was the Pnyx, the scene of the mightiest eloquence of Greece. Stretching immediately before him was the crowded city, full of memorials of its arts, though shamefully debased by idolatry. On his left hand, but beyond the walls, he might look on

"The olive-grove of Academe,
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
Thrills her thick-warbled notes the summer long."

Even on the hill where Paul stood was the court-house of the council; here, also, were two silver stones, on one of which stood the accuser, on the other the accused; while a temple to the Furies, other national and commemorative buildings, and various altars, would not fail to meet his eye. The reader will do well to consider attentively the appeal of the inspired apostle, as recorded in the book of the Acts. It did not fail of effect: though some mocked, and others procrastinated, yet others believed, among whom was Dionysius, a member of the council.

Nor should the solemn fact be overlooked, that in widely different circumstances, even the reader may be an idolater. For what is the spirit of idolatry? Is it not the alienation of the heart from God? Is it not the withholding from him, and the giving to other objects, the affection to which he alone is entitled? Every one's idol is that on which his heart is supremely set, and every heart in which Jehovah is not enthroned is an idol's temple.

Subtle, indeed, are some of the forms of this great iniquity; for

"Whatever passes as a cloud between
The mystic eye of faith and things unseen,
Causing that better world to disappear,
Or seem less lovely, and the present dear—
That is our world, our idol, though it bear
Affection's impress, or devotion's air."

Even the presentation of worship to God, under any other view of his character than that which is exhibited in his gospel, or in any other way than that which his word prescribes, displays the same fearful thraldom. If we divest God of some of his essential perfections, and then fall down and worship him in our own way, this is idolatry, both in the spirit and letter. It is equally so, if we overlook the fact that there is only "one Meditator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus." Hence, says the apostle, "Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by him," Col. iii. 17.—*From Athens, its Grandeur and Decay, just published.*

THE HERMIT OF NIAGARA.

About fifteen years since, in the glow of early summer, a young stranger, of pleasing countenance and person, made his appearance at Niagara. It was at first conjectured that he might be an artist, as a large portfolio, with books and musical instruments, were observed among his baggage. He was deeply impressed by the majesty and sublimity of the cataract and its surrounding scenery, and expressed an intention to remain a week, that he might examine it accurately. But the fascination which all minds of sensibility feel in the presence of that glorious work of the Creator grew strongly upon him; and he was heard to say, that six weeks were inadequate to become acquainted with its outlines. At the end of that period, he was still unable to tear himself away, and desired to "build there a tabernacle," that he might indulge both in his love of solitary musing, and of Nature's sublimity. He applied for a spot upon the island of the Three Sisters, where he might construct a cottage after his own model, which comprised, among other peculiarities, isolation by means of a draw-bridge. Circum-

stances forbidding a compliance with his request, he took up his residence in an old house upon Iris Island, which he rendered as comfortable as the state of the case would admit. Here he continued about twenty months, until the intrusion of a family interrupted his recluse habits. He then quietly withdrew, and reared for himself a less commodious shelter, near Prospect Point.

His simple and favourite fare of bread and milk was readily purchased; and whenever he required other food, he preferred to prepare it with his own hands. When bleak winter came, a cheerful fire of wood blazed upon his hearth; and by his evening lamp he beguiled the hours with the perusal of books in various languages, and with sweet music. It was almost surprising to hear, in such depth of solitude, the long-drawn thrilling tones of the viol, or the softest melodies of the flute, gushing forth from that low-browed hut; or the guitar, breathing out so lightly amid the rush and thunder of the never-slumbering torrent. Yet, though the world of letters was familiar to his mind, and the living world to his observation,—for he had travelled widely, both in his native Europe and the East,—he sought not association with mankind, to unfold or to increase his stores of knowledge. Those who had heard him converse, spoke with surprise and admiration of his colloquial powers, his command of language, and the spirit of eloquence that flowed from his lips. But he seldom and sparingly admitted this intercourse, studiously avoiding society, though there seemed in his nature nothing of moroseness or misanthropy. On the contrary, he showed kindness to even the humblest animal. Birds instinctively learned it, and freely entered his dwelling, to receive from his hands crumbs or seeds. But the absorbing delight of his existence was communion with the mighty Niagara. Here, at every hour of the day or night, he might be seen, a fervent admirer. At grey dawn, he went to visit it in its fleecy veil; at high noon he banqueted on the full splendour of its glory; beneath the soft tinting of the lunar bow he lingered, looking for the angel's wing, whose pencil had painted it; and at solemn midnight he knelt, self-subdued, as on the footstool of Jehovah. Neither storms nor the piercing cold of winter prevented his visits to this stupendous fall. . . . . His feet had worn a beaten path from his cottage thither. . . . . Among his favourite daily gratifications was that of bathing. . . . . One bright, but rather chill, day, in the month of June, 1831, a man employed about the Ferry saw him go into the water; and a long time after, observed his clothes to be still lying upon the bank. Inquiry was made. The anxiety was but too well founded. The poor hermit had indeed taken his last bath. Still the body was not found, the depth and force of the current just below being exceedingly great. In the course of their search they passed onward to the Whirlpool. There, amid those boiling eddies, was the pallid corpse, making fearful and rapid gyrations upon the face of the black waters. At some point of suction, it suddenly plunged and disappeared. Again emerging, it was fearful to see it leap half its length above the flood, and with a face so deadly pale, play among the tossing billows; then float motionless, as if exhausted; and anon, returning to the encounter, spring, struggle, and contend like a maniac battling with mortal foes. It was strangely painful to think that he was not permitted to find a grave even beneath the waters he had loved; that all the gentleness and charity of his nature should be changed by death to the fury of a madman; and that the "king of terrors," who brings repose to the despot and the man of blood, should teach warfare to him who had ever worn the meekness of the lamb. For days and nights this terrible purgatory was prolonged.

It was on the 21st of June that, after many efforts, they were enabled to bear the weary dead back to his desolate cottage. There they found his faithful dog guarding the door. Heavily must the long period have worn away, while he watched for his only friend, and wondered why he delayed his coming. He scrutinized the approaching group suspiciously, and would not willingly have given them admittance, save that a low, stifled wail at length announced his intuitive knowledge of the master, whom the work of death had effectually disguised from the eyes of men. They laid him on his bed; the thick, dripping masses of his beautiful hair clinging to, and veiling, the features so late expressive and comely. On the pillow was his pet kitten: to her, also, the watch for the master had been long and wearisome. In his chair, lay the guitar, whose melody was probably the last that his ear heard on earth. There were also his flute and violin, his

portfolio and books scattered and open, as if recently used. On the spread table was the untasted meal for noon, which he had prepared against his return from that bath which had proved so fatal. It was a touching sight; the dead hermit mourned by his humble retainers, the poor animals who loved him, and ready to be laid by stranger hands in a foreign grave.

So fell this singular and accomplished being, at the early age of twenty-eight. Learned in the languages, in the arts and sciences, improved by extensive travel, gifted with personal beauty and a feeling heart, the motives for this estrangement from his kind are still enveloped in mystery. It was, however, known that he was a native of England, where his father was a clergyman; that he received from thence ample remittances for his comfort; and that his name was Francis Abbot. These facts had been previously ascertained; but no written papers were found in his cell, to throw additional light upon the obscurity in which he had so effectually wrapped the history of his pilgrimage.—*Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.*

BANGOR, AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

Bangor, from *bancor*, the high and beautiful choir, is the most ancient see in the principality. At one time styled Bangor the Great, it now possesses only one street, about half-a-mile long. This city resembles more nearly an English town than any other in Wales, from the houses being regularly built, and also a great thoroughfare, as well as a bustling place of business. The population has been estimated at about eight thousand.

The cathedral, founded about the year 500, by Daniel, son of Dinothus, abbot of Bangor Is-y-coed, in Flintshire, under the auspices of Maelgwm Gwyned, king of Wales, and dedicated to St. David, is a cruciform building, with the tower at the west end. It stands on a low piece of ground near the centre of the town; but not being well proportioned, is neither elegant nor pleasing. Its interior is an improvement on the outside, the roof being gracefully supported by six arches, resting on fluted columns: but its uniformity is destroyed by the body of the church having been divided by a screen into two places of worship—one for the English and the other for the Welsh services. The only interesting monument in the church is that to the memory of Owen Gwynedh, sovereign prince of Wales, whose remains are supposed to have been deposited within these walls in 1169.

The present building is said to have been raised during the insurrection of Owen Glendwr, at the close of the fifteenth century, on the ruins of the old church. In 1827, some improvements were made in the cathedral by the outlay of 2000*l.*, the amount of tithes collected in Montgomeryshire, and appropriated to this purpose, as well as the like sum collected by a zealous individual from different parts of the United Kingdom. The bishoprick is principally indebted for its revenues and immunities to Anian, bishop of the diocese in the reign of Edward I.

The Free School at Bangor, founded in 1557, by Dr. Jeffrey Glynn, is built on the site of a house which was founded for a society of black friars, by Tudor-ab-Gronwy, of Penmynydd and Tre'r-Castell, in Anglesea. The following lines, written after his decease, show the estimation in which he was held:

> "For Tudor dead, the tears incessant flow,
> And Bangor suffers in the general woe."

The present generation, we think, would not desire to perpetuate his praise, but rather rejoice that, as one who fostered error and superstition, he has passed off the stage of life, to make room for such as aid the removal of these evils. But while we thus pass sentence upon the ignorance of the dark ages, let us take care that we, who are "the children of the light and of the day," walk in that light, while it is ours to enjoy, lest darkness—the darkness of death—come upon us unawares.

The remains of an ancient castle are to be traced on the summit of a steep rock, opposite Friars' School, which is said to have been built by Hugh Lupus, earl of Chester, in the reign of Henry II. On the opposite hill, are the remains of a British encampment, on a very large scale, and of very ancient date. Near both these spots are to be seen Dinas Dinorwic, and also Braich-y-Dderias, the latter situated on the summit of Penmaen Mawr, with both of which it is likely that the encampment originally communicated.

The most remarkable structure, and one which may be denominated the "lion" of the neighbourhood of Bangor, is the Menai, or great suspension-bridge.

In 1811, the late Mr. Telford, among others, proposed that a bridge of cast-iron should be thrown across the Straits of Menai, from the coast of Caernarvonshire to the isle of Anglesea, which was estimated to cost 127,000*l.* A difficulty, however, arose to carrying out this plan, and it was in consequence abandoned. In the course of a few more years of yet closer application, and a determination to overcome all obstacles to the furtherance of his project, Mr. Telford presented a second plan, which was adopted; and the bridge now appears—a noble memorial to his indefatigable industry and no less extraordinary talents.

In explaining his plan, Mr. Telford thus remarks:—"The iron hanging bridge over the Menai, is to consist of one opening, of 600 feet, between the points of suspension; in addition to which, there are to be seven arches—four on the coast of Anglesea, and three on that of Caernarvonshire, each sixty feet in the span,—making the total length of the bridge nine hundred and ten feet; the height, above the level of high-water line, to be one hundred feet. The roadway will embrace two carriage-ways, each twelve feet in breadth, with a footpath of four feet between them. The whole is to be suspended from four lines of strong iron cables by perpendicular iron rods placed five feet apart; and these rods will support the roadway framing. The suspending power is calculated at two thousand and sixteen tons, and the weight to be suspended, exclusive of the cables, is three hundred and forty-three tons, leaving a disposable power of one thousand six hundred and seventy-four tons.

"The four sides of the roadways will be made of framed ironwork, firmly bound together for seven feet in height; and there will be a similar work for five feet in depth below the cables. The weight of the whole bridge, between the points of suspension, will be four hundred and eighty-nine tons. The abutments will consist of the masonry, comprising the extreme stonework, the two piers, and the seven arches before mentioned: each of the two piers will be sixty feet by forty and a half feet wide at high-water mark, having a foundation of rock. Upon the summit of the two main piers will be erected a frame of cast-iron work, of a pyramidal form, for the purpose of raising the cables from which the bridge is to be suspended." The cost of erecting this bridge was calculated at about one-fourth of the expense which the former one would have required—no inconsiderable difference, it must be allowed.

Dr. Pring, in his "Narrative of the Grand Menai Suspension Bridge," which was published as soon as possible after its completion, thus describes it:

"The first stone of this national bridge was laid, without any ceremony, on the 10th of August, 1820, by Mr. Provis, resident engineer. On the 26th of April, 1825, the first chain of this stupendous work was thrown over the Straits of Menai, in the presence of an immense concourse of people. At half-past two o'clock, it then being about half-flood tide, the raft prepared for the occasion stationed on the Caernarvonshire side, near Traborth Mill, which supported the part of the chain intended to be drawn over, began to move gradually from its moorings, towed by four boats, with the assistance of the tide, to the centre of the river, between the two grand piers. When the raft was adjusted and brought to its ultimate situation, it was made fast to several buoys anchored in the channel for that purpose. A part of the chain, pending from the apex of the suspending pier on the Caernarvonshire side down nearly to high-water mark, was then made fast by a bolt to the part of the chain lying on the raft, which operation was completed in ten minutes.

"The next process was the fastening the other extremity of the chain on the raft to two blocks of immense size and power for the purpose of hoisting it up to its intended station—the apex of the suspension pier on the Anglesea side. When the blocks were made secure to the chain, (comprising twenty-five tons weight of iron), two capstans, and also two preventive capstans, commenced working, each capstan being propelled by thirty-two men. To preserve an equal tension in the rotatory evolutions of the two principal capstans, two fifers played several enlivening tunes, to keep the men regular in their steps, for which purpose they had been previously trained. At this critical and interesting juncture, the attention of every one present seemed riveted to the novel spectacle: the chain rose majestically, and the gratifying sight was enthusiastically enjoyed by all present in 'breathless silence!' At ten minutes before five o'clock the final bolt was fixed which completed the whole line of chain, and the happy event was

portfolio and books scattered and open, as if recently used. On the spread table was the untasted meal for noon, which he had prepared against his return from that bath which had proved so fatal. It was a touching sight; the dead hermit mourned by his humble retainers, the poor animals who loved him, and ready to be laid by stranger hands in a foreign grave.

So fell this singular and accomplished being, at the early age of twenty-eight. Learned in the languages, in the arts and sciences, improved by extensive travel, gifted with personal beauty and a feeling heart, the motives for this estrangement from his kind are still enveloped in mystery. It was, however, known that he was a native of England, where his father was a clergyman; that he received from thence ample remittances for his comfort; and that his name was Francis Abbot. These facts had been previously ascertained; but no written papers were found in his cell, to throw additional light upon the obscurity in which he had so effectually wrapped the history of his pilgrimage.—*Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.*

BANGOR, AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

Bangor, from *bancor*, the high and beautiful choir, is the most ancient see in the principality. At one time styled Bangor the Great, it now possesses only one street, about half-a-mile long. This city resembles more nearly an English town than any other in Wales, from the houses being regularly built, and also a great thoroughfare, as well as a bustling place of business. The population has been estimated at about eight thousand.

The cathedral, founded about the year 500, by Daniel, son of Dinothus, abbot of Bangor Is-y-coed, in Flintshire, under the auspices of Maelgwm Gwyned, king of Wales, and dedicated to St. David, is a cruciform building, with the tower at the west end. It stands on a low piece of ground near the centre of the town; but not being well proportioned, is neither elegant nor pleasing. Its interior is an improvement on the outside, the roof being gracefully supported by six arches, resting on fluted columns: but its uniformity is destroyed by the body of the church having been divided by a screen into two places of worship—one for the English and the other for the Welsh services. The only interesting monument in the church is that to the memory of Owen Gwynedh, sovereign prince of Wales, whose remains are supposed to have been deposited within these walls in 1169.

The present building is said to have been raised during the insurrection of Owen Glendwr, at the close of the fifteenth century, on the ruins of the old church. In 1827, some improvements were made in the cathedral by the outlay of 2000*l.*, the amount of tithes collected in Montgomeryshire, and appropriated to this purpose, as well as the like sum collected by a zealous individual from different parts of the United Kingdom. The bishoprick is principally indebted for its revenues and immunities to Anian, bishop of the diocese in the reign of Edward I.

The Free School at Bangor, founded in 1557, by Dr. Jeffrey Glynn, is built on the site of a house which was founded for a society of black friars, by Tudor-ab-Gronwy, of Penmynydd and Tre'r-Castell, in Anglesea. The following lines, written after his decease, show the estimation in which he was held:

"For Tudor dead, the tears incessant flow,
And Bangor suffers in the general woe."

The present generation, we think, would not desire to perpetuate his praise, but rather rejoice that, as one who fostered error and superstition, he has passed off the stage of life, to make room for such as aid the removal of these evils. But while we thus pass sentence upon the ignorance of the dark ages, let us take care that we, who are "the children of the light and of the day," walk in that light, while it is ours to enjoy, lest darkness—the darkness of death—come upon us unawares.

The remains of an ancient castle are to be traced on the summit of a steep rock, opposite Friars' School, which is said to have been built by Hugh Lupus, earl of Chester, in the reign of Henry [illegible]
On the opposite hill [illegible]
British encamp[illegible]
scale, and of [illegible]
both these [illegible]
Dinorwi[illegible]
latter s[illegible]
Mawr[illegible]
the [illegible]
cat[illegible]

In 1811, the late Mr. Telford, among others, proposed that a bridge of cast-iron should be thrown across the Straits of Menai, from the coast of Caernarvonshire to the isle of Anglesea, which was estimated to cost 127,000*l.* A difficulty, however, arose to carrying out this plan, and it was in consequence abandoned. In the course of a few more years of yet closer application, and a determination to overcome all obstacles to the furtherance of his project, Mr. Telford presented a second plan, which was adopted; and the bridge now appears—a noble memorial to his indefatigable industry and no less extraordinary talents.

In explaining his plan, Mr. Telford thus remarks:—"The iron hanging bridge over the Menai, is to consist of one opening, of 600 feet, between the points of suspension; in addition to which, there are to be seven arches—four on the coast of Anglesea, and three on that of Caernarvonshire, each sixty feet in the span,—making the total length of the bridge nine hundred and ten feet; the height, above the level of high-water line, to be one hundred feet. The roadway will embrace two carriage-ways, each twelve feet in breadth, with a footpath of four feet between them. The whole is to be suspended from four lines of strong iron cables by perpendicular iron rods placed five feet apart; and these rods will support the roadway framing. The suspending power is calculated at two thousand and sixteen tons, and the weight to be suspended, exclusive of the cables, is three hun[illegible] and forty-three tons, leaving a d[illegible] power of one thousand six hu[illegible] four tons.

"The four sides of [illegible] made of framed ir[illegible] together for seven[illegible] there will be a sim[illegible] in depth below th[illegible] of the whole bridg[illegible] of [illegible]ion, will [illegible]

bridge was calculated [illegible] of the expense [illegible] would have require[illegible] difference [illegible]

Dr. Fring[illegible] Grain [illegible] was published [illegible] its condition [illegible]

"The first stone of the [illegible] was laid without any ceremony on the 10th of August [illegible] resident engineer. In the [illegible] of [illegible] 1825, the first chain of the suspension work was thrown over the Straits of Menai, in the presence of an immense concourse of people. At half-past two o'clock, it being about half-flood tide, the raft prepared for the occasion stationed on the Caernarvonshire side, near Traborth Mill, which supported the part of the chain intended to be drawn over, began to move gently from its moorings, towed by four men, with the assistance of the tide, in the centre of the river, between the two grand piers. When the raft was adjusted and brought to its ultimate situation, it was made fast to several buoys moored in the channel for that purpose. [illegible] pending [illegible] pier on the [illegible] side down nearly [illegible] was then made [illegible] of the chain [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[

hailed by the hearty acclamations of the spectators. Not the least accident, delay, or failure occurred in any department during the whole of the operation. From the mooring of the raft to the uniting of the chain, only two hours and twenty-five minutes transpired. Upon the completion of the chain, three of the workmen passed along its upper surface, which forms a curvature of five hundred and ninety feet; the versed sine of the arch is forty-three feet. The sixteenth chain, completing the whole line of suspension, was carried over on the 9th of July following."

The general opening of the bridge took place on Monday, January 30th, 1826. The royal London and Holyhead mail coach, carrying the London mail-bag for Dublin, passed over at one o'clock, A.M.; and the first carriage that passed was that of Augustus Elliott Fuller, esq., one of the commissioners, drawn by four beautiful greys; the first stage-coach was the Pilot, a Bangor and Caernarvon day-coach; the first London stage-coach was the Oxonian. These were followed by the carriage of sir David Erskine, bart., late proprietor of the ferry, drawn by four elegant greys, decorated with ribbons, and by several gentlemens' carriages, landaus, gigs, cars, etc., and a long train of horsemen. Numerous flags were flying; and canons, stationed on each side of the bridge, were discharged at intervals during the day.

The dimensions of the bridge are as follow:—"The extreme length of the chain, from the fastenings in the rock, is about one thousand seven hundred and fifteen feet; the height of the roadway, from high-water line, is one hundred feet; each of the seven small piers, from high-water line to the spring of the arches, is sixty-five feet; the span of each arch is fifty-two and a half feet. Each of the suspending piers is fifty-three feet above the road; the roads on the bridge consist of two carriage-ways, of twelve feet each, with a footpath of four feet in the centre; the length of the suspended part of the road, from pier to pier, is five hundred and fifty-three feet; the carriage-road passes through two arches in the suspending piers, of the width of nine feet by fifteen feet in height to the spring of the arches. To counteract the contraction and expansion of the iron from the effects of the change of the atmosphere, a set of rollers are set under cast-iron saddles on the top of the suspending piers where the chains rest; the vertical rods, an inch square, suspended from the chains, support the sleepers for the flooring of the roadway—the rods being placed five feet from each other. The chains, sixteen in number, consist of five bars each; length of the bars, ten feet; width, three inches by one inch, with six connecting lengths at each joint, one foot four inches by eight inches, and one inch thick, secured by two bolts at each joint, each bolt weighing about fifty pounds; and the total number of bars in the cross section of the chain is eighty. The total weight of iron-work is four million three hundred and seventy-three thousand two hundred and eighty-one pounds."

The approach by water to the Menai Bridge has been thus described:—"When, on entering the straits, the bridge is first seen suspended, as it were, in mid air, and confining the view of the fertile and richly-wooded shores, it seems more like a light ornament than a massy bridge, and shows nothing of the strength and solidity which it really possesses. But as we approached it nearer, whilst it still retained its light and elegant appearance, the stupendous size and immensity of the work struck us with awe; and when we saw that a brig, with every stick standing, had just passed under it,—that a coach going over it, appeared not larger than a child's toy,—and that foot-passengers upon it looked like pigmies, the vastness of its proportions was by contrast fully apparent."

Another writer has given an outline of the manner in which it affected him whilst on the spot:—"Having landed by means of boats on the Anglesea side, we proceeded to the bridge, the visiting which is a new era in the lives of those who have not before had that pleasure, and is a renewed luxury to those who have seen it again and again. Our party walked over the bridge slowly, because there was something to be admired at every step; the effect of a passing carriage; the vibration caused even by a hand applied to the suspending rods; the depth to the level of the water; the fine view of the straits in both directions; the lofty pillar, erected in honour of the marquis of Anglesea; the diminutive appearance of persons on the shore; the excellence and strength of the workmanship; the beauty of the arches over the road through the suspension-piers, and the echo in them,—all conspired to delight and to detain us. Many of our

party then went down the steep bank to the foot of the bank,—from which point, certainly, the best view is to be had of the whole structure; inasmuch as by being in contact, as it were, with its proportions on *terra firma*, a better idea can be formed of its real, and indeed wonderful dimensions. We actually lingered about the spot, careless of time, or of aught but the scene we were contemplating."

The Menai Straits, though bearing the appearance of a river, are formed by an arm of the sea, and are subject to strong concussions in stormy weather, having a double current during the flood, which is quite dangerous to encounter, and which, previously to the erection of the suspension-bridge, was deemed sufficient to suspend the intercourse of England with Ireland, the high road to which, *viâ* Holyhead, lies through Anglesea. There is but little doubt of Anglesea having been once connected with the main land, as there are traces of an isthmus near Porthaethwy-ferry, where are visible, at low water, a ridge of rocks crossing the channel, which, at the first flowing of the tide, occasion strong currents, seeming to wage war against each other.

"It is an historical fact, that in the year 61, the Roman infantry, under Suetonius, crossed the Menai on a bridge of boats, to Pant-yr-Ysgrafflan, the inlet of the skiffs under Porthmael, while the cavalry forded it below Llanidan. Edward I. also crossed the strait in the same manner at Moel-y-don; but suffered severely from an unfortunate attack, on the return of the tide,—several of his leading warriors, now lying in the chapel of the Friary, near Beaumaris."

Another extraordinary work of art, in the neighbourhood of Bangor, is the railway-bridge, across the Menai to Chester and Holyhead. It was originally proposed by Mr. Stephenson, the engineer, to carry the line across the suspension-bridge: but, for many reasons, this plan was declined; and a tunnel of nine hundred feet in length, supported in the centre on a piece of masonry about one hundred feet high, has been substituted in its stead. It is erected on the Britannia Rock, which lies about midway across the stream, and has four sides, each of fifty feet width. The waterway on each side of the pier is five hundred and fifty feet wide; the height the same as that of the suspension-bridge,—which renders the navigation perfectly safe. This wonderful structure was commenced in the spring of 1846, and may probably reach its completion in the present year.

With the isle of Anglesea we cannot but associate the Druids, or priests of Britain, whose principal residence was in this locality. The finger of time has long ceased to keep a calendar of their moments, or of their actions; and their dust has for ages mingled with the clods of the valley! Yet here they once performed their idolatrous worship, and were held in great veneration by the people. Imagination pictures them in their long white garments, the tiara, or sacred crown, their temples enwreathed with chaplets of oak-leaves, the magic wand in their hand, and on their head a serpent's egg, as an ensign of their order, and thus attired we see them going forth to sacrifice. Let us, then, realizing their utter extinction, pity rather than condemn them; and let the tear of sorrow start to the eye, rather than the angry fire of creature condemnation should be kindled; too often, alas! displayed, rather for the establishment of personal preferences, than for the cause of truth and righteousness. In the wholesale abuse which we sometimes heap upon systems, we shall do well to look to our motives, and to see if our chief anxiety is to make proselytes to our individual creed, under the guise of making converts to the religion of Jesus Christ. Such has been too much the case, from the first dawn of Christianity; and we fear that, even in these days of enlightenment, were the Great Founder still on earth, he would often be heard to say, even to his avowed followers: "Ye know not what spirit ye are of!"

Leaving the ancient priests of Britain to the righteous decisions of the last day, let us notice Penrhyn Castle. This magnificent pile, the seat of the honourable E. Douglas Pennant, M.P., is said to have been reared on the site of a palace once occupied by Roderic Molwynog, prince of Wales, in 720. It is built in the boldest style of castellated architecture, of Mona marble, in a range of high towers, five of which are circular; the keep, and another of the principal towers are square, having angular turrets. This edifice is most delightfully situated, commanding an extensive prospect of marine and mountain scenery. The park wall is seven miles in circuit. The interior of the mansion is no less imposing than its exterior, being elegantly furnished, and

fitted up in every respect worthy of its historical importance. There is here still preserved a drinking-cup, of the hero Piers Guiffydd; it is an ox's horn, ornamented with silver, and hung by a chain of the same metal, bearing the initials of his family, which are engraved at the end. It is in itself a handsome article; but we strongly suspect that, like everything else, it is indebted rather to the associations which it calls up for the admiration it excites, than for any extraordinary beauty or intrinsic worth. To the human mind, age, like distance, lends a charm to many objects; but, when we consider that the hero to whom this relic belonged, was among those who joined the fleet of sir Francis Drake, in the reign of queen Elizabeth, and was subsequently engaged in the action with the Spanish Armada, we need not wonder if enthusiasm should rise above its ordinary degree, in the hearts of those who feel how great a deliverance was wrought for England, by the destruction of that fleet. Had we time, much might be said on the diversified uses of the horn in those days. We can only now specify the varieties of these hunting-cups. There were three: —y-corn, ydd-yro, y-brenin, or the one used by the king; Corn Cyweithas, or that which summoned the domestics of the palace to duty; and Corn y-Pencynydd, which was always in the custody of the chief huntsman.

The slate quarries, in the vicinity of Nant Francon, are the most extensive in Wales, and belong to the family of Penrhyn Castle. A large sum was expended on the opening of the rock in the first instance, for the purpose of working them; but when lord Penrhyn took them into his own hands, in 1782, they were greatly improved. He cleared away all the rubbish that had been accumulating since the time of Elizabeth, and caused them to be scientifically worked. An iron railway was also constructed from the quarries to Port Penrhyn, a distance of about six miles, at the cost, it is said, of 170,000*l.* No fewer than two thousand persons are regularly employed in these quarries; slates to the amount of two hundred tons, are daily conveyed to Port Penrhyn, and from thence to Ireland, to America, and other parts of the world. The weekly wages are said to amount to 1,700*l.*

We are now compelled to close our remarks, with the mention of St. Ann's chapel, which was erected and endowed by the late lord Penrhyn; and, in addition, his lady left a sum of money for the purchase of an organ, and an annuity for the organist. It is near the quarries, and within a short distance of the elegant Gothic cottage of her ladyship's, known as Ogwen Bank. Surrounded by trees and plantations, it is entirely hidden from view, until the stranger, coming close upon it, is agreeably surprised, as it bursts on his sight, in all the taste and beauty of its design. It is now used principally as a room of resort for parties who may visit the quarries, and other objects of interest with which the neighbourhood of Bangor abounds.

S. S. S.

DEATH OF JOHN HOWE.

John Howe was spared by Divine Providence to adorn the church till the year 1705, when he shook off the sorrows of humanity for ever. In his latter days, he was eminently privileged with the joys of Christianity. His mind, singularly pure, elevated, and devout, even from his youth, seemed at this period to attain a more ethereal purity, to soar to a more sublime elevation, and to breathe a spirit of more seraphic devotion. It was the opinion of the ancients, the more divine become their souls, the more piercing their insight into the mysteries of futurity. Howe, under the influence of a diviner enthusiasm than ever touched the spirit of the Grecian sage or poet, certainly appeared sometimes during the last year of his life, as if the veil of flesh had been already parted, and his free spirit had found a pathway which "the vulture's eye had never seen." It is related that on one occasion, at the Lord's table, his soul was suffused with such joy, that the communicants thought his physical strength would have sunk under the load of such preternatural emotions. Another instance of overpowering rapture about the same time is recorded by himself, in a Latin note found on the blank leaf of his study Bible. After the record of a peculiarly beautiful and refreshing dream, which he had some years before, he adds: "But what of the same kind I sensibly felt through the admirable bounty of my God, and the most pleasant comforting influence of the Holy Spirit, on October 22, 1704, far surpassed the most expressive words my thoughts can suggest. I

then experienced an inexpressibly pleasant melting of heart, tears gushing out of my eyes, for joy that God should shed abroad his love abundantly through the hearts of men, and that, for this very purpose, mine own should be so signally possessed of, and by his blessed Spirit." One trembles at criticising such a phenomenon in the life of such a man, and attempting to resolve it all into a mere delirium of excitement. I would ask with his biographer, "Who shall say with what special tokens of benignant regard the Supreme Being might think fit to refresh the spirit of his long-tried and faithful servant, on the eve of the last fearful conflict; or with what prelibations of heaven his gracious Master might condescend to honour his fidelity and obedience?"

Like his two great predecessors, Owen and Baxter, Howe spent some of his closing days in the composition of a work, expressive of his own rich religious experience. "On Patience in Expectation of Future Blessedness," was its remarkable title; and it shows that so glorious were his thoughts of heaven, and so intense his desire to depart, that he had to practise an unwonted form of self-denial to remain willingly in a world which, alas! so many of us are loath to leave.

During Howe's illness, he received the visits of his friends, and was attended with delicate care and affection by his devoted wife. His wish, expressed in a sermon, preached on the death of Mrs. Esther Sampson, was fulfilled to the letter—"In short, it were desirable (if God see good) to die amidst the pleasant friends and relatives who were not ill-pleased that we lived; that living and dying breath might mingle, and ascend together in prayers and praises to the blessed Lord of heaven and earth—the God of ourselves; if then we could but part with consent, a rational and joyful consent. Otherwise, to die among fashionable bemoanings and lamentations, as if we despair of futurity, one would say (with humble submission to the Divine pleasure), Lord, let me rather die alone —in perfect solitude—in some unfrequented wood, or on the top of some far remote mountain, where none might interrupt the solemn transactions between thy glorious blessed self, and my joyfully-departing, self-resigning soul. But in all this," he beautifully adds, "we must refer ourselves to God's holy pleasure, who will dispose of us, living and dying, in the best, the wisest, and the kindest way." Howe's friends communed with him to the last, aiding, rather than disturbing his holy contemplations. One can see his majestic countenance, and his calm bright eye, as Death's finger touches him, lying upon his couch in that wainscoted apartment of the beginning of the last century. The door opens, and there comes one to visit him, whose history has been marked with strange events—the son of the only man who ever sat on England's throne without a crown—born when his father was a country gentleman, and brought up with no ambitious expectations; then raised to occupy for awhile his noble father's chair of state—and then led down unheeded into the paths of private life—it is Richard Cromwell: Howe had been his chaplain, and they cherished for each other a mutual regard. The divine had seen him amidst the splendour of a court and the scenes of adversity, and had witnessed in both conditions the display of virtues which commanded his admiration. He spoke of him always in the highest terms. This interview between the ex-protector and his late chaplain is one of the many interviews which history tells us of—the minute details, the accurate report of which curiosity would fain recover from the shades of oblivion. But the words they uttered have for ever died away, save that an indistinct but sweet echo of them still lasts in a brief sentence of Dr. Calamy's:—"There was a great deal of serious discourse between them; tears were freely shed on both sides, and the parting was very solemn, as I have been informed by one who was present on the occasion." One or two of the dying utterances of this great man are distinctly preserved, and are what we might expect from one so greatly good.

As a proof that he needed patience of the unusual kind he describes in his last book, he said once to his wife, "Though he thought he loved her as well as it was fit for one creature to love another, yet, if it were put to his choice whether to die that moment or to live that night, and the living that night would secure the continuance of his life for seven years to come, he would choose to die that moment." And in the same spirit, he remarked to an attendant one morning, after being relieved from the intense sufferings of the previous night, "He was for feeling that he was alive, though

most willing to die, and lay the clog of mortality aside." When his son, a physician, was lancing his leg, to diminish his sufferings, Howe inquired what he was doing, and observed—"I am not afraid of dying, but I am afraid of pain." He had a peculiar sensitiveness with regard to physical pain, which seems to have been constitutional. But his pains soon afterwards terminated for ever; and on April 2, 1705, his spirit entered those regions of ineffable repose and joy after which he had so long and fervently aspired.—*Stoughton.*

THE STEAM-VESSEL.

No. III.

The importance of improvements in mechanical art, and especially in connexion with locomotion, is sufficiently obvious to all who appreciate the advance of civilisation in this or any other country. Time is money, or at least its equivalent, and the more that is to be employed of the one gives better opportunity for procuring the other. It is not, however, our intention at the present time to attempt to sketch many of the various improvements which have been made in steam-vessels, but to two or three of them we invite the attention of the reader.

In the paddle-wheel which is commonly employed in the propulsion of steam-vessels, the paddle-boards are placed at right angles with the frame-work on which they are fixed, so that on entering and leaving the water, the boards are oblique to the water. When the vessel is in proper trim, the immersion should be equal to the depth of the lowest paddle-board, and in river navigation, or in smooth water generally, when the trip is so limited that the fuel consumed has no sensible effect on the immersion, the whole of the propelling power is rendered effective. On the other hand, in a rolling sea, the position of the floats in the water is continually altered: on starting for a long voyage the paddles are too deeply immersed to permit their due action, and on its termination the consumption of the fuel has frequently so lightened the vessel that the floats have not a sufficient hold on the water. Sir Charles Napier—an authority in such matters—has even suggested that tanks might be constructed near the paddle-boxes, to be filled with water as the fuel was reduced in weight, and thus to keep the vessel at an uniform immersion, so as to afford the best opportunities for the employment of the power of the engines.

To economise the propelling power of the paddle-boards, it has been attempted so to construct them that they may enter and leave the water edgeways, or as nearly so as possible; a process which is equivalent to that of "feathering" as applied to rowing. By this plan the paddles would be made to work almost in silence, the inconvenient and injurious vibration would be removed, and the disturbance of the water, which is very annoying in harbours and rivers, and which is very injurious to the banks of canals, would be greatly reduced. Feathering paddles of divers kinds have been projected by various persons, and more patents have been granted for this than perhaps for any other contrivance whatever connected with the appplication of steam to the useful arts; yet the desired end has in no case been fully realized. The complexity of their structure has been a great barrier to their success, and the probability of danger from a steamer being left helpless on the ocean from injury to her propelling agents, is sufficiently great to warrant the utmost precaution.

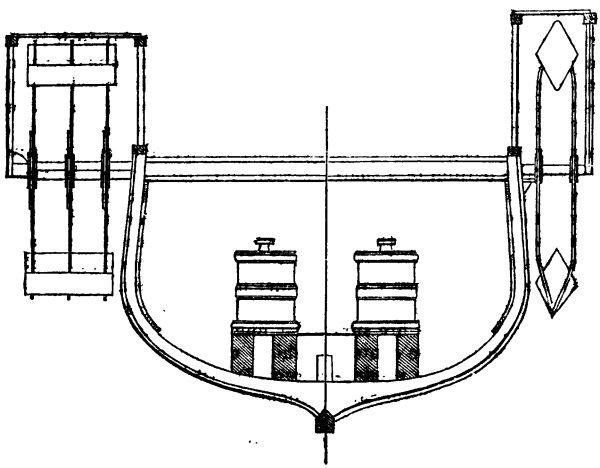
Another invention, termed the elliptical convex metallic paddle-float, consists of sheet-iron, the outer edge being formed into a curve, and is so placed on the wheel that the central part of a convex side enters the water first. The float, thus gradually coming in contact with the fluid, prevents vibration, while on leaving, its convex side being uppermost, it has no backwater to lift, and offers little to retard the full power of the engine.

Several years ago the "split paddle" was proposed, in which each board is divided into two or more narrow slips, arranged one behind the other, like the laths of a Venetian blind. By these means, the floats would have their full power on entering the water, while on emerging, the water would escape simultaneously from each narrow board, instead of being thrown up as in the common paddle-wheel. The inventor, Mr. Field, however, not persevering in his contrivance, some modifications of the plan were made by Mr. Galloway, who secured its advantages by a patent.

The most valuable suggestion for the improvement of paddle-wheels has been made by Mr. George Rennie, C.E.; whose highly intelligent and generous assistance in the preparation of this paper we have

much pleasure in acknowledging. This is the "trapezium paddle-wheel," the principle of which is borrowed from the law by which the shape of the feet of aquatic fowls and the wings of birds are regulated, all of which are of the trapezoidal form. It has indeed been justly remarked, that, "like another Lieutard," the inventor sought information among *les intarissables ouvrages de la Nature.**

The "Lily," belonging to the "London and Westminster Company," made several experimental trips fitted with the trapezium paddles, the results of all of which were "eminently satisfactory. In one," says a correspondent of the *Mechanic's Magazine*,† "which we had an opportunity of witnessing, the distance between London Bridge and Woolwich was made in fifty-one minutes. The tide was running down, but there was rather a fresh head-wind against us. The return trip was made in an hour and twenty-three minutes, during which, as well as before, there were frequent delays caused by the crowded state of the river. A superiority was thus shown of about one-seventh on the average of several previous trials of the common rectangular float." At the same time there was little agitation of the water, an absence of that tremulous vibration so common in small steamers, the result of the greater ease with which floats of this shape enter the water. There is also greater compactness and simplicity in the structure of the wheel, while there is only little more than three-fourths of the same propelling surface as in the rectangular float. On two other occasions has the principle been practically tested by the patentee, with very satisfactory results. It was proved by experiment on her majesty's ship "African," that "with half the width of half the area, half the weight, and half the cost of the common wheel, it produced the same, if not a greater mechanical effect in propelling vessels through the water." The diagram



represents a midship section of the "African" as supplied with the common and the trapezoidal wheel, so that a glance will enable the reader to judge of their comparative structure. The advantages of the trapezium are, that the wheel and paddle-box are one-half the weight, and about one-half the cost of that commonly employed. From the peculiar form of the floats, they enter the water with their points downwards, and having brought their full power of horizontal action to bear without vibration, they quit it with their points upwards, occasioning little commotion; thus obviating the necessity of complicated machinery, and reducing the wheel at once to its simplest terms. The diminution in the surface which is exposed to a head-wind by the reduced size of the paddle-box; the avoiding the shocks and vibrations now experienced by vessels; and the steadier working of the wheels from the increased immersion of the floats, which makes them less affected by the rolling of the vessel, are advantages obvious to the most superficial, and worthy the special attention of

* "The inexhaustible works of Nature."
† No. 871.

every scientific man. To those who may think it paradoxical that a float of half the area of the common one should be more effective, it may be accounted for by there being always a greater number of floats immersed at the same time in the trapezium wheel. The differences, too, in the velocity of the upper and lower stratum of the water struck by the wheel, are more equalized in this instance.

An interesting invention, which for want of space we omitted in a former number, is the steam or vapour engine, constructed by Mr. Howard, of the King and Queen Iron Works, Rotherhithe; to whom we are much indebted for valuable assistance on this subject. It is constructed with the intention of dispensing with the boiler, by producing the steam only at each stroke of the piston. In this engine, a high temperature acts on so small a quantity of liquid, as to produce only a low comparative density, so that the rapidity of vaporization is not impeded by a corresponding pressure. To effect this, the heat of a coke fire is conveyed to a surface on which the steam is produced through the medium of such a quantity of mercury as will render the varying intensity of the fire sufficiently manageable. The surface exposed to the fire in a ten-horse power engine at work at Rotherhithe, was the bottom of a shallow wrought-iron pan, containing the mercury, and presenting to the fire seven square feet. It was placed beneath the working cylinder, which was twenty inches in diameter. Above the mercury was a very thin surface of iron, so contrived as to present about four times the fire surface, and was throughout in close contact with the mercury beneath. The production of steam was effected by dispersing upon the latter a small quantity of water, or other liquid, previously heated to about its boiling point, which was immediately and completely vaporized. In order to improve the process and save fuel, the vapour was worked expansively, for which it was well adapted; being cut off from the cylinder at about the fourth of a stroke, giving an average pressure throughout the stroke of twelve pounds per inch, when the pressure for the fourth part is about twenty pounds per inch.

The plan adopted for performing the condensation was by injection. The condenser was a copper vessel placed in a cistern of cold water, and received the steam from the cylinder by an ordinary eduction pipe. Two pumps, worked by the engine being connected with the bottom of the condenser, and a copper pipe proceeding from them, was exposed to the cold water, and then entered the condenser at the lower part by being furnished at its termination therein with a loaded valve. The pumps withdrawing the liquid from the bottom of the condenser, the heat is abstracted, and this being ejected through the valve, is immediately reduced to water. A small pump conveys the liquid from the condenser to the valve attached to the vaporing apparatus, and the important object is thus effectually gained of allowing the same water to be returned to the boiler.

The "Columbus" of Liverpool was fitted with this apparatus, her build being that of an elegant brig, and having two low smokeless chimneys. Her engines were of 110-horse power, and the cylinders forty inches and a half in diameter; her speed was ten miles an hour. The heat being applied to the pan of quicksilver, water was injected on it, and the steam thus produced contained more heat than was sufficient to maintain it in the vaporous form. Though some of the machinery was old and ill-fitted, she performed a voyage from Falmouth to Lisbon, during which she required only about one-third the fuel she had formerly consumed. The result, thus far favourable, was not however one of ultimate success, for extreme difficulty was experienced in keeping the vessels tight that contained the amalgam, arising from the inequalities of expansion under heat and cold, the mercury having been abandoned as too expensive, from the monopolization of it by Rothschild, which caused an increase of the price from 1*s.* 10*d.*, when the plan was first adopted, to 4*s.* 6*d.* The amalgam, too, was inferior in other properties; yet Mr. Howard informs us, that when in fair order, the engines of the "Columbus" worked perfectly well, and but for the circumstance of the great expense, he would in all probability have accomplished the passage to America. Since that period the plan has been laid aside, in consequence of the general application of tubular boilers, which accomplish much of the work of the vapour engine, and the ingenuity of the inventor was directed to other departments of engineering science. The "Columbus" has been converted into a very efficient sailing vessel. A practical illustration is thus furnished of the important principle, that success is not always the sole criterion of merit.

Another curious application of steam for marine purposes is found in the "Jane" steamer, of which, through the politeness of the constructor, Mr. Blaxland, we were able to give an idea in the engraving of the September number of the *Visitor;* where it appears contrasted with an ordinary American steamer. This little vessel is but twenty-seven feet long, and five feet three inches in width, while her cylinder is only five inches in diameter. Yet she has seen good service in the North Sea, and English Channel; and Mr. Blaxland informs us that six years ago, he took her, on board H. M. steam sloop Salamander, to the Pacific station, and left her at Callao, in Peru, astonishing all by whom she was seen.

The dangers which the power of the waves, and liability to collision present, have induced scientific men to attempt some means by which they should be not only diminished in number, but in effect when unavoidable. For this purpose the plan has been adopted, in many instances, of dividing the ship's hull into sections, each completely water-tight, by means of iron bulk-heads. The vessel has thus five distinct portions; one being occupied, in a steamer, by the engine, boiler, and coal-bunkers. These divisions are so constructed, that unless the water break into the vessel in all its sections at the same time, which is almost impossible, there can be no danger of submersion; and experience has demonstrated that a very small addition of buoyancy would prevent the sinking of a vessel, even after it has been so immersed that the deck was on a level with the surface of the water. The importance of its general application will therefore be readily appreciated.

Another plan is the introduction of captain Smith's life-boat. That gentleman one day observed that there was room upon the paddle-box, over the wheels of a steamer, for a boat to rest, and that it might from thence be dropped on to the surface of the sea in a storm with great ease. The experiment was made, and the secretary of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, stated that in the loss of the large steamer the "Solway," invaluable service was rendered by one of the captain's paddle-box boats, "which, in a few minutes after the ship struck, was thrown into the water so hastily, owing to the alarm and confusion, that she was filled with water up to its thwarts, yet received above fifty men, women, and children, and, towed by one of the cutters, carried the whole party back to Corunna, a distance of twenty miles, in a dark night, in a considerable sea." If time had allowed of the other paddle-box boat being got over before the pinnace was swamped, it is certain that every one of the passengers and crew might have escaped in the same manner; while two of these paddle-box boats alone rescued the whole crew of the Isis, amounting to above one hundred persons, during a gale of wind and a heavy sea.

The increased facility and security for communication, presented by the various contrivances of man, are not limited in their effects to mere questions of profit and loss. The patrician will not feel his position lowered by a just elevation of the masses; and the plebeian will best occupy the position he is intended to fill, by a knowledge of his duty to himself and others; above all, to that God to whom he owes every advantage with which he is indulged. Society will thus be knit together by the strongest ties, and the truly good and intelligent will be respected, whatever may be their rank or occupation.

Nor is the ameliorating tendency restricted to individuals of the same nation, —the benefit will be universal. The barriers of mountains, rivers, and seas, will not be suffered to disunite identical interests of countries; different tribes and tongues will recognise the same sympathy of feeling; mutual dependence will lessen, and perhaps destroy, that envy which has so often given rise to war. Many wars indeed have been occasioned by commercial jealousy; but it will be found that in almost every instance this has arisen on one side, perhaps on both, from unsound views of individual interest; and the general prosperity of the community has to a great degree been sacrificed for a much smaller advantage, even if obtained by success in arms:

"—The band of commerce was design'd
T' associate all the branches of mankind;
And if a boundless plenty be the robe,
Trade is the golden girdle of the globe.
Wise to promote whatever end he means,
God opens fruitful Nature's various scenes:
Each climate needs what other climes produce,
And offers something to the general use;
No land but listens to the common call,
And in return receives supplies from all."

Let these principles be carried out, by increased facilities of communication, and the results, as they concern civilisation and religion, will be considerable in

importance. Man will recognise a brother whom he would now treat with suspicion, merely because he belonged to a particular nation; friendship will render sacred the intercourse of families who, under other circumstances, would have never met,—a selfish patriotism will be lost in an enlightened and generous philanthropy! Countries will be but as counties, and united with the same feelings as now actuate different portions of the same nation, will regard the idea of settling a disputed question by a mutual slaughter as absurd as it is inhuman:

"Heaven speed the canvass, gallantly unfurl'd
To furnish and accommodate a world,
To give the pole the produce of the sun,
And knit th' unsocial climates into one.—
Soft airs and gentle heavings of the wave
Impel the fleet, whose errand is to save,
To succour wasted regions, and replace
The smile of opulence in sorrow's face.
Let nothing adverse, nothing unforeseen,
Impede the bark, that ploughs the deep serene,
Charged with a freight transcending in its worth
The gems of India, Nature's rarest birth,
That flies, like Gabriel on his Lord's commands,
A herald of God's love to pagan lands."

F. S. W.

RUYTER; OR, SCENES IN THE BUSH.

And this is Caffreland! How lovely! how new! how strange! how wild! and how beautiful! The high cliff, the river rushing over the craggy rock in romantic falls, whitening the dark waters with snowy foam; the shadowy wood, where the date, the cocoa-nut, and the banana mingle with the thorny mimosa and the tamarind; the arid sandy plain, stretching out towards the piled-up mountains in the distance, the wilderness of broken ground, rugged stones, and tangled thorns all arrest the attention and influence the heart.

Whether the antelope hurries onward over the wind, or the jackal skulks amid the thick brushwood, or the vulture screams from the riven branch of a lightning-blasted tree, or the flamingo sports his fiery plumage in the sun, every place presents an object of interest. Here are the thorny desert, the stony mountain, the dry bed of the torrent, the "green pastures" the "still waters," and the "shadow of a great rock in a weary land." We feel that God is in the wilderness,—and "Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised," 1 Chron. xvi. 25:

The light is here, the darkness there;
But God, the Lord, is everywhere!

Ruyter, an inhabitant of the Dutch Netherlands, has left the banks of the Scheld with his young wife and a band of stalwart servant men, for the sultry land of Southern Africa. Between the mouths of the Coavo and the Great Fish River lies a country of varied sterility and productiveness, stretching out for more than a thousand miles in extent. Here the wild Caffre finds a home, now and then disputed with him by the Hottentot, and the fierce though diminutive Bosjesman or Bushman. Here the tawny lion, the howling hyæna, the enormous elephant, the armed rhinoceros, the bulky hippopotamus, the long-horned buffalo, and the striped zebra find a retreat suited to their several natures. Here the ostrich lays her eggs in the sand, the crocodile basks on the sedgy side of the river, and innumerable serpents hide themselves in the prickly jungles and stony ground. Settlers from different parts of the world have established themselves in Caffraria, and with the same object in view, Ruyter, in company with another party, and attended with Hottentots, is now traversing the hill, the valley, and the sultry wilderness, on his way to this far distant locality:

How sternly steep the rocks are piled!
How darkly frowns the desert wild!

* * * * *

On go the ox-wagons through a dreary district; the little water found in the gullies is brackish, fruit is not to be seen, and hardly does there appear within reach of the eye forage enough for a single team of oxen; shingle, prickly euphorbia, and the scarlet-headed aloe cover the ground, while the heat is excessive, and the closeness of the sultry air hardly endurable. On go the ox-wagons over the arid sand and through the tangled jungle, marked with parallel tracks made by wagons that have preced them. The wind rises, and suffocating clouds of dust prevail. On go the ox-wagons; now crawling through the desolate valley, now slowly ascending on the very brink of the precipice, winding round the broad-breasted mountain. Ruyter is encouraging his partner boldly to brave the danger of their position, pointing out to her the far-off peak, the winding of the distant river, and talking of their Afric home, their happy lodge in the wilderness:

The heart, through Eden, though it roam,
Must needs be sad that has no home.

* * * * *

What scenes there are in the bush! Here barrenness and there fertility, and

flocks, and herds. The building yonder, by the side of the river is a fort, to check the predatory bands on their way to the colony. But how is the garrison supplied with food? In a very simple manner. The natives on the other side of the river bring down their stores and wait the signal. There! it is just given; and at least a hundred swimmers have plunged into the water with their marketable merchandize of pumpkins, sacks of grain, milk, and Indian corn, fresh pulled from the stalk, glad enough to exchange them for the coloured beads and the buttons, the brass wire, and the scrap iron of the soldiery. In a little time, another signal will be given, when the party will again plunge into the river on their return. Ruyter directs the attention of his young wife to an eagle on the wing; an ostrich on the plain, and the hanging-nest of the weaver-bird suspended from the thorny mimosa. The traveller in Caffraria finds some object,—

> Where'er he turns his wandering eyes,
> To lure, alarm him, or surprise.

* * * * *

The locust! the locust! The living cloud of innumerable creatures on the wing is sweeping along in the very face of the slowly-moving wagons, and the oxen hold down their heads to avoid the advancing storm. It is "like the noise of chariots on the tops of mountains"—"like the noise of a flame of fire that devoureth the stubble." It is as "a strong people set in battle array." The heavens appear to tremble, and the sky is darkened. The locust! the locust! On sweeps the "great army," "every one on his way," neither breaking their ranks nor thrusting one another, but sweeping onward as a "flaming blast," leaving behind them the barren stubble of the harvest they have greedily devoured. The cloud has departed. Ruyter draws his breath, which has so long been impeded, and, looking round, exclaims—"The land is as the garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness; yea, and nothing shall escape them:"

> They fly, of man and beast the bane,
> And famine follows in their train.

* * * * *

An alarm is given; and Ruyter and his stalwart serving men have put themselves in front of a wagon drawn by ten oxen; for they have descried a party of Bushmen, who, with their bows and arrows, are meditating an attack. The Caffres are full-sized men, but the Bushmen are the smallest of the human race, and perhaps the lowest in the scale of intellect.

"Poor Bushman! Thy hand has been against every one, and every one's hand against thee. For generations past, Bushmen have been hunted like partridges in the mountains. Deprived of what nature had made their own, they became desperate, wild, fierce, and indomitable in their habits. Hunger compels them to feed upon everything edible. Ixias, wild garlic, the core of aloes, gum of acacias, and other plants and berries, some of which are extremely unwholesome, constitute their fruits; while almost every kind of living creature is eagerly devoured,—lizards, locusts, and grasshoppers not excepted. The poisonous as well as innoxious serpents they roast and eat, first extracting their poison-bags, with which they cover the points of their arrows. The Bushmen, finding the party too strong for them, move away. In many parts of Africa,

> Where'er the roving stranger goes,
> Man, beast, and reptile are his foes.

* * * * *

A lion! a lion! Every eye is keenly bent on a fearful scene down in the glen below, not a hundred paces distant. Ruyter is ready with his rifle, whatever danger may await them. A lion is seen stealthily stealing from the dark ravines in the forest, towards the fountain where the buffaloes are drinking. What a monstrous size! What a shaggy mane, and what tremendous limbs! Already has he reached the thick bush by the water. His tail is stiffly waving, and he is now crouching for the fatal spring. Fearful! He has flung himself over the bush on the broad shoulders of a buffalo, which, wild with fear and pain, is bearing him off to the wood. Not far will he proceed; for the rending talons and the devouring fangs of his resistless foe will arrest his progress. Ruyter is bold and self-possessed; but he gazes not on this scene in the bush without emotion. Shall he ever have to contend with such a foe! It is not for himself that his lip quivers, but he thinks of his wife being left alone and friendless:

> When deathful dangers round us move,
> How much we think of those we love!

* * * * *

The moon is rising; deep is the gloom beneath the dark foliage of the trees, and the jackal's cry and mournful howl of the

hyæna are heard in the solitary jungle. The encampment is formed for the night in the bush, and the pointed aloes and euphorbias around assume in the eyes of fearful fancy the appearance of Caffre warriors crested with plumes and bristling with assagais. The Dutch African boors are smoking their huge pipes. The Hottentots and servant-men are trying to carry on a conversation, hardly one word of which is intelligible to both parties. And two or three friendly Bushmen are holding converse together in the clucking gibberish of their native tongue. The faces of all are vividly lit up by the watch-fire, whose fitful flickering gave a flitting aspect to the stationary party. See! the boors stick their empty pipes in the bands of their broad-brimmed hats, and stretch themselves, wrapped in their coats, on the bare ground, reckless of snake or scorpion. The Hottentots lie in their sheepskin carosses, coiled up with their feet to the fire. The watch is set. The deep breathing of the oxen round the wagons is distinctly heard, and Ruyter and his young wife have commended themselves, for the night, to their heavenly Father, and preserveth those who trust in him:

The silvery moon is riding high,
And decks with light the midnight sky.

* * * * *

It is the sabbath day. The oxen are grazing under the care of the Hottentots; the wagons are drawn up in the glen, in the most convenient form; and the whole encampment, Ruyter and his young wife among them, are assembled around a silvery-haired missionary, who happens to have fallen in with them in his journeyings. The missionary, by his blameless life and friendly offices, has won the good will even of the savage natives. He has learned their language, reproved their idolatry, and pointed them to the "Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." He is standing on a little eminence beneath an acacia tree, in the midst of the encampment, with a Bible in his hand. He has kneeled in solemn prayer; he has joined those around him in ardent praise, and freely proclaimed the glad tidings of salvation—and now he calls upon them to join him in a psalm of thanksgiving to the King of glory. And who is the King of glory? Even the Most High!

Who sits on heaven's eternal throne,
The Lord of hosts! the Lord alone!

* * * * *

Hark! that was the crack of a rifle. Another! See!—yonder are two men running as if for their lives. The fearful crash amid the forest trees tells too plainly who is their pursuer. An enraged elephant has emerged from the thick foliage, and is gaining on those who have wounded him. Here they come; but they cannot escape. One has plunged into the brook; but the infuriated animal has overtaken the other. He has caught him at the foot of a banana tree. Dreadful! He smites him with his trunk; he tears him with his tusks; he tramples him with his feet, and presses on him with his knees. A shadow is on Ruyter's brow, and he goes back in his fancy to the banks of the Scheld, where there are no infuriated elephants, nor hunger-prest lions, nor noxious serpents, nor wild Caffres, nor fierce Bushmen, nor clouds of locusts. Such thoughts as these are too late, now, Ruyter! Too far hast thou proceeded to go back. With a courageous heart, an upward eye, and an onward foot, there is much of happiness before thee:

With firm resolve and steady heart—
On, on! play not a coward's part.

* * * * *

Ruyter, and his wagons, and his oxen, and his servants, have arrived at the wild glen that is to constitute his future home. True it is, that he sees loneliness and dreary solitude, and prickly shrubs, and desolate places, and wide-spread sterility around; but he sees, also, the wife of his bosom gazing on him with tenderness. For him she has left the land of her birth—her kith and her kind—the mother that bore her and the father that brought her up;—for him she has crossed the raging deep, and wandered in the wilderness, with an affection as strong, ay, stronger than that of Ruth for Naomi, and, uttering the same language—"Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me." Ruyter, strong in faith and affection, clasps her in his arms believingly; nay, feeling confident, looking up for heavenly aid, that, though as yet the thorn-bearing earth is unbroken by the plough, the mattock, or the spade, ere long, as the recompense of his lusty labour, "the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose."—Isa. xxxv. 1.

Eastern Vinedressers viewing the Funeral of Jacob.

THE FUNERAL OF JACOB.

The splendour displayed at the funeral of Jacob is altogether without a parallel in history. Connected as he was so closely with the court of Egypt, it could scarcely be otherwise than that his interment should partake of the character of a public occasion, and we should have expected to find that, even if it had been determined to deposit his remains in Egypt and in his own immediate neighbourhood—the conveyance of his ashes to the place of their rest, would be conducted on a scale of magnificence, such as would display on the part of Joseph a suitable tribute of respect to the memory of his venerable parent. More especially when we consider that the place, where all that was mortal of Israel was destined to lie, was nearly three hundred miles distant from the borders of Egypt; and that the most extensive preparations would be necessary to convey the solemn cavalcade over such a journey, we may form some idea, from the royal state of the principal mourner, from the magnificent manner in which his filial piety provided all that the art of Egypt could supply, or her customs required for paying the last honours to his much loved father, and from the immense multitude that accompanied him, consisting of almost the whole nobility and army of Egypt with their equipages, of how grand and imposing a character this procession must have been, and how much it was calculated, as it moved along, to impress the people of the intermediate countries with a high idea of the glory of the Egyptians, and of him who was the second ruler in the kingdom. The whole description conveys the idea, that the manner in which the obsequies of Jacob were celebrated was Egyptian; and as the splendour which accompanied it was such as usually distinguished the funeral of the highest personages of the realm, we may conceive what sort of spectacle this was, and the manner in which the Egyptians testified their mourning during the seven days they halted for that purpose on their arrival at the confines of Canaan, from a curious and graphic account which an ancient historian has given of the interment of an Egyptian king.

It was on the occasion of the death of the illustrious Sesostris, the whole kingdom went into mourning, rending their garments, shutting up their temples, and putting a stop to all sacrifices; feasts and solemnities were offered for the space of seventy days; after which, the day of the funeral having arrived, the procession moved to the vault where the monarchs of Egypt were laid; and on approaching it, they halted for the space of several days, during which the body was exposed in a coffin at the entrance of the sepulchre, where, in pursuance of a law, the actions of his life were recited, the priests pronounced the eulogy of the

illustrious dead, and the whole multitude joined in extolling the memory of their lamented king. For that long time they gave themselves up to the most passionate exclamations of grief. Companies of two or three hundred men and women, with dust on their heads, and girt with linen girdles, marched solemnly in procession twice a day, singing the praises of Sesostris in mournful dirges, and commemorating his virtues, in order to excite the grief of the bystanders. All this while they abstained from flesh and meat, as also from wine and all other delicacies. They neither bathed nor anointed themselves, nor slept in their beds, but every one mourned night and day as for the loss of a beloved father or friend; and their manner of expressing it was very peculiar. The whole multitude, excited by the mercenary mourners, who were great adepts in the art of inflaming the passions, burst forth into the most furious and piercing cries, so that the air was rent with the acclamations. Every day they renewed their shrieks at dawn, and in concert, continuing for a long time, and manifesting the greatest vehemence of feeling and gesture. The longest and most violent acts were, when they had laid down the body previous to depositing it in the place of interment, and taking the last farewell of it. Their cries were then long and frightful, and seemed as if they were uttered by persons who were overwhelmed with irretrievable despair.

Precisely of this description seems to have been the occupations of the company that composed the funeral procession of Jacob when they halted on approaching the borders of Canaan. Whatever was the reason of this sudden halting there, whether it was the custom, on entering the country where the corpse was to be buried, to give way to lamentations, which were to be repeated again at the grave, or whether the thrashing-floor of Atad was a more convenient place than the field of Macpelah, where the relics of the patriarch were to lie, the whole procession stopped during the protracted term of seven days, and indulged in the most passionate expressions of grief. This was done, as it is with many of the Asiatics still on such occasions, at various intervals between the death and the funeral of their friends, with a view more emphatically to express their grief, when they ar aboute to lay their dead in the tomb. They then resign themselves to the full tide of sorrow, and pour out their effusions of grief more copiously as they approach the place and time, when the remains of their departed friends are to be for ever withdrawn from their eyes. It seems to have been in order to embrace this last opportunity of mourning that the Egyptians halted, as they passed the limits of the land where the body of Jacob was to lie. In the sad farewell the whole assembly joined, "mourning with a great and very sore lamentation" for seven days; and the people of the place, judging the extremity of their grief by their frantic cries and wild gesticulations, which for so long a period they indulged, perpetuated the memory of the extraordinary and affecting scene, by calling that spot ever after by the name of Abel-Mizraim, the mourning of the Egyptians.

It seems to have been according to the will of Providence, as well as the ardent wishes of the venerable father of Israel himself, that his remains should be carried, immediately after his death, to the land of promise, in order that the three patriarchs, with whom God had entered into covenant, might, as it were, by their latest act, take possession of the country which was the destined inheritance of their tribes, and by their deaths as well as their lives, afford examples of faith to those who should come after them. But, with the exception of these three, none of the succeeding fathers of the Hebrew family were conveyed at their decease to the land of Canaan, till the whole race emigrated to that chosen settlement; the corpses of all, as they died, being retained in Egypt, and disposed of in the costly and elaborate manner in which the Egyptians were wont to preserve their dead.—*Jamieson.*

THE STATE OF THE WORLD IN CONNEXION WITH THE JUBILEE EFFORTS OF THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY.

In the contemplation of those changes which have taken place in the condition of nations since the period when the Religious Tract Society, and other kindred Institutions, sprung into existence, it is impossible not to observe the vastly-increased facilities which have been vouchsafed for the dissemination of the truth. At the termination of the last century, many and formidable were the barriers which arrested its progress. The larger portion of the world was closed against the activities of Christian benevolence. British cupidity and misapprehension re-

fused access to the myriads of Hindostan. The cruel demon of slavery resisted the endeavour to reach the down-trodden negroes of the west. A breach had hardly been made in the mighty wall which girdled a third of the globe's population in China. The midnight of heathenism had scarcely begun to yield to the dawning beams of the Sun of righteousness. Deep-rooted and wide-spread systems of superstition had scarcely been loosened and shaken. The chain of caste had not been weakened. The power of prejudice had not given way. But few of the languages and dialects of men had been mastered, and many had been reduced to no form and fixture. The discoveries of science, and the achievements of enterprise, had done little to diminish the expense, and toil, and danger incurred in reaching the remote parts of the earth. And all the evils attendant on a protracted war, both as they affected our own and other countries, opposed and repressed the efforts of the Christian church;—for, alas! the spirit of this world's conflicts can have nothing in unison with that of holy benevolence, and its weapons must clash with those of our warfare, which are not carnal, but "mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds." Now, however, we behold a contrast which cannot but awaken the astonishment, inspire the gratitude, and encourage the hope of the pious mind. Who, as he ponders it, can refrain from the exclamation, "What hath God wrought!" It may almost be said the world—the *world* is open to the church. British India opposes not a solitary obstacle. The missionary of the cross may traverse its broad and sultry plains, enter the abodes of its people, stand in the front of its very temples, and fulfil his mission without hindrance or intimidation. The genius of emancipation—the offspring of Christianity—has snapped the chain of the slave asunder; and among those who were deemed too imbruted to be capable of receiving instruction, have been found a people "prepared for the Lord!" Even our own unrighteous commerce, and the war waged in its defence, have been singularly overruled to open for us wellnigh a free passage into China; so that in the ports assigned to the British empire, we have immediate access to millions of her overwhelming population. The vast continent of Africa, with her various and barbarous tribes and hordes, may be reached by the self-denying servants of the Saviour, and its burning sands have been long trodden by the feet of the heralds of salvation. Till of late, the beautiful islands which are set like gems in the waters of the Southern Pacific, have afforded free scope for Christian labour; and although one of those isles has been for the present wrested from us, others invite cultivation, and repay the toil bestowed upon them. Madagascar—where the spirit of persecution has raged, and martyr-blood has flowed, and the faith and heroic constancy of the first sufferers for Christ have re-appeared—Madagascar begins to bear on the dark clouds that have gathered over it the bright bow of promise. We are cheered by the hope that if the blood-stained queen should not relent, the son of that queen—now giving decided evidence of piety—may be spared to restore and to extend the blessings of Christianity throughout the land.

Whilst "wide and effectual doors" are thus opened in distant parts, surprising progress has been witnessed in all that affects, and is designed to promote, the welfare of our fellow-men. National antipathies have been overcome, prejudices have been subdued, caste has been broken, languages have been acquired, and, in numerous instances, formed. The word of God, and other religious books and tracts, have been translated into the greater number of tongues used by the civilized or savage of mankind Commerce has contributed to open the way for the agents of mercy, though they have not unfrequently prepared the way for commerce. Art and science have been subordinated to advance the triumphs of the gospel. They have been employed to multiply the means of instruction, to facilitate the intercourse of distant peoples, to unite them as in one, to cast up as it were a highway to the remotest parts of the earth. The spirit of inquiry has been evoked. The mind of man, where it had remained sunk in torpor, or contented and pleased with systems and rites of delusion, the most puerile and absurd, degrading and revolting, has begun to awake from its lethargy, to put forth its native vigour, to assert its essential majesty. It has lost its confidence in ancient superstitions. It is beginning to feel after something new and something better; looking about for that which will slake the thirst excited, and satisfy the sense of need. And, alas! it is seeking in too many instances already, particularly

in Britith India, that satisfaction in the chilling and deadly negations and blasphemies of infidelity, instead of the soul-elevating and soul-saving realities of truth.

The establishment of peace betwixt ourselves and the nations of the neighbouring Continent—which now, happily, for a long period has been undisturbed, has greatly favoured the operations of Christian philanthropy. Yet, until of late, the stern bigotry of Rome had shut and barred the greater portion of Europe from the truth in its purity and power. Recent events have wrought an extraordinary change in the condition of those kingdoms, over which popery extended its most besotting influence, enslaving domination, and unresisted sway. It is impossible not to mark and gratefully to acknowledge here, the peculiar goodness of the Supreme Ruler in the signal preservation vouchsafed to our country. That we have been favoured with comparative peace. That our political constitution has been maintained inviolate. That we have reposed beneath a form of government which, whatever may be its defects, is, we think, on the whole, the best calculated to secure the liberty and foster the interests of the subject, and to give the required support and legitimate authority to the throne. But for what, under God, are we indebted for the maintenance of tranquillity amid wellnigh universal confusion? Why has the ark of our precious privileges been kept from falling into the hands of lawless, violent, and misguided men? Must we not attribute it to the diffusion of religious intelligence—to the existence of pious feeling—to the deep hold which the great principles of the gospel have taken of the public mind? This has been at once the ballast and anchor of the vessel which has held it fast, and kept it steady while surrounded, and not unassailed, by the angry surge and furious hurricane of popular commotion which have swept over other nations, and whereby, in some instances, they have been whelmed and wrecked. Herein we witness the incalculable benefits resulting from our various religious institutions, among which the Religious Tract Society has been prominent while all have been engaged in the great work of scattering over the land "the incorruptible seed of the word of God," and, through His effectual benediction, we are reaping that which we have sown.

It would be far from proper in these pages to enter into a consideration of the political aspects, or the probable consequences of the revolutions which have taken place on the continent of Europe. It is not that which is political, but that which is *moral*, to which our attention must be turned; and we can attach no value to the former, except as it works in subserviency to the latter. The higher order of intelligences, when introduced to our view, are represented, not as interested in the discoveries of science, the productions of art, the extension of commerce, the displays of human energy and genius, in the rising or the falling of empires; though, probably they are not indifferent to these, so far as they relate to the true happiness of men—but their intelligent, and pure, and benevolent natures receive the profoundest impression, and thrill with the intensest delight, as they witness the triumphs of redemption: "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

When, by the operation of redeeming grace, we become even "as the angels," in this we shall be like-minded with them, and with Him who is the Lord of angels and men. That which awakens the deepest concern in such as are "of the world," will affect us little: that which they disregard will affect us much. They look abroad upon the earth with inquiring, anxious hearts, that vibrate at every rumour,—are stirred by every change, and agitated by every convulsion,—elate with hope, or "failing them for fear;" and well may it be so when their little all is at stake. We cannot, indeed, be unconcerned spectators of the things which have come, and may be coming, to pass; that sceptres are broken; that thrones are demolished; that kings are deposed; that dynasties are overthrown; that the people, trampling under foot the authority of their rulers, have determined themselves to rule; and that all law, and order, and authority, have given place to violence, anarchy, and blood. But terrible as are these phenomena, we do not regard them in themselves, nor do we survey them with the eye of the politician, or mere philosopher. Our object is to contemplate them as the *Christian*, to ascertain their causes, and to apply the remedy.

We can view the commotions which engage our attention but as the outbreaks of the disease which had long been radicated in the system. Or as the loud bellowing of the volcano, and fierce out-

flaming of the lava torrent, which before it shot upwards and spread onwards its scathing and resistless deluge, was long gathering, boiling, flashing within, giving, in some instances at least, the distinct and sure prognostics of the coming eruption. We might seek the causes of that which now appears in the conduct of princes. We might speak of the people withheld from the enjoyment of privileges to which they had an inalienable claim. We might regard them as goaded by a sense of wrong, and stimulated by a desire of right, to break through legal restraint, that they might take by force what was not accorded to them by equity. We might dwell on the lesson so emphatically read to the potentates of this world —that a day of retribution for selfish, arbitrary, oppressive rule, though long deferred, will at length arrive,—that righteousness only can be the stability of thrones or of nations,—and, in the language of inspired declaration, "He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God."

But if we traced the events that have thickened before us no further than this, our view would be most superficial and inadequate, even if so far it were correct. There is a deeper source than all, in the moral condition of the mind. That mind on the continent of Europe has not, but with comparatively few exceptions, been brought under Christian influence. Beneath the name of Christianity there have been forms of superstition which, however they have enthralled, have neither satisfied nor sanctified the heart. Where there has not been submission to the papal church, there has extended, as in France, a bold infidelity—or as in Germany, a proud rationalism; while multitudes and myriads have exhibited a state of utter godlessness. The soul to a fearful extent has thus been left without the religion which alone can teach submission to the will of God, and to the just authority of man. What marvel, therefore, while that soul has been the subject of wants, which nothing less than an Infinite Good can supply—while it has been excited and agitated by restless and insatiable passions—while it has been looking for happiness exclusively to the things of earth—while it has been throwing off the restraints which revelation places on the conduct, where it does not renew the spirit—while it has been ready to embrace every error that fell in with the prevailing disposition, and to become the dupe of every leader that promised the fulfilment of its desires—and while, moreover, there may have been much in the political circumstances demanding redress and correction—what marvel, we say, all this considered, that Europe has been the theatre of a tragedy so terrible, some of the successive acts of which we have witnessed, but which may even now be far from its close?

While, then, we find the chief cause of the convulsions which have shaken neighbouring nations in the moral state of the people, whatever may have operated immediately to provoke them in their civil condition, where shall we find an effectual remedy for these evils but in the religion of the Cross? It is that only which can fathom the deeps, and satisfy the yearnings of our immortal nature; which at once discovers and supplies its necessities; which reveals to it the Fountain of eternal blessedness, and removes the stone from the well that our guilt had laid upon it, while it presses the invitation to come and drink; which reconciles, as the first great object, man to God, then reconciles man to himself, and man to his fellow; which comprises laws for all, and such as in their application to all, are equally "holy, and just, and good;" which does more, for it "puts them in the inward parts, and writes them upon the heart,"—thus securing a willing and constant obedience to them. And as that obedience is fulfilled, so does the religion of Jesus produce love where there was hatred, unity where there was disagreement, peace where there was war, and joy and happiness where there was misery and woe. This it does for the individual, the family, the nation, the continent, the world! Ah, this is the religion needed by France, and all the distracted kingdoms around her, that is pre-eminently necessary *now*. How necessary for the princes that have been compelled to abdicate their thrones, or are trembling upon them. How necessary for those to whom are intrusted the affairs of legislation, but who never found it so difficult to legislate. How necessary for the people, distracted, disappointed, impoverished, in multitudes of instances in the extremest destitution, deprived of employment through the suspension of work, despondent or exasperated, in a state to be kindled at once, if not fired already by the incendiary writings which are extensively spread. And how many are the widows and

orphans of those who have fallen in the conflict, left to eat "the bread of adversity," and to drink "the water of affliction?"

Now, while there exists so urgent a need of the blessings of Christianity, the most abundant opportunities for their diffusion are afforded. He who "maketh the wrath of man to praise Him," has overruled the agitations which have occurred for the removal of many of the barriers that prevented the entrance of His truth. In those organic changes which have taken place in the governments of continental Europe, the universal tendency has been to greater freedom, and, among other advantages, the liberty of the Press has been in several instances conceded. In France popery, indeed, is employing all the efforts of the most jesuitical policy to maintain its power. In Italy, while hope may be indulged that ere long there will be the free circulation of the word of God, former restrictions are not withdrawn, though in some degree relaxed. In Switzerland, persecution is still felt in Lausanne and Vaud; and what renders it more odious is, that it proceeds from a government professing liberalism. Yet, as it has been said, "Luther's reformation, considered in relation to the right of private judgment, pursues its victorious career:—it knocks at the gates of the Vatican, and even compels the sovereign pontiff to incline his head before its universal empire." It is an interesting fact, and may be mentioned in proof that this right is recognised beyond the bounds of Christendom, and where we should have least expected to find it, "that even in the heart of the Turkish Mohammedan empire God has raised up a free Christian church, and has constituted the Turkish sultan the protector of its freedom; and we have the singular spectacle of the sultan teaching the pope what be the principles of religious liberty, and demanding from him the restoration of three kidnapped children, violently detained in Rome to be educated Romanists." We have already seen that in other parts of the globe, in *every* part, with but small exception, there is access for the servants and the gospel of Christ!

Thus, then, God by his providence has been preparing his own path, and we may hope he has commissioned, or permitted, the spirit of revolution to go forth, and to effect the political emancipation of man; that—deluded as he may be for a while by the idea of obtaining social, national, and even world-wide regeneration, but without the regeneration which the truth and Spirit of God alone can accomplish—he may be brought at length, with all his blighted hopes, unhealed maladies, and deep necessities, to embrace the long-despised message of celestial mercy, and thus to enter into the liberty wherewith Christ maketh his people free.

However this may be, it is unquestionably the will of God that his church should avail herself of the facilities presented, that she should enter the doors which, on the European continent and elsewhere, are thrown open, that she should hasten to relieve the exigent condition of the myriads, whose miseries can be effectually remedied, and whose aspirations can be adequately met, only by a higher order of benefit than that which they pursue. And doubtless he would have us to be influenced by the consideration that, but as the people, now in a transition state, become enlightened and sanctified by the Divine word, will they be prepared to form those institutions which shall permanently secure national liberty, and be the foundation of national greatness. With them it is a crisis both moral and political. And as we believe that all sound politics must be derived from the spirit and maxims of Christianity, a regard both to the eternal and temporal interests of the population of Europe, should press upon us a claim the most irresistible, as it manifestly is the most urgent.

We have scarcely any need to inquire, what are the precise means we should employ. In connexion with the living voice of the preacher wherever it may be heard, and the circulation of the inspired volume wherever it may be introduced, the wide distribution of religious tracts must commend itself as a kind of instrumentality peculiarly adapted to the existing state of things. Not as a substitute for the word of God, but as the vehicle by which it may be conveyed, and wherein it may be exactly fitted to the condition and requirements of the people and the period. Tracts, according to M. de Pressensé, "ought to be narrations rather than dissertations, and adapted to diversities of epochs, circumstances, and men. We should never lose sight, in these popular compositions, of the connexion which exists between social life and the reli-

gious life; between the cause of humanity and the cause of God; between natural elements and the Divine element." There can be little question that of all the modes and forms of spiritual instruction, those the most likely to attract and gain admission to the popular mind, are such as individualize, as much as possible, the man; that talk to him about his own position; that enter into his peculiar wants, struggles, and trials; that bring him the sacred truths of religion in the envelope—so to speak—of human sympathies, which he may find in his house, or in his path; which may arrest the eye, engage the imagination, and, without taxing or wearying the intellect, place before it a condensation, as simple as it is brief, of the gospel of Christ, that may win its way to the heart. We are glad to find that the Religious Tract Society contemplate a special effort to secure publications of the required character, and here repeat the announcement contained in the last number of the *Spectator*, that "The Committee have determined to offer prizes for good Evangelical tracts, not exceeding two sheets; to be adapted to the present circumstances of France, Italy, and Germany."

But for the fulfilment of these great objects there is an extraordinary demand on the liberality of the Christian church, especially that church in Britain. The friends of the Redeemer on the Continent are placed in the peculiarly painful situation of witnessing unexampled opportunities for usefulness, while they are almost entirely deprived of the power to avail themselves of them. The repeated shocks which have opened a way for the truth, have scattered the property of the benevolent. At the religious anniversaries held in Paris during the month of May last, almost all the committees were compelled to announce a serious deficiency in their funds. The rich had been subjected to great pecuniary losses; those who had lived in honourable competence, were thrown into straitened circumstances; money was scarce, and the most generous were compelled to keep their purses closed. Where then shall these distressed Christians look in their emergency but to ourselves? It may be replied, that among us pecuniary embarrassment is also felt. Doubtless it has pressed on large portions of the community, and there are few who have not been more or less, directly or indirectly, affected by it. The receipts of our own religious societies will show that there is found no small degree of difficulty in sustaining their present amount of income, not to speak of effort beyond. Yet it is believed there are resources in this country, and in the church of Christ, equal to the present requirement. That there is a mine of wealth which a higher degree of Christianity would work, and which might supply enough to multiply, to an immense extent, the means of spiritual instruction and benefit, not only for the Continent, but the world. There is, even now, an example of self-denying benevolence in France, exhibiting the very spirit by which we should be actuated. Not long since, M. de Pressensé received a letter from a colporteur, giving an account of a gracious work in one of the southern provinces. It has spread among the labouring classes, and the young of both sexes. The great object of these interesting people is to promote the kingdom of Christ. Being most of them poor, after the toils of the day, they work in the evening, and even during the hours of the night, to raise funds for the employment of evangelists. The females have established a society for needlework, and make blouses and shirts for sale; and some who are farm-labourers, out of their small earnings, fatten pigs and sell them, to advance the cause they have so much at heart. Let the same mind be in us that these devoted Christians develop, and thus the mind that was in Him whose name we bear; and then, whatever the place we occupy in the social scale, we shall prove ourselves equal to the day in which we live, whether for its trials or duties; we shall be ready to respond to every claim presented from our own or other lands; we shall be prepared to enter every opening, and press eagerly forwards to do so, lest it should be closed against us; and we shall be sensible that the fact of our having been preserved in comparative stability and peace, while exposed to the threatening elements of convulsion and of change, creates a demand upon our gratitude which we cannot more appropriately render, than by the most strenuous endeavours to extend the blessings of that religion to which as a nation, as well as individuals, we are so deeply indebted.

The writer of this article would express the earnest hope that the Jubilee year of of the Religious Tract Society may not only witness a special effort to augment its funds, but raise the scale of its free

contributions to a permanent, though not stationary position, somewhat more in accordance with its requirements and its claims. Let its past history be reviewed, let its appeals be regarded, let the work, which, in the arrangements of Divine Providence, it is evidently called upon to perform, be considered, and above all let the solemn truth be pondered, that ere long each individual will have to obey the summons of the great Proprietor and Lord, "Give an account of thy stewardship; for thou mayest be no longer steward," and then there will be the heart which "deviseth liberal things," and by liberal things shall stand. R. S.

"THY DAYS APPROACH THAT THOU MUST DIE."

WHATEVER be the state of our souls in the instant of death, that it will continue to all eternity: "As the tree falleth, so it must lie." If we have lived a life of penitence and faith, and devoted ourselves truly unto God, it is well: death will be to us only like "falling asleep" in the bosom of our Lord. But, if we have neglected these great concerns, or not so far prosecuted them as to have found favour with God, death will be to us only like the opening of our prison-doors, in order to the execution of eternal vengeance on our souls. Prepared or unprepared, we must go into the presence of our God, and receive at his hands our eternal doom. Oh, fearful thought! But so it must be; and, the instant that the soul is separated from the body, it will be transmitted either to the paradise of God, or to the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone. The day of judgment will make no difference, except that the body will then be made to participate the portion of the soul; and the righteousness of God, in the sentence awarded, will be displayed to the admiration of the whole assembled universe.

Let this solemn thought be improved by us.

1. For the humbling of our souls in reference to the past—

We have known the uncertainty of life; and have seen, in the mortality of those around us, the approach of death: but how marvellous is it, that these sights should have produced such little effect upon our souls! Verily, if we did not know the insensibility of man under circumstances of such infinite moment, we should scarcely be able to credit what both our observation and experience so fully attest.

2. For the quickening of our souls in reference to the future—

That "the day of death approaches," we are sure: at what precise distance *it* is we know not. But should not this thought stimulate us to improve our every remaining hour? Yes, verily: we should turn unto God without delay; and "apply our hearts to wisdom" with all diligence: and so "watch for the coming of our Lord, that, at whatever hour it may be, we may be found ready." "What I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch."

FEAR.

THERE is a fear, that of falling from God, of which we ought never in this world to divest ourselves. It is the guard of our piety; and hence it is said, "Blessed is the man that feareth alway." —"Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall." Our present condition, whatever may be our spiritual attainments, is not one of absolute safety, and therefore is not one of perfect enjoyment. "I fast," says the apostle, "and keep my body under: lest, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a cast-away."—"Pass, then, the time of your sojourning here in fear." Who, indeed, can but fear, when his immortal spirit is trembling between heaven and hell? The word of Divine grace is often compared to seed sown in the earth. To how many hazards is it exposed before it is rooted in the ground! And after it has sprung up, and "the valleys stand thick with corn," when can we say it is safe? Our fears are not entirely removed till the wheat is gathered into the garner. —*Richard Watson.*

SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES.

THE more diligently I pursue my search into these oracles of eternal truth, the Scriptures, I perceive a wider, a deeper, an ever-increasing fund of spiritual treasures. I perceive the diviner strokes of wisdom, and the richer displays of goodness; the more transcendent excellency of the Messiah, and a more deplorable vileness in fallen man; a more immaculate purity in God's law, and more precious privileges in his gospel; and yet, after a course of study ever so assiduous, ever so prolonged, I should have reason to own myself a mere babe in heavenly knowledge, or, at most, but a puerile proficient in the school of Christ.—*Hervey.*

THE GOODNESS OF THE MORAL LAW.

"Wherefore the law is holy, and just, and good," Rom. vii. 12.

A CORRECT apprehension of each one of these attributes of the Divine law is absolutely necessary to a right understanding either of the evil of sin or of the nature of salvation. And each one is amply developed, both in the direct statements of the word of God, and in the moral history which is there given us both of this world and of that which is to come. To allow, therefore, a greater prominence in our conception or representations of the law to one than to another of them, must be a mistake; and yet it may be questioned whether it be not a far too common one. In human writings and addresses we hear so much of the holiness of the law, and of the justice of the law, that we are tempted, not, it may be, to forget that it is likewise good, but at least to allow its moral beauty, as viewed in this particular aspect, to leave a much fainter impression on our minds than it really ought to do, or would do, if the entire testimony of Scripture were implicitly regarded. Our imagination is awakened to realise all the thunderings and lightnings of Mount Sinai, or to personify the law as a relentless and unmitigating task-master, until we are almost apt to forget that our own alienation of heart from its principle, and our voluntary departure from its requirements, are the only cause of all the terror with which it is invested. It is true the law is holy, it is true it is just, but it is equally true that it is good; and if to convince of sin be the design of insisting more especially upon the two former qualities, the mistake is all the greater; for surely it is the reflected lustre of this very goodness which casts the deepest shade of all upon the direful malignity of sin.

"The law is good:" we know it must be so, alike in its nature and its effects; the infinite perfections of the Lawgiver are a guarantee that it cannot be otherwise. But how beautifully does the truth come out to view, if we do but contemplate its direct and inherent tendency to promote the welfare of the intelligent creatures for whom it was framed—a tendency no other than this, to insure to them the highest susceptible amount of felicity, and that not merely as an ultimate result of their obedience, but as an innate quality of the very act itself. So that in the strictest sense which can be affixed to the expression 'In the keeping of his commandments there is great reward;' and if the fulfilment be but complete—free from the slightest alloy of infirmity or the least contamination of sin, nothing more is wanting to constitute the "fulness of joy," and "pleasures for evermore."

"The law is good," for the whole law, be it remembered, is comprehended in one word, and that word is, "love." It may assist our conceptions of the subject, if we reflect a little upon the nature of our more exquisite sensations, whether of pleasure or of pain, in the present world. Constituted as we now are, there are no emotions more vivid than those which result from loving and being beloved, neither is there any aching of the heart more intense than that which is occasioned by disappointment or separation as it regards the object of our friendship or affection. And the more refined and elevated is the character of our attachment—that is, the more the objects of it are valued on account of intellectual endowments or moral worth, so much the greater is the amount of our felicity if favoured with the full enjoyment of their intercourse, or our unhappiness if deprived of it. Now, what does the law require of us but this: first, to place our supreme affections upon One, all whose perfections are infinite, and whose name is love—himself the Source and Fountain of all real blessedness—capable of bestowing upon us supreme felicity, and who delights in exceeding our largest anticipations: and then, second only to Him, to love with an emotion higher than we can now conceive—so fallen are we from this law—the creatures whom, like ourselves, he has formed in his own image, and designed pepetually to reflect it throughout eternity. Such then, such only, is the good law of the Lord our God.

That this is indeed its character, there is enough to convince us in fact, even on this side the barrier which separates time from eternity. Let us but reflect on the amount of substantial happiness or of real misery which is enjoyed or endured in the present world, disordered and disjointed as it is in consequence of its departure from this law. To begin at what may be termed the lowest point in the scale. Even among the unconverted, who, in the scriptural intent of such phrases, "know not God," and are

walking "according to the course of this world,"—they who outwardly observe the law of God, certainly from a defective, or even a wrong motive, still enjoy a much larger share of happiness than those who outwardly violate it. The results of open transgression, even in the present world, are for the most part so bitter, that it is emphatically said, "The way of transgressors is hard." Whereas, they who bear the character of moral and upright amongst their fellow men do undoubtedly, whether in intellectual research or in lawful pursuits of any kind, or in domestic enjoyments, taste much, under ordinary circumstances, of what may comparatively be termed happiness. But when any one is truly converted by the grace of God, so as to take him for his portion, and to find his greatest delight in the way of his commandments, let us but contrast the most destitute condition in which he can be placed as to earth-born enjoyment, with the highest felicity of the happiest of the unregenerate, and we shall be at no loss to discover which of the two is in possession of *real* happiness. "There be many that say, Who will show us any good? Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us." "Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines:—yet will I rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation." Again, in what periods of his journey homeward does the Christian himself taste the highest of his enjoyments? Is it when either the cares or the allurements of the world have entangled his path? is it when some subdued corruption of the heart has again acquired the ascendancy, or when he has heedlessly yielded to a hidden snare or specious machination of the enemy? Rather is it not when he has been most watchful, and most diligent; when he has attained the most confiding, but reverential communion with his God, and when his revealed will has been most truly a lamp to his feet, and a light to his path; in a word, when he has attained the highest measure of conformity to the Divine law of love to God and to man? Then indeed it is that his cup of blessedness is full to overflowing, and that he is sometimes enabled to rejoice "with joy unspeakable and full of glory." And such measures of this conformity have been attained by many of the servants of God, after a more or less gradual process of sanctification, that, when arrived at the confines of eternity, in the full possession of their intellectual faculties, and uninfluenced by morbid excitement, they have wanted words to express the joy, which was in fact the pledge and the commencement of a happiness to know no end; and with which the death-bed scenes of some wicked men, also in full possession of their faculties, and aware of their condition, yet sensible of their unpreparedness for a state of happiness after death, have afforded a most affecting and awful contrast. And what is true of man as an individual, is so obviously true of him as a social being, that upon this point we need scarcely enlarge. Let any one look through all the various societies or associations into which men are grouped by the laws of affinity or friendship, from those who, having cast off all regard to the law of their Creator, are but openly augmenting each other's infelicity, by "living," according to the graphic description of the apostle, "in malice and envy, hateful, and hating one another," up to the little band of Christians, whom "love unfeigned" has united in an inseparable brotherhood, who are able in any degree to realize those glowing descriptions of Christian love which abound, for instance, in the epistles of St. Paul to his beloved converts — who are now sharers of each other's joy, in the anticipation of a more blissful and enduring communion hereafter, when imperfection and separation shall be alike unknown,—and then let him say, where is happiness?

But if a slight consideration of "things seen and temporal" unfolds to us such a view as this, oh! what will be the development of things unseen and eternal. Little as we can now understand of the undying realities of the "world to come," what greater misery can we imagine than that of an entire alienation from this blessed law, and an everlasting separation from him who is its Author? What greater felicity than that of an entire conformity to its requirements in the possession of the perfect image of the God of love, and the companionship of the multitude without number, who shall "see his face," and "have his name upon their foreheads," and serve him with an activity which shall know no weariness, and a devotion which shall have no end.

How good then is the holy and just law of the Lord our God! If in the investigation of the material universe, our

attention is so frequently arrested by the mighty and manifold, and yet most beneficial results of some one of those inferior laws which he has impressed upon it; if, for instance, in the single principle of attraction, we recognise not only that which keeps the "stars in their courses," but the sole instrumental origin of ten thousand benefits upon the surface of the planet which we occupy; if, in the organization of the vegetable and animal creation, we can trace a countless host of advantages, to one or more other general laws, how much more worthy still of our admiring wonder is the grandeur and beauty of this moral law, whereby He whose name is love seeks to bind to his allegiance for ever the creatures whom he has formed with the most enlarged capacity for happiness, and with the most unquenchable aspirations after it, and that too in the very manner in which it may be exalted to the highest degree and unassailably secured.

But let us take heed that our mind rest not in wonder and admiration. Many are the practical lessons which this view of the subject teaches; for, as already hinted, the criminality and vileness of sin are invested with darker and more terrific colours by contemplating the goodness of the law, than its holiness even, or its justice: not only for the law itself, but for the stupendous method by which transgressors are again recovered to its requirements and enjoyments—the law upheld, vindicated, magnified, glorified, and the ungodly "justified from all things." For, if redeemed from the curse due to the violation of this law, through the love of Him who, whilst he fulfilled each one of its requirements, exhibited the highest exemplification of its principle which the universe ever saw, let our minds too be set upon the highest attainable conformity to that lovely pattern. Redeemed not from the law, but from its curse; not from obedience, but unto obedience, let us "yield ourselves unto him, as those that are alive from the dead." This is the distinguishing characteristic of the new man in Christ Jesus. Let the tongue of slander give currency to what obloquy it may, let antinomian heresy array itself in whatever specious form it can, it has stood the test of ages—that he delights in the law of the Lord after the inward man. "The law of thy mouth is better unto me than thousands of gold and silver." D. W.

A RECENT VISIT TO A PRIORY OF LA TRAPPE.

The order of La Trappe was founded in 1140, by Rotrose, comte du Perche, in the small district of that name, in the department de l'Orne, under strict monastic rules; but these became so relaxed in the seventeenth century, that the abbé Bouthillier, then a courtier, intreated the permission of Louis xiv. to abandon the world and reorganize the convent, to which work he devoted himself with a zeal that soon accomplished his object.

From that mother convent a considerable number of others, including two or three female institutions, on similar principles, emanated, amongst which is one which I have lately visited, in the neighbourhood of Beiguebec, and not far from Cherbourg, founded in 1824, under the designation of the Priory of our Lady of Grace of La Trappe, by M. Oufray, who, from that period to the present, has been the superior.

The beauty of the vicinity had been my principal object in going there, and I wished also to see the druidical monuments, as they are supposed to be, in a forest adjacent to the priory and to Brix, the cradle of the family of Robert Bruce.

On approaching the building, which is of a very plain character, and resembles an agricultural seminary in an incomplete state, I saw a monk walking slowly, but vigorously, after a plough drawn by four oxen and two horses, and evidently interested in the work. He occasionally spoke a little to the ploughman, and assisted the driver in turning the team at each termination of the furrow. A more extraordinary looking figure I had never before seen. His brawny legs were cased in long white woollen stockings, and his feet were slipped into sabots stuffed with hay. A white frieze gown, with a cowl (then thrown a little backwards) fastened round the waist by a girdle, was his upper garment, and a large gilt or brazen cross was on his breast. I accosted him, raising my hat, and requested leave to enter the convent. My salutation was answered, and he told me to proceed to the convent gate, and ring the bell. This I did, and the door immediately opened, when I saw a mild and melancholy looking young man, in a dark grey dress, within a little recess which served as the porter's seat, who courteously told me that it was nearly the hour of the grand mass, after which

one of the brothers would attend me. He then opened a little waiting room, with bare white walls and unpainted door, and containing no other furniture than a strong oak table and two or three chairs, a crucifix, and a tablet, on which were printed (in French,) "Sins must be expiated, either by penitence in this life, or by fire in the next."

The room itself, though of such recent construction, appeared to be decaying from the effects of damp, and showed, by its unfinished appearance, that the funds of the institution were not in a very flourishing condition—a fact which the general state of the buildings also indicated. This fraternity of Trappists, in truth, is poor; and were it not for much industry, and the extreme simplicity of their wants, they would find it hard to eke out the means of subsistence.

The young man, who, from his official situation, had the privilege of speech, which is altogether denied to the fraternity, clerical and lay, excepting the superior and one or two others on necessary occasions, told me that the monk I had seen was the superior himself, the cross which I had observed being the badge of his pre-eminence. Beyond his routine of daily duties, the porter seemed to be profoundly ignorant, and, as he sighed frequently, I could not imagine that he was not sorrowful. Though his countenance indicated great placidity of disposition, as well as simplicity of character, it seemed to me as if he had not received that peace which the Saviour left as his legacy of love to his followers: this poor fellow, I could not avoid thinking, lacked the one thing needful—the knowledge of the way of salvation through Christ alone. He did not feel that his sins were blotted out—that all things were become new; he was expecting to atone for his sins by a continued course of the severest discipline imaginable, or to undergo the ordeal of purgatorial fire hereafter;—he was to work his way to heaven by a course of fastings and formalities. This was his creed, and a more subdued and constrained votary of superstition there could not be.

He looked as if he had been kidnapped there when a child, and had made up his mind to submit to the will of his ecclesiastical superiors without remonstrance, and mechanically to discharge his offices. He had no appearance of intellectual vigour, and bore in his form and countenance the unequivocal evidences of fasting in the flesh. Many moments had not elapsed in our quiet conversation, when he told me that the brothers were in the chapel, and proposed to conduct me there. We crossed a part of the small and yet unfinished yard, and entered through the principal door of the chapel to that part which is separated by a close railing from the choir or inner portion, in which the monks were assisting at mass, and reserved for any of the villagers or others who may choose to attend there on Sundays. I was there alone; for my guide had noiselessly retired when he had shown me where to go, intimating that he would let me out at the conclusion of the service.

The scene within was to me new and strange. I had on other occasions witnessed the celebration of mass, but never under the peculiar circumstances in which I was then placed—the only spectator of fifteen priests assembled together in their most solemn exercise, and under a vow, with the exceptions stated, not to utter a single word except in their church services and in the confessional. There was not one of the lay brothers present at the mid-day mass to which I am referring.

On each side of the inner part of the chapel, those of the monks who were not performing the services of the altar were ranged in their respective stalls, and as their cowls were thrown back, I could distinguish the features of many of them. I know not whether it was imagination, or the reality, but it appeared to me that some of them wore spectacles to disguise their countenances from the chances of recognition by visitors, and that they threw a scrutinizing glance at me, as if to ascertain whether I was likely to know or be known by them. Their expressions of countenance gave me some materials for my complicated meditations; but I was too far removed from them to discern their features accurately, and shall, therefore, avoid any references either to craniology or physiognomy, though I never felt so strong a desire to read the characters of men as in the chapel of La Trappe. How, indeed, could any person of contemplation be uninterested in beholding them!

In one I could fancy that I saw—yet who but He to whom the secrets of all hearts are open can read the human heart?—the indications of a deep and corroding remorse for terrible crimes committed; here was another, tired of all

that the world had bestowed upon him; here another, of morbid temperament; there, the mere slave of credulity and superstition; but all of them labouring under the notion that their austerities were an acceptable compensation for their sins, and *not* understanding that the blood of Christ alone, who through the eternal Spirit offered himself without spot to God, could purge the conscience from dead works to serve the living God.

In one part of the service which was chanted by these clerical brethren, a monk walked forth from his seat to the centre of the floor, where he kneeled down opposite the altar, elevating his arms, and retaining them in their position for some moments. This, as I afterwards learned, was a penance for some offence —humbling enough in the sight of his brethren; but whether he was really of a contrite and humble spirit, is a serious question. The mass being concluded, I hoped the monks would retire from the church through the part where I was, and give me a full view of their features; but in this I was disappointed; for, after some peculiar service of a penitential nature had been chanted in a part of the church remote from the altar, and only separated from the ante-chapel where I was by a wooden partition, they went away by a side door.

I was then liberated by the porter, who whispered to me that one of the brothers would be with me in a few moments. A very benignant-looking man, about forty years of age, then advanced, and conducted me through the corridors in the upper floor, at each side of which were ranged the cells, each having the *assumed* name of the brother to whose use it was appropriated over the door, as "Anselmo," "Nicolo," "Ludovico." My clerical guide told me that some of the brothers had been there from the commencement, and that others had been twelve or fifteen years there. He was himself, I believe, next to the prior in station, and probably was chosen for intercourse with strangers on account of his mild and courteous deportment, which so much contrasted with the harshness or gloom observable in the faces of several of his brethren. He spoke to me freely in some of the cloister passages, but in other places he was silent. We went into the chapel, outside which the shoes of many of the monks had been left on their egress from the chapel, where they resumed their sabots; and, certainly, a Bond-street shoemaker would not have taken any of them as a model of elegance.

At the end of a passage my companion made a sign to me expressive of silence, and opened a door which led to the refectory, where all the confraternity were at dinner. At the corner of the table next my left hand, as I entered, sat the superior (whom I then recognised as the individual I had seen in the field,) with an earthen bowl containing about a quart of cabbage soup before him: he drew his cowl, I thought, more over his head as I looked at his hard, rough features; and I observed that almost all the other persons in the room had their cowls closely drawn, excepting one, who was reading from a book of homilies or legends in a pulpit, such as we see in old colleges. Not a word was spoken by the others, conventional signs having rendered the exercise of the tongue unnecessary; and the work of eating went on with a quietness which surprised me.

The total number of inmates is about thirty; of these about half are priests. The lay brothers work in the fields, the forest, and the garden, I believe, a good deal more than the priests, who are much engaged in the services of the chapel, and lead a more abstinent life, if possible.

To those who are clothed in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day, the dietary of the self-denying Trappists must appear hardly sufficient to sustain the strength of the human frame, and the small portion of time which they pass in sleep will appear insupportable to those who are habituated to slumber long and soundly.

On Saturday night, or more properly, on Sunday mornings, and certain holidays, they all rise at one o'clock, and at midnight on the great festivals, and at all other times at two o'clock in the morning. The day is divided and occupied thus:—The first service—an office of the virgin —is succeeded by matins, which last two hours and a half, including a short meditation between them; at half-past five comes the prime, then mass, and afterwards confession to the superior. At seven, various kinds of work are executed, in which all take their share; and in winter or wet weather, there is always something to be done within doors; but the labours are all of a common and

necessary kind, mere work of ornament or amusement being avoided as pleasures inconsistent with monastic principles. The priests never eat until dinner time, but the lay brothers partake of six ounces of dry bread for breakfast. When there is no church fast, another service, called the tierce, takes place at half-past eight. Then there are, at intervals, a second mass, and the offices called sexte and none, afterwards dinner, at which strangers who have been admitted may be seen on the right hand of the prior or abbot,* as the case may be, who is so placed as to see every one at the tables, which are clean, but without cloths; and each brother has a coarse brown earthen bowl, a knife, a wooden spoon and fork, a mug for water, and a chopine, containing a very limited quantity of cider, of which a portion is usually retained for the evening meal in summer. From Easter to the 14th of September, they have one helping of pottage, composed of vegetables and milk (the latter, however, being prohibited during Advent, Lent, all fast days, and every Friday, when two or three ounces of dry bread are substituted,) and from September to Easter no supper is allowed; fish is always prohibited, and meat is taken only in cases of sickness; butter and eggs are also prohibited.

After dinner, they repair to the chapel to return thanks; at one o'clock, work recommences, which continues for an hour and a half; they then retire to meditation in their cells until vespers. At five they go to the refectory, and (during summer) eat their pottage or fruit, etc. Supposing it to be a free day, and in winter, then two† or three ounces of dry bread.

Nor are the few hours of sleep enjoyed on voluptuous beds, for they recline on straw mattresses about two inches thick, and purposely of very rough texture, with one or two coverlids, according to the season; there are neither sheets nor blankets, which, however, are the less necessary, as the Trappists are obliged to sleep in their clothes; their coats are, in truth, blankets in every sense. Changes of linen they know not, as they never wear any, so that there is not only extreme discomfort and useless self-imposed misery, but decided uncleanliness. Whether frequent personal ablutions are enjoined or not, I forgot to inquire, and h[illegible] no means of ascertaining from any c[illegible] cumstance that came before my sight.

Now all this self-delusion is tru[illegible] pitiable; it evidences such a mistak[illegible] view of the gospel scheme—such a wo[illegible] ignorance of the spirit of our religi[illegible] which is that of love—"Come unto m[illegible] all ye that labour and are heavy lade[illegible] and I will give you rest," says the Savio[illegible] whose life and doctrines are continu[illegible] exemplifications of love; but with the[illegible] misguided persons he is looked upon h[illegible] as the executor of wrath, and instead [illegible] resorting to the pure fountain of Christ[illegible] blood, which is sufficient to cleanse th[illegible] soul from all unrighteousness, they substitute the unsatisfying and imperfect services of their own devising, which can never wash away sins. Conscience-stricken, they go in quest of a city of refuge from the avenger of blood. They see a building made with hands, over the door of which is a figure, with this inscription over it—"I am the asylum of innocence: I am the refuge of sinners!"* Who? Is it the eternal God, "underneath whom are the everlasting arms?" Is it He who was announced for "a shadow in the daytime from the heat, and for a place of refuge, and for a covert from storm and from rain?" No!—it is the virgin Mary who is styled "the refuge," the very epithet which is so often and so exclusively applied to the Saviour of sinners; and it is the virgin Mary who is represented in a piece of sculpture as their security.

Oh for a word of advice to the poor inmates of the many Trappist convents, who pass months of vanity and wearisome nights!—Oh for a voice to bid them go to Christ, who has the words of eternal life—to flee to the only hope set before them; for of him, and through him, and to him, are all things: to whom be glory for ever and ever! Amen.

H. D.

* The convent near Briquebec is not yet of sufficient extent to be dubbed an abbey by the pope.

† They only get two ounces on fast days.

† Je suis l'asyle d'innocence, je suis la refuge des pécheurs.

THE FOUNTAIN-TREE OF FERRO.

Is it then positively ascertained that like some quadrupeds, and like [illegible] strange birds, the Dodo of the Mauri[illegible], and the Dinornis of New Zealand, cert[illegible] remarkable trees, confined to restric[illegible] localities, have passed away, and that,

too, in like manner, within a period comparatively recent? We thought this to ourselves as we read the following passage in one of the scientific periodicals.

"Fountain-tree.—There are few rivulets and only three springs in the island of Ferro, one of the Canaries, and these are on a part of the beach which is nearly inaccessible. To supply the place of fountains, however, nature bestowed upon this island a species of tree, supposed to be nearly allied to the *Laurus Indica*, possessing properties unknown to trees in all other parts of the world. These fountain-trees were of moderate size, and their leaves were straight, long, and evergreen. Around the summit a small cloud perpetually rested, which so drenched the leaves with moisture, that they constantly distilled upon the ground a stream of fine clear water. To these trees, as perennial springs, the inhabitants of Ferro resorted, and were thus supplied with an abundance of water for themselves and their cattle.

"The last of these remarkable productions received the appellation of the 'holy tree,' and it is said to have been destroyed by a dreadful hurricane in 1612. Its real existence has been completely established in the '*Viagero Universal*' di P. Estala, tome xi.; but by this account the water was merely condensed on the leaves. Purchas, in his 'Book of Pilgrimages,' 1639, states that he had been told by Mr. Lewis Jackson, of Holborn, London, who visited Ferro in 1618, that the fountain-tree he had seen was as large as a middling-sized oak, six or seven yards high, with a white bark like that of a hornbeam; its leaves were like those of the bay, white underneath and green above. Parkinson, in his '*Theatrum Botanicum*,' published at London in 1640, also mentions this tree. He says that the islanders call it *Garoe*, the Spaniards, *Arbor Sancti*, and that the ancient historians call it *Til*; and adds, 'It is thought that Solinus, and Pliny, in his lib. vi. c. 32, meant this island, under the names of Ombrion and Pluvialis: for he (Pliny) there saith, that in the island Ombrion grow trees like unto *Ferula*, from whence water is wrung out; from the black ones cometh bitter water, and from the white that which is sweet and pleasant to drink.'"—*Edinburgh Journal of Natural History.*

Had we seen this account in a work not professing scientific details and accounts, we should have passed it over as little worthy of our notice. So, indeed, it is treated by Emanuel Bowen, in his "System of Geography." "The soil of this island (Ferro or Hierro) is," he says, "dry and barren in some parts, for want of water, which has given many authors occasion to tell a formal story of a tree supplying all the island with water, which is since known to be a fable, and therefore not worth mentioning." It is, however, strange that in Pliny's time some report, however vague, of such trees in this island prevailed,—whence arose the names of Ombrion, or Ombrios, or Pluvialis to the island in question,—the title of "The Fortunate Islands," being given to the whole group. Pliny's description of these islands, we are informed, is taken from Juba, the learned Mauritanian prince, (son of Juba I.,) who, after his father's defeat and death, was taken by Cæsar to Rome.* Juba calls one island Nivaria, or Snow Island; another he calls Canaria, from the number of dogs of a large size found there, of which he had two in his possession.

Nivaria is most likely Teneriffe, of which the peak rises to the height of 11,400 feet. Two other islands were termed respectively Junonia and Capraria. In the time of Juba these islands were but partially if at all inhabited, but they abounded in beasts, birds, large lizards and fruits. From the days of antiquity to the early part of the fourteenth century, the Canary Islands were lost sight of by the civilized world. It was about the year 1330 that a French ship, drifted from her course by stress of weather, was driven among them. They were then inhabited by a warlike people who called themselves Guanches, of whose origin we have no information.

Their name is said to signify in their own language, "the sons of men;" and they described themselves as the descendants of a great and mighty people of antiquity—probably the Berber race of Northern Africa, as is said to be almost proved by a comparison of the few words of their language known with the Berber dialects at present spoken. The Guanches were simple in their manners, and possessed but few arts; they had some ideas of a future state, and of one God, and believed in good and evil spirits; polygamy was not allowed; they had the

* Augustus conferred on this accomplished prince the kingdom of Mauritania.

institution of marriage, and various moral and social observances. They were of large stature, powerful, and brave. Goatskins formed their clothing, and their weapons were slings, darts, spears, and clubs. One singular practice amongst them was that of embalming the dead; and it is from the mummy-relics preserved by this means that our chief knowledge of the physical character of the people is obtained.

The mummies, when dry, were deposited in caves on the sides of the mountains, erect upon their feet; the chiefs having staffs in their hands, and a vessel of milk standing by them. The bodies were besides decorated with little discs of baked clay, suspended by small laces, and also with strings of coral. M. Golberry, who investigated very carefully these singular mummies, and the mode in which they were prepared, describes one which he selected from several others found in the mummy caves of Teneriffe, as having long black hair; the skin was dry, but still flexible, and of a dark brown colour. The back and chest were much covered with hair, and the inside of the body was filled with a kind of grain, resembling rice. The mummy was wrapped in bandages of goatskin.

What has become of this singular race of people? After a long struggle they were exterminated by the Spaniards. The race perished in resisting the oppression of a set of merciless invaders, who, calling themselves Christians, sullied their conquests everywhere with the most horrible atrocities, often committed under the guise of extending the blessings of religion; witness Mexico and Peru. The sword, the fire, and refined tortures were the arguments of the popish fanatics of Spain.

We shall not recapitulate the attempts made on these islands by the Spaniards from 1385 to about 1493; suffice it to say that, often victorious, the Guanches were gradually more and more thinned in numbers, till neither man nor woman of the pure race remained. History tells of their existence, but their mummy remains are their only extant memorials.

To return to the fountain-tree of Ferro. If it once really existed,—if trees of this strange nature once really grew upon that dry and parched island, where water is now ept in tanks,—if the fountain-trees blessed the island with artificial rain,—as the writer of the passage quoted appears to believe, they have certainly all perished; they have long since disappeared. But if we must regard the whole as a fable or a gross exaggeration, it is no fable that a more important loss has taken place. Since the close of the fifteenth century, a simple, brave, and hardy race of people, the inhabitants of the islands once called "Fortunate," has perished from the face of the earth, and "the place that knew them shall know them no more." Let us draw a veil over one of the most fearful tragedies of modern history, nor recount the details, (abhorrent to our mind,) of cruelty and avarice, the predominant passions of the merciless invaders, and by which they were instigated in their enterprises.

M.

DIVINE MUNIFICENCE.

To give is the act of a prince, I should rather say of God. Poor men receive; rich men give. Subjects receive; princes give. Creatures receive; the Creator gives. The more noble and eminent natures are, the more they give and the less they receive. The heavenly bodies glance their light, and dart their influences upon the earth below, but receive nothing from the earth. To give is an act of perfection; to receive is a mark of imperfection; were we not imperfect, we need not be receiving. He that gives imitates God, who gives and receives not again, because he wants nothing. And, therefore, it was a saying of Christ, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." It is a part of God's beatitude, that he is all things, and *hath* all things to give; that he can give and not be beholden to receive: that he is an overflowing sea, always pouring out his gifts and golden streams upon the creature. When he hath given them grace, he hath more grace still to give. And being God, and not man, he gives continually—to give he makes his continued act. He will never cease giving to his saints, not only in this life, but in the life to come; he will be giving out to his saints eternally. For as the sun is always giving out his heat and virtue to the world, so will God be always giving out his sweetness to his saints throughout eternity. Such is his noble and princely spirit, that he takes more pleasure in giving than thou canst in receiving.—*Froysel.*